20.1.39
XXV 12 94
Q900.c.41.2

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE;

A

NATIONAL JOURNAL

OF

Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

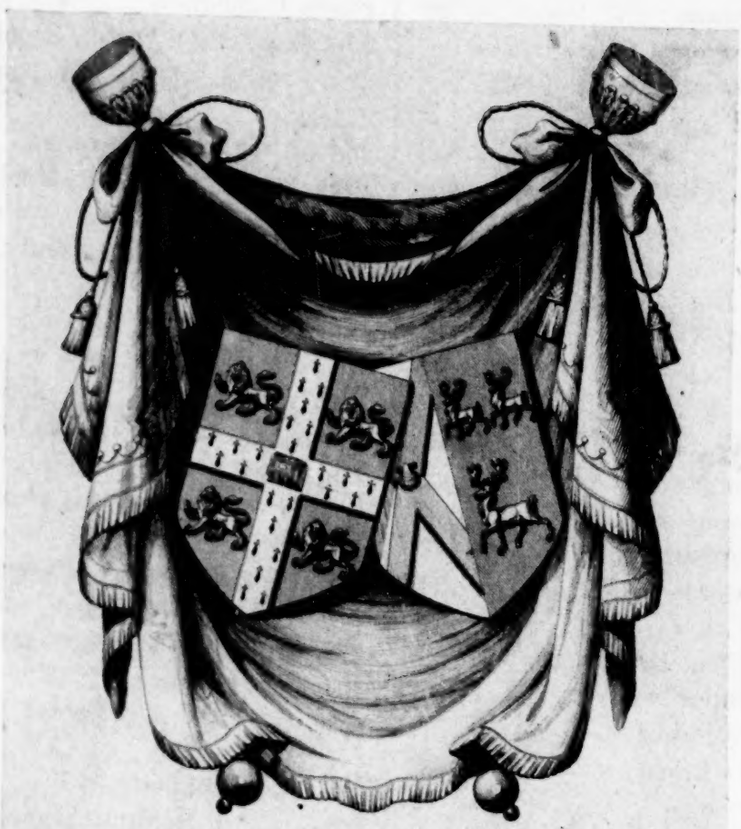
VOL. III.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1839.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.



Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
Liber.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

CONTENTS OF VOL. III.

	Page
The Great Western Railway Inquiry	1
Portuguese Literature	20
Studies of Undeveloped Characters in Shakspeare, from Sketches and Suggestions in his Plays:	
Introduction	37
The Merchant of Venice	38
King Henry the Fourth	139
Othello	239
Romeo and Juliet	361
The Tempest	450
The Pythagorean Silence	44
Notes of a Lover of Books:	
No. IV. — Love and Will	56
No. V. — Social Morality: Suckling and Ben Jonson	167
Influence of the Annuals upon Art	63
Review of Literature	68
The Theatres	84
"Guillaume Tell" at Drury Lane	88
Notes of the Month:	
The Imp of the Palace	92
Grace Darling's Levée	92
Clerical Dustmen	93
Praying in Churchyards, and Staying from Church	94
Notes *on* the Month	95
The Sciences connected with Natural Theology	97
Corn Laws	116
Grievances of the Navy	124
Austria, and the Italian Liberals	153
Reform of Prisons	173
Atmospheric Resistance on Railways	185
German Manufactures and English Corn Laws	193
On the Composition and Promulgation of the Laws of England	202
The Present State of French Literature	218
M. Comte's System of Positive Philosophy	227
The Socratic Irony	247
Public Exhibitions	259
The Press of the French Revolution	267
Diary of a Dutch Diplomatist in London	283. 379
Ireland and Lord Normanby	289
Pathology of the Human Mind	302
Lamennais	317
Field-Marshal Suwaroff, and the Campaign of 1799	329. 456
Shelley's Poems	340
On Style in Architecture	348
Niebuhr's Historical Speculations	351
Contributions to the History of Forgery	366
The Ballad Poetry of Ireland	385
Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy	401. 515
The Scandal-Mongers of Literature	414
Russia, Affghanistan, and India	422
The Planting of Pleasure Grounds	429
Benjamin Constant	436
History of the late Debate (on Irish affairs)	466
The Household Question	481
The Spanish Romantic Drama: "Life, a Dream"	488
The Flowering Trees and Shrubs of June	508
Sculpture in England	525
Expediency of a Rural Police	537
Recent Poetry. — Critical Notices of "The Deluge," "Fra Cipolla," "Prothanasia," &c.	552

POETRY.

Sonnets	514. 524
The Battle with the Dragon (from Schiller)	563
Index	583

THE
MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY INQUIRY.

SINCE the investigation of the comparative efficiency of stationary and locomotive power for the working of railway traffic, which took place antecedently to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, nothing has occurred in the progress of the art of transport by steam of equal interest, or likely to be attended with results of greater or more general importance then the inquiry which has arisen out of the dissensions among the shareholders of the Great Western Railway.

A carefully considered and well-directed course of experiments has been instituted with a view to obtain for the shareholders of this enterprise the most authentic information respecting the relative merits of the different modes of constructing railways, the various applications of locomotive power upon them, and the nature and amount of the obstacles which that power has to encounter. Neither expense nor labour has been spared to render this investigation full and comprehensive, and its results have been proportionately important in relation — not merely to the immediate question in which the investigation originated, but in relation to the powers and capabilities of railway transport generally. As this subject will embrace many points offering considerable interest to all that large section of the people of this country who desire to invest capital in such undertakings, or have occasion to avail themselves of the facilities which this improved method of intercommunication offers, we shall not think our pages unfitly appropriated if we devote, in the present number, some space to a statement of the leading facts which have been unfolded in this investigation, and to some explanation of the consequences with which they must be attended. It would have been gratifying to us, if what we had to state tended to confirm the splendid speculations in which those who have devoted their attention most to this subject, have for years indulged, anticipating the realisation of a rapidity of intercommunication as far exceeding that which is at present attained, as the present rate of travelling exceeds that which we were accustomed to on common roads; but, unhappily, circumstances have been brought to light in this inquiry which we fear will shiver to pieces all those brilliant anticipations, and will demonstrate that nature herself has interposed a limit to the speed of intercommunication between her children which cannot be passed, and many circumstances tend to show that the powers of steam have already brought us very close indeed to that ultimate barrier.

Since the results of this investigation have only been made public through the report which has just been circulated among the shareholders, we shall, in the first place, briefly advert to the circumstances in which it originated, state the manner in which it has been conducted, and finally explain some of the results which have attended it.

All the great lines of railway which have been constructed, or are in progress, not only throughout this kingdom, but on the Continent of Europe, are constructed, with very trivial variations, upon one uniform principle. After the ground has been levelled, and the bottoming properly prepared, stone blocks, measuring from eighteen inches to two feet square, and twelve inches deep, are placed at intervals varying from three to five feet from centre to centre, according to the weight and strength of the rails intended to be used. On the centre of the upper surface of each of these blocks is placed a cast-iron chair, having a cushion of prepared felt between it and the stone block, and pinned down to the block by iron pins driven into wooden pegs previously inserted in holes drilled in the stone. These chairs are the props which, from point to point, support the rails, the stone block being the foundation of the chair. The rail is manufactured by the process of rolling in lengths, regulated by the distance between the chairs; thus, if the chairs be three feet apart, the rails are manufactured in length of fifteen feet, five chairs supporting each rail. If the chairs be five feet apart, then rails of the same length are supported by three chairs. If the chairs be four feet apart, the rails are rolled into sixteen feet lengths, and are supported by four chairs. The stone blocks are placed upon a firm bed of broken stone, or other well-consolidated matter, so that as little yielding as possible shall take place beneath them, and that the rails shall maintain their position with the utmost practicable truth and accuracy.

In those parts of a line where a valley or low ground is crossed by an artificial mound raised upon it, the earth of which such mound is formed requires a considerable time to become consolidated, and until it be consolidated, the use of these massive stone blocks would be attended with many difficulties and much inconvenience. On such parts of lines of railway, therefore, it has been customary to substitute temporary supports for the rails, by laying across the road rough beams of wood, usually formed of larch timber split through the middle, the flat side being placed downwards, at the same intervals as those at which stone blocks on other parts of the line are used. To these timbers the chairs which support the rails are pinned. This mode of construction has less stability than that already described, but as the mounds or embankments on which it is used are subject, for a considerable time, to subsidence or *settling*, as it is called, these cross timbers are found to be capable of being packed up with much less trouble, and at less expense than stone blocks. They are therefore adopted and continued on embankments, until the materials of which these embankments are formed become completely consolidated; the timbers are then removed, and stone blocks substituted for them, as in the other parts of the line.

Such briefly is the mode of construction of every principal railway in the kingdom, the Great Western Railway alone excepted.

But besides this uniformity which has been observed in the method of construction, our railways are also in accordance in another respect of vast importance, in the details of their operation. The rails on which the wheels of the carriages and engines roll, are all of them at precisely the same distance asunder. Let it be remembered, that the tires of the wheels of a railway carriage, unlike those of carriages used on common roads, have upon them a flange or ledge, which projects from the inside of the tire, and falls on the inside of the rail. It is these flanges or ledges which keep the wheels upon the rails, and prevent the carriage from running off at either side; they in fact give to the carriage, in relation to the rails, the character of a body which moves in a groove. Now this

being understood, it will be at once perceived that there exists between the carriage and the rails an immutable relation, so that carriages or engines constructed for a railway of one width, would be quite incapable of being used on railways of another width. Now, as it is obviously impossible to foresee the manner in which the innumerable ramifications of railway communication may intersect each other, or how a stream from one great channel of transport may become tributary to another, it was obviously a matter of paramount importance to provide that the carriages and machinery of any one railway should be capable of running or working upon any other. No reason, physical or mechanical, existed to guide the earlier railway engineers in the adoption of any particular magnitude for this important element. It so happened, whatever might be the chance which led to it, that the width of 56½ inches obtained early currency, and with that width the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was constructed. The branches of that railway were necessarily constructed of the same gauge; the Grand Junction Railway, designed to connect Birmingham with Liverpool and Manchester, ran into one of these branches, and was consequently constructed in the same gauge; and, in a word, all the chief railways adopted the same uniform width.

That it was not the necessity imposed by each railway running into another of a similar width which induced this uniformity is, however, proved by the fact, that lines of railway between which there exists scarcely a possibility, much less a prospect, of a future junction, agree in it. Thus the railway from Vauxhall to Southampton, has the same width as that from Euston Square to Birmingham, and yet how improbable is it that the one line shall be carried into connection with the other! There is, in fact, a disposition to uniformity, unless some strong reason exists for dissent, and to this disposition only can be attributed the invariable adherence to the same gauge throughout the kingdom.*

To this mode of construction a few unimportant exceptions have existed in short railways, with comparatively small traffic. The Manchester and Bolton Railway, for example, is laid down according to a different method; and in America, where timber is cheap, and in many places stone not easily procured, and where the traffic on the line of railway forms, in most cases, an insignificant fraction even of the smallest amount of traffic of the least frequented railway of this country, other modes of construction are used. Thus beams of timber are laid on the surface of the ground, in the direction of the rails, and on these the rails are fastened down; the timbers thus supporting each rail of a line are held together at convenient distances either by cross timbers or iron bars. But though these methods of construction are used, it has not been any where pretended that they were the best, nor have they been used in any place where a considerable traffic is expected, and where stone is accessible at a moderate cost.

In the localities in which the London and Southampton Railway lies, stone is difficult to be procured, and accordingly the cross bearings of wood already described, called sleepers, are used as the support of the rails through a great part of the line. But it may be stated generally, that in a line constructed for any considerable traffic, and where stone blocks can be procured without an immoderate expense, they are always adopted as the supports for rails, except in the case of embankments already mentioned.

The same accordance which has taken place between the various railways of this country in their mode of construction, and their magnitude of gauge, has prevailed very nearly to the same extent in the method of

* Some short lines in Scotland have adopted a wider gauge.

working them. The magnitude of the wheels of the carriages and engines is a very important element in the working of these lines of communication. Numerous experiments made on the resistance of bodies moving one upon another have conspired to prove that the resistance of wheels and axles are inversely as their magnitudes. Thus a wheeled carriage rolling on a given surface will, other things being the same, suffer only half the resistance if its wheels be doubled in height; but in making this comparison, it is essential that the condition of *other things being the same* should be attended to. Thus, if by enlarging the wheels their weight be increased, that increase alone will, on its own score, produce a corresponding increase of resistance, and such increase must be placed against the advantage gained by increased magnitude.

But on railways another, and far more important consideration, presented itself in relation to the question of the magnitude of wheels. The danger to which railway carriages are most obnoxious is that of running off the rails. Unlike horse carriages, constructed with a perch, and provided with means of changing the direction of the moving power, railway carriages leave no power in the hands of the conductor, but will, as a matter of mechanical necessity, run forward in whatever direction accident may throw them. If, therefore, they run off the rails, they will certainly run off the road; and if this happen upon an embankment, their course will be down its side, nor can any effort or skill of the driver of the engine avert this misfortune. Now it is demonstrable that flanged wheels, such as those used on railway carriages and engines, will have a facility of escaping from the rails in the direct proportion to their magnitude: the larger they are the more liable are they, therefore, to this accident.

The wheels of the carriages and waggons which have been uniformly adopted on all the great railways throughout this country, and, we believe also, throughout Europe, have been three feet in diameter. The working wheels of the engine, on the magnitude of which the space through which the train is propelled at each stroke of the piston depends, have been, with a few exceptions, from four to five feet in diameter; and we are not aware that, of these exceptions, any have exceeded five feet and a half, and even these have been but few.

The working of railways having fallen into this uniform usage, the Great Western Railway commenced its operations, and the engineer, Mr. Brunel the younger, under whose directions it was placed, having devoted much consideration to the grounds on which the usages just explained had been established, arrived at the conviction that they had no sound foundation as a matter of general theory, and that if they were practically expedient, they were only so under particular circumstances, and could not be admitted as rules from which no departure was to be allowed. He appears first to have directed his attention to the *method of construction*, which he pronounced, in his Report and representations to the Directors of the Great Western Railway, to be essentially defective. In his Report of January, 1838, he says, —

"In all the present systems of rail-laying, the supports, whether of stone blocks or wooden sleepers, simply rest upon the ground, and consequently only press upon the ground with a pressure due to their own weight; this is trifling compared either with the weight which rolls over them, or the stiffness of the rail which is secured to them. The block or sleeper must lie loosely upon the ground; if you attempt to pack under it beyond a certain degree, you will only raise it: and for the same reason, it is impossible to pack under the whole surface of a block or sleeper; one corner or one end is unavoidably packed a little more than another, and from that moment the block or sleeper is hollow elsewhere. If this block yield as the weight rolls over, the rail itself, resting on the two contiguous

supports, is sufficiently stiff to raise it again, and the support becomes still more hollow: such is the operation which may frequently be observed by the eye, more or less, in the best laid railways."

Mr. Brunel further maintained, that as the Great Western Railway would differ from all other great lines of the kingdom in its section, being, with the single exception of a steep inclined plane of considerable length, nearly a dead level, and not having at any place curves of short radius, it was capable of being worked at vastly greater speeds with perfect security than other lines, and that therefore such arrangements ought to be made as would enable the proprietors to use engines on it of a power and magnitude proportionally greater than could be required on other railways. This consideration chiefly appears to have induced the adoption of a greater width or gauge of rails. The common gauge of four feet eight and a half was rejected, and seven feet substituted in its place. The road-structure was also essentially changed. Instead of strong rails propped by chairs at equal intervals, and sustaining the weight of the wheels merely by their rigidity between those intervals, Mr. Brunel determined that the rails should be placed upon a continuous support. He therefore laid down longitudinal timbers, on which he fastened the rails by screws, placing a cushion of felt immediately under the rail, and between the felt and principal timber a thin layer of harder wood. The beams of timber to which the rails were thus attached were tied together by cross-pieces at certain intervals, called *transoms*, which, besides giving increased stability to the structure to resist vertical pressure, had also the effect of maintaining the width of the rails unaltered. These transoms were strongly bolted to the longitudinal timbers, and extended quite across both lines of rails, converting the whole into one connected structure of carpentry.

The framing thus constructed, and laid down on the surface of the road properly prepared to receive it, was not very dissimilar from a method which had been partially practised on some railways of limited traffic in this country, and more especially in the United States. But Mr. Brunel foresaw that such a structure would not possess sufficient stability for the great amount of traffic which he was entitled to anticipate on the Great Western Railway, especially with the extraordinary speed which he was ambitious of attaining, and which he considered the peculiar qualities of the line rendered practicable. He says in the Report already quoted: —

"Where continuous longitudinal sleepers have been tried, they have also been laid loose upon the ground; having no weight themselves, their length has rendered it impossible that they should be well supported by the ground underneath, or that they should continue so even if it were practicable to lay them well in the first instance.

"It will be perceived at once that two lumps or two hard pieces in the ground may leave such a timber unsupported for the interval of twenty or thirty feet in length; and under the weight of an engine running rapidly over, it must in such a case yield and spring from the ground."

This defect he proposed to remedy by attaching the cross timbers, by which the longitudinal supports of the rails were held together, to piles of timber driven to a depth of about fifteen feet into the earth. These piles being driven between both lines of rails, the entire structure would be as it were pinned down to the surface, so that any tendency which it might have to rise from its bed would be resisted by the strength of the piles acting upon the transoms. It may be asked, however, what would happen, supposing the bed or foundation of the timbers in this case to yield or *settle* under

them, which it might well be supposed to do by the elasticity of the structure yielding under the wheel and continually compressing the ballasting beneath the timbers. This Mr. Brunel foresaw, and states his method of obviating it in the Report.

> "In the present plan these timbers, which are much more substantial than those hitherto tried, are held down at short intervals of fifteen to eighteen feet, so that they cannot be raised; gravel or sand is then rammed and beat under them until at every point a solid resistance is created, more than sufficient to bear the greatest load that will come upon it; as the load rolls over, consequently the ground cannot yield; the timber which was held tight to the ground cannot yield, neither can it spring up as the weight leaves it; and if the rail be securely fixed every where in close contact with the timber, that also is immovable. Such was the theory of the plan, and the result of the experiment has fully confirmed my expectation of its success."

The gauge of the rails and the structure of the road being thus settled, the engineer proceeded to develop his views by availing himself of the augmented powers of his road in the construction of his carriages and engines. It was a point well established both by theory and experiment, that the friction of wheeled carriages, other things being the same, would be diminished in the same proportion as the magnitude of the wheels are increased. The carriages of the Great Western Railway, therefore, instead of being supported on wheels of three feet diameter, were built on wheels of four feet and four feet and a half diameter. The engines also, instead of being driven by wheels limited in height to from five to five feet and a half, were impelled by gigantic ones varying from seven to ten feet in diameter. The capacity of the carriages and the accommodation offered by them were augmented on a like scale. With such preparation, and about twenty-two miles of the line completed, the railway opened between London and Maidenhead. To expect that such a bold innovation could be attempted and carried into effect without expressions of dissent among the proprietors and the public would be to evince a great ignorance of the human mind. Even had they been attempted by an engineer of longer standing, and whose powers had been tried by other great public works, unanimous confidence on the part of the shareholders could not have been anticipated. How much less then was it to have been calculated on in the case of an engineer whose first great public work was this very railway! Mr. Brunel was favourably known among his friends, and respected for considerable scientific acquirements. But he was young; and his very years, if nothing else, limited his experience. A strong feeling, hostile to the whole system of proceedings recommended by Mr. Brunel, was therefore excited and expressed, among a large and influential minority of the shareholders, who, we believe, struggled against it from the very moment it was first promulged by the engineer. They contended that it was unwise to risk a large capital in an untried experiment; that the mode of construction universally adopted throughout the country upon the principal lines of railway had answered all the purposes of an extensive and rapid traffic; that the lines which had been in operation were worked with a large profit, and that their shares were at large and increasing premiums; that as practical men and men of business, they were disposed to let well alone; or if experiments *were* to be tried, that they should first be worked upon a small and inexpensive scale, and under circumstances in which their want of success would not be attended with the disastrous consequences which would follow the failure of a line so important as that connecting Bristol with the metropolis.

Soon after the opening of the railway, the public either found, or imagined they found, it more uneasy and unpleasant to move upon than other

lines, and a clamour without was added to the dissension within the proprietary body. The minority succeeded so far as to induce their directors to select some person or persons to institute an inquiry as to the actual qualities of the line as compared with other railways; to determine whether it had or had not those advantages imputed to it by the engineer, and whether it had or had not those defects which had been imputed to it by others. Several engineers of reputation and standing were requested by the board of directors to undertake the inquiry; but for reasons which it will not be difficult to divine, they declined it. Mr. Nicholas Wood was known as the author of an excellent practical work on railways, and, though not himself an engineer by profession, had nevertheless been connected in so many ways with the construction and operation of lines of railway, that he was justly considered by the directors as a fit person to whom such an inquiry might be entrusted. Mr. Wood undertook the task upon the condition that he should be permitted to institute an extensive series of experiments not only on the Great Western Railway, but on other lines, with a view to bring directly to the test of experiment the comparative stability of the lines, the power of the locomotive machinery upon them, the speed of transit accomplished, the ease and regularity of motions of the carriages, and the amount of resistance which they severally offered to the moving power. But Mr. Wood's local engagements at Newcastle-on-Tyne rendering it impossible for him to execute himself so extensive a course of experiments, he requested and obtained the consent of the directors, that the principal part of these experiments should be entrusted to the superintendence and management of Dr. Lardner.

Under these circumstances this important inquiry commenced on the 17th of last September, and has been prosecuted without intermission from that time to the middle of last month. A more extensive and varied course of experiments has thus been made than was ever before accomplished on railways, or probably than ever could have been accomplished, except for the peculiar combination of circumstances which in this case produced it. The magnitude of the interests at stake, and the importance of the public bodies concerned, conferred upon the parties conducting the inquiry powers and opportunities which would in vain have been sought under any imaginary circumstances. Dr. Lardner himself, aided by Mr. G. T. Clarke, one of the assistant engineers of the Great Western Railway, with a large body of mechanics and other assistants, have been daily engaged for the last three months in experiments on a large scale on the Great Western, the London and Birmingham, the Grand Junction, the Liverpool and Manchester, and the Manchester and Bolton Railways. Neither expense nor labour have been spared to confer the last degree of precision on these experiments; and an accurate record has been preserved of them, which forms the substance of the Appendix to Mr. Wood's Report. This voluminous mass of facts has not yet been published; but we trust that data so valuable to the public generally will not be permitted to be lost, and that if the shareholders of the Great Western Railway do not think fit themselves to publish these experiments, they will at least authorise their publication.

Since the limits which must be imposed on this article necessarily preclude us from entering into the details of this important Report, we shall select only such points connected with it as appear to offer most general interest.

To test the formation and stability of the road, it was determined to observe the effects which the rails and their supports suffered by the action of the wheels in passing over them. Mr. Wood contrived and con-

structed instruments for this purpose, consisting of a simple lever, the shorter arm of which was placed either under the lip of the rail itself, or under a staple attached to the rail, so that when the rail would sink the arm of the lever would be depressed, and if the rail would rise the arm of the lever would rise also by the superior weight of the longer arm. Thus every motion of the rail upwards and downwards would produce a contrary motion in the opposite end of the lever, and as the arms of this lever were unequal in the proportion of about six to one, the actual vertical deflexion of the rail was exhibited on a proportionally magnified scale by the motion of the longer arm. In order to register these deflexions, which usually were produced with great rapidity and in considerable number by the wheels of a train successively passing over the rail to which the instrument was attached, Mr. Wood adopted the same method as was previously used in several other self-registering machines. A narrow strip of paper of considerable length, being rolled upon a small cylinder, was gradually unrolled from it to another cylinder, and as it passed from the one to the other it was drawn over a disc against which a pencil was pressed, which was carried by the longer end of the above-mentioned lever. The motion of this pencil upwards and downwards produced by the deflexion of the rail would, if the paper were quiescent, merely draw a vertical line upon it; but by the motion of the paper under the pencil every separate motion of the pencil upwards and downwards produced a waving line, the summits of each wave exhibiting the magnitude of each deflexion. Three of these instruments were constructed by Mr. Wood, with a view to expedite the taking of the observations, so that being applied to different parts of the rail, three sets of deflexions would at the same time be taken by one passage of a train.

It will be perceived that the effect of the instrument was only to measure the deflexion of the rail downwards or upwards. After Dr. Lardner had been some time engaged in experimenting with these, he succeeded in constructing another set of instruments capable of measuring similar effects in the lateral or horizontal direction. These instruments consisted of a compound lever by which any motion of the shorter arm was magnified fifty times, so that when the shorter arm was drawn back or drawn forward in the horizontal direction through the fiftieth part of an inch, the end of the longer arm was moved upwards or downwards according to the direction of the motion of the shorter arm through the space of an inch. The shorter arm of this lever bore by a hardened steel point upon a flat circular disc of steel constructed on the end of a short rod or cylinder moving horizontally in guides. The other end of this cylinder was presented to the side of the rail, to which was attached a hardened steel point which bore upon the disc; so that the cylinder, thus moving in guides, was placed between the two steel points, one attached to the rail, and the other to the short arm of the lever of the indicating instrument. The longer or indicating arm was furnished with a pencil, which registered its indications on paper in the same manner as in the instruments contrived by Mr. Wood for registering the vertical deflexions. The two sets of instruments combined rendered the means of observation of the effects of carriages upon the rails complete. It is evident that the rail could not suffer any effect, which would not be felt, measured, and registered by one or both of these instruments. To the experiments made with these instruments, at least one third of the whole period of this inquiry was devoted, and many hundred diagrams were taken exhibiting the effects produced not only on the rails themselves, but on the chairs by which they are supported, on the timbers, where

timbers were used, and on the stone blocks on which other railways are supported. These diagrams are preserved bound in volumes, and in the possession of the Directors of the Great Western Railway. Mr. Wood subsequently caused the extreme deflexions produced by the engines and carriages to be measured, and has given the numerical results in a tabular form in his Report. No numbers, however, can convey the accurate perception of the effects which the rail undergoes by the working of the wheels upon it, which may be obtained by the inspection of these diagrams themselves.

It should also be stated that the Report has been prepared so recently after the conclusion of the experiments, that there has not been sufficient time to get all the horizontal deflexions properly examined and compared. These latter will exhibit effects, we apprehend, more important, and certainly more novel and unexpected, than those which were obtained by the vertical instruments.

For example, it was naturally expected, before the instruments were applied to the rails, that the lateral motion of the rails under the wheels would always be *outwards*. The tire of the wheels has a conical form, which gives their combination the effect of a wedge, tending to force the two rails of the same line asunder; or, in other words, to widen the gauge; it was, therefore, to be expected, that the rails would bend outwards while the wheels were passing over them. It is understood that this was found generally to take place when the instruments were applied to the rails of the Great Western Railway, but on all other railways, the rails exhibited as frequently a yielding *inwards*, and in some instances no outward yielding whatever was indicated.

In addition to these tests of the effects produced upon the rails by the traffic over them, Dr. Lardner proposed to apply another which would show the state of perfection with which the rails were laid, or their state after the lapse of any length of time. It is evident that on a straight line of railway the two rails on which the wheels of the same carriage rest ought to be at the same level, so that the carriage may stand in a truly horizontal position. A newly constructed road ought to be laid with sufficient precision to effect this; but after being worked for any length of time, it cannot be expected to preserve it. One rail will subside more than the other, owing to the different degree of firmness of its supports, and of the ballasting beneath them; in fact, the rails will lose the correctness of their relative level, and the carriage, when resting on them, will not be as truly vertical in its position, as it would be on a well and newly made railway. An instrument was contrived and constructed, which being rolled slowly along the rails, wrote upon paper as it went with considerable precision the extent to which the rails of the same line departed from a common level. The operation of this instrument may be easily explained. An iron tube of about an inch in diameter is formed of a length equal to the gauge of the line, or the width of the rails; at each end of this are two shorter legs at right angles to it, open at their ends; thus, when the intermediate tube is placed in the horizontal position, the two short legs may be brought to the vertical position; and if the horizontal tube be extended between the lines of rails, the vertical tubes will be immediately over the centre of each rail. Now let us suppose this instrument fixed to a vertical frame, and placed on wheels or rollers, which shall rest upon the rails; let mercury be introduced into it until the horizontal tube and about half of each of the vertical tubes are filled. If the rollers which support the instrument be now made to rest upon the rails, the short tubes being in an upright position, the two

surfaces of the mercury in the short tubes must, by the laws of fluids, be at the same level. If the rails be not at the same level, then the mercury will stand higher in the tube which is over the lower rail, than in that which is over the higher one. If the instrument be reversed, the mercury will also reverse its position relatively to the instrument, and will still stand higher in the tube which is over the lower rail.

When the instrument is adjusted, which it may easily be by this process, so that when the rails are truly level, the height of the mercury in one of the tubes is accurately known, then every change which that column of mercury undergoes, while the instrument is rolled over the rails, will indicate a corresponding departure in the rails from the common level, that departure being twice as great as the rise or fall of the mercury.

In order to make this instrument register its own indications, Dr. Lardner placed on the column of mercury in the tube a float, the rod of which, resting above the tube, moved in guides, so as to rise and fall regularly on the surface of the mercury on which it rested, rose and fell; to this rod was attached a pencil, under which, paper being moved in the usual way, a curve was described, whose height above a datum line was always equal to half the departure of the rails from a common level.

Among the several instruments, the invention and construction of which have arisen out of this important inquiry, there is not one which has equal general utility with this self-registering level, and it is only to be regretted that its construction was completed at so late a period, that it has not been applied as extensively to the different lines as might have been wished. Its use, however, will not be confined to this investigation. The advantages which it will offer as a test of the condition of a newly-made line, or of the manner in which the contractor will preserve one in operation, is obvious. It will be a check whose indications cannot be disputed, and they are indications which involve the best qualities of a well-made line. It is evident that its usefulness in practice may be extended by adding to it two other instruments on the same principle, to be rolled each along the same rail. The object of these would be to register every change of level of each rail, independently of the other, in addition to the register preserved by the present instrument of the departure of the two rails from a common level.

The branch of the inquiry on which that portion of the public who availed themselves of the line showed least hesitation in pronouncing a judgment, was that which to a scientific inquirer presented the most formidable difficulties. This was the question as to the degree of uneasiness, or amount of irregularity in the motion of carriages. The fallacy of all judgments in subjects of this kind founded upon the mere impressions of sense was so well understood, that the idea of trusting them could not for a moment be entertained. The state of the nerves, the influence of external circumstances, the general condition of bodily health, or even the hour of the day, and a thousand other trivial influences, are known to produce such effect upon our estimates of mere personal ease or convenience, that in attempting to decide a question of the relative ease or smoothness of any two carriages on any two lines, by the feelings of the travellers, we should not only have a number of conflicting opinions equal to the number of individuals whose judgments were consulted, but should receive even from the same individuals contrary opinions at different times and under like circumstances. It was, therefore, very properly decided to refer this, as well as all the other questions, to instrumental and mechanical tests. But considerable difficulties were encountered in accomplishing this. Mr. Wood

first attempted to measure the irregularities of the carriage motions by a pendulum placed on a stand on the floor of the carriage, intending that this pendulum should register its own vibrations, and that these vibrations should be taken as the indications of the motion. This instrument having failed, Dr. Lardner, after several unsuccessful attempts, at length contrived an instrument which answered the purpose by writing down the irregularities of motion in a system of signs, not giving direct and absolute measures of this motion, but comparative estimates, which would perfectly represent the relative smoothness and ease of different carriages on the same or different railways. The principle of this instrument is simple, and its form and construction may be easily understood.

An iron tube is extended across the floor of the carriage from door to door, from which rises two perpendicular legs at each door to the height of about twelve inches. The horizontal part of this tube extending along the floor is filled with mercury, which likewise fills the legs to the height of some inches from the angle of the tube, being similar in all respects to the tube used in the instrument for recording the relative levels of the rails. The principal irregularity of motion to which railway carriages are liable being a lateral swinging to the right and to the left between the rails, this motion immediately affects the horizontal column of mercury which fills the tube extending along the floor, and the inertia of this column causes the column in the vertical tubes to oscillate in proportion to the lateral vibration of the carriage. A float is placed on the mercury in one of the vertical tubes, which bears a pencil similar to that described in the self-registering level, which pencil inscribes on paper each particular oscillation of the mercury, and its exact extent.

This, however, is only one of several irregular motions to which the carriages are liable. Another of these is a rocking motion arising partly from the former lateral vibration, and partly from the irregularity of the level of the rails, either side of the carriage alternately sinking and rising, either as the relative levels of the rails change, or as the conical tires of the wheels mount upon them and descend by the lateral vibration. This rocking motion would cause a body placed at either side of the carriage alternately to ascend and descend in the vertical direction through a corresponding space, and at similar intervals. This motion was measured in the apparatus in the following manner: — A siphon barometer, formed of an iron tube of nearly an inch in bore, was placed at the side of the carriage near one of the doors. This barometer would be raised and lowered as the side of the carriage itself was elevated and depressed by the irregularity of the motion; and this alternate vertical motion being imparted to the mercury in the barometer, the latter, in virtue of its inertia, would receive a corresponding oscillation upon the same principle as the horizontal column in the tube was affected by the lateral motion. A float was placed in the shorter leg of the barometric siphon, which was made to inscribe the vibrations on paper in the same manner as the other instruments.

Besides this rocking motion, railway carriages, like others, are liable to more or less alternate vertical shake common to the whole body of the carriage; and although it was manifest that this was the smallest in amount of all the irregularities of motion, it was deemed right to ascertain it. This was accomplished by a small self-registering siphon barometer placed in the centre of the carriage. All these three instruments were probably mounted upon the same frame, and their three pencils were made to act upon as many discs over which the paper was moved. The rolls of paper were all moved by the same winch, which acted upon a worm and a system of wheels driven

by a common band, so that all the papers moved on the respective discs at the same rate, and received upon them the inscriptions corresponding to the different motions. In front of each disc was provided a stamp, bearing upon it the letter indicating the kind of motion recorded on the paper. Thus to the disc at which the horizontal motion was written the stamp H was printed; to that on which the vertical motion was inscribed the stamp V was printed; and that on which the rocking motion was recorded was exposed to the stamp R. All these punches were attached to a common rod, and moved together by the lever provided for that purpose. A person stationed at the window of the carriage at the moment of passing each quarter of a mile, struck the lever with his hand, and punched a letter on the paper which moved over each disc. These letters divided the paper into spaces corresponding to each quarter of a mile, and vertical lines were subsequently drawn upon it, which resolved the diagrams thus formed into portions corresponding to each particular quarter of a mile of the road traversed.

In this manner the number of jolts of the carriage, and the nature and amount of each jolt which took place in each quarter of a mile, were registered.

So satisfactory have been the indications of this instrument, that by inspecting the diagrams the general state of the road can be with great certainty pronounced. In passing along a newly made line, for example, it is at once rendered manifest when the train passes from a cutting to an embankment, the latter being in a state of settlement, and therefore presenting more irregularity of surface. The instrument indicating horizontal motion shows also, with considerable distinctness, the blows of the flanges against the rail, the effects of bad joints, and almost every other defect incidental to the laying of the rails.

The instrument also exhibits the departure of the rails from a common level by the change of direction of the line, on either side of which the vibrations of the instrument for lateral motion are made. But to understand this indication perfectly, and indeed to appreciate the instrument itself, the diagrams should be inspected.

A vast number of experiments extending over several hundred miles of railway in repeated trips have been taken with this instrument by Dr. Lardner, and they form part of the Appendix to the present Report. An attempt has been made by Mr. Wood to reduce one of them to a numerical table, by causing the number of vibrations in each quarter of a mile to be counted, together with the average extent of each vibration, and the whole to be tabulated. Such a table, however, would but ill supply the place of the diagram, which speaks a language that cannot be adequately interpreted by arithmetic.

The application of this apparatus also showed in a very conclusive and satisfactory manner that the ease and smoothness of the motion of a carriage depend on other circumstances than the goodness of the road or of the carriage. Thus a carriage placed in the middle of a train will have less motion than it has when placed at the end of it. Also the carriages of a train coupled by Mr. Booth's couplings, which convert the train into a column in some degree solid, will show less motion than if coupled simply by chains. A carriage also which much overhangs its wheels shows more motion than one whose wheels are farther apart; the end body of a carriage than the middle body; a carriage heavily loaded less motion than when more lightly laden. The speed of the motion has also a material influence on its irregularities, the lateral swinging between the rails being greatly increased by

the increase of speed; but, *ceteris paribus*, these irregularities are always proportionally small as the road is well constructed. If the diagrams taken by the experiments of Dr. Lardner be carefully examined with reference to the circumstances in which they were taken, they will illustrate all these truths.

Curious and interesting as were the questions for the investigation of which these several instruments of observation were contrived, the subject transcending all others in importance, not only with a view to a comparative estimate of the merits of different systems of construction, but as it affects the whole question of railway transport, and as it involves the practicability of realising those speculations of vastly increased powers of speed which have fascinated the public of late, was *the actual amount of resistance opposed to the moving power at present on railways.* Whether the system of Mr. Brunel shall affect a material reduction of this resistance is a question whose importance will mainly depend on the result of the former inquiry.

Most readers will be disposed to ask with astonishment, how it is that a question of such vital importance in railway practice has not been long since set at rest? The answer is, that since the capital of the country has been put in motion by the railway mania, engineers have been too much engrossed by the immediate occupation of planning and projecting lines of railway to attend much to a question which they regarded as of rather an abstract nature; that according to the habit of practical men, they formed an estimate of this resistance (from eight to ten pounds per ton of the gross load on the level line), which for all practical purposes they regarded as sufficiently correct; that although no one could tell the grounds of this estimate, nor indeed did there appear any (save what is vulgarly called "The Rule of Thumb"), it was tacitly acquiesced in by all who were interested in the subject.

Many obstacles also presented themselves to those scientific men who were disposed to enter on such an inquiry, by an extensive and rigorous course of experiment. Such experiments are attended with considerable expense, are not quite free from danger, and railway companies are not always willing to allow the traffic of their lines to be impeded as it would be liable to be by such proceedings upon them. The question is also attended with some difficulties, partly mathematical, and partly of a merely practical kind.

Some years since a French gentleman, M. de Pambour, made a course of experiments on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway with a view to determine the amount of this resistance. The results he obtained, however, were not satisfactory, nor were his methods of inquiry such as would have afforded correct conclusions.*

It is not necessary here to notice his calculations more fully, as we shall presently show that the investigation now before us presents the question of resistance altogether in a new light.

The resistance offered to the tractive power by a carriage proceeding with a uniform motion on a straight and level railway is produced, partly by the friction of the axles of the wheels in their bearings, partly by

* In the mathematical formulæ which follow from M. de Pambour's reasoning, and which he uses in his calculations, he has wholly omitted the effect of the momentum of the wheels of the carriages in accelerated and retarded motion, so that his formulæ, in fact, represent the motion of a sledge, and not that of a wheeled carriage. The effect of such an error is far from inconsiderable, where the weight of the wheels and axles is so great as in railway carriages.

the rolling of the tires on the rails, and partly by the inertia of the AIR which the carriage displaces in its progress.

By a degree of accuracy of mechanical construction, which is within the present limits of engineering skill, and by a good system of lubrication, the friction of the axle in its bearing may be reduced to an exceedingly small amount.

The amount of resistance which attends a rolling motion is small, under the most unfavourable circumstances, as is manifested by the facility with which enormous weights are moved even on the rough surface of the earth, when coarse rollers of wood are placed under them. How insignificant, therefore, that part of the resistance must be which proceeds from the rolling of the tire of a wheel accurately finished in the lathe, on the surface of a not less accurately rolled iron bar laid as truly even and level as art can effect, may be easily conceived.

The resistance proceeding from these causes has been generally considered to be the same at all velocities; and if such be the case, it would follow that the expenditure of the moving power, in transporting a load over a given distance, would, so far as this source of resistance is concerned, be the same whether it were carried at five miles or fifty miles an hour. Some slight differences, however, on this point have existed between the results of the experiments of those philosophers who have inquired respecting it. Coulomb conceived that his experiments showed a slight decrease of resistance with the increase of speed, while Morin and others maintain that it is quite independent of the velocity. All these series of experiments were, however, made at velocities so much less than those at which railway carriages move, that any laws of friction established by them should be applied with considerable caution in railway investigations. Some of the experiments made in the course of the inquiry now before us raise a doubt on this point, and suggest a probability that the resistance from friction *decreases* as the speed is increased.

To these sources of resistance, and to these only, have those who have devoted their attention to the practical working of railways, hitherto directed their inquiries. To reduce these to the lowest possible amount by the excellent construction of the carriages and engines, and the exquisite perfection of the road on which they move, has been the object to which the engineering profession has addressed all its powers, and with what signal success it is needless here to say. Such carriages and such roads could never have entered into the contemplation, even of the most sanguine speculator on the progress of art.

The remaining source of resistance — the AIR — has been overlooked, or, if it received a thought, it was regarded as bearing so small a proportion to the other causes of resistance, that, without producing any error of importance, it might be confounded with them; that its effect might be calculated on the same principles; and that the estimate of resistance thereby obtained, would be sufficiently near the truth for all practical purposes. That estimate was, as we have said, at the usual speed of railway trains, from eight to ten pounds per ton of the gross load.

We shall presently see how far this assumption, and the estimates based upon it, are countenanced by the immediate results of experiments.

It appears from the Report before us, that the method decided on for investigating the resistance upon the Great Western Railway, was the common method of observing the rate at which a train in motion is gradually retarded. If it be admitted (as it has been always assumed to be), that friction is the only, or the principal retarding influence, it must then

be admitted also that the velocity which a carriage will lose when not impelled by any force will be equal in equal times. On this principle, proper formulæ were constructed by Dr. Lardner, in which due allowance was made for the effect of the momentum of the wheels of the carriages in rotation; and in order to obtain as great a number as possible of distinct experiments, from which a mean value of the friction might be deduced, he divided the interval between the moment at which the carriage was dismissed with a known speed, until it came to rest, into a succession of short intervals, for each of which the velocity was observed. By such means the velocity lost in each of these successive intervals was ascertained, and such velocity formed a datum from which the amount of friction or resistance might be calculated.

Upon applying these formulæ to a number of the experiments, a result was obtained, which was so unexpected, that in the first instance it was deemed to be an error of calculation. It was found, in fact, that the computed amount of resistance for the first interval in each experiment after the train was dismissed was enormously greater than any estimate which had ever been made of that resistance. Thus it was found, that when the train was started with a speed of about thirty miles an hour, the computed value of the friction was about twenty pounds a ton, instead of not exceeding, according to the common estimate, eight or ten pounds! The idea that this proceeded from any error of calculation or of observation was soon dispelled by finding that a like result followed from every experiment, and every calculation, without exception. It was also observed that the computed value of the resistance was greatly increased where the velocity of the train was considerable at starting. It was farther observed that the computed values for the successive intervals until the train was reduced to rest were gradually less, the computed value for the first interval being generally two or three times greater than for the last.

No doubt now remained that the resistance which was developed in these computations was a real resistance of much larger amount than any which has been hitherto contemplated, and that it has a direct dependence on the velocity, which it is known friction has not.

The atmosphere of course presented itself at once as the cause of this resistance. It has been established by the experiments of various philosophers, that this resistance within the limits of their experiments increases as the square of the velocity; but their experiments did not extend to railway speed, and therefore could not be assumed with certainty as a datum. It was thought necessary, therefore, to reduce the question to immediate experiment on the railways themselves; and although such experiments as those just adverted to, computed by the formulæ which were used, gave results which could not be far from the truth, it was considered, that where an effect was indicated by the calculations so very different from what practical men have hitherto supposed to exist, such a result should, if possible, be deduced more immediately from experiment, and be made more independent of calculation founded on mere mathematical reasoning. For this purpose Dr. Lardner proposed, as an *experimentum crucis*, to dismiss a train of coaches at a high speed down a steep inclined plane, and to observe with precision the extent to which it would be accelerated in its descent by the gravity of the plane. If it were true that the resistance indicated by the above calculations were really that of the atmosphere, and that that resistance increased as the square of the speed, it was expected that in the descent a speed would be obtained which might

produce a resistance equal to the gravity of the plane, and that when that happened, no further acceleration would take place, but that the train would move uniformly to the foot of the plane. It was farther proposed to select a second plane less steep than the first, and to make upon it a like experiment; the gravity upon the latter being less than upon the former in proportion to its inclination, a less speed would produce a resistance in equilibrium with it, so that each plane would have a limit to its accelerating power, depending jointly on the resistance of the air, and on the weight of the train.

It was likewise proposed to vary the weight of the train upon the same plane, in which case the limiting velocity would be varied in a corresponding manner.

These experiments were accordingly tried with complete success, the results verifying all that was anticipated from them. The two planes selected for the purpose were the Whiston Inclined Plane on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, and the Madeley Plane on the Grand Junction Railway, the former descending at the rate of one in ninety-six, and the latter at the rate of one in a hundred and seventy-seven.

A train of four coaches, loaded with a weight equal to forty-two passengers, was impelled from the top of the Whiston Plane at the rate of about thirty miles an hour. Its velocity was observed to increase for a few hundred yards, when it obtained a speed of thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour, with which it descended uniformly to the foot of the plane.

The same carriages deprived of their load were started in like manner down the plane, when they were found to attain a velocity of thirty-one miles an hour, which received no augmentation during the descent.

In like manner on the Madeley Plane a similar train was started, and it gradually attained a speed of twenty-one miles an hour, which it retained until it completed its descent. Each of these experiments was repeatedly tried, always giving nearly the same result.

Here, then, are facts which, being independent of all theory or calculation, cannot be either evaded or disputed. A load of eighteen tons has a gravitating power down one in ninety-six, amounting to four hundred and twenty-one pounds; that gravitating power was, it appears, balanced by *some* resistance when descending at thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour. This resistance amounting to four hundred and twenty-one pounds was of course composed of friction and the atmosphere. If the friction were taken at the common estimate of nine pounds, the friction of this coach train would be one hundred and sixty-two pounds, and it would then follow that the atmospheric resistance at thirty-two and a quarter miles an hour was two hundred and sixty pounds!

But even this would appear too low an estimate of this hitherto neglected opponent to railway speed, for, by comparing the uniform speed obtained in the descent of the Whiston Plane with that obtained in descending the Madeley Plane, assuming that the atmospheric resistance is in proportion to the square of the velocity, Dr. Lardner found that the value of the friction could be obtained, and the value which he obtained for it was by this process a small fraction more than five pounds a ton. If this value be correct, that portion of the whole resistance due to friction would be about ninety-three pounds, leaving three hundred and twenty-eight pounds to the account of the atmosphere!

This very low value of the friction was deduced by a process in which nothing was assumed, except that the resistance of the air is as the square

of the speed, and that the friction of the two trains used in the two experiments was the same. The two trains were certainly not composed of the same identical coaches, but they were composed of coaches similar in construction, equal in weight and equally loaded, and were supported on a similar number of wheels of like magnitude; and, in short, no reason existed for supposing that the friction could be materially different.

By varying the load on the Whiston Plane it was also ascertained that the resistance of the air did not vary sensibly from the proportion of the square of the speed. If the squares of 31 and of 32¼ be taken, they will be found to be very nearly in the proportion of 15·6 and 18, which was that of the loads used. *

Much on this interesting subject still remains for investigation, and many more experiments will be necessary before the mean amount of the atmospheric resistance to railway trains can be considered as ascertained with the requisite degree of precision. Meanwhile it is indisputable that this resistance at the common speed of passenger trains is of very formidable amount. That part of the resistance which arises from friction has probably been reduced as low as it is likely to be. At all events, whatever importance may have heretofore attached to its further diminution, it can now have very little weight in the economy of railway transport. Even supposing the whole friction annihilated, we should not be relieved from much more than twenty per cent. of the present expenditure of power in passenger traffic. But since it is as impossible that this annihilation of friction can take place as that the perpetual motion should be discovered, it may be safely assumed that we cannot practically reckon on any increased economy of power worth serious attention, by any further improvements directed towards the diminution of friction. To what, then, it may be asked, are we to look for that diminution of resistance which appears indispensable for obtaining the increased speed after which railway engineers aspire? It is an ascertained fact, that every augmentation of speed will produce an augmentation of resistance, not proportional to the increase of speed, but in the vastly greater proportion of the increase of the square of the speed. Thus if the railway train, tried upon the Whiston Plane, were required to be moved at sixty miles an hour instead of thirty, the resistance which it would suffer from the atmosphere, instead of amounting, as it did, to about three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, would amount to one thousand three hundred and twelve pounds, to which ninety-three pounds being added for friction, would give a total resistance of one thousand four hundred and five pounds! Thus the power of the engine to accomplish this double speed would require to be increased in the proportion of four hundred and twenty-one to one thousand four hundred and five! If, then, the present engines are cumbrous and unwieldy, and overload, and injure the railway, what is not to be feared from engines capable of producing a power of an energy so enormously greater, and producing that power with double the speed! We are sure that no sober practical man will differ from us when we pronounce that in the present state of art the accomplishment of such an object is impracticable.

When we commenced this article, the meeting of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway, convened to receive the Report, was appointed for the 20th ultimo, and at the time of its publication their decision would

* The full discussion of this course of experiments on resistance, including the details of the experiments themselves, and all the consequences which were obtained from them by the mathematical investigation, is understood to be in preparation for publication. The experiments themselves are stated in the Report to form part of its, as yet unpublished, Appendix.

probably have been made upon the question before them. That meeting, however, having been postponed till the 6th instant, we feel that we shall pursue a more proper course by abstaining from any comment on the substance of the Report which might have an influence upon their decision. We shall not, however, infringe those rules which we consider to be dictated by justice and propriety, if we conclude with a few observations on some points to which it appears to us the attention of the shareholders should be directed, to enable them to arrive at a sound and just decision upon a question in which their interests are so deeply involved.

The experiments on the deflexion of the rails under the pressure of the traffic will first demand attention. There can be, we think, little difference of opinion that that mode of construction is best, which, other things being the same, exhibits the least yielding under the traffic. But in ascertaining the comparative stability of different lines by the experiments which have been made, care should be taken, first, that the experiments have been carried to a sufficient extent in each case to give a fair average result; and, secondly, that they have been distributed so uniformly over each line as to remove any effects which might arise from local imperfections, either natural or artificial. For example, a line of one hundred miles may have a short portion on a bad natural bottom, such as clay, while the principal part of the remainder of the line may be on a good natural bottom, such as gravel. It would clearly be fallacious to deduce the stability of the whole line from experiments which from accident or otherwise were exclusively or principally made upon clay.

In like manner a part of a line may be from local and temporary causes in confessedly bad order at the time of the experiments. If the principal part of the experiments were performed on such a part, it is equally obvious that the result would afford no fair average effect.

Again, it may be questioned whether the mere effect of the deflexion of the rail under the wheel is, *per se*, a serious defect in the road. When rails are laid on chairs, supported by stone blocks, there can be no doubt that a deflexion will take place mid-way between the successive chairs. This effect, however, is expended first on the elasticity of the rail, from which it is conveyed in a mitigated degree to the chair, and if the stone block on which the chair rests be tested, possibly the effect transmitted to it will be scarcely sensible.

One of the injurious consequences attending deflexion is, that if it be conveyed to the ballasting or foundation of the road, it is continually liable to unsettle the stones and timbers in the bed which supports them. If it appear not to have this effect, then its injury is, in a great degree, limited to the increase of resistance which it will produce to the motion upon the road; and as it appears that this increase, however considerable, must form a most minute fraction of the real resistance opposed to the moving power, it may be safely disregarded.

These observations are general, and offered without any particular reference to the facts which will come under decision.

As to the comparative ease of the carriages on different railways, that can, we conceive, only be decided by careful comparison of the diagrams which have been made by the instrument that has been used to measure and record these irregularities of motion; but it is evident that in such a comparison the same precautions are necessary, as in the examination of the deflexions; indeed, more care is required, since the irregularities in question are dependent on a greater variety of causes. The same causes which influence the deflexions likewise, of course, influence these; but the latter are still

more affected by the speed of the train when the diagram is taken, by the place of the carriage in the train, and by the place of the instrument in the carriage. Something, though we apprehend not a great deal, is likewise due to the construction of the carriage itself, putting out of view, of course, the case of a decidedly defective coach. We are altogether sceptical as to the possibility of deducing any mere arithmetical conclusion from such diagrams.

The question of the comparative resistance on different lines, so far as that resistance depends on friction, is one of considerable difficulty. The process by which the small amount of friction-resistance is extricated from the large mass composed of the resistance of the air and friction taken together, is one of a delicate and difficult nature, the solution requiring the application of the highest branches of transcendental analysis, and even with the aid of this power, the friction cannot be determined unless the amount of atmospheric resistance be assumed, or be previously computed; in fact, the two resistances due to friction and the air are so combined in the formula which results from the investigation, that it is difficult to determine either independently of the other. It is probable, however, that after this question, now novel, has received a due portion of attention from mathematical inquirers, and after more extensive experiments have been made to form the basis of mathematical calculation, the respective amounts of these resistances may be obtained with some precision, but at present it may probably be more prudent to consider the relative amounts of friction on different lines of railway, and with different systems of construction to be *sub judice*.

The fuel consumed by the engines, being the representative of the quantity of power expended, is a most important element, and this, it will be seen, ought to be considered with immediate reference to the speed maintained. As the resistance increases in so vast a proportion relatively to the speed, it is a consequence that no skill on the part of the engineer can evade that a proportionally great consumption of fuel must take place; in fact, this enlarged consumption is the price paid for the increased expedition. To form a just comparison, therefore, of any two lines with reference to the fuel, they must be considered with reference to traffic carried on at the same speed.

Such appear to us to be a few of the principal considerations which should be entertained by all who wish to arrive at a sound practical conclusion on this question. We repeat, that we entirely abstain from expressing any opinion or deducing any conclusion from the experiments actually made. These are stated with much clearness in the Report written by Mr. Wood, who has deduced from them his conclusions, and these conclusions are in the hands of the shareholders; but he has likewise given all the details of the experiments on which those conclusions are founded in his Appendix, which, though not printed, is, we presume, accessible to all who have an interest in the undertaking.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE.

CHATEAUBRIAND quotes a story from Gregory of Tours, that the soldiers of King Lenvieldus found the monastery of St. Martin, between Saguntum and Carthagena, abandoned by every body except the old abbot, who was quite bent with age, but nevertheless *fort droit* in virtue and holiness. A soldier wanted to cut off his head; but this soldier fell on his back and expired. It is a type of Spain. Decrepit Spain, like the ancient solitary of the convent, always thinks herself invulnerable; and the fate of the soldier has always attended those who assailed her. The genius of her people, so unlike the rest of Europe, idle, braggart, and comic, must be thoroughly understood ere we can find a clue to those marches and counter-marches ending in nothing, ere we can know this country, where, if one party gain a victory to-day, instead of following it up and putting an end to what others would finish at once, the conquerors halt upon the field of battle to publish a boasting dispatch until their foes return to drive them away, and act the same farce in their turn — where, if they do not take a city to-day, they will to-morrow; and where, if it be urged that Don Carlos may before that morrow be master of Spain, the hidalgoes answer that they took six hundred years to drive out the Moors, or quote the saying of that true Spaniard, the patient Sancho, in which is contained the whole practical wisdom of this world, "There is a remedy for every thing but death."

And yet the incredible superiority of the two greatest writers of the Peninsula, Cervantes and Camoens, over their contemporaries who dreamed and speculated by the side of human nature, is that they were both men of action. The former a soldier, a man of letters writing for the stage, a tax-gatherer, an agent of affairs, seeing all kinds of men, fit for every thing by his great sense, except to grow rich, imagined that book which, as the Spaniards say of Don Quixote, is divinely written in a divine language, which bears the stamp of national genius, and still more signally of the human mind — bold, inventive, and eternally reasonable. The latter a knight and a poet, whose life reads like a little Odyssey, composed amidst privations of all kinds, the first epic poem of Europe; and yet those rude passages of his life did not alter in him that sweet disposition of high intellects to judge mankind moderately and by their least repulsive side.

When we cast our eye over the section of Portuguese literature, which is that with which we shall now occupy ourselves, we perceive poets, historians, and novelists who existed long before our own classics, and recalling to mind the many nations among whom their language was diffused, we are led to inquire why, after producing such masterpieces, it ceased to be cultivated even in the beautiful land of which it is now the only glory. The power of the Spaniards has often done wrong to the military renown of the Portuguese; the same has happened to their literature. The two languages had a common origin, the masterpieces which fixed them appeared almost at the same epoch — and yet Lope de Vega and Calderon were more known in Europe than Saa de Miranda, Ferreira, or even Camoens himself, who preceded them. This indifference must be attributed to the geographical position of Portugal, and still more to the political relations of the two countries. The Portuguese, all-powerful in Asia, were nothing in Europe. Spain imposed her laws and arts upon a portion of the neighbouring populations. However ignorant we may have been of Portuguese literature, we may affirm that it is as rich as the Spanish, and woud have

acquired even greater celebrity if a political convulsion had not arrested its progress. But all considerations are trivial compared with the relative importance in the history of civilisation and humanity which the Peninsular idioms are destined to assume. A prospective glance at the vast continents of America, enclosing regions fit for the support of man, and surpassing in extent and fertility that narrow zone of arable land which circles the Old World, opens up such views of the future greatness of the human race as to lead the intelligent mind to conclude that the scheme of Providence has yet to be developed upon a scale of which we can form at present but a remote conception — a prospect only comparable to that which astronomy has opened up to us in infinite space. The languages of Spain and England are thus destined to become the tongues of so great a moiety of the species, that those of modern Europe must sink into comparative insignificance. When the valley of the Mississippi shall alone contain within its bosom three hundred millions of civilised inhabitants, the language and literature of a few millions of French or Germans must lose their supremacy. That universal language which for the purposes of science and philosophy engaged the attention of Leibnitz and other great minds will have thus in some degree been realised. The Spanish and English tongues, into which all fractional components must merge in the New World, are destined hereafter to be the instruments of knowledge of the largest number of civilised men the world has ever seen.

If what Madame Dacier says be true, that all modern tongues are but barbarous jargons when compared with the classics, it is consolatory that that tongue which bears the greatest affinity to the noble language of Rome is destined to survive, perhaps the most lasting memorial of its speakers. Copious, expressive, and concise, the Spanish already presents a fit instrument of knowledge. As the perfection of a language is the consequence of its being the medium of a civilised people, it may happen that this very perfection, which, in the case of the Sanscrit, is thought to prove an antiquity of six thousand years, may hereafter corroborate the existence of Rome!

It is not, however, with philological disquisitions that we intend to trouble ourselves. The Latin corrupted by the conquerors became the language of Galicia, Portugal, and Castile. The French then came with the arrival of Count Henry of Burgundy to modify this idiom. A fragment of a poem on the occupation of Spain by the Arabs, attributed to Roderick King of the Goths, belongs, it is said, equally to both languages. Political commotions soon made a marked difference. Two different courts modified their languages. Among the Spaniards, the Arab exercised all its influence Its guttural sounds were adopted, and gave to the language that energetic nobleness which has gained it so many admirers. The Portuguese preserved more harmony. The song of Gonzales Hermiguez, and that of Egaz Moniz are specimens of the language at this epoch. It had become singularly appropriate for the expression of tender, pathetic, or impassioned sentiments, and Ferreira, who had himself done so much for its progress, rightly conceived its characteristic charm when he said that the Portuguese Muse, the heiress of the muses of Greece and Italy, softly sang and softly sighed — "*A musa Portugueza docemente suspira, docemente canta.*" With a singular resemblance to the Provençal language, it possesses that simplicity which is so poetical in the Troubadours, as shown by M. Raynouard in his learned work. Such as it was fixed by the great writers of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese language has also much analogy with the Spanish; and Montemayor's sonnet, which may be equally read in both

languages, is a sufficient proof of it; but their genius is different, and the Portuguese has preserved much more of the Latin forms.

The researches of Sismondi and Bouterwek have devoloped to us a world where at first sight we had only beheld a chaos. The philosophical revolution effected by such writers as Ginguené, at a time when the literary riches of all nations had become so considerable as to require classification, is one of the best of our age. Had that clever writer survived, the immense analysis of all the literatures of Europe which he contemplated would not assuredly have failed to comprise the history of Portuguese literature.

Obliged to reject a crowd of details, the brief sketch here offered reduces itself to a barren nomenclature. Literary Portugal may be compared to one of those islands of which navigators have seen the coasts, but of the riches of which they are completely ignorant. We can only afford to cast a rapid glance over the most remarkable men who have appeared at various times, principally confining our attention to a few of comparatively modern date.

In reflecting upon this literature, we remark how often it has experienced complete changes and revolutions in a very short time, owing to political circumstances. After a few rude essays, it was encouraged by a king and legislator, who was himself a poet. It is at this period that we behold Lobeyra, the author of the Amadis de Gaul, which, translated by the father of Tasso, exercised so great an influence throughout Italy. A spiritual simplicity in the narrative, a certain amiable malice which is not satire, constitute the charm of the French *fabliaux*. The Italians, in their old novels, are sufficiently soft, flattering, and simple in appearance, but more vicious than tender, more intriguing than gallant; they are too often tragic. The Spaniard in his antiquities, distinguishes himself by a simplicity so noble that it is inimitable, and by sentiments so beautiful that he may well be proud of them. All the French warriors are lovers in their tales, all the Spanish lovers are warriors whose proud love expresses itself with exaggeration; — such is the spirit of the *Espejo de Amadores*. They are also at times interesting, from the native piquancy of their style, as well as from the knowledge they afford of the manners and customs of the age.

The following is a specimen from Moraes of a conversation which takes place between a doctor and a knight, who discourse together about their pre-eminence at a period when the sciences and arms enjoyed a high consideration. "I know," says the knight, "that reasons are the arms with which you have always fought, and it is not extraordinary that you know how to conquer those who never made any use of them. But, master Doctor, I will make to you an observation. What would you say if you found yourself on a flat plain, surrounded by a thousand Moors — if you beheld their cuirasses sparkling so near, that you could tell the metal of which the plates were made, and the dazzlings, like butterflies, would not leave your eyesight? Ah, Señor Doctor! you have never found yourself in front of a hundred huge bombards aimed against your breast; you have never seen those faces yellow as wax; you have never called upon the Holy Virgin without having any one to help you; you have never fled to save your life; you have never been obliged to quit the ground in the presence of all the world; you have never heard cries and blasphemies against heaven, at the moment when your legs were entangled together. Oh, but you would have forgotten then both the Code and the Digest!"

Portuguese literature from this era begins to develope itself; but it is some time before it offers any thing remarkable, until the moment, at least, when nature created a poet. In the fifteenth century appears Bernardin

Ribeiro, who, by addressing himself to the heart, makes the charms of his poetry be felt. Endowed with the most precious quality that a writer can possess, he marks a brilliant period. His chivalric melancholy paints an age of agitation. He is a poet without art which was born subsequent to him. Under the reign of Emanuel, the Portuguese language assumed the same physiognomy as the Italian under Leo X., the Spanish under Charles V., and the French under Louis XIV. In the sixteenth century appeared two legislators of their Parnassus, Saa de Miranda and Antonio Ferreira. Presenting a union of the happiest and most brilliant qualities, they speak to the heart and the intellect, and, by meditating upon the ancients, introduced new measures, and brought the language to perfection. The former, endowed with great sensibility and simplicity, follows the ancients as his guides, while abandoning himself to a contemplative spirit, which denotes the passionate admirer of nature and the wise friend of mankind. The latter, brilliant, correct, and elegant in his poetry, unites dignity of language to charm of versification. He occupies himself essentially with the forms of style, and we perceive that he has studied them deeply. When he lays aside the rules which he seeks to inculcate, and allows the language of his heart to speak, he produces a masterpiece, as, for example, his Inez de Castro. His genius created the second regular tragedy of Europe. Dedicating himself to the theatre, he next wrote the first comedy of character, and thus laid open the legitimate path of the drama to modern Europe. Gil Vicente, the contemporary of these two great men, less imitative because he addresses himself to the taste of the nation, devoted himself to the stage and made his own rules, or rather he listens to none; he stamps the vices of his age in a manner to be comprehended by a whole people. After having instructed them, he animates them with his gaiety, and, at the same time, interests them by his pictures of chivalry and religion. Around these men are grouped several authors less celebrated, but who shone by correctness, harmony, and that contemplative melancholy which distinguishes the inhabitants of the south. Affectation is often seen side by side with nature with them, and an oriental image frequently leads them from the path of correct taste. Diogo Bernardes is of this number, as well as Andrade Caminha.

But while these poets enjoyed the favours of fortune, and could sing in the bosom of courts the exploits which excited the admiration of the world, a man unknown to all, poor and exiled, owing nothing to fortune, and all to his own courage, shared those exploits which he aspired to celebrate. Agitated by the passion which made the destiny of his life, thinking one moment of his misery, the next of his country's glory, he escapes from tempests, gives the world the Lusiad, and expires in an hospital. It is not the fine harmony of his style, and the grandeur of his imagery, which have made Camoens survive time, — it is the fire of a noble spirit, which penetrates all hearts, of whatever age or country they be.

In the third period Camoens is dead, but his spirit animates his age. He seems to have bestowed a portion of his chivalrous dreaminess and ardent sensibility upon a few minds. Rodriguez Lobo leads us along with him into the bosoms of the fields, and borrows from nature his smiling images. Like all those who feel more than they can express, there is a vagueness in his poetry, and a want of animation in his thoughts.

Cortereal is another of Camoens' contemporaries. He is a poet-warrior, and is indebted to his own sensations alone for the beauties which appear in his works, for the burden imposed by antiquity is too heavy for him.

The glory of Portugal seemed to have fallen and expired at the fatal battle of Alcaçer Kebir.

The nation is next enslaved, but Pereira de Castro transports us into the midst of the magnificence of ancient mythology; but the pomp of Olympus has ceased to move us.

Violante do Ceo, Faria e Sousa, Vasconcellos, &c., mark the age of false taste which covered Europe at one period, beginning in Italy with Marino, in Spain with Gongora, in England with the imitators of those Precieuses Ridicules whom the satire of Molière transfixed in France. A few ridiculous conceits, the most frigid and hacknied terms of mythology, insipid madrigals, and the cold puerilities of tiresome pastorals, — such was literature until Antonio José appeared. He is too imperfect, too negligent, and too trivial to survive his age, but he possesses originality, and the infamous Inquisition, by burning the poor dramatist alive, gave his name a melancholy pledge of immortality. Writers who had the courage to struggle against the united efforts of jesuitical despotism and ignorance, paid the forfeit of their lives for their intrepid devotion. The Tagus was seen to deposit upon its shores and before the walls of the capital the dead bodies of those who were thrown into the sea from the forts of Cascaes and Bugio. Under monkish and jesuitical influence, every thing was disgracefully subjected to a censorship; the works of the great masters were altered. From that moment commenced that time of brutalisation in which authors who treated of mythological subjects began with intimating that they did not adopt the fictions of the poets as religious dogmas, and believed in nothing but the God of Christians. But as every thing that exists is subjected to the alternative of advancing or retrograding, this state of things could not last long; neither, on the other hand, could there be in literature a complete and sudden change all at once. The odious power which stifled all thought was at last overthrown — the intellects of men awoke. An able minister, the great Marquis of Pombal, gave a new impulse to study and commenced a literary reform, — the society of Arcadians was founded. Many imitators of the ancients illustrated its foundation, — Garzaon and Diniz da Cruz are the most remarkable. They resuscitated the taste for ancient literature; their brilliant versification recalls their good models, and from their manner of thinking, more than from their style, we see that they have read the French authors. The following cantata by Garzaon is beautiful, and marks the careful imitator of Virgil: —

"DIDO FORSAKEN.

"'Ya no froixo Oriente branqueando.'

"Now glimmering in the purple orient sky,
The snow-white sails of the Dardanian fleet,
Amidst the gilded ocean's azure waves,
On wings of prosperous breezes fade away.
The lorn abandon'd Dido,
Loud-shrieking, wanders through her regal halls
And seeks with maddening eyes, yet all in vain,
The fugitive Æneas.
Carthage, her new-born Carthage, nought presents
But silent gloom and dark deserted shade;
With frightful lashings on the naked shore,
Hoarse sound through night the solitary waves;
Perched on the golden spires
Of the exalted domes,
Nocturnal birds sinister omens cry.
From the marmoreal tomb
All horror-struck she deems

A thousand times the cold and pallid dust
Of dead Sichaeus, with heart-thrilling voice
Invoking, calls 'Eliza, O, Eliza!'
To the tremendous deities of Orcus
An offering she prepares,
But shuddering sees around
The altar's pile, for incense-breathing smoke,
Dark foam fermenting in the golden urns,
And wine o'erturned, to streams of blood transformed.
Her pale yet beauteous face,
With frenzy fired, now burns,
Her hair dishevelled flows;
And soon her trembling footsteps near approach
The asylum once so blest,
Where, of her faithless hero,
With deep heartfelt emotion,
She heard the impassioned sighs and lulling plaints.
There the remorseless Fates, exulting showed
Troy's shining spoils, which, o'er the splendid couch
In festoons hanging, to her sight displayed
The lustrous shield, and bright refulgent sword.
Sudden, with hand convulsive, she lays bare
The fatal blade, and, on its goring point
Urges her tender alabaster breast.
Murmuring in crimson jets of sparkling foam
The warm blood leaps in torrents from the wound;
Tinged with the purple dye, the marble halls
Tremble and start — the Dorian columns shake —
Thrice she attempts to rise,
Thrice agonised, upon the couch reclines
Her fainting form; now unto Heaven she lifts
Her tear-dissolved eyes;
Then wildly gazing on the burnished mail
Of the false Trojan fled,
Some dying words she uttered, and the sound
Of their last wailing mournful accents rang
Along the sculptured roofs, and Echo sad
Long time with sighs the dismal tones prolonged.
Sweet pledges so tenderly
Cherished whilome,
Ere Jove had determin'd
My flight to the tomb;
From Dido distracted
The soul now receive,
From torments despairing
Her spirit relieve;
Sad Dido abandoned,
Thou has languished thine hour;
Of thy Carthage renowned
See the proud turrets tower;
But thy spirit indignant,
Where the dread Charon plies
His bark o'er the torrent
Of dark-boiling Phlegethon,
Hovering flies."

Francisco Manoel is one of the chiefs of this school, and is both an energetic and elevated writer, of whom more anon. Bocage, his contemporary, belongs also to the same period; but this young poet, a voyager like Camoens, and, like him, too, unfortunate, seldom inspires sympathy, save when misery wrings from him a few bitter plaints, because we feel that these are true. The following sonnet paints sufficiently well his brief and agitated existence: —

"Meu ser evaporei na lida insana."

"My life exhales in woe and strife insane,
And stormy passions which my bosom rend,
Oh fool, I thought, fond wretch, I dreamt in vain,
Life's mortal essence Time nor Chance would end.

To me what countless suns did Hope extend
Vain-glorious years that Fancy false did feign!
Now Nature frail, with slavish power doth bend
To evils twined with Life's primeval pain.
Oh tyrant pleasures, by your might controlled,
Say to what dark abyss my bark doth drive?
Lord! ere in death this spirit weak hath fled
Into the peace of a dominion cold,
One moment grant to him, whose hours are sped,
And teach him how to die, who ne'er could live!"

Brazilian literature born in the seventeenth century has produced several poets. Duraon acquaints us in a picturesque and interesting manner with the customs of its ancient inhabitants. Basilio da Gama, detested by the Jesuits, has sung those countries in which they founded an empire. His varied pictures present much interest and his style is correct and elegant. Finally, we have to enumerate writers who merit the attention of critics, such as Caldas, the unfortunate Gonzaga, and the elegant author of poems addressed to the ladies of Bahia.

The history of the Portuguese prose writers does not offer less interest perhaps than that of the poets. The same causes developed their talents, the same circumstances imparted to them their lustre. But in that country in which the East seems to have animated with its brilliant imagination the chivalrous exaltation of Europe, the different writers have not always submitted to the laws of reason and philosophy. Astonished at the surprising facts which they had to transmit to posterity, historians thought themselves obliged to borrow the language of poetry, and if they often exhibit exaggeration in their style, we must attribute it as much to the grandeur of the events which acted upon their ardent minds, as to the sallies of their imagination. In the fifteenth century, when a crowd of warriors mingled with the ardour of combats the love of poetry, when knightly troubadours began to ennoble the Portuguese name, we perceive arising the father of history, the natural, exact, touching, and philosophic Fernand Lopez. Azurara relates conquests like a man who had seen the places in which they had happened: finally, Bernardin Ribeiro appeared; and if we only consider him as a prose writer, he is superior to his age; or rather, he prepared the glory of succeeding ones. The sixteenth century, the golden age of Portuguese literature, at length arrived. All the dazzling allurements that glory could possess belonged to the nation. Proud of his traditions, intoxicated with brilliant hopes, every Portuguese forgot the language of humanity. Two men then appeared with courage to rebuke the people. Ozorio deplored the cruelty of his contemporaries. The historian Barros, to whom Pope Pius IV. erected a statue, exalted still more their courage. He visited that land of Africa, where, according to his own expressions, there was not a river, bank, or rock that was not dyed with the blood of Portuguese. Fond to idolatry of his nation, brilliant courage absolves every thing in his eyes, as though he were a knight speaking to his companions in arms and leading them on to new exploits. Castanheda, Couto, Albuquerque have always the elegance of truth. Finally, during this great period they had a diplomatist and a narrator full of interest, in Damian de Goez, and a voyager in Mendez Pinto whose style makes amends for his unbridled imagination. These great historians had for their remarkable successors Frey Luis de Suza, Jacinthe Freire, Dandrade, and after them Vieyra, the most eloquent man of his age.

The impartiality which rejects the prejudices of time and country is only acquired after long civilisation. Dazzled by rapid conquests, whence their

nation derived all its splendour — led on by a religious zeal which did not permit them to discern the just from the unjust — believing themselves called by a particular mission to make new discoveries, they are brilliant in their mode of narrating facts and cruel in their reasonings, quoting a miracle worked against the infidels at the moment when we are led to expect a reflection of pity for the sanguinary deeds they had committed in the name of the God of peace.

Their writings have all the enthusiasm of the age. They had no need to seek elsewhere for lofty deeds to celebrate, they had only to cast their eyes on what was passing around them. Their imagination needed not to surprise by invention, for the truth of history was essentially poetical among them. Unknown seas traversed for the first time, immense empires discovered, a handful of men opposed to entire armies, and those armies vanquished, the treasures of India deserting Venice and accumulating in the port of Lisbon, a new nature unfolding its splendour to the eyes of those inhabitants of Europe who had fancied themselves the most favoured by climate, such were the elements which they had to describe, which excited the imagination of their poets and developed their original character as writers. Even at the present day, when we look back upon the Portuguese of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries and view their conquests over the inhabitants of India who were infinitely their superior in riches, and all the arts of civilisation, we cannot help feeling astonished at that religious impulse which caused such wonders. But Catholicism, which had effected so many great and holy things in the Old World, which destroyed idolatry wherever it penetrated, which saved the world from the emperors of Rome, which civilised the barbarians, which abolished sacrifices all over the earth, which proclaimed the liberty of man in separating the spiritual power from the temporal, which caused the chains of the slave to fall, which put an end to the murder and exposure of infants, which imparted the unity of God to the world, and which created, according to Montesquieu, that right of nations which antiquity knew not, fatally changed its aspect in the history of Spanish and Portuguese conquest. After having destroyed superstition it restored it; after having saved the new climes from the despotism of their princes, it cast them back under the feet of the Inquisition; after having civilised the barbarians, it opposed itself, in the name of infallible texts, to the progress of human science and morality; after having abolished sacrifices throughout the earth, it re-establishes them universally, and more than once immolated whole populations upon its altar. Yet their historians, in writing history in a manner more brilliant than sage, more chivalrous than philosophic, wrote it at the same time in a manner singularly useful, for they thus caused it to be read with eagerness and developed the national spirit.

By a singular fatality the ballad literature, which in Spain is so rich and beautiful, is lost to the student of Portuguese, the *Concioneiro General* published in 1510, of which Sir Charles Stuart possessed a copy, being out of print or illegible.

It will thus be seen that the distinguishing characteristics of Portuguese literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries still continue to imbue their modern poets: these are the spirit of Platonism, Christianity, and Chivalry which was born in Italy with Dante and Petrarch, and the pastoral or purely descriptive. In a former number we endeavoured to convey to the reader some idea of the Drama, as it was conceived and created by a man of genius in the seventeenth century, the original of the tragi-comedy — lofty, measured, Spanish and sublime — of Corneille; and of the tragedy —

abstract, amorous, ideal, and divinely elegiac — of Racine. The spirit of Christian love platonic and chivalrous, which everywhere pervades Calderon's drama, shines in its lustre, although the conclusion of his pieces will often appear to convey a morality or rather a faith purely catholic. To adopt the principle of religious heroism as a means of exciting emotion is not the taste of the present day in Portugal; but it is chiefly by means of a distant view of the haven of faith, that this poet in his Autos rewards the hopes and fears "beyond the visible diurnal sphere," by which the sufferers in his mortal scene were actuated, dismissing the spectators

"In calm of mind, all passion spent. — *Samson Agonistes.*

It is this highest life which Sophocles shadows forth in his masterpiece wherein after the pathetic scenes of Œdipus Coloneus, he veils the horror and pity by the interposition of a deity and the assurance of a haven of repose and purification for the dying hero. A drama must, however, be regarded as an unfit medium for inculcating a dogma of faith. Such a moral end is not always true to nature, and nothing is beautiful but the true. A profound pathos has been excited by Calderon in his "Constant Prince," a play founded upon the religious constancy of a Portuguese prince, and which the accomplishad Augustus Schlegel has not thought unworthy of translating into his native tongue. In fact, every deserving work of the Portuguese and Spanish poets has already been rendered with admirable success into the rich and flexible German, — models which all translators would do well to follow in their faithful adherence to the metrical forms of the original. To the Magico Prodigioso the world is indebted for the Faust of Goethe, through which that drama might have also become the remote inspiration of Byron's "Manfred," Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," and other works of the same lofty description. But although the works of Calderon and Lope during the time of Spanish domination held exclusive possession of the Lisbon stage, it does not appear that the romantic theatre found any followers of note among the Portuguese. The classic models of Ferreira Miranda and Camoens were born in the age of Portugal's greatness and expired with the loss of her political independence.

Almost all these poets have cultivated the eclogue, elegy and pastoral romance — the first with simplicity, their successors with increased harmony, elegance and ideas. Contemplators of nature, but with minds biassed towards the brilliant ideas of love and glory, their shepherds speak too often like knights and have that melancholy exaltation which belongs to men continually crossed in their affections and hopes. In order to express their love, they multiply incessantly the most exaggerated comparisons, because this sentiment already so romantic among them was still more exalted by warlike expeditions: and we might apply to them what Ginguené says of the first Italian poets: — "Instructed in the school of Platonism, they departed so far in their amorous poetry from all that is vulgar and terrestrial, that they also often departed from what is intelligible and human. The women who were the subjects of these verses were as much flattered by this elevation of style as by that of the sentiments;" — harangues, in short, which we cannot help thinking were very much to the reproach both of Plato and Cupid. Nevertheless by a happy union, elegance is ofttimes joined to beauty of style, and in the descriptive poetry we always feel the observers of nature painting with charm what they saw before their eyes — beautiful forests, the blue ocean and the fertile banks of streams. We remark also that all objects of pastoral life are ennobled in their eyes, — that in their eclogues they introduce all kinds of animals,

and that a ridiculous delicacy never makes them seek for pretended terms to designate those which have nothing noble about them. They thus enlarge the domain of bucolic poetry — they

> " Call the vales and bid them hither bring
> Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues,"

with the truest delicacy of language, the chastest purity of style, even when painting the delirium of the most exalted love, at a period when the works of other nations were disfigured by indelicate blemishes. The success of Gay's Pastorals in English literature is a well-known proof of the charm of natural description. Though written for the purpose of ridicule, this one quality rendered their popularity certain. Bernardin Ribeiro and Saa de Miranda, both knights and poets, are models in their way. The latter, the favourite of a monarch, traversed beautiful Italy and picturesque Spain to imbibe his inspirations and returned to end his days amid the rustic scenes which best agreed with his melancholy and pensive turn of mind. Nothing can better paint the touching impression which he left in the memory of his friends than the verses of his contemporary Diogo Bernardes. " He lived all his years because he neither feared nor hoped anything. Amiable inhabitant of our retreats, who could follow thy traces in these mountains and woods? Thou didst charm by the sweetness of thy song all that presented itself in thy way. Returned from foreign lands, thy virtues excited envy and created admiration. Now a long sleep closes thine eyes; it opens mine to tears, and all here weep with me."

The gentle urbanity of Saa de Miranda is also recorded in a pleasant anecdote which has escaped many biographers. It is said that the poet having been inveigled into a contract of marriage by the brothers of a lady whom he had never seen, finding her at the first interview neither so young nor beautiful as he had been led to expect, instead of exhibiting any anger at the deception, courteously stepped up to her and presenting his walking stick, said, " Chastise me with this staff, madam, for having come so late." It will doubtless delight our readers to learn that the match was a happy one and that he died of grief for his wife's death. " Passenger," says his friend Bernardes, in his epitaph upon him, " contemplate this tomb: it is adorned with palms: the ivy and the laurel here are seen: but it is empty. Fate has willed it thus. The body of Miranda should repose here, but it is afar. His soul was pure — it has fled to the skies: there it awaits its mortal remains. The crown of Saa must be woven of two laurels, one of the knight, the other of the poet." Miranda's lines upon his children are also very delicate and Grecian. They read like an epitaph from the Anthology.

" WITHERED FLOWERS.

> " Roses bloom, and from buds they leap into opening flowers;
> Forests and valleys rejoice in the children of Spring:
> But we, O friend, behold no more of the beautiful valleys
> The beautiful children, we go no more to the flowery grove;
> For ah! our beauteous buds, Cleanth and Rhoda, bloomed
> Yestreen, and both to-day are faded into dust!"

Claudio Manuel da Costa deserves a distinct place. Brazil reckons him her first poet, and Portugal one of her best. He has left some excellent sonnets competing in the style of Metastasio with the best canzonets of the delicate Italian poet, and his palinode addressed to his lyre, imitating the well-known one of Metastasio to Nice, *Grazie al inganni tuoi*, or the *Gracias al cielo doy que ya del cuello* of Garcilasso, is worthy to stand side

by side with its excellent models. The novel and majestic scenes of nature in that vast region cannot fail to give their poets more originality, variety of imagery and expressions of style than appear in them at present. European education extinguishes the national spirit, — they seem to be ashamed of showing themselves Americans, and hence a spice of affectation and an impropriety which give the foil to some of their best qualities.

After Diniz, the immediate place among Anacreontic writers belongs to another Brazilian, — Gonzaga, better known under his pastoral name of Dirceu, and by his Marilia whose love and beauty he has celebrated in his lyrics. Some of these pieces are of great beauty; and yet, if the author, instead of painting in Brazil, Arcadian scenes and pictures entirely European, had described his native plains in their local colours and his amiable and ingenuous Marilia like the Virginia of St. Pierre, seated beneath the shade of palm-trees, while the superb lory, with his purple wings, flew around her head, the fleet coati bounded through the dense thickets, like the hare of Europe, or the scaly armadillo passed with heavy pace along the river side, or had amused herself in weaving for her lover a garland, not of roses or jessamines, but of the white flowers and vermilion berries of the odoriferous coffee tree, the picture would have been more in harmony with a tropical climate. "We cannot doubt," says Humboldt, "that the climate, the configuration of the soil, the physiognomy of the vegetables, the aspect of a smiling or a savage nature, influence the progress of the arts, and the style which distinguishes their productions." "The mind becomes that which it contemplates," says Rousseau; and future Brazilian poets, whether leading us through the boundless forests and magnificent scenery of their country,

> "Per maria, ac montes, fluviosque rapaces,
> Frondiferasque domos avium, camposque virentes," — LUCRETIUS.

or striking their lyre to the notes of Petrarch, must feel its influence and cease to look at nature through the spectacles of books ere they will produce a masterpiece.

But an undue proportion of pastoral poetry shows poverty of intellect and mannerism. It is the result of a narrow conception of the sympathies of mankind and of the art itself. For of what does poetry treat? Of all those common-places which are the foundation of the human mind and upon which it has meditated since the beginning of the world. It speaks of the finite and the infinite, — the transient and the permanent, — time and eternity, — life and death, — the flowers that live for a day and the mountains that defy ages, — the rapid pleasures that fly like a shadow and God who endures for ever. It treats of whence we came and whither we go, — of what we must do and what we must think, — whither wander those heavens that nightly march like a silent army under an invisible chief, — what is this pensive and ardent soul which dreams of eternity and notwithstanding seems born to perish like the meteors of a summer's night. The moral world is also the world of poetry, as well as that figured, coloured world that surrounds us and is reflected in our minds. With more calm magnificence than the pomps of nature itself it opens upon us like the elysium of Virgil, —

> "Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
> Purpureo: — Solemque suum sua sidera norunt."

But we must stop short. "Enough!" says Rasselas to Imlac, after a similar specification, "I perceive that no man can ever be a poet." Few,

indeed, is the number of those to whom has been entrusted that celestial mission!

There is a school of poetry abounding in strange wild allegory, derived from the Italians of the middle ages, of which Dante's Canzone *Voi ch'intendendo il terzo ciel movete:* and Camoens' "Elegy," beginning * *A piedade humana faltava*, may be taken as fair specimens. It has been revived in our days by a consummate master with all the startling effect of novelty, in an exquisite work, which, for angelic beauty, surpasses its fine models as much as Virgil's gold surpassed the refuse of Ennius. It is only when following the strange, ethereal, dreamy fancies of Shelley's "Epipsychidion," or the Mozart-like harmonies of his lyrical muse, that we perceive in what the very soul and essence of ideal poesy consist. Like the "Delia" of Tibullus, his muse, to whatever she turns, and to whatever subject directs herself, still exhibits the furtive grace that pervades her soul and animates all her motions, —

> "Illam quicquid agat quoquo vestigia vertat
> Componit furtim subsequiturque Decor."

A union of the pastoral with this platonic elevation marks some of Gonzaga's poetry and, notwithstanding we have been rather severe towards the rustic pipe, could we but succeed in rendering the charms of the Portuguese into our rude vernacular, we would not scruple to say with the shepherd in Virgil, "*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria.*" The concluding lines seem borrowed from those of Tasso, on his own imprisonment, addressed to his friend Stiglion, which cannot easily be translated into English verse, —

> "Tu che ne vai in Pindo
> Ivi pende mia cetra ad un Cipresso
> Salutala in mio nome e dile a viso poi
> Ch' io son dagl' anni, e da Fortuna oppresso.'

* The following is a translation in prose. We have not attempted one in verse, remembering the words of Statius, which Lord Strangford forgot.

> "Vive precor, nec tu divina Æneada tenta
> Sed longe sequere et vestigia semper adora."

"Human pity failed me — friendly people turned aside from me. In this perilous state I no longer found a land toward which to direct my steps. Air was refused me, which all other beings respire — in fine, Time and the world abandoned me. What a profound and difficult secret to comprehend! to be born to live — to behold oneself wanting in every thing which is necessary to pursue that existence, and yet be unable to lose it. And these ills I recall not like the man who, after a furious tempest, relates the circumstance in a favourable time. Uncertain Fortune carries me still towards such miseries that I fear to make a single step — I no longer seek to shun the evil which threatens me — I pretend no more to the good which fails me — I brave the wickedness of men, for I depend upon a Providence divine. In meditating on this truth I sometimes find a consolation to so many miseries. But, when swayed by human weakness, I cast my eyes over time, I can only obtain a remembrance of years already passed. Tears of sadness are then my only comfort; and I cannot dry them, save by permitting my imagination to create for itself a fantastic image of joy.

"Ah! if it were possible that Time could retrograde like Memory, that finds again the traces of our first youth! If it were possible that, renewing the ancient history of my errors, it could transport me into the midst of those flowers in which I lived during my youth, and that then the resemblance of a long and melancholy sentiment should become my sweetest satisfaction; that I could find once more the amiable conversation of my mistress; that I could explain to her my new thoughts; that I could once more behold the country, our walks, the signs of intelligence which she accorded me, her beauty, her looks, her charms, her grace, her affable politeness — that I could feel that sincere friendship removed from all base and terrestrial intention, such as I have never known since then! Ah! vain regrets, whither do you transport this feeble heart which cannot yet subdue the useless desire which you cause to arise.

"Say no more my Song, utter it no more. I could speak thus unconsciously for ages; and if, by chance, any one should accuse thee of being long and fastidious, reply that I do not sing cold gallantries with the desire of praise, but that I unfold a simple tale of things which have happened to me. Would to God that it was a dream!"

It may perhaps add to the interest of the elegiac chaunt of Gonzaga to know that his sorrows were not feigned and that his fate was as tragical as that of Abelard. Implicated in a pretended conspiracy, forged for the purpose of confiscating the wealth of certain influential families in Minas Geraes, the unfortunate poet was torn from his mistress on the eve of marriage and plunged into a prison, whence he was transported to the coast of Africa, where he died.*

* "A PRIMAVERA.

"Eis torna a nascer o anno fermoso
Zephyro brando e doce Primavera."

"Hoar Winter's past and smiling hours now bring
The purple time of flower-unfolding Spring;
The black earth crowns with verdure every vale;
The Naiad lilies lift their petals pale;
The meads, beneath the rosy-fingered morn,
Laugh out in joy, when from her starry urn
She scatters flowers: afar the shepherd man
Pipes a sweet song to universal Pan,
Upon his syrinx in the ilex grove,
And Pastor Ægon tunes his strain to love.
The merry mariners, o'er slumbering ocean,
Zephyr now wafts with undulating motion.
Now Bacchus leads his Mænad band, each head
Vine-crown'd, with flowers and ivy garlanded;
And from their murmurous haunt the honied bees
Swarm in the hollows of the time-worn trees,
And build their odorous cells with busy care,
And all the many-voiced race of air.
The halcyons float around the foamless shores;
The swan in heaven aloft now sings and soars;
The swallow darts the arrowy stream along;
The nightingale tunes her accustomed song.
All come and sing, for ever as they fly,
How sweet is Love, whose very pain is joy!
It is the amorous hour when through all space
Mute silence reigns, and o'er the ocean's face
Night breathes her orison, and, with censer lit,
Swings out her incense, whilst the fire-flies flit,
Like winged stars, in twilight airy game,
Towards Vesper's wandering shrine of icy flame,
Shining with rays so cold and luminous
Athwart heaven's gloom. O, bright star, pray for us!
Now under heaven all shapes repose or love.
The murmuring waves towards the white shore move.
The flower droops on its stem; the tranquil deep,
Under night's canopy is hushed to sleep.
The velvet moss carpets the vale beneath;
The embowering ivy winds her tortuous wreath;
The breath of Ocean, faint from orange bowers,
Floats laden with the lemon-scented flowers;
And gentle sounds re-echoing voice and lute,
Answer from far some lake-surrounding flute,
Die on the shore, or melt each liquid tone,
With the soul's music in deep unison;
And night might seem, in its tranquillity,
The bridal of the earth and sky to be.
Yon light which, rising from the foliaged trees,
Gleams faintly through their void interstices,
Is a last signal by the seamen given,
To guide us onward to our destined heaven;
And, as that lamp expires, is Hope consumed,
A Pharos, by the hand of love illumed,
To light us o'er the zones of storm and calm,
To isles where Hope once more may pour her balm:
Isles where, 'midst incense-blossoms ever bright,
A bower is built afar from every blight;
From sorrow, and from guilt and pain's unrest,
A new Atlantis of the purple West.

The name of Francisco Manoel next demands attention. The Portuguese already reckon this modern poet among the number of their classics, although he only died at the commencement of the present century, after having survived the earthquake of Lisbon and the familiars of the Inquisition. Although living for the greater part of his life in France, his knowledge and study of the Portuguese were so profound as to render him at once the Horace and Boileau of his country; and in his Epistles, the philosophy of Horace and Pope is exhibited, adorned with the graces of a poetry always simple, strong and harmonious. From the works of Cicero he has gathered those principles of study and taste, as well as those

---

It seems some portion of the earth which lies
Far distant from the world's polluting eyes.
Not folded ever in its gelid snows,
But a warm heaven of most serene repose.
Here first, when Winter leaves his chariot throne,
Spring, with her morning-winged feet has flown
Within a spacious wilderness of blooms:—
Flowers of all hue leap from their dormant tombs,
Lifting their languid leaves reluctantly
From out their odour-breathing sleep, to see
The sun rise, all their unexpanded buds
Unfold to light, and hear the solitudes,
The inviolable stillness of the mountains,
Reverberate the sound-exulting fountains:
Here, twilight lawns, with violet moss inwoven,
Are canopied by azure clouds, all cloven
By graceful trees, where, as they bend and sweep,
The birds, in love-dreams lull'd, are rocked to sleep:
Silence and Twilight, both twin-sisters there,
Lure to their haunts the Daughter of the Air.
The wand-like lily, which in fiery noon,
Looks cold and pale, like the infantine moon,
The hyacinth, with its dew-stars still dissolving,
The light-enchanted heliotrope revolving,
Still charmed by the dying orb's decline,
And all sweet flowers, and sounds, and smells divine,
Make, of our home, a beaming Paradise,
Where we may wander, when the pale stars rise,
'Midst mossy walks, and fountain-lighted caves,
Whilst heard, yet scarcely heard, the murmuring waves
Flow on beneath our sea-environed bowers;
And Hope and Fear, aloof from the high towers,
Lure us no more, as Youth is lured to Sorrow,
Joy Pain, Life Death, or Night the envious Morrow;
Till from Oblivion's cave the voice shall rise,
Which shall allure our steps to freer skies."

"My song, go thou, and in the numbers sooth
With courtesy thy daring reasons grace,
For thou the mighty in their pride of place
Must win with gentlest wisdom unto ruth.
And, if thou flyest to Pindus lofty crest,
Where hangs my harp upon a cypress bough,
Salute it in my name, and say that now
I am by Fortune and by years opprest.
Truth, to the chosen few seek thou to prove,
And them from evil custom strive to woo:
Salute, I pray thee, in the sphere of love,
Marilia, Marcia, and thy Mistress too,
Our Leanor —all that blest band above!
Tell them, from me, to love, and not reprove;
But those deaf spirits and blind flee far away,
Who from the path of Heaven have gone astray;
So, when no more you have me with you, ye
May live in peace and tender amity."

of eternal truth and conduct to which his life conformed. The result is, that he has imparted to the Portuguese language the elegant conciseness, euphony, and purity truly Latin, that shine in the ancient classics.

Denounced to the Inquisition as a philosopher, he succeeded in saving himself from its fangs by his personal intrepidity in forcing his way through the familiars, dagger in hand, and escaped on board a vessel bound to Havre. On board he was chased by the corsairs of Barbary, a storm cast him on the coast of the Azores, the rocks of Jersey exposed him to peril; finally, however, he escaped. The French Revolution then burst; that memorable event absorbed all thoughts and interests. Resigned henceforth to his lot, living in the deepest obscurity, Manoel found his consolation in letters, which, in his instance, justified the magnificent eulogium pronounced upon them by Cicero. They were his companions and resource by day and night, by land and sea, in the solitude of fields, in the city, and in the miseries of exile. During a banishment of thirty years, speaking a language not his own, he has so carefully preserved his feeling of the classical beauties of that of his forefathers, its elegance and purity, that not a single Gallicism can be detected in his works.

Poems, epistles, philosophical and critical satires, dythyrambics full of fire and strength, eclogues, metamorphoses, fables, tales, epigrams and sonnets, compose his works, as well as a translation of Osorio's excellent life of King Emmanuel. Among all the Portuguese poets it is only given to him to marry all the chords of his lyre and to leave behind models of more than one species of composition.

Among his contemporaries Diniz is an elevated poet, a lyric full of soul and impetuosity; but his lyre has but one chord. His talents are confined to the Pindaric ode and to the *Os magna sonaturum.* It is generally admitted in Portugal, that Manoel and Diniz are the two first poets of the eighteenth century.

Their rivals, the unfortunate Garzaon, whom we have already quoted, and Maximiano Torres, are true and elegant poets, sometimes elevated but always sweet. They very seldom departed from the limits of the philosophic ode, the cantata and the sonnet.

Francisco Manoel excels in lyrical poetry. It is there that he marches with a firm step in the traces of the ancients, and if in some happy moments of inspiration he treads close upon them, he owes it as much to the truly antique genius and flexibility of his language, as to the natural turn of his genius. When he is Pindaric, we are agreeably surprised to see that he is always so in the manner of Horace, blending the sweet with the grave and the pleasant with the severe even in subjects purely heroic.

The great Roman lyric is without rival in that species of ode in which he proposes for his subjects the smiling philosophy of Epicurus, the art of deceiving the flight of time, the joy of festivals, the charms of retired leisure and voluptuous carelessness, a sweet oblivion of the pains and shortness of life; that philosophy which sports with death, mingles roses with the cypress, and to excite us to enjoyment, sometimes places a tomb in the distant perspective of the most delightful landscape. In such subjects Manoel eminently possesses the secret of grace; we admire the ease with which he bends the language to the purest and happiest forms of the Latin muse; we divine the deep studies which the natural ease and the masterly flights of the writer betray; we feel that he has anointed himself long with the oil of the Athleta, but we see not the traces. Manoel has so well appropriated that which constitutes the manner of Horace, the turn and choice of his ideas, the harmony of the rhythm, the march and stop of the strophes, the mixture

of the styles, the colours, contrasts, elegant precision, the art of blending the graceful gradations training back the subject from the occasional flights, the just proportion of the parts and of the whole which have been felt in Horace by the Quarterly Review, that some of Manoel's best pieces appear but a new scholium of the divine poet. Manoel is Horacian, not by copying his master like a slavish pedant, but by adapting to modern times and the customs of his country those external beauties which belong to all times and all nations. We perceive that the poet of the Tiber would have thus expressed himself in the language of Camoens in the eighteenth century. This ode on the Sage struggling against adversity contains many personal allusions.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum."—HORAT.

"Quem póde aos pés lançar soberbas iras
Do Fado riguroso."

"The man who braves outrageous Fortune's ire
And wrath of rigorous Fate;
Who fearless sees with unaverted eyes
The fickle-handed Power
That governs Antium, dealing good and ill;
He, noble Sage, despiser of the Fates,
Superior to their frowns,
Shall dauntless view the roaring waves o'ertop
The crests of highest rocks,
Whitened with foam; the deep o'erladen bark
Yield her defenceless sides
To points of wrecking shoals and yet preserve
Inalterably calm
A tranquil heart within his manly breast.

"Nor when great Jove enraged,
With forked lightning, death and ruin strikes
The towers and lofty oaks,
Lowers his eyes, or curbs with fear his neck;
Rather he constant waits
With firmest step, shipwreck and thousand shades
That wait the frown of death.

"For he not so unjust the Hand Supreme
Deems as the vengeful bolt,
To launch against the heart that, pure from crime,
Nought fears and nought desires.
Who loses fortitude amidst reverse,
Is like the warrior vile,
Who, in the combat, casts aside his shield,
To haste with coward speed
To lift, dishonoured wretch, his captive hand
Unto the conqueror's chain.

"Freire, dear friend! I saw with tranquil look
And soul of quenchless pride,
With arm upraised, her glittering poniard sharp,
Veiled Calumny direct
Against my breast, the ready chains prepared,
The dismal dungeons ope
Their yawning mouths, the infernal torches lit,
Nor yet mine eyelids turned.

"I saw far off sharp Want and Poverty
Stretch forth their withered arms,
And evil Fame, and dark Obscurity
Unwind their mantle black,
To shroud me in the thick and heavy folds
Of the pretender's snares.
The orphan's groan, the widow's heart-broke sigh,
I felt at parting burst;

My country's wrongs, my dearest friend's embrace,
Nor shed one single tear;
Nought stayed my steps, I marched with fixed resolve
To glorious exile doomed.
" So Coriolanus, persecuted, fired
By Envy's poisoned lie,
Strode furious through the public streets and gates
Of his ungrateful Rome.
The tears of mother, wife, the illustrious name
He and his children bore,
Stifling within his full and throbbing breast;
And the deserted gates,
That erst the hero's triumphs saw, all crowned
With laurelled victories,
Followed by spoils and slaves in countless train,
Groaned as they witnessed then,
Amid few friends, so downcast and so mute,
The illustrious Exile bear
To foreign household Gods his Virtues grand,
To be deplored by Rome."

It is to be regretted, that Francisco Manoel did not complete his Fasti, in which he attempted to imitate Ovid. We have also to notice his elegant translation of Wieland's Oberon. At the age of seventy-four he executed the most perfect of all the translations of Fontaine's Fables. A man of excellent sense as well as a true poet he knew the relative importance of the beautiful art which constituted his fame and his misfortune too well to exaggerate its political importance. Hear this ye poetasters!

" Poetry is not prose," says he, " and as verses are not absolutely necessary to society, but only an elegant luxury, a magnificent ornament of the social edifice, it is necessary under pain of justest ridicule that this luxury be grand, noble, or graceful, that these ornaments be pure, and the artist be truly an artist." He often quoted the passage of Voltaire, " Ecrire en vers pour les faire mauvais est la plus haute de toutes les sottises," and had continually under his eyes the passage of Petronius written on his desk, " *Multos O Juvenes, carmen fefellit!*" Molière's Alceste could not have given better advice.

Strength and grace are the predominating characteristics of his works. The Horace and Boileau of Portuguese literature, he is also its Anacreon and Tibullus by virtue of a number of Erotic pieces in which are found the somewhat too fresh colouring of Albano and too great an infusion of the spirit of Ovid into things in which the pure simplicity of Tibullus or the Bard of Teios ought to have been his divine model.

The best picture of his life and mind, of his prosperity and adversity is found in his works. We there perceive the enlightened man, the rational philosopher, the Sage of Horace moderate in his pleasures even in virtue, the sincere friend whose character as a man of integrity and citizen stands unsullied. Persecution, exile, poverty, perfidy of his countrymen, and the wrongs of strangers never shook the firmness of his principles: fortune struck but could not humble or abase him. Self-esteem, that source of true courage and dignity, gave him strength to endure without repining and with the calm resignation of practical philosophy the most overwhelming calamities. He deserves that we should apply to him those beautiful words of Cicero, " *Magna etiam illa laus et admirabilis videri solet, tulisse casus sapienter adversos, non fractum esse fortuna, retinuisse in rebus asperis dignitatem.*"

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

Introduction.

No attempt will here be made to discover new faculties in Shakspeare, or to teaze and torture the original meaning of his words. His main plots and purposes, heroes, heroines, and most admirable characters with which the world is familiar, form no part of our present purpose; and we are equally indisposed to meddle with the powers that called them into being. That deep-centred spring, of which the pregnant streams overflowed and fertilised the fields of thought and action, evolving new forms of human and superhuman nature, and thus adding to the history of the populations of the real and ideal worlds, new classes of the finest elements for the contemplation of the artist, the philosopher, the moralist, and the searcher after knowledge or amusement — no attempt will here be made to analyse or discuss. Abundance has been already done in that way, though but little of it will be likely to accompany the text in its self-illumined journey through successive posterities. Our purpose is sufficiently humble. Comprising nothing beyond the author's materials and suggestions, these studies, from the backgrounds of the great painter of "many-coloured life," have the vicarious advantage of being rendered proportionately permanent.

The object of these papers is merely to draw forth from their dim, mazy labyrinths and incidental niches, in the devious progress of the dialogue and narrative of Shakspeare's plays, those rudiments of character which his prolific genius called into precocious life; but which, while holding fused the elements of greatness for his main design, he could not wait to complete. That many of them may never have "come to their colour," right vision and proper senses; may be deficient in a finger or a nose, or be otherwise curtailed of their "fair proportions," is undeniable. Their effigies "come like shadows; so depart;"— and frequently flit across our sight with a rapidity that would seem like a quaint endeavour and device, by cloak or hood, or vague and evasive outline, to conceal their various imperfections, and perhaps altogether escape the eye. Many, nevertheless, even of those most visibly imperfect, will be found essentially entire when examined by the light of their introducers, and compared with correlative circumstances.

Thus, for instance, we see clearly what manner of man Samson Stockfish, the fruiterer, must have been, though nothing whatever is said of his character. But then, Justice Shallow, that lean iteration of nothingness, to whom, as Falstaff says, "a treble hautboy-case were a mansion," and whose youth could never have been more racy than a pan of skimmed milk; this poor Shallow, in his imbecile exultation over his "mad days," says, that he fought with Samson Stockfish, when he was of Clement's Inn. Shallow does not say he thrashed him; if he had done so, we should certainly have heard of it. No doubt it was a drawn battle; they shook hands in mid volley, and agreed to share the victory; or, some old spinning crone parted them with a distaff because they trod upon her garden patch at the back of Gray's Inn, where they fought. Can there be any doubt as to what sort of a man he must have been whom Shallow could have stood against, and lived

to boast of the deed? His very name of "Samson" suggests antithesis, and was probably a nickname; independent of his being a born *Stockfish*. We do not clearly conjecture what they could have fought about; but we feel satisfied that it was mutually involuntary. They quarrelled over some such matter as the two names of a pippin — both being right — and the by-standers pushed them together.

Caliban's mother, Shylock's wife, Falstaff's grandfather, and Falstaff's horse, are open to a similar process of induction. In many other instances, however, the leading circumstances of the life, as well as the main points of character, are stamped beyond dispute by the sign manual of the author, though they have scarcely ever been so much as noticed owing to the strong light of the towering figures in the fore-ground. Had not these Titans occupied the soul and all its senses, we should long since have been better acquainted with such clearly defined characters as Old Double, whose sturdy nature it was so difficult to believe even death had mastered; or poor Yorick, though nothing is seen of him but the bare skull.

The reader will thus perceive, and is requested to bear in mind, that our purpose is not philosophical or critical, and that he is only invited to join in a novel and pleasurable excursion to hunt out and bring to light for the first time some of these hidden creatures who inhabit luxuriant wilds, and to "go a-nutting" through the deep woods and meadows green, where Shakspeare's procreant feet have trod.

No. I. — *The Merchant of Venice.*

This play contains various undeveloped characters, with every one of whom we may easily have some acquaintance. With the majority we may become sufficiently intimate by a due contemplation of the masterly sketches thrown off from the poet's pen as he proceeds, and the rest are open to speculations, directed and instructed by the same authority.

Portia's father must have been a very extraordinary man. Possessing a subtle intellect, and a profound knowledge of character, he bent all his faculties to the construction of a trial and test for lovers, which should protect his daughter after his death both from rogues and fools. These two classes — they are pretty large ones — he resolved to blank at the very outset. But the prize of so much beauty and wit, no less than of immense riches, was certain to attract the foremost among *all* classes, and he accordingly set himself elaborately to work to counterplot every adventuring individual who came under any false pretences whatever. His plan insured his daughter a man of strong and single-hearted character, and one who moreover should be thoroughly sincere in his passion. Had Portia been subjected to the mere trial of the choice of three caskets, she would have been at the mercy of any man's good luck. It was the inscriptions upon them that acted as a metaphysical talisman. In all common cases of matrimonial alliance, even when a considerable degree of love is involved, people are invariably thinking of what they shall *get*. They expect to obtain so much affection, or so much money, or some of both. The gold and silver askets hold out rich hopes and promises; the leaden casket calls upon the lover to *give* all he has. The very permission to make a choice is also preceded by an oath expressly calculated to drive most lovers in a contrary direction. This oath, the reader will recollect, bound them, if they chose the wrong casket, not only to take their departure immediately, and "never to unfold to any one" which casket they chose, but "never to speak to lady afterwards in way of marriage." This was a "facer" to the host of mere

gallants and fortune-suitors of all ranks, and accordingly we find at the outset, no less than six noble admirers, who inform Portia of their determination,

"—— Which is indeed to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition of the caskets."
ACT I. Sc. II.

Here are six noble gentlemen, of no very bold peculiarity in their form of courtship, who seem to have concocted a sort of round-robin of a letter, and sent it to Portia, expressive of their unanimous pouting, and determination not to submit to the "imposition," but to go away. Their child-like helplessness is conveyed with ludicrous simplicity in the foregoing words.

Against even the most cunning adventurers has Portia's father "hedged her by his wit." The three caskets being of gold, silver, and lead, a sufficiently puzzling calculation would be originated in a merely cunning mind, by the consideration as to whether the choice of the gold would be thought to betoken an avaricious, or an ambitious disposition; that of the silver, a lukewarm policy, very bad in a lover, or a *juste-milieu* wisdom, very commendable in a husband; that of the lead, a mean or a modest spirit, — points of view which could not be decided without knowing the eccentric idiosyncrasy of the lady's father. "Again," quoth the cunning man to himself, "this old fellow may have fancied that many would choose the casket of lead, because they thought he liked humility, which they would thus assume in the selection, — therefore he placed his daughter's portrait in the casket of gold. But as this would be giving the prize to the off-hand lover of externals, therefore he took it out again, and placed it in the casket of silver. But why in the silver?

Leaving the merely cunning man in this predicament, with the portrait dancing to and fro in his imagination from one casket to the other, let us add to his character a considerable degree of impulse and will, and into what a state is he immediately thrown? 'He will bother his brain no more, but take the casket of gold! But now the inscription comes into operation,— "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." That, of course, must either mean riches or Portia. But since many lovers had seen this inscription, and tried their fortune, some of them must, in all probability, have chosen this casket; it is plain, therefore, her portrait could not be in it, or she would have been married long ago. Without more ado I shall therefore hazard upon the silver casket. What says it? "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." No, this is evidently an ironical bait for vanity and self-love; I will not be caught by such a trick, which is evidently a sort of covered threat, and an uncomfortable appeal to the conscience. What says the leaden casket? — "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath." The terms giving and hazarding may be applied at the option of the testator; besides, they comprise every thing, even to one's very life, and still without promising any thing in return. I am here called upon to give and hazard *all* for the mere chance of choosing; not I. Which then shall I choose? I'll think no more. — I choose the casket of gold, for that promises best!' Whereupon the cunning man finds a skull, with a sarcasm in its eye, *viz.* a rhyming scroll in one of the sockets, telling him to go about his business.

All this — and how much more!—must have passed through the imagination of Portia's father, in designing and constructing the test of a sincere devotion, and a good understanding for his daughter's husband. The deeper

we ruminate over the various sections of his plan, the plainer we discover that rarest of all intellectual characters — the practical metaphysician. Nerissa is so struck with wonder at the palpable results of his foresight, that she attributes it to some heavenly gift, calling him a "virtuous and holy man," who had "good inspirations" in making his will. The finer intellect of Portia alludes to the subtlety of his "hedging wit."

Against the admirable post-mortem practice of this "holy, virtuous, witty, inspired," and eccentric practical metaphysician, we beg permission to enter one protest. Involved and absorbed in the deep complexities of his many-sided manœuvre, he fell into the common error of taking a one-sided view of the result. He rather over-looked, or, we should say, endangered, the interests of the object, by too earnest and concentrated a devotion to the consummate skill required in its accomplishment. His daughter was a highly educated woman, (to be sure, she says, she is "unlettered and unschooled," but that is in speaking of herself to a lover whom she loves,) and she also possessed a naturally fine intellect, quick perception, and great personal address. Such a woman is certainly able to choose for herself, and must be a good judge of what is best for herself. Her father must have perceived her natural ability, and probably did much towards her education. His will, therefore, however subtly constructed, bears unjustly upon the freedom of choice to which such a woman was pre-eminently entitled. It also assumes a position, which we think doubtful. His plan insures (by the inscription on the leaden casket which contained her picture) a sincere lover for his daughter;— one who, unlike all the rest of the world, totally disregarding what he should *get*, is ready to *give* and hazard all he has. But as this cannot *necessarily* involve her sympathy, the assumption is that it is better to be loved than to love, or that the former is a sufficient guarantee for permanent happiness. This is questionable. He insured his daughter strength of character, good understanding, and a thorough devotion in her husband; but he might as easily have tried to insure an equal degree of personal beauty in him as to insure a return of affection to any given qualities. Thus, after all his manœuvres, the operation of fate and chance claims its share in the result, as we invariably see amidst mankind's wisest schemings. Howbeit, his will did more towards the *best* chances for his daughter's happiness, than that of any other "will for the good of an heiress" ever yet made public.

Portia's suitors — such of them as never appear on the stage, or among the *dramatis personæ* — are admirably described by her in Act I., Scene II. She hits off their ruling passions, and main peculiarities of character and appearance with graphic and class-sketching precision.

The Neapolitan prince is first on the list. Portia says, "Ah, that's a colt indeed;" for, "he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself." This crowned specimen of a man with one engrossing idea, suddenly suggests the cause to originate in an hereditary tendency, and we are accordingly presented with another not over-nice character, in the Mother of the Neapolitan prince. "I am much afraid," says Portia, "my lady his mother, played false with a smith." This smith, moreover, must have been a man of an aspiring genius; the plain spoken suggestion being that he had successfully aspired to a princess, while his "love of his profession" was so strong notwithstanding, that he had transmitted his smithy qualifications to a royal posterity.

The County Palatine comes next, distinguished by a frown. It is the business of his life to look big. He is a sort of royal bloater whose love is

dried and cured upon a state recipe. Portia anticipates a very showery old age for him, "being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth." She declares she would "rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth." It is rather dangerous to follow Shakspeare's wit. The two next,—Monsieur le Bon the French lord, and Faulconbridge the young English baron,—are masterly finished sketches. The Scottish lord is distinguished with a political hit, and the young German, nephew to the Duke of Saxony, is shown up in a style almost amounting to a libel on the gallantry no less than the sobriety of the country.

The Marquis of Montferrat, with whom Bassanio first came over to Belmont during the lifetime of Portia's father; and the "honest woman," Margery, wife to old Gobbo, and mother of Launcelot; and the Moor, or serving woman, who was "more than reason," and in conjunction with whom Launcelot Gobbo had previously accomplished a point less than pure reason; are mentioned in the course of the play. They are names, not characters. It is not our object to "force conclusions," and as nothing worth mentioning is said or suggested about them, we pass on to a more interesting person,—Leah, the wife of Shylock.

Leah, the wife, and we may say, the beloved wife of the not always fierce and bitter-souled Shylock, whose nature once alternated affectionate tenderness with his occasional fretfulness, or gusts of passion; Leah, mentioned only in a few passing words, and only upon one occasion, simply as Leah, a Jewish maiden who had given Shylock a ring in token of her love, is a character of touching interest, her mere name calling up innumerable thoughts and feelings, leading us back to Shylock's youth, to their early scenes of domestic life together, and to the influence they mutually exerted over each other's mind, habits, and general happiness. Leah appears to have been dead some years at the time of the play, and her daughter Jessica speaks of the "tediousness of the house" where she has so long been immured without any companion, her solitude being only enlivened by the odd merriment of Launcelot Gobbo. We once started the question to ourself, as to whether Shylock had broken Leah's heart by his violent and irritable temper? The idea, however, was almost immediately discarded. We think Shylock was deeply attached to her; that between them existed a great affection; that her nature exercised a soothing and harmonising influence over him, drawing out the more kindly affections, and superseding, lulling, or absorbing the virulence, turbulence, and morbid spleen, the elements of which were inherent in his blood. When Leah died, it was all over with Shylock's humanity. He fell into loneliness, and selfishness, and accumulating, and grasping. Jessica was no comfort to him: she probably reminded him painfully of Leah by the force of contrast.

From the forced parallel Shylock draws between himself and the patriarch Jacob, in order to justify his usurious propensities, and from his swearing "by Jacob's staff," it would appear that in his own mind he regarded the patriarch as his model for character and conduct through life. Will it be considered a mere critical fancy if we suppose it possible that he was the more pleased with the idea from the circumstance of Jacob's wife (though his least favoured wife) being Leah; and that having arrived at a notion of the parallel to himself, he should cherish the idea the more upon the latter account. The thrift and shrewdness, however, of the patriarch were doubtless the qualities that originated the impression on his mind.

Shylock speaks with agonised bitterness of the rebellion of "his own flesh and blood." Jessica alludes to her mother, as well as to Shylock, without any affection, though he appears to treat her with kindness, and more

care than she was worth. Her robbing him of his ducats and precious jewels was bad enough in itself, and a bad sign of the sort of affection for a lover which could be associated with such baseness, and chiefly for the pleasure of squandering and gambling; but this act becomes heinously unfeeling when we find that she had stolen the ring she knew her father prized as a token of past affections, and set so little account by it that she gave it away for a chattering monkey! In the midst of Shylock's fury at the robbery and elopement with a Christian, and his grim glee at the ruin of Antonio, the recollection of Leah instantly softens him.

"*Tubal.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break."

"*Shylock.* I am very glad of it. I'll plague him; I'll *torture him;* I am glad of it."

"*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey."

"*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest *me*, Tubal: it was my turquoise: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

ACT III. Sc. II.

Tubal, however, calls him back from these feelings by saying, "But Antonio is certainly undone." Shylock evidently breaks off a painful train of thought with, —

"*Nay*, — that's true — that's true!"

This ring was evidently a most dear memento to Shylock's feelings; a little unlettered stone in which he could still read an epitome of the early history of his heart, and an epitaph on its now dead affections. It was exchanged for contempt, though to him it was beyond all price, because it had brought with it the love of Leah, his wife, now long since cold in the grave — her place unsupplied by any other sweet feeling in his desolate breast.

We are far from intending to try and make out a case in order to prove that Shylock was a sweet-tempered man, of regular habits, and well regulated passions. It is quite possible that the affection and tenderness he manifested towards Leah were, in a certain degree, the result of a reaction against outward circumstances and conduct, and a compensation to his own self-esteem for the splenetic humour he vented abroad. He was, no doubt, a "tiresome devil of a husband" at times, and a most difficult character to manage, or even to live with in an uninterrupted and unbroken course of harmony and happiness. He was always of an irritable disposition, with a morbid tendency to smouldering vindictiveness, and to brooding over and treasuring up the memory of offences, insults, injuries, and wrongs, as well as bad bargains. We will go so far as to admit, that we think the constant care and delicate management required on the part of Leah to deal with such elements, and the frequent inward emotions excited thereby, shortened her life. But this does not militate against the affection they entertained for each other; she, never uttering any complaints, nor, perhaps, having any express personal cause to do so; and he, not being aware of the constant anxiety and excitement he produced. If, therefore, Leah's life was something shortened, it originated in the natural difference of the characters and temperaments of herself and her husband; — Jessica, who is like neither of them, and cares for neither, being the anomalous product of the union.

After what we have said in illustration of the least amiable view of Jessica, it is only fair to propound a possible palliation. The whole of Leah's time and affection might have been so completely engrossed by Shylock — and no doubt she had "enough to do with him" — that, without intending it, she had always neglected her daughter. Jessica thus fell into a habit of no affection for her parents. If the cause thus originated, some excuses may be made for a young girl dwelling in such a house, and

under such ungenial circumstances, especially after Leah's death, when the evil genius of her father gushed out unrepressed and unsoothed. A critical friend has also started it as a question, whether the ring given for the monkey was really the turquoise; or, whether Shylock, the instant he hears that a ring was thus exchanged, merely makes an off-hand passionate assertion, in order to exaggerate her crime and his own misfortunes, which it only required the last disaster of the loss of Leah's maiden token of love to bring to a climax, and justify any desperation or anguish he might manifest?

Now, admitting there may be sound truth at bottom of the foregoing subtle query, and being willing to give Jessica the benefit of any further cause for doubt, we may as well offer the reader another query, albeit of a kind which will probably excite his risibility. It is this: if the ring — which one of Antonio's creditors showed Tubal — was not the turquoise, query, then, was any ring given at all; and, if not, of course there was no monkey given in exchange. In this case it is plain that the especial creditor was a mischievous wag — one who, perhaps, intended to mimic the prejudices of Antonio against the Jew; and being himself of simeous propensities, suddenly thought of a monkey, and "showed" Tubal "a ring" on his finger, and invented the story to plague old Shylock. All this, however, does not affect the fact of Shylock's "working himself up" with the belief that he had lost his turquoise by Jessica's unfeeling conduct.

It only remains to say a word or two about Portia's cousin — Doctor Bellario, otherwise the "learned Bellario," or "old Bellario." Truly he must have been a most good-natured judge. He joins in Portia's scheme of personating a "doctor of laws," furnishes her with his legal opinion and advice touching formalities, and sends his gown and wig to back it. This is not all: he writes a grave-faced letter, declaring that he is "very sick," and cannot come himself, but has dispatched a learned deputy, — adding, "we turned over many books together!" &c. The gravity of old Bellario's office and public character render the whole of this letter very ludicrous, though on the stage it goes off as if it were the dullest reality. It is Bellario's composition, not a copy from Portia's rough draft; or, if partially so, the old doctor has humorously interpolated the excessive compliments to the "young doctor's" learning, as a private inostensible joke between himself and Portia.

The rudiments of characters, which are sketched and suggested in the *Merchant of Venice*, are as follow:—

Portia's Father.
The Neapolitan Prince.
The Neapolitan Prince's Mother.
The Smith.
The County Palatine.
Mons. Le Bon.
Faulconbridge.
The Scottish Lord.
The Young German.
The Marquess of Montferrat.
Margery Gobbo.
The Moorish Woman.
Leah.
Antonio's Creditor.
Doctor Bellario.
&c.

We have thus presented some additional instances of the prodigality of life which exists in every nook and corner of the writings of our great dramatic creator. These rudiments of character, which lie folded up in the poetry of Shakspeare, open a new field for speculation. Except in a very minor degree, and at rare intervals, they are to be found in no other dramatist, and in no other writer. Therefore, the novelty of the task we have undertaken, combining in itself much labour, however pleasing, and much difficulty, however cheerfully encountered, may excuse our soliciting, now and for the future, some indulgence in the execution.

THE PYTHAGOREAN SILENCE.

Τὸ σιωπᾷν λόγος.

"Silence is words, and discourse, and proof, and it is even reason itself."

How does it happen, that we have no great men now-a-days? Why is it, that although the many are greater now than of old, the few, who are comparatively great, are not so great as were the great men of antiquity?

Concerning the superiority of the present times we hear discourses to satiety; perhaps even to sickness itself; if, indeed, that sensation could be produced in the modern stomach merely by the unceasing repetition of tiresome truisms. We are told much of the mariner's compass; a wonderful instrument, no doubt, and in truth so wonderful and inexplicable, that it is fatiguing to think about it; of chronometers, and of other matters, whereby navigation has been so far extended, and so many discoveries have already been made, that parts unknown are no longer to be discovered; every headland, every rock, and creek, has been seen and measured; the precise level of each yard of earth, the just soundings of each inch of sea, have been ascertained, and noted painfully in decimals of appalling minuteness. The village writing-master, the very weather-maker of some mean almanack, is familiar with many things in the science of geography, which were hidden from the renowned Claudius Ptolemy: and so it is in astronomy. Thales and Hipparchus would be eclipsed by the teacher of an ordinary boarding-school, or even by the least retentive young lady of her class. The entire surface of the globe and the surrounding heavens having been surveyed with perfect accuracy, the whole sum of information derived from that survey has been applied very successfully to facilitate the communication between the inhabitants of different regions; so that, if a letter be put into the post in London, or in any other city, it will surely find its way, at a moment to be predicted with surprising correctness, to any spot of land where one would choose to have a correspondent. The present ease and rapidity of transit and intercourse are frequently made the subject of laudation and of self-congratulation; and of contrast and comparison with former difficulties and tardiness. It is not to be denied, that all these things are admirable, however we may sometimes perhaps be permitted to regret, that the necessity of admiration should ever, through reiteration and continuance, become irksome. With respect to the steam-engine, our wonder is still fresh; and inasmuch as this invention is, as yet, in its infancy — a wonderful infant — an infant Hercules — it is impossible to exaggerate, or to estimate, too highly its importance. It may well be deemed to form an era and an epoch in the history of mankind; for it is plainly one thing to have lived before steam, and another to live after it; and if the Romans might properly reckon from the foundation of their city, others may reasonably compute their dates from the erection of the engine. But mechanical contrivances, how exquisite soever, and the fruits of the ingenuity of Dædalian artists, however precious, relate not to, nor do they indicate, the greatness, intellectual and moral, which appears to have deserted the men of modern times. The triumphs of the Press are more analogous with the subject of these remarks, for having been achieved in the sacred cause of learning, although they were mainly effected by the power of machinery, and are therefore to be deemed strictly mechanical, we may rightly assign them to the department of

mental improvement. The art of printing has prevailed to a prodigious extent in diffusing and preserving the sources of knowledge; and thereby also a thin coat and comely external show of learning has been spread indiscriminately over every surface that lay within the reach of the brush, which so liberally bestows on all sides its paint and varnish. It is possible, that the faculty of distributing instruction cheaply and readily may have been somewhat abused of late; nevertheless it is certain, that the vast resources of typography must rank amongst the most enviable distinctions and prerogatives of modern literature. Yet, however highly we may consent to esteem these recent advantages, in deference to the wishes of the partisans of the present age, it is impossible to concede, that learning and letters have reaped quite as much benefit from them, as might have been expected and desired. A large abundance of books has brought with it an equal abundance of authors, of whose writings, many are good, some very good; but the best fall short, by how immense an interval! of the antique excellence. The superiority of the compositions of the ancients is freely acknowledged by all, it is understood to a certain extent by every one who has any tincture of learning, and it is felt more sensibly and fully in proportion to the progress and attainments of the reader. It may be fit on another occasion to attempt to point out and to illustrate the evidences and the nature of this superiority; it will be enough at present to direct the attention to another striking difference between the modern world and the ancient, and to invite inquisitive and ingenious persons to take a few steps towards the investigation of the cause.

By way of preface and apology, let it be suggested, that to make any guess, be it ever so vain and impotent, tends more directly towards the solution of an enigma, than vaguely and listlessly to wonder at its obscurity and intricacy. Notwithstanding the manifold advantages enjoyed by the moderns, the importance of which is not to be denied, or extenuated, and has not been enlarged upon, only because a tale told a thousand times is tedious, it is certain that the ancients had greater writers than we have. It is at least equally certain, that they had greater men. Those who taught, whether orally, or by their writings, possessed greater power, authority, weight, and influence; and enjoyed greater reverence, admiration, and favour; and were adorned with more numerous and more considerable personal distinctions, than have ever fallen to the lot of more recent instructors. If posterity has been less grateful to their benefactors than their forefathers were, the claims upon their gratitude have been less strong, for tradition has handed down unimpaired the ancient deference for the ancient worthies, who were able to win it in their own olden time; and could they shake off their long slumbers, and come forth to accept the homage of our degenerate days, if such they be, they would find, that the names of Numa, of Pythagoras, of Socrates, of Plato, and of Aristotle, are not less revered now than of yore. There is gold enough in the mine still, for such as know how to seek for it! It would be easy to furnish many remarkable examples of the superior authority and influence of the great men of the ancient world, but it is needless to accumulate evidence of facts universally known and undisputed, to heap up citations, or to enumerate illustrious names in a long order and catalogue.

Amongst the most famous, none assuredly is more famous than Pythagoras; his reputation arose early, and continued to shine with unabated, perhaps rather with increasing, lustre, until a late period. It was exalted by the concurring testimony of numerous Greek writers; Cicero, and a crowd of Latins, exalt this most excellent philosopher; and in modern languages and modern times, even unto the present day, the most erudite and accomplished

scholars repeat the praises, that have been re-echoed for more than two thousand years. Several disciples, at various intervals, have earned for themselves a renown inferior only to the still more splendid fame of their admired master. The life and acts of the great teacher, and of certain of his apostles, have been carefully and copiously written by members of their school in a fine legendary style, which reminds the reader of the tone of the favourite studies of the middle ages — the lives of the saints. A noble credulity gives warmth to every page; and, although it may not be welcome to a critical and perverse generation, or strictly in accordance with the fashionable canons of history, it clearly demonstrates, that the biographer was much moved by his subject, and that the strong emotions could not have been produced without an adequate cause.

Of the remarkable events described in these writings it may well be, that a considerable portion are true, or more nearly true, than sceptics imagine; but, if it be assumed that the whole are unfounded, we may safely infer, that they were no common men, who were able to inspire an enthusiasm sufficiently engrossing to mislead the wise. The supposition, that the most learned and eminent philosophers of the age were jugglers and mountebanks, who condescended to amuse and to deceive the multitude by the paltry and transparent tricks of conjurors, is eminently ridiculous and absurd. No impostor was ever successful by such arts for a long term and upon a large scale; and if an obscure deceiver has sometimes deluded a few miserable people, he has eventually been detected and exposed, and commonly punished. The most unfavourable hypothesis, that can be maintained, is, that the same enthusiasm equally confused the perceptions of the master and of his disciples; the suspicion of actual fraud is alike unphilosophical and unfounded. Thus, with respect to the miracles, with which the voluminous legends of the middle ages are distended, and to which allusion has already been made, it rarely happened, that the alleged wonder was a fraudulent device, or that the hagiographer wilfully stated what he knew to be false; but a just sense of religion had degenerated, through the peculiar circumstances of the times, into a superstitious zeal; and the minds of writers, readers, and witnesses were alike ready to mislead, and to be misled. The history of enthusiasm in matters of religion is curious and instructive — that of philosophical enthusiasm is not less so; moreover, although an undue zeal in religion be in many respects hurtful, it must always be harmless, and indeed salutary, to feel and to inspire for learning and philosophy the most ardent and glowing zeal.

Some critics have suggested, that it was the good fortune of Pythagoras and of other great men to be born in a rude age, when a moderate share of knowledge and ability would produce far greater effects, than in times of superior refinement; that they were considerable only from being contrasted with the darkness of surrounding ignorance. But experience shows, that the ignorant are never the most ready to recognise merit, and that moderate attainments are more likely to attract suitable attention in times of general civility, when talents of every description are sought for and encouraged. The full vigour of transcendent genius alone is powerful to burst through the thick mists and black night of barbarism, and to rouse the stupid, listless indifference of half-savage men. Whatever character may properly be assigned to the age, in which Pythagoras himself flourished; according to Justin, he was the son of a rich merchant, *locuplete negotiatore natus;* and to the populace of that, or of any subsequent æra; it is certain, that his renown was not confined to his own age, nor did it proceed from the body of the people alone. The erudite, the accomplished, the eloquent, the powerful,

nobles and princes were in all times numbered with his disciples and admirers. The merits of the sect and of its founder are not to be gainsaid or denied; on the contrary, it is heartily and fervently to be wished, and indeed, if temporal good is ever worthy to be thus sought, strenuously to be prayed for, that by some profound reach of thought, by some felicity of conjecture, or by some surpassing effort of research, it might be certainly ascertained by what methods these proud results were produced. For the sake of learning and of learned men primarily, and secondarily and principally for the sake of all mankind, of those already born, or hereafter to be born, it is earnestly to be desired, that the exquisite discipline and modes of institution and information, unhappily unknown to the present generation, but familiar to more happy antiquity, whereby an intense love and reverence for instructors and instruction were kindled and kept alive, might be again revived amongst us. Meanwhile, it seems to be the duty of the well-wishers of the best interests of society to seek, by patient study, careful analysis, and judicious experiment, to discern the traces of the lost art of teaching.

The glorious doctrine of the immortality of the soul was triumphantly placed by the philosophers of the school of Pythagoras on high and secure ground; and it was guarded by peculiar tenets concerning pre-existence and transmigration, which are well worthy to be noticed apart. The notion of eternal life, which is so congenial with the best feelings of our nature, unquestionably tended powerfully to secure a popular reception to the sects, by which it was inculcated; and the singularities, wherewith this fundamental dogma was enriched and adorned by the Pythagoreans, captivated the fancy, and shed a poetic light and interest over a metaphysical subject. But we cannot justly ascribe the prodigious success of the Sage of Samos to this source. The innocent, salubrious diet, which he prescribed, was well adapted to the calm, regulated appetites of the student in philosophy; and it was conspicuous and attractive through its entire coincidence with temperance and humanity, and peculiarly agreeable under southern suns, and amidst a profusion of fruits and vegetables; accordingly, it was extensively adopted and long practised. If, however, the most ample benefits, which its votaries claim for the Pythagorean diet, be freely conceded to their bloodless repasts, namely, length of days, exemption from much pain, and from every acute disease, serenity of mind, evenness of temper, perspicacity of understanding, purity of manners and of morals, and the like — in short, every good and holy gift, all the choice and quiet blessings of peace and contentment, with health and ease — if all these be yielded, as the undisputed portion of abstemious philosophy, every ingredient of solid and rational happiness will have been copiously supplied, but the causes of a mighty influence will not have been explained. To attain to this a firmer texture is required; there is need of mental attributes of a longer staple, and a stronger fibre. A simple, harmless, guileless race would live happy in themselves, and in their own innocence; but with reference to others their weight would be small: in their foreign relations they would be rather contemned, than revered, through the spirit of pride, and through the hardness of heart engendered by a less spare diet and by less scrupulous habits. For the purpose of gaining authority over worldlings, the effects of the abstinent seraphic life would be altogether negative; some other instrument must be sought for, not only positively efficacious in itself, but strong enough also to counteract all opposite tendencies. Other sects insisted upon the immortality, and even the pre-existence, of the soul. The allegorical, fanciful, and fantastical adjuncts, with which the Italic sect ornamented or disfigured the great charter of man's spiritual constitution, would probably captivate the imaginations of

some hearers, but they might be distasteful to the understanding of others. We have no ground therefore to conclude, nor does history inform us, that especial strength for the conquest of the opinions, wills, and affections of their contemporaries was gathered from the promulgation and illustration of the assurance of a future state by Pythagoras, or any of his followers.

There is one very peculiar and remarkable point of discipline, which certainly merits more attention, than it has hitherto received from any modern writer, and which has been strangely slighted, at least for many centuries, by all who have discoursed of this most illustrious sect. A stupendous and unparalleled ordinance, which was unquestionably enforced for ages, has been treated of as lightly, as the precept to refrain from beans, or as any other regulation of obscure sense and trifling import; as the legend of the golden thigh; and as certain curious, instructive, and pleasing fables, illustrating the hypothetical metempsychosis. Τὸ μὲν πρῶτον, ἡσυχίη μακρὴ, καὶ ἀφωνίη, καὶ πέντε ὅλων ἐτέων λαλέειν μηδέν. The first step in the Pythagorean course of instruction, or reminiscence, after the preparatory mental purifications, says the jesting Lucian, who, although he girds with gibes whatever will take a ludicrous turn, shows a superior consideration for this sect in the midst of derisory laughter and biting jests, and consequently with entire sincerity, and, as it were, in spite of himself and his satirical propensities. The first step is a long silence and an utter speechlessness; and to say nothing whatever for five whole years. A terrible commencement indeed of a severe course of study: nevertheless, it is as certain, as any fact supported by the evidence and truth of history, that this astonishing proof of devotion to learning and philosophy was frequently given by the zealous neophyte. If the chaste Pythagoras was coeval with the chaste Lucretia and the last Tarquin, he exacted from many disciples the sharp test of standing mute for five years, and probably complied with it himself also, full five centuries before the Christian æra. In the first century of the same æra the famous Apollonius, of Tyana, underwent the like preparation of quinquennial silence, which was particularly described by his devoted admirer, Philostratus, in the second, or third, century. There were Pythagoreans after Apollonius, and even subsequently to Philostratus; it is probable, therefore, that many students paid the strong and hard penalty and pain of strict taciturnity after the times of Apollonius; and it is quite impossible to doubt that, during the long term of 600 years, which elapsed from the institution of the Pythagorean family by its illustrious founder to the epoch of the scarcely less illustrious disciple, very many were dealt with after the utmost rigour of the law. So illustrious, indeed, was the founder, that, after his departure from life, his house was consecrated as a temple, and himself worshipped as a god: *cujus tanta admiratio fuit, ut ex domo ejus templum facerent, eumque pro deo colerent.* So illustrious the disciple, that Flavius Vopiscus, to refer to one authority only, styles Apollonius a sage of the most renowned reputation and authority, an ancient philosopher, a true friend of the gods, and himself worthy of divine honours; *celeberrimæ famæ auctoritatisque sapientem, veterem philosophum, amicum verum Deorum, ipsum etiam pro numine frequentandum.* He asks, for what was there ever among men more holy, more venerable, more dear, more divine, than that person? *Quid enim illo viro sanctius, venerabilius, antiquius, diviniusque inter homines fuit?* and he describes the adoration and worship rendered by the Emperor Aurelian and by others. The full value was received from first to last; and, accordingly, it may be inferred, that the full price was always fairly paid. During six centuries at the least; during twenty generations—it may be even for some three hundred years longer, for nine centuries, and during

thirty generations — whilst the mute family subsisted, and the long tradition of the old philosophy was maintained from age to age in the venerable sect; during all this vast space and lapse of time, as there were continually in the prisons of the several states successive malefactors, reluctantly undergoing or awaiting the punishment of their misdeeds, so were there, in a perpetual succession about the colleges of the order, benefactors of their age and kind, always enduring with voluntary patience the dreadful sentence of the mild judge, meekly suffering under the silent system, and cheerfully anticipating a great reward. In every year, and at every season of the year, there might be found disciples, who, for a few weeks, or months, or days only, had borne the new restraint, and had just begun to perceive how irksome it was. There were others already in their third year, who had forsaken the practice of speech for more than two years, and whose youthful tongue, for more than two years longer, was yet doomed to wear its grievous gyves and fetters. There were others still further advanced, the objects of envy with those who had spoken lately; these, in a month, a week, a day, an hour, even in one little hour, would be free, and might give utterance to thoughts so long pent up. What did they say? What did they say? What course did the emancipated member run? What were the first words that broke at last the silence of five years? Why have history, and memory, and tradition, and all books, conspired together to hide from us what we most covet to know? At what moment was the thought conceived, that first found a passage in words — whether at the commencement of silence, or a minute only before it ceased, or at what point of the duration of the whole tedious interval? We have been too much accustomed to look upon the awful sacrifice of the noble gift of discourse, as if it were a light matter, like the denial of the use of flesh meat, of wine, or of beans; or jocularly perhaps, and incredulously, as on something promised and professed, but not performed; pretended only by an impostor to win pence from fools, or executed once, perhaps twice, in all, by some moonstruck madman, or sullen idiot. Our mind is weighed down by the magnitude of the subject; penetrated and awe-stricken when we contemplate the sober reality, the actual scientific praxis of men esteemed the wisest by the wise. But the labours of love are light; and this was a labour of love, self-imposed. Before the time of Pythagoras, philosophy was named wisdom; and philosophers, sophists, or wise men. He first introduced the word, philosophy, the love of wisdom; and the lover of wisdom was first called by him, the philosopher: it was not enough to be wise, it was necessary also to love to be wise, and to yield a protracted and painful proof of abiding love; besides, the proof of the love of wisdom was in itself the confirmation of wisdom. Begone, ye profane! with the bare proposal the pretender withdrew; the line of demarcation was laid down at once between business and trifling. Draw your sword, and come on! There was no room for parleying — simply to fight, or to run away; no time for dallying — immediate marriage, or instant parting. It was a practical method, and the practical men were at once selected and separated; the mystical fan blew the chaff aside. He was unquestionably in earnest; and, on that account, at least, deserved to attain to it, who entered upon the pursuit of knowledge under such hard conditions, and persevered to the end. But did any fail? How many fainted by the way? What a multitude of questions crowd upon our minds, when we view the first step in the course of reminiscence as one that was really taken! At what age, we inquire, did the silent noviciate commence? It was a yoke laid upon the young, we read; but many old in years are young in science. With children the process would be impracticable, or pernicious; with mere boys useless: no length of time can ripen the contents of an empty cask!

If we would rightly understand the past, we ought to compare it with the present: let us assume therefore some stage of life, at which the Pythagorean rule might be conveniently adopted; let us suppose, that a young man of liberal education would commence his course of philosophy immediately on quitting the university. He would be silent then from the age of two-and-twenty to the end of his twenty-seventh year. If the masters and rulers of our public schools were as exact and sedulous in the performance of their momentous duties, as they are notoriously and grossly careless and indifferent, the advancement of the pupil being commonly in proportion to the diligence of the tutor, the youth of eighteen would bring with him to college at least as much learning, as is now usually taken away at twenty-two by the more attentive academics. If the like reformation were effected in our two great universities, the young man of twenty-two years would reach a point of erudition, which is seldom attained to in these days within the walls of a college; namely, to as much learning as is acquired by one, who has obtained all that is now bestowed during the usual period of residence at Oxford, and who has continued his studies without intermission after quitting the university, and with increasing ardour, for three, or four, or five years. In conceding therefore that a man may be wise enough to hold his tongue, when he is only twenty-two years old, a new and imaginary state of things, a thorough reform of our schools and colleges, is pre-supposed. In the present condition of public instruction it is impossible to believe, that a student in philosophy, who had received a public education, could derive any advantage from the Pythagorean discipline, if he began to observe a strict silence before the completion of his twenty-fifth year. He would be silent therefore from the age of twenty-five to the end of his thirtieth year; perhaps, rather from the age of twenty-seven to the termination of his thirty-second year. The aspirant would be young enough, even at the last-named age, still to feel that youthful enthusiasm, if his nature were generous, which could alone induce him to make the attempt, and would carry him through it. If indeed the regimen be as salutary as the eminent physician, who prescribed it, affirms, a small residue of life, of life ameliorated, or enlightened, might compensate for the sacrifice that is required: ten years only of health and strength might be purhased cheaply by the patient, who had long been tormented by a chronic disease, if the price were only some additional discomfort for the term of five years. The mouth may well be closed from forty-five to fifty, or from fifty-five to sixty, if the tardy obmutescence procure twenty years of wise philosophy, or even ten years of sage and happy old age.

Not every one was permitted, or advised, to enter upon the solemn estate of silence. The art of Lavater was not unknown to the contemporaries of the proud Tarquin and of the prouder Junius Brutus. Pythagoras practised it, he physiognomized, ἐφυσιογνωμόνει, those who offered themselves to learn of him; seeking to discover the habits and dispositions of the applicants, *mores naturasque hominum*, not only, like the modern professors of the art, by observation of the face and countenance, *conjectatione quadam de oris et vultus ingenio*, but also from the proportion and carriage of the body, *deque totius corporis filo atque habitu*. Whoever was approved of, on inspection and examination, was admitted, as a disciple, and was enjoined to keep silence for a prescribed period. The same time was not appointed for every one, but a different term was assigned to each disciple, according to the quickness and extent of his wit, which was never shorter than two years: *Et tempus certum tacere; non omnes idem, sed aliud aliis tempus pro æstimato captu sollertiæ. Sed non minus quisquam tacuit quam*

biennium. Aulus Gellius, in describing the order and reason of Pythagoras himself, and afterwards of his family and successors, and of receiving and instituting his disciples, asserts that the period of silence was not uniform, but was never shorter than two years; and it is possible, that the founder, whilst his institutions were yet recent, and he was uncertain how far the submission and devotedness of his pupils might extend, occasionally suffered the full term of five years to be abridged; but it is very improbable that, after his decease, any person, inferior in authority to the philosopher, himself, presumed to shorten the accustomed quinquennial limit.

He, upon whom silence was enjoined, heard what was said by others; he attended the lectures, and listened to the discourses, orations, and arguments of the school, and even mixed in general society; but of course he was not allowed to ask any questions, if he did not fully understand what he had heard, nor to make any remarks whatever: *Neque percunctari si parum intellexerat, neque commentari quæ audierat fas erat.* Nor might he commit to writing any portion of what he had heard, or his own observations upon it. But when the new disciples had learnt thoroughly the most difficult of all things, that is to say, to preserve a strict silence, and to listen with attention; and had begun to be instructed, and even learned, through the philosophical silence, of which the technical name was, ἐχεμυθία, they were then empowered to speak and to ask questions, to commit to writing what they had heard, and to make public their own opinions. *Ast ubi res didicerant rerum omnium difficillimas, tacere audireque, atque esse jam cæperant silentio eruditi, cui erat nomen,* ἐχεμυθια, *tum verba facere et quærere, quæque audissent scribere, et quæ ipsi opinarentur expromere potestas erat.* The seriously disposed, devoutly inclined, devoted students, who thus imposed upon themselves observances and obligations, apparently of so much difficulty, unlike the modern novices, who suddenly come, with unwashed feet, to take up their abode among philosophers, were first prepared for the grand preparation of silence, by previous purifications and other preludes. It is manifest, that the long estrangement from men, the laying aside articulate speech, the absent presence, and present absence, could not be undertaken without various instructions given and received, and sundry preliminaries and manifold arrangements; for it is not easy to live in the world, as being not of the world. Many inconveniences, however, were provided against at the first formation of the sect by the foundation of a college, community, or body corporate, called κοινόβιον, *cœnobium,* living in common. The first cœnobites, in their inseparable society and ancient fellowship, would enjoy, during their mute probation, the aid of free and accepted brethren, who would carefully watch over their safety, and would supply their simple wants; and the time of taciturnity being accomplished, they would requite the kindness of their seniors by protecting and ministering to their juniors. Thus each generation in turn repays to its children, by a like attention, the assistance which it received, during helpless and speechless infancy, from the foregoing age. The five years silence of a most illustrious Pythagorean have been minutely described by an admirer and worshipper. How interesting a full journal would be of the daily experience, and hourly joys, or sorrows, of a disciple during his entire *echemythia!* or if no dispensation could be granted to permit and legalise so wide a departure from the laws of silence, as a journal would demand, how grateful to the curious reader the fresh reminiscences, hastily committed to paper with copious particularity, as soon as the moral impediments of speech ceased!

"The god-like man, for thus was Apollonius of Tyana commonly styled,

spent the times of his silence in travelling, sometimes in Pamphylia, and one while in Cilicia; consequently he did not lead a monastic, or eremitical life, but went forth amongst men, and upon distant journeys. Nor was he ungracious in society, his biographer writes, or unpleasant, during the period of his silence; but in answer to what was addressed to him his eyes replied significantly and sensibly, or his hand, or an inclination of the head: nor did he ever seem otherwise than cheerful, or of a sour aspect, being moreover by nature very sociable, and of a most companionable disposition. On this account, it is said, he found that kind of life exceedingly painful and difficult when he practised an ascetic and philosophical silence during five whole years; for, having very many things to say, he could say nothing; and hearing many things to provoke him to anger, he was constrained, as it were, not to hear them; and being often moved by things worthy of reproof, he said to himself, like Ulysses in the Odyssey, τέτλαθι δὴ κραδίη —

> "'Poor suffering heart, he cried, support the pain
> Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.'

And although many observations and attacks roused him, he wholly refrained, for the time, from refutation and reprehension."

The noble and masculine eloquence of the Pythagoreans was long famous; and if action be indeed the soul of oratory, they certainly had unequalled opportunities of acquiring it in perfection, since, for a long period, and often perhaps on very trying and urgent occasions, they might use no other words, than speaking, moving, asking looks, and persuasive, expressive gestures. Their action would be the more admirable, because it would not pass the limits of modesty and sobriety; it being impossible to doubt, that pantomimic movements, imitative gesticulation, and an excess of signs would be accounted a breach of the ascetic initiatory silence. Still less doubtless would any palpable evasion of the law be tolerated, as by conversing with the fingers, or by concerted signals. The use of writing was interdicted, as has been stated; nevertheless, upon an extreme and extraordinary emergency, a very short note was once deemed to be no infraction of silence. The inhabitants of the olive-bearing Aspendus, a populous city of Pamphylia, being sorely pressed by famine, earnestly besought, with prayers and tears, "the divine" Apollonius to speak a few words on their behalf to the corn merchants, whose monopoly was the cause of the public distress. This was impossible, so profoundly did the philosopher reverence silence; but he consented at last to write a line, or two, to the engrossers, and so potent were the five and twenty words which he deigned to address to them, that the rogues in grain forthwith filled the market with corn, and the city revived. The letter was in these words: — "The earth is the mother of all, for she is just; but you are unjust, and would make her to be the mother of yourselves alone: if you will not forbear, I will not permit you to remain any longer upon the face of the earth." No papal bull was ever so drastic; the most superstitious of the subjects of the most Catholic prince never yielded more implicit obedience to God's vicar on earth. O rare silence! Yet the spirit of commerce was ever obstinate; and corn-dealers doubtless were hard, even before the trade fell altogether into the hands of Quakers and Scotchmen.

A more striking instance could hardly be selected of the prodigious authority, to which the great men of the olden time attained through their reputation for learning and philosophy. Many examples are afforded of the influence of Apollonius by Philostratus, who informs us, that he calmed popular commotions and tumult by his countenance, gestures, and aspect,

maintaining the same strict, solemn silence, that is observed during sacrifices and other religious rites, and at the celebration of the mysteries; and other instances are not wanting. How irreverent and credulous soever the present age may be; however little disposed to confide in any pretensions, save those of political impostors, it is hard to believe, that a lively interest, and a powerful sensation, would not rapidly arise in favour of a silent philosopher; by the appearance of a young man of a dignified aspect and an intelligent countenance, of respectable station, acknowledged ability, and, after the scanty measure of the times, of considerable attainments, who was resolved to become wise, and quite determined to keep silence. He had made his last, but not his dying, speech, on the last day of November, 1837, and his voice would not be heard again until the first of December, 1842; when, if his life be spared, his mouth will again be opened. Some would be incredulous; — it is not to be believed; it is nonsense; he has not been silent a whole year; he talks in secret; he will never hold out four years longer. Some would be jocose; — Pythagoras has come again; he has the golden thigh; and the like. Many would be angry; — he is mad; a fool; a cheat; it is quite wicked; it is tempting Providence; he ought to have a locked jaw; to be struck dead; beaten; sent to Newgate; to Botany Bay; out of the country. Nothing can vanquish an obstinate silence: on the contrary, it must overcome every thing; incredulity, jesting, anger, threats, scandal, experiments, conjectures, falsehoods, all must yield at last. Even the ladies themselves, who would oscillate for a long time between anger and regard — alternately exclaiming he is very provoking, but very interesting — would acquiesce in the end: —

> "Est et fideli tuta silentio
> Merces"—

But such topics are set apart by the most reserved sect for mute meditation; notwithstanding, it must not be forgotten that there were female Pythagoreans of considerable celebrity. It is not recorded, whether these learned ladies covered themselves with glory after the customary preparation of silence, or without that painful ordeal; in either case the fact of their renown is remarkable. It is a surprising thing that the female tongue should have been coerced within the strait bounds of five years silence; nor is it less surprising that they should have gained such eminence in philosophy, without the aid of a course of discipline, which was accounted indispensable for the other sex. The voluntary renunciation of the sweet uses of speech, the long renunciation of one moiety of all converse, the painful inhibition of the breath, — this waking sleep, this living death, would doubtless attract notice, if an example were to occur in our days, in a cold climate, and a colder, calculating, sceptical age; for even the dark fogs of November, the thick mists of doubt, the impenetrable smoke of money-making machinery, and all the ceaseless chaffering chevisance of commerce cannot quite quench, suppress, and stifle the eager enthusiasm of the human soul. Under brighter skies and warmer suns, and in far different times, we learn from history, and our imagination can in some degree conceive, how powerful were the influences of sufferings voluntarily undergone by the mute martyrs of philosophy.

It would be long, and perhaps tedious, to speculate upon all the benefits, which the student might perchance obtain by a steady perseverance in silence. The dumb rhetorician would surely learn the genuine, stirring eloquence of looks and gesture; the orator's tongue, long inured to restraint, would be thoroughly purged of all perilous rashness; and from his

heart, habituated to endure, the black drop of anger would have been wholly extracted by continued pressure. What rare, and pure, and clarified discretion of a most mature and ripened judgment! what sound and solid sense, condensed, inspissated, and concentrated by uninterrupted meditation! How agreeable the society of the emancipated Pythagorean! how amiable and engaging would he be as a companion! The masters of the art of conversation all inculcate the paramount duty of listening: to hear what is said, is, say they, the first principle and source of excellence; but in spite of exhortations and demonstrations, corroborated by hourly experience, it is hard to listen well; so hard, indeed, that few arrive at even a moderate proficiency. The person addressed, instead of attending to what is said, thinks wholly of what he shall say himself; instead of hearing all, he hears so much only as will just admit his answer; instead of coveting the real meaning of the speaker, he desires such a sense as will best serve what he would superimpose; instead of patiently waiting for the end of the discourse, that he may know whether it requires, or deserves, any notice, he lays hold of the first brief pause, as an occasion for interruption, and in like manner is interrupted himself at the earliest opportunity. Thus is conversation marred, perverted, and distorted, and men choose rather to heap up misinterpretation on misinterpretation, and misconception on misconception, than to listen well. But it is otherwise, where the unruly tongue cannot usurp the province of the honest ear, and is not permitted by ringing a bell, or springing a rattle, or by other unmeaning sounds, to intercept truth in its quiet passage to the understanding. The Pythagorean alone of all mankind was constrained to receive the full sense of whatever was said to him for five whole years; an infliction, be it painful or profitable, which few besides are content to suffer for five minutes; and he was commonly thus constrained at a season, when the restless and volatile temper of youth would gladly stave off the trouble of attention, even by whistling. Thus, a valuable habit is formed, whilst the pliant mind can take an useful and lasting bent. Assent or dissent, hearty or slight, with or without pain or pleasure, doubt, indifference, or lack of comprehension, may be readily conveyed by the looks and gestures of the tacit listener. If the habit of close attention be estimable in ordinary conversation, it is of far greater worth with referencc to those communications, of which the sole object is to impart instruction. The young student, who attends a course of lectures upon some abstruse science, is too much disposed to pick up some small scrap, a glittering fragment, a scarlet rag of doctrine — a few phrases, enough to talk about — to enable him to make just so much noise as will distract his thoughts, and will dispense with the necessity of constant heedfulness. He is apt to believe, and publicly to make profession of belief, before he knows the grounds of believing, or what is credible. He is ready to doubt still more rashly, and to proclaim his scepticism, whilst utterly uninformed touching the doubtful and the indubitable. Prone to criticise, although he has not yet acquired the critical faculty, being unskilled in the laws and canons of criticism, and imperfectly acquainted with the matter upon which he would confidently pronounce judgment; and eager to dispute and to argue illogically, ignorantly, and inconclusively, upon all subjects, before he has mastered any one; nothing loath to commit and pledge himself irrevocably to uphold, or to resist opinions, however scantily informed as to their grounds and consequences.

To the root of how many and what great evils does the discipline of Pythagoras lay the axe; how many noxious weeds does it not utterly extirpate and eradicate! It is, perhaps, vain to enumerate the advantages to

be derived from this rigorous system of education, partly because they are manifest and self-evident to every one, who contemplates it seriously, as a real institution, now obsolete, but formerly of very extensive operation; and partly and principally because, from its extreme rigour, it is utterly unsuited to the indolent and indulgent temper of modern times, and on all accounts quite impracticable; because the benefits, whatever they may be, or how precious soever, are not worth the price that is set upon them. Yet it is pleasant, and not always unprofitable, to speculate upon the remarkable usages of antiquity, although they may not be adapted for our use, and it be highly improbable that they should ever be recalled. It would certainly argue a nimble fancy, and a strange insensibility to ridicule, seriously and earnestly to exhort men to wear no other clothing than linen — to suffer the hair and beard to descend to the middle — to adhere exactly to a diet composed wholly of fruits and vegetable substances, or to adopt other antique rites and customs. But, on the other hand, it would be the part of an undue confidence to affirm, that no men will ever again resume any of these bygone practices. If it would be absurd to seek to persuade a student, ambitious of distinction, to set upon his neck the yoke of quinquennial silence, it would possibly be superfluous to endeavour to dissuade the projector from the attempt, who, in an age of experiments, should seek to try again long-forgotten experiences. Besides, it would be difficult for any one, who is not wholly ignorant of the grand results which ancient writers have ascribed to a full course of silence, to be wholly indifferent to the success of the project, if it were undertaken with good auspices, and not to feel a certain curiosity, that faint interest, at least, which waits upon philosophical inquiries, whereof the consequences are doubtful and unknown.

However these things may be, it cannot be doubted, that the men, who are accounted great in the present times, are not now esteemed so great, as were the great men of antiquity. It is not to be expected, or desired, that any one, learned, ingenious, and admirable although he might be, should receive divine honours, and should be worshipped as a god,— the notion is altogether detestable and absurd, and as contrary to modern usages and to common sense, as to religion. But, if the ancient tokens of reverence are to be fairly interpreted, according to their true signification and the understanding of our own days, they will denote that as much honour and respect were then paid to the most eminent men, as could possibly be rendered to them by their fellows, without impropriety or impiety. So much, it appears, was yielded of old, but so much has not been given of late: How does this happen?

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

No. IV.—LOVE AND WILL.

Particulars of Steele's "Lover."—Tragical Termination of an Intrigue in Germany.—Reverse of the Feeling that caused it in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets.—Good Writing proportionate to the Writer's Faith.—Passages from Burns, Ariosto, and Marot.—Cases of Suicide and Love-Stories in the Newspapers.—Love modified by the prevailing Quality of the Mind.—Charity needed by all.

FINDING, upon inquiry, that Steele's little periodical paper, called "The Lover," is still less known than we supposed, we shall here give some account of it, and then proceed to some other reflections to which it has given rise. We have already intimated, that it was one of the numerous publications of the kind to which Steele's necessities and lively impulses united gave birth, and which, for similar reasons, were speedily brought to a close. Tonson collected the forty papers of which it consisted into a duodecimo volume, in which he included a political paper, intitled "The Reader," which reached only its ninth number; and this is the book now before us. The dedication to Garth is surmounted by one of those rude little woodcuts, or copper-plates, half flower and half figures, formerly, we believe, called head-pieces (perhaps still so, otherwise we know not the technical word). It presents us with Sir Samuel's coat of arms (two lions passant gardant between three cross croslets) supported, or rather attended, by two Cupids; one with a lyre for the doctor's poetry, and the other holding his professional emblem, the staff of Æsculapius. The first number is, in like manner, graced with a head of Queen Anne, and so is that of "The Reader." We reckon upon our own reader's not being averse to the mention of these amenities, partly from his love of any thing connected with books, and partly because they help to show the manners and feelings of the times; and we confess we have another regard for them ourselves, owing to school recollections, and to the minutes of bliss we snatched, during the hardness of our tasks, from those figures of Venuses and Amphitrites, which sail along the tops of Ovid and other classics in the edition of Mattaire.

Steele, whether as an attraction, or a blind (if the latter, it was the most transparent of all blinds), put forth his "Lover," as "written in imitation of the Tatler." He supposes himself to be one "Marmaduke Myrtle," a tender-hearted and speculative gentleman "about town," crossed in love, assisted in his lucubrations by four others, who have met with various good or ill success in their honourable passion for some lady, particularly one Mr. Severn, a young gentleman who is his "hero," and whom he describes in the most exquisite manner of "The Tatler," as one that treats every woman of a "certain age" so respectfully, "that in his company she can never give herself the compunction of having lost any thing which made her agreeable." Of this hero, however, we hear nothing further but in one paper, and the author makes but the like mention of one of his other assistants. In short, beautiful as some of the papers are, and touched with equal knowledge of the world and delicacy of feeling, it did not "take," and Steele soon got tired. It went upon too exclusive a subject, and professed too open an intention of discountenancing the town ideas of love, to be acceptable to those who could have brought a man of wit his greatest number of readers; while, on the other hand, Steele had such a healthy and unhypocritical sense of the corporeal as well as spiritual part of the

passion, that he offended such of his readers as had chosen to take him for a kind of sermonizer on love. In one of his papers is an account of an accident which happened to a young lady on horseback in the cross-country road, between Hampstead and Highgate, and which, with an exquisite mixture of playfulness and delicacy, he represented as furnishing a sort of compulsory, but charming, reason, why the young gentleman who happened to be with her was to be accepted as her husband. With this anecdote some "heavy rogue," as he truly calls him, in a contemporary publication, chose to pick one of those quarrels which, by the degrading turn of their thoughts, and the stupidity of their ostentation, create the indecency of which they complain; and this, no doubt, did him a disservice with the dull and commonplace, and added to the perplexity arising from his own mixed pretensions. To complete his causes of failure, he was a zealous politician, and before he had written a dozen papers, could not help falling foul of the Tories; which, in a gentleman so absorbed in the *belle passion* as Mr. Myrtle, was certainly not so well, and must have frightened such of his fair readers as patched their cheeks on the Tory side, and could only fall in love on high church principles.

In our last number, we extracted from this book two charmingly pathetic letters, which brought the reader acquainted with a pair of real lovers. It shall now furnish us with a tragedy of a very different sort, though pretending to be equally founded on love, and (as the paragraph advertisements say) of "startling interest." Steele says he had it from a gentleman, who was "an eye-witness of several parts of it." The relief which the feelings experienced amidst the terrors of the former story arose from the sweetness of its affections. In the present, the love is of as bitter a sort as the catastrophe, but consoles us by driving matters to a pitch of the ludicrous in the very excess of its will. The heroine is a great spoiled child, who insists upon tearing her lover's breast open, and taking him with her into the other world, just as a smaller one might its drum.

"About ten years ago," says Steele, "there lived at Vienna a German count, who had long entertained a secret amour with a young lady of a considerable family. After a correspondence of gallantries, which had lasted two or three years, the father of the young count, whose family was reduced to a low condition, found out a very advantageous match for him; and made his son sensible, that he ought, in common prudence, to close with it. The count, upon the first opportunity, acquainted his mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her with such freedom and openness of heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one meeting more, before they parted for ever. The place appointed for this their meeting was a grove, which stands at a little distance from the town. They conversed together in this place some time, when on a sudden the lady pulled out a pocket-pistol, and shot her lover into the heart, so that he immediately fell dead at her feet. She then returned to her father's house, telling every one she met what she had done. Her friends, upon hearing her story, would have found out means for her to make her escape; but she told them she had killed her dear count, because she could not live without him; and that, for the same reason, she was resolved to follow him by whatever way justice should determine. She was soon seized, but she avowed her guilt; rejected all excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the interest of her friends would obtain a pardon for her. When the confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the soul of the dead count? He replied that his case was very dangerous, considering the circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the count was. The priest was forced to give her better hopes for the deceased, from considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a commerce, and leading a new life, before he could bring her mind into a temper fit for one who was so near her end. Upon the day of her execution she dressed herself in all her ornaments, and walked towards the scaffold more like an expecting bride than a condemned criminal. My friend tells me that he saw her placed in the chair, according to the custom of that place, where, after having stretched

out her neck with an air of joy, she called upon the name of the count, which was the appointed signal for the executioner, who, with a single blow of his sword, severed her head from her body."

What a woman! and what a love, to stick to the poor devil of a count to all eternity! Very lucky for him was it, that she could not settle matters in the next world with the same tragical nonchalance as in this! though, in the excess of her vanity, she seems to have taken for granted that she could; and that the *angels* were all to tremble before her, as the poor foolish people had been accustomed to do in her father's house. For, observe, she reckons confidently upon going to heaven, instead of "the other way." The very mention of the latter puts her into a frenzy, to which the priest himself is obliged to accommodate his last offices, before he can bring her mind to a temper fit to die in. It is impossible her "dear count" can go to the devil, precisely because she has made up her mind to go elsewhere; — such an erroneous proceeding is not to be thought of: she has taken him from his new mistress (upon the contrast of whose mild manners he had just been hugging himself) — has given him his directions with a pocket-pistol which way to go, as much as to say, "There — get you along first," — and then sets out for heaven after him by the execution-stage, shaking her loving fist towards the stars, and resolved to have him all to herself, till time and termagancy shall be no more!

This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary sample on record of the modesty and tenderness of self-will — of the having the "reciprocity" (as the Irishman said) "all on one side." I love you, says the lady, therefore you must love me; or it is no matter whether you do or not, compared with my treating you as if you did, and tormenting you if you don't. You are very amiable, therefore be so to me above every body else, whether I am amiable or not. You have a will and wishes of your own, perhaps, as well as other people; but yours and all other people's must of course give way to mine; for that is but reasonable: all are fools and scoundrels who "offer to believe otherwise," and I could knock them all on the head, if I cared for them enough to do so; but that is a favour which I reserve for yourself. So there (*shoots him through the body*) — and now, with this new wound in your heart, come you along with me, and be delighted with me and my company, world without end!

To go to the other extreme of lovely generosity, how different is the wish expressed by Shakspere, in the contemplation of his own death: of Shakspere *himself*, observe — not of the dramatist speaking in the person of another, but of the great poet and human being speaking in his own person — of the creator of the characters of Imogen and Desdemona — and of the man who *could* create those characters, because he felt as he spoke in uttering these sentiments. How else, indeed, could he *so* have spoken them? Observe the simple words — the pure and daring trust in the belief of his reader — the great and good mind, that in spite of its having run the whole round of experience, or rather because it had done so, could retain feelings so enthusiastic and generous, as pearls above all worldly price.

"No longer mourn for me, when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly, sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: FOR I LOVE YOU SO,
THAT I IN YOUR SWEET THOUGHTS WOULD BE FORGOT,
IF THINKING ON ME THEN SHOULD MAKE YOU WOE.

Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me, after I am gone.

What beautiful writing! What common, every-day words made divine by love! But it may be said that the poet may have written all this, without exactly feeling what he said; that other poets have done as much who were notoriously no very admirable lovers; that it is imagination — an art — fiction.

Do not believe it. Put no faith in the envy, or the *want* of faith, that thus attempts to level performance with pretension. You might as well proclaim truth to be a lie. No poets have *so* written who have not thoroughly felt what they professed to feel. If they had, if incompleteness could thus be completeness, we should have had a thousand Shaksperes instead of one — a thousand Chaucers, a thousand Homers, a thousand *Burnses* — for we do not mean to say that in every instance the very greatest genius must accompany the truest feeling. It is sufficient that there is entire truth in the feeling to be expressed, and genius enough to express that truth.

"Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear — Jessy.

"Although thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied,
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Than aught in the world beside."

And so he goes on through the whole of that exquisite song, the last but one that he wrote (so unwitherable is the heart of a true poet). Hear a verse of another: —

"Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard or saw;
Though this was fair and that was braw,
And yon the best of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said among them a'
Ye are na Mary Morison."

And again, in a lighter strain, —

"The deil himself he could na scaith
Whatever wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, 'I canna wrang thee.' "

Burns and Ariosto had here hit upon the same thought, because they had received the same truthful impression of the power of a beautiful face to turn away injury.

Stese la mano in quella chioma d'oro,
E strasimollo a se con violenza;
Ma come gli occhi a quel bel volto mise,
Gli ne venne pietade, e non l'uccise. — *Orlando Furioso*, Canto 19.

"The warrior thrust his hand into those locks of gold, and fiercely dragged back the youth; but when he set eyes on that sweet face, pity came into his heart, and he did not kill him." Which Mr. Hoole (the most pre-

sumptuous of translators, but the most pardonable in his presumption, because the dullest), thus *defaces*, as if no such feeling had existed. (It should be mentioned that the youth had been begging a respite from death, in order to bury his prince's body; otherwise the reader would see *no reason at all* for his being spared!)

> "Zerbino soon, *his wrath decreasing*, felt
> His manly soul *with love and pity melt!*"

Not a word of the face! not a word of the dragging back, nor the locks of gold, nor the whole beautiful picture! (When will the booksellers cease to give us editions of this absurd versifier?) We have not at hand the old translation of Sir John Harrington (better, at all events, than Hoole's), nor the new one of Mr. Stewart Rose, who is a man full of sympathy with his species, and therefore has doubtless loved this passage as it deserves.

What has made Marot almost the only French poet till the days of Beranger, that an Englishman or Italian can read with thorough faith in *his* faith, but such passages as the following, simple and straightforward as those of Shakspere —

> Où sont ces yeux, *lesquels me regardoyent*
> *Souvent en ris, souvent avecques larmes?*
> Où sont les mots, qui tant m'ont fait d'alarmes;
> Où est la bouche aussi qui m'appaisoit,
> Quand *tant de fois et si bien me baisoit?*"

"Where are those eyes which used to look at me, often in smiles, often with tears? Where are the words which made my heart beat so? Where the mouth which gave me peace, when it kissed me so often and so well?"

Compared with such writing as this, and some passages in their very greatest dramatic poets and Madame des Houlieres, the whole French Parnassus up to the present day, in their most serious moments, seem never to have had a thorough belief in what they were saying, apart from that curse of all half-performance, the wish to produce an effect! They could not love a woman, without beseeching some by-standers to admire them! nor go into solitude itself, unaccompanied by a pocket mirror to adjust their wigs in!

It is thus, whether in word or deed, that the something true is spoiled by the something impertinent — something that does not belong to it. The writer, who is only half in earnest, wishes to produce a whole true effect, and of course cannot do it, any more than half a motive is sufficient for what is wholly to be moved. The love that is not wholly love pieces itself out with vanity, with will, with fury, perhaps is more than half made up of it, and yet expects wholly to be loved. Nay, the more expects it in proportion as it is violent instead of strong, and demands instead of deserves. It is for this reason we ought always to be cautious how we bestow our sympathy on the profession of one passion, while the demand is evidently made upon us by another. Even in those unhappy cases of suicide, for instance, which so frequently appear in the newspapers, how manifest is it that, in nine cases out of ten, the claim is of very equivocal worth indeed! The hasty pity of society (we are the last to quarrel with it, we would only have it not misbestowed) is too apt to take for granted that so violent an end proves whatsoever is charged against the party living; whereas all which it unanswerably proves, is the violence (one way or other) of the suicide's feelings; and it would be generally found, we suspect, on due inquiry, that this was the very feature in the character, which produced the alienation on the part of the supposed offender. Often do these poor wretches, whether

male or female, threaten the catastrophe long beforehand, in order to substitute their will for that of the person threatened. Often do they declare, in loud or sullen tones, their determination to repeat the attempt when it is prevented. Sometimes they abuse the people that help them out of it, and not seldom are suicides committed out of avowed spite and revenge, and for the most trivial contradiction. We have read of a girl who threw herself into the water, because her sister had refused her some more bread and butter! All this has nothing to do with so gentle, and generous, and enduring, and sweet-seeing a passion as love; which, like charity, makes the best of what it cannot help, tends to repose on all loving aids and patiences, and desires above every thing the happiness of its object — not indeed as its every-day wish (that would be too much to expect of human nature), but certainly as its preference in the last resort, if it is to bequeath miserable or consolatory thoughts to its object.

> "For I love you so,
> That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
> If thinking on me then should make you woe."

Not that he desired to be forgot; oh no, — he desired infinitely to be remembered, but not

> "If thinking on me then should make you woe."

In that case, he desired that the object of his love, whom he would fain think of in his grave to his last dust, should clean forget that ever there was such a being as one William Shakspere, whose love had brought tears into her eyes, and with whose memory she might associate perhaps something to blame in her own treatment of him.

The newspapers now and then give an account, sometimes touching, sometimes provoking, sometimes as ludicrous as a scene in a farce, of some enamoured youth or female who follows the beloved object about with an inveteracy of passion that leaves it no repose, — some romantic potboy or milkmaid that besets the other's door or person, and at length brings the neighbours about it, to the destruction of business on both sides, and sometimes of the windows. In proportion to the violence or gentleness of the suffering in these cases, you may know whether there is any real love or otherwise. If there is, the object is pursued in so much the better taste accordingly, and the pursuer is content with eternal gazing and a reasonable quantum of the self-pity of tears: in short, the love may be altogether true in that case, however fantastically set; for love is in the heart and imagination of the lover, and not of necessity founded on real merit in the object. But if there is no real love, but simply a childish or fierce desire of having "one's way," then the tears, the noise, the visitations, are violent accordingly, and the happiness of the object is clearly of no importance whatever in the persecutor's eyes, compared with the ridiculous assumption that it must, and shall, arise from nothing but the happiness of the persecutor! — of that sole and modest individual, who is taking such pains to show an utter unfitness for the task of making happy.

Love, in every mind, is coloured by the prevailing passion or quality of that mind; and in proportion as the latter is more or less loving, so is the love. Thus pride will fall in love (as far as it can) on account of something to be proud of in the object; mere animal passion for mere animal beauty; sentiment with sentiment; and a violent will shall ardently desire to become master or mistress of a character totally the reverse of itself, out of the

same will and pleasure with which it shall please it to desire any thing else that is the best of its kind, and the attainment of which is a confirmation of power. "How dearly I love *my own sweet Will!*" said the lady in the epigram; and the husband doubted her not. "I would rather see my husband *dead*, than guilty of the crime of infidelity," said a lady of what has been happily termed "outrageous virtue." It was the selfish Abelard who made Eloisa shut herself up in a convent, when she could no longer be his property. The stupid monster Caligula delighted to handle the little throat of his favourite wife Cæsonia, and to think of the power which his throne gave him to order it to be cut off, wishing that all Rome had but one such throat, that he might enjoy the greater idea in the less. Henry VIII., the beast of prosperity, did cut off *his* wife's, — nay, two of them; and was within an ace of doing as much for a third; — in the last instance, for the lady's differing with him in theology! Yet all these people, when it suited them, thought themselves in love; and they were so after their respective fashions; that is to say, with their "own sweet wills." It is impossible for such natures to love any body but themselves. When the question comes, which is to get the better, the sense of their own self-importance, or the happiness of the supposed beloved object, down goes the happiness, like a thing kicked and despised. Its very worth becomes an aggravation of the offence. The despot's charming little beauty is sent to the scaffold. The heart that would have endeared thousands is thrust into the nunnery, —

"Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon."

God forbid, for our own sakes as well as theirs, that any of one's fellow-creatures should be denied such merits or excuses as they may have, let their natures otherwise be as provoking, or even revolting, as they may—much less that all impulses to suicide should be confounded, and the fascinated terror of a gentle mind like Cowper's be dealt with like vulgar rage and resentment, or the desperation of a Nero. The Neros and Henrys themselves were the growth of circumstances. Many a disturber of the peace of private life—nay, all — *must* have had causes for being what they are, apart from their own full-grown wills and mistakes; otherwise there would be no such things in the world as parents and ancestors, and educations, and breedings, and nurses, and imperfect laws, and all that makes society what it is — a common-place so obvious, that it would be ridiculous to repeat it, did not intelligent people sometimes startle you with arguing as if the case were otherwise, only showing, all the while, one of the consequences of their own breeding, and thus confirming every word they think they are refuting. Our heroine who murdered her "dear count," had an energy which might have been turned to better purpose; she evinced a taste for a companionship better than her own (for we may suppose the count to have had no mean attractions that way); and, at all events, she did not mind going through pain and death, to secure, as she thought, the society of another fellow-creature. There was probably no little need of our charity on the count's own part, if we knew all the story. Where indeed is the fellow-creature who shall say he has none? And how ill would it become those whose need is the least, to be finally bitter against such as have had the misfortune to want more. The editor of the new "Pictorial Edition" of Shakspere (by the way, we adopt with him that new spelling of the name, happy to do the least and most trivial thing as Shakspere himself appears to have done it) has well defended the great poet from the strange charge brought against him of being too charitable. The sky might as well be accused of bending

too equally "over all." If the very representative of nature must not be as charitable as he is inclined to be, then would it be no inclination of nature herself; and what an awful consideration for us, in the last resort, would that be! But the great mother is "justified of her children;" and no depth of the human heart was ever sounded to its extreme point, in which the rod did not pierce through sweet waters, as well as through stubborn clay.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ANNUALS UPON ART.

The plague of "Annuals" is stayed: for nine months to come we are freed from the pestilent visitation of gilded flies, that at this season swarm over the stream of literature, glittering in the sunshine of their brief day of fashion. So long as they were limited in size and numbers the tiny creatures were tolerable: the little toy-books, such as "The Forget-Me-Not" (ominous name!) once was, made a pretty addition to the elegant litter of the drawing-room; but since they have cast their chrysalis case and expanded into great gaudy butterflies — only with less variety and without the attraction of colour — they have become a nuisance that calls for abatement. We have been at the pains to rake together the produce of the present season only, and the sight of such a heap of tawdry rubbish is absolutely nauseating. As they came out singly, shining with the gloss of novelty, in strange and fantastic covers, embossed with dainty devices, and sparkling with picturesque blottings of black and white, lined and stippled in the most minikin manner of engraving, disclosing here and there a glimpse of nature amidst the bevy of insipid inanities (looking no better than they should be) tricked out in alluring costumes and all the meretricious finery of the easel, good taste was not so utterly offended by them; they provoked a fleeting curiosity, and left behind a transient impression, such as might be produced by a breath of perfume, or the display of a new hand-screen, an old fan, or any other trifle that is looked at with vague interest for a moment, and thrown aside. But take up one of them afterwards — regard it critically, in cold blood — it is as *effete* as flat champagne, a faded flower, or a newspaper of last year; and viewing them in the aggregate, as we do now — the library-table seems degraded to the condition of a laystall of literary and pictorial trash — the groups have the deadly-lively look of faded waxwork figures decked in tarnished tinsel and soiled satin — all is stale, flat, and unprofitable.

This, it may be said, is not the light in which to regard productions that are designed only to attract the eye of the purchaser — made to be bought and given away: but such worthless gift-books, be it remembered, not only keep better ones out of the market, but corrupt and debase the taste of those who try to be pleased with them out of courtesy to the givers. If, indeed, the beneficial effect that these gauds of art are alleged to have produced on the popular taste be one ground of defence for their publication — it is urged that they have created a popularity for books and pictures in preference to Tunbridge toys, trinkets, and frippery — let us endeavour

to answer the oft-repeated question, "What have the Annuals done for art?" Passing by their literature with the remark that the brains are often too good for the painted masks to which they give sense and vitality, we will view them as books of pictures only, and as dispassionately as we can.

"The Literary Souvenir" was the first attempt to raise the "Annual" above a mere plaything, and to give to its embellishments a high character as works of art. "The Forget-Me-Not" and "Friendship's Offering," though somewhat deteriorated, have preserved pretty nearly their former level of mediocrity: they never made pretensions to surpassing excellence, and aimed only at pleasing by variety and prettiness. "The Literary Souvenir" in the hands of its editor, Mr. Alaric Watts, assumed pre-eminence in its pictorial features; and for a while the best pictures of the previous year's exhibitions were engraved in miniature with exquisite skill; but soon the selection of paintings grew less choice, the engravings less perfect, and in the end the work became extinct. "The Amulet," which, under Mr. Hall's management, ran a race of competition with "The Souvenir," shared the same fate. In short, those annuals that depended upon their intrinsic excellence for public encouragement failed, except "The Landscape Annuals," whose interest is renewed every year by the change of scenery and painters.

The expense of getting up highly-finished engravings from first-rate pictures can be repaid only by an enormous circulation; and extensive as was the circulation of such volumes, it yet fell short of the point of profit. Diminution of outlay produced its inevitable concomitant, inferiority: purchasers decreased, and the decline of the sale was in the usual increasing ratio of falling bodies. We will not disturb the ashes of "The Bijou" and other pretty abortions; but "The Anniversary" — which never lived to realise its title — is too remarkable an instance of signal failure to be omitted. It was got up by that ingenious and tasteful purveyor of embellished books John Sharpe, formerly of Piccadilly; and was distinguished above all its compeers by the judicious selection of designs, the beauty of the engravings, and the excellence of its literary contributions, as well as by its superior size: such a splendid book, indeed, has rarely been seen — but it did not sell. Turner's "Annual Tour" struggled through an existence of two years; but though its landscapes were prodigal in variety and beauty of effect — which the English appreciate too highly — it was not bought. Turner's painting, *outré* as it is in colours, translates into black and white inimitably. As a set of pictures these miniature views rank among the choicest products of modern art. Turner's name was then more popular than now; yet the project was abandoned for want of success. How is this to be accounted for? Not by the fallacious reason pertinaciously thrust forward by interested dealers in trashy things made to sell — that they were too good for the public: no, they were too good for the *entrepeneurs* — that is, they cost too much and returned too little. It is an axiom in publishing, that the best works require the greatest efforts to disseminate them; and, unfortunately, it is a fact that they have the benefit of the feeblest exertions: in proportion to the intrinsic worthlessness of the thing is the energy and activity of the speculator to get rid of it. He not only feels the necessity of doing his utmost, but is secretly pleased to see a good thing fail, even if it be a venture of his own; because it serves as a perpetual, though solitary, instance of his disinterested love of art, and the perverse preference of the public for the ephemeral productions which are to be had plenty and cheap, and can be got up to order "at the shortest notice."

In proof of this we have only to look at the present state of the "Annual" publications. The two great engravers — or rather print-manufacturers — Charles Heath and the Findens, have nearly all the trade in their hands. Mr. Heath especially is quite a monopolist in his way: from him emanate "The Keepsake" — once pre-excellent as well as pre-eminent of its kind — "The Book of Beauty," "The Picturesque Annual," and occasional ventures of more fleeting popularity. Moreover, other experimentalists get up some showy volumes, with costly binding and a trinket title, such as "Pearls of the East," "Gems of Beauty," "The Diadem," — or with a millinery appellation, "Beauty's Costume," "National Costume," — "The Book of the Boudoir,"—or a sentimental one, as "The Book of the Passions," "The Book of Royalty." That people should be found to buy them is to us a marvel: a large vent, to be sure, is found for them in the foreign markets, where any thing European, from Blacking and Porter to Fashions and Pictures, finds ready sale. "The Book of Royalty," and "The Children of the Nobility" are no doubt the rage in republican title-worshipping America; while the "Gems" and "Costumes" find equal favour in pomp-loving India. Publishers, it is to be remembered, can always find means to force a gorgeous book, or print, through the myriad branches of their connections by high pressure at the fountain head; and the wholesale engravers employ so many hands, that what would be a losing game to any one else, is profitable to them.

Such is the machinery of circulation: let us lift the curtain a little more and reveal some of the secrets of the manufacturing process. It will have struck any one, who has taken the trouble to bestow a thought on the matter, that the works of the greatest living artists are never seen in these Annuals: the name of Chalon, or Landseer, is an essential point of attraction to an annual of any pretensions; and an occasional design of M'Clise, Herbert, Cattermole, or Dyce, is interspersed; but now we rarely see a picture by Leslie, Hilton, Eastlake, Briggs, Etty, or Mulready, or artists of this stamp. They are in the habit of bestowing thought and labour on their designs, and require to be paid for their works; whereas thought is a process that would be fatal to the production of an "Annual" plate: when a stray picture, manifesting that superfluous quality, finds its way into one, it seems out of its element. The favourite "designer" of the day is a Mr. Perring, who arranges groups with about as much exercise of fancy as a little artificial flowermaker displays in twining a wreath for the Burlington Arcade mart, or a "draper's assistant," of lively invention, in dressing his master's shop-window. He has supplanted Mr. Parris in the "Beauty" manufacture; and outstrips all competitors in speed and quantity, by superseding altogether the tedious process of thinking. Edward Corbould has also come out as a designer in the academic style, and with a more warlike and melodramatic character than Mr. Perring, who deals chiefly in the domestic picturesque, and dispenses with correct drawing. Judging from their productions, the terms of the commission to such artists should be, in trading phrase, "a dozen designs, sorted, various:" indeed, so generally recognised is this mercantile principle, that we think "drawings" ought to find a place in the price current and the state of the market. For instance — "costume sketches — coloured — very lively:" "sentimental designs — rather heavy:" "historical scenes — no demand:" "dramatic ditto — no quotations:" "character heads — looking up."

The question, "What have the Annuals done for Art?" is soon answered so far as painting is concerned. They encourage only the most vulgar, superficial talent, and employ only those artists who labour cheapest and quickest — tha

is, with the least expenditure of mind, and at the smallest risk of reputation. Such nothings soon satiate; and the favourite of one year gives way to the next comer, who parades before the public eye all his flaunting lay-figure finery for his hour, and then is heard of and seen no more.

The system is equally injurious to the progress of engraving. The little time and low prices allowed for producing a plate are a serious injury to the improvement of engraving, the beauty of which depends on well-considered precision and elaboration, as much as on finish and brilliancy. Effect is the one thing aimed at by a superficial delicacy and smoothness, cleverly alternated with blackness, so as to give the appearance of a vigorous and dashing style — a factitious attraction is produced that the eye glances over, pleased with the vague impression, but deriving no permanent satisfaction. The custom of instructing pupils to work particular parts of plates — one being practised in "darks," another in "lights;" some in "foregrounds," others in "back-grounds" — has a very pernicious influence. Instead of artists, thoroughly well-versed in all the several stages of the art, a race of mechanics is springing up, who are to the accomplished engraver, what the Russian horn-player, perfect in producing a single note by dint of sounding no other, is to the complete musician: what hope can we entertain of having future Sharps and Woolletts, or of seeing worthy successors of such men as Doo, Burnet, Watt, Robinson, Goodall, Miller, Rolls, and others, from the operation of such a system? Yet this is the means whereby the tribe of Annuals increase and multiply.

Competition commonly stimulates the production of variety as well as excellence; but the Annuals, in which, as being decorative books, we naturally expect to find every novelty of art in perfection, have a sameness commensurate with their dullness, and are equally monotonous and insipid in their general features. Their pictures — the scenic views always excepted, for in them we recognise the likeness of nature, though often too much disguised by art — are made up of suits of clothes (forms they are not) surmounted by faces devoid of character and meaning, features, deemed the perfection of beauty, caricatured into deformity, and wreathed into a sickly affectation of sentimentality, to which a healthy ugliness were far preferable: these are wrought up to a polished neatness, so that they glide past the sense like empty well-rounded periods, leaving no impression, for no ideas are awakened; and thus eluding the detection of their frivolity and falsehood.

Neureuther, and other German authors of the Dusseldorf school, have introduced a new modification of the old arabesque in some fanciful illustrations of their national ballads; in which the foliage, instead of taking the architectural form of an ornamental scroll, runs wild with the prodigality of nature, its vagrant growth giving birth to pretty home scenes, or visionary imaginings, and each blossom bearing human fruit, and the tangled stems and tendrils supporting birds and insects, or chimera, as the subject requires, the whole teeming with lavish invention, as if the artist in his delight knew not where to stop. Then the French have brought to perfection a style of emblazoned printing in lithography, by which the gorgeous hues and quaint devices of "illuminated missals" are imitated to perfection; but neither of these elegant improvements have been hitherto made available to vary and enrich the "Annuals;" nor even those more common adornments, the little woodcuts, that inlay the pages of the cheap reprints of classics with illustrative embellishments. The reason is, that the producers belong mostly to one craft, and the publishers are content to follow in each other's track,

like a flock of sheep. The risk to an enterprising speculator, not having the facilities and resources of a "manufactory" of art, and the command of all the channels of distribution which an extensive machinery of publication influences, is so great, that (the recommendations of talent and ingenuity being insufficient), publications based on their own intrinsic merits are few, and rarely successful. The very name of "Annual," too, implies a fleeting interest, and a brief existence: the volume of last year is a thing out of date; and this limited career is fatal to permanent value. Its very nature includes the seeds of speedy dissolution. The only legitimate purpose of utility that an "Annual" can have, is that of a register of events, a biographical obituary, a picturesque illustrator of the occurrences of the year, an embellished calendar, or some other kind of year-book. But even these useful objects are disregarded: almanacks are improved in matter, but owe less than ever to ornament; "Annual Registers" are as lifeless and unsightly as of yore; the "Annual Obituary" has chronicled its own decease; and we have no such thing as a Picturesque Chronology.

We wish these suggestions should have the effect of diverting the stream of capital into more useful currents. Annual visitations of this kind would be as welcome as the return of fruits or flowers in their seasons. We war not with yearly publications, but with the vapid trash that is substituted for solid information and real elegance. An Annual that should truly reflect the state of the fine arts for the past year in a series of designs by artists of established fame, or of rising reputation, so that each successive volume would mark the progress of painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving, would be a noble undertaking, and possess perennial value; but it must consist of spontaneous and careful productions, not forced contributions, the spawn of mercenary labour, at once a libel on the taste of the public and the talent of the British school. As they are, the Annuals are not even fair sample-books of the existing state of any of the arts but the one of binding: the exercise of ingenuity extends no further than the outside.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

In the present state of affairs in Canada every contribution, however slight, to our stock of information, every new opinion that is set afloat by individuals who have actually visited the country, and judged for themselves, no matter how partial might have been their opportunities of observation, or how inadequate their capabilities for a task so difficult and perplexing, must be received with interest and curiosity. We want facts, not speculations. The subject is no longer fair game for theorists and political economists. It has been resolved into an appeal to arms, and the time for experiments is over. We may remodel the whole machinery of Canadian government, and confer a constitution upon the two provinces more perfect than that under which we live ourselves, yet leave the discontent of the people exactly as we found it. The solution of this curious and vital problem is to be referred to two striking but very different truths: —

First, That there is one party in Canada which complains of grievances that are, for the most part, purely fictitious, and that cannot, therefore, be appeased by any changes whatever.

Second, That there is another party in Canada, which complains of real grievances, that enter into the daily business of life, involving personal feelings and interests rather than general principles of liberty or legal justice, that can hardly be reduced to specific shapes, although they deeply affect the prosperity and shake the allegiance of thousands, and that cannot be met by any other means than a close, careful, and vigilant attention to the details, and, above all, to the *tone* of the administration.

The French party — which is most numerous in Lower Canada — detest the British authority, and are fertile in expedients for embarrassing it. The actual grounds of their dissatisfaction are narrowed to the smallest conceivable point, but their *animus* supplies them with abundant pretexts for disaffection. They apply the torch to the foundations with their own hands, and then complain that their houses are set on fire. Enjoying under the government of England more substantial freedom, and a more liberal charter than ever they enjoyed before, they agitate for privileges inconsistent with the responsibilities of citizenship, and utterly incompatible with the very existence of the British rule. Failing in these unreasonable and mischievous demands, they make out a case of oppression, and look for the sympathies of their raffish neighbours on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence as a last resource. It is a pity that the corporation of Jesuits is not revived at Montreal in all its original rigour, that they might taste a little of the grinding tyranny from which the cession of the country to England released their fathers.

The English party, on the other hand, have strong reason to complain of neglect and want of protection. In the constant desire that has been shown by governor after governor to conciliate the *nation Canadienne*, the British settlers have suffered much injustice. Their claims have been set aside or negatived — their attachment to the mother country has obtained them no other advantage than the honour of martyrdom on her behalf; — and while a *clique*, a sort of *imperium in imperio*, has been allowed to usurp the functions of the executive, the great bulk of the English population has been exposed to a constant struggle for self-preservation, and suffered to expend their loyalty in vain remonstrances against the compromising policy of successive administrations.

Such are the prominent features that present themselves upon the surface of the Canada question. They cannot be softened down by general enactments, declarations of principles, or legislative reforms. They must be dealt with in the localities where they arise, earnestly, patiently, and with sincerity. And to do this, facts and an intimate knowledge of the scene of action are not only important, but indispensable.

The only work bearing upon this subject that has appeared of late is Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." It is not to be expected that this graceful writer, whose tastes run into very different channels, should communicate much information of a strictly political nature, or that she should have possessed the means of investigating the domestic evils, real or imaginary, out of which the agitation has arisen. But, while she judiciously disclaims all pretensions to the character of a commentator on passing events or their causes, contenting herself with simply describing the impressions made upon her mind by her own personal experience, she gives us some incidental views of the state of society — especially in the Upper Province — which develop clearly enough the general condition of the people. Mrs. Jameson's work is essentially pictorial, descriptive alike of scenery and indoor life. She had no previous theory to substantiate, was perfectly free from prejudices, and visited the country entirely as a spectator, and not as a partisan. Hence her testimony, as far as it goes, has the great advantage of being thoroughly dispassionate. She made her passage in the midst of the winter from New York to Toronto, and when she was safely housed there, had plenty of leisure to contemplate the miserable scene around her, being literally confined to the town, and such intercourse as it afforded, by the extraordinary severity of the season. In this way, and by mixing with the best society in the place — the military and official people — she obtained a gradual insight into the classes and characteristics of the population. The account she gives of the settlers and of the men in authority is as disheartening as her account of the climate. Without going out of her way to look for them, many facts illustrative of the disorganised state of the colony were pressed upon her attention; and, although she does not follow up the considerations they suggest, and, indeed, seems to avoid such matters with a natural womanly instinct, we are enabled to collect from her pages a few points that are well worth the consideration of the reader.

It might have been hoped that whatever insurrectionary course the *habitans* of Lower Canada might have taken, the loyalty of the British settlers of the Upper Province would have been fostered as a counterpoise. Throughout all past periods of agitation the emigrants from the mother-country have exhibited their anxiety to preserve the connection with England. It was obviously their interest to preserve it, but they were actuated by loftier and nobler motives — love of country, ties of blood, and old associations, that rendered the bond sacred. To cultivate this attachment would have been the best security for our possessions in that remote and unfriendly region. Yet former governments, with inexplicable impolicy, betrayed the most culpable indifference to the wishes and feelings of the English population, permitting a deep sense of wrong to take root in that generous soil of devotion and ardent allegiance. Notwithstanding, however, the coldness with which their representations were received, the repulses they met from the local authorities, and that discouraging neglect which by small degrees wears out the strongest zeal, they still maintained their principles with integrity and firmness; and at great cost and hazard to themselves were, at all moments of emergency, prompt to

show that the injustice of the government had not obliterated their affection. Mrs. Jameson gives some very touching instances of their devotion to the old country, a sentiment which pervades not only the recent settlers, but the descendants of former generations of emigrants. With the latter it is like a tradition that exercises a superstitious influence over the imagination, and with the former it frequently assumes the nature of a melancholy yearning for home. She observes that she *heard* of only one lady who was contented with her residence in Canada, and that all those she met invariably expressed a longing desire to return to England. These slight indications of the state of feeling exhibit the true character of that attachment upon which the government might at all times, and may still, calculate with confidence. The love of England is a passion in the heart of the emigrant which cannot be very easily extinguished; if it could, there were not wanting provocations to convert it into bitter jealousy.

"Upper Canada," observes Mrs Jameson, "appeared to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury, and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English government with the condition, the wants, the feelings, the capabilities of the people and country. I do not mean to say that this want of sympathy *now* exists to the same extent as formerly; it has been abruptly and painfully awakened, but it has too long existed. In climate, in soil, in natural productions of every kind, the Upper Province appeared to me superior to the Lower Province, and well calculated to become the inexhaustible timber-yard and granary of the mother country. The want of a seaport, the want of security of property, the general mismanagement of the government lands—these seemed to me the most prominent causes of the physical depression of this splendid country, while the poverty and deficient education of the people, and a plentiful lack of public spirit in those who were not of the people, seemed sufficiently to account for the moral depression every where visible. Add a system of mistakes and mal-administration, not chargeable to any one individual, or any one measure, but to the whole tendency of our colonial government; the perpetual change of officials and change of measures; the fluctuation of principles destroying all public confidence, and a degree of ignorance relative to the country itself, not credible except to those who may have visited it: add these three things together, the want of knowledge, the want of judgment, the want of sympathy on the part of the government, how can we be surprised at the strangely anomalous condition of the governed? that of a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities, yet poor in population, in wealth, and in energy!"

In this passage the general grounds of English discontent are very fairly stated: and it is to these points, rather than to the extravagant demands of the French Canadians, that the attention of the government ought mainly to be directed, with a view to the restoration of tranquillity and security in both provinces. The English population alone yield the materials out of which a prosperous and happy community can be formed — intelligence, activity, commercial habits, and sympathy with the modern progress of nations. The French population, on the other hand, retain all the characteristics of the old feudal system; they belong to the times that preceded the revolution; they cling to their seignorial privileges, their agricultural usages, their badges of slavery; they are incapable of appreciating rational liberty, and do not know how to avail themselves, except for evil, of the rights conferred upon them by free institutions. Between these opposite social elements there is no middle course of action. We have too long paltered with justice in the vain hope of conciliating an intractable race. That abuses existed in the administration of the government, especially in the legislative council, is admitted; but the statement of such abuses always received attention, and always led to the adoption of the requisite reforms. When the insurgents, however, demanded the annihilation of the legislative council itself, they required a concession which was incompatible with the security of the British residents, and which was, in fact, equivalent to the surrender of the colony altogether. Upon this final question, the government is justified in making its stand, whatever the results may be. Treat the disaffected

with lenity, but crush the rebellion firmly and completely. Let there be no more negociations. The good faith of the home government is pledged to our countrymen who have invested their property in Canada, and who are entitled to protection. This is the British view of the subject, fortified by justice, by national honour, and the principles of constitutional liberty. We get at the real state of things only by direct intelligence from settlers who have lived for some years in the country, who have been mixed up in the actual labour of colonisation, and who have suffered in a multitude o. ways from the erroneous system of conciliation that has hitherto been so unwisely acted upon. We are enabled to illustrate the feelings of the English population by the following extract from a private letter, written without any view to publication, and throwing out in the freedom of confidential correspondence a few careless indications of the sentiments universally entertained by the British party. The writer of the letter is a gentleman who purchased a tract of land in Upper Canada a few years ago, who has incurred a considerable expenditure in clearing and improving the district in which he resides, and who, notwithstanding the claims that might be supposed to attach to his position, and the further advantages of carrying out letters of introduction from some of the highest functionaries in this country, has never been able to overcome the withering influence of that party incubus which paralyses the movements of the local administration. The letter from which we take the following passage was written towards the end of last February, before the arrival of Sir G. Arthur. Perhaps, as Mrs. Jameson observes, the want of sympathy does not exist *now* to the same extent: but it is useful to put facts of this kind before the public.

"The abortive attempt at rebellion in this province," says our correspondent, "is at an end. In fact, any thing so absurd as the movement turned out to be I have never read or heard of. The rebels were so few in number, and their leaders so ignorant, that no resistance was offered by them except for a short period at Navy Island. *Although I was a zealous reformer at home, yet here I am a strong conservative.** The truth is, there are no grievances to complain of but such as might be easily removed without an appeal to physical force. *There is certainly a dominant faction in this province who overrule the government, and are decidedly hostile to all settlers from the old country.* A similar party at one period oppressed Ireland, and ultimately drove it into rebellion. The power of the government is solely at their disposal, and the governor is a mere puppet in their hands; yet they are contemptible in point of numbers, and utterly deficient in moral energy. The rebellion was suppressed by the emigrants from the old country; and the "sons of the soil," as they are called, would have made a miserable affair of it if they were left to their own exertions. Our settlers here — all English and Irish — turned out to a man in favour of British connection, and by their voluntary efforts and sacrifices preserved the colony." [The writer here details his personal experience of the want of sympathy on the part of the local administration, and then proceeds.] "Probably our new governor, Sir G. Arthur, may act more independently and impartially. Should he do so, he will bind to himself and his government the only party (the British) that can maintain securely the connection with the parent country."

The true policy of the government is clearly indicated in this hint which comes with the weight of practical experience of the old system, and mature reflection upon its consequences. The error we have committed in Canada is evidently that of overlooking and treating with indifference the interests of the British party. Take, as an example, the miserable state of the roads,

* In this emphatic sentence we have the epitome of a thousand newspaper discussions and parliamentary speeches. There is a party in England that obstinately applies to Canada the same doctrines of reform which they apply to England — taking the measure of a rising colony, with its conflicting interests, its mixed population, its jumble of property laws, and all its other anomalies, by the same rule with which they measure the old country, with all its usages of antiquity, corruptions of time, settled classes, and solid prosperity. The cases are exactly opposite. The reformer in England becomes a conservative in Canada: he finds himself placed in new circumstances, and discovers that the way to work out the welfare of the multitude is to sustain the authority of the mother country. In both cases he is pursuing precisely the same end, but he sees clearly that in each he must take a different route.

notwithstanding the sums of money that have been voted for their construction and repair. Both parties, it is true, would have benefited by improvements of this description, upon which so much of the vital welfare of an industrious community depends, and both parties were entitled to the advantages of such facilities; but the French Canadians could better dispense with these agencies of advancing civilisation than the British settlers, to whom, with their active English habits, and their superior knowledge of trade, of manufactures, and the arts, the means of transit and intercourse were absolutely essential to the success of the enterprises in which they were embarked. The French population — who had never been accustomed to good roads, and who probably regarded such inventions as checks upon their manœuvres, intrigues, and conspiracies — clamoured for the abolition of the council, and a new form of government, and thus effectually diverted the attention of the administration from those measures of practical utility, which would have strengthened the power of the British population, and, in the end, indirectly subdued the revolutionary spirit. We instance the want of roads merely as a single proof of the misdirection of the time and sympathies of the local authorities, which, instead of being addressed to matters of real importance, were wasted upon theoretical and fictitious grievances. We might cite a variety of similar facts, were it necessary further to develop the nature of the struggle going forward in Canada; but recent events have rendered the case sufficiently evident to every body, and established this truth beyond all controversy, that the only mode of preserving the British rule in these provinces, is to cultivate the allegiance of the settlers from the old country by acts of justice — to render the French strictly amenable to the laws — to encourage the progress of industry by all available means — and to inspire a general confidence in the impartiality of the administration, by dealing out protection alike to all, and dismissing from its councils the clique that has so long secretly controlled them. Temporise no longer — make the law paramount — and, however sanguinary the conflict may be, it must terminate in the triumph of order.

The reader must not suppose, because we have digressed into this slight passing notice of the state of Canada, that Mrs. Jameson's volumes do not offer much pleasanter topics for criticism. The seasonable appearance of the work rendered some reference of this kind unavoidable; but the staple of its matter is of a more miscellaneous character. It consists of a variety of detached sketches, reflections, and notes, and is literally a diary kept by the writer to while away the tedium of her residence in a rigorous climate, or, in the sunny intervals, to describe the scenes and persons she visited. Some of the most picturesque passages occur in the description of an excursion upon the waters of Lake Huron, to visit the Sault St. Marie, which is the boundary of civilised man in that direction. The Sault St. Marie *, or Falls of St. Mary, are remarkable, not only for their extreme beauty, but for the intense solitude by which they are surrounded. A few fur traders and Chippewa Indians form the whole population of that remote and insulated spot, of which Mrs. Jameson gives a very striking picture. Niagara disappointed her: she went to see it in the depth of the winter, and was, perhaps, not in the mood to enjoy it; but the desolation of the whole country, sunk under a vast sheet of snow, must have deprived it of much of its scenic grandeur. Amongst other very interesting and curious experiences she relates, is her visit to the Talbot country, an immense dis-

* The word *sault*, observes Mrs. Jameson, comes from the French word *saut* (*leap*, equivocal to our *fall*); but this is an oversight. The word *sault* is the old French word, from which *saut* has descended.

trict, so called because it belongs to Colonel Talbot, who purchased it from the government at the beginning of the present century, on condition of placing a settler in every 200 acres. It lies close to Lake Erie, and is one of the most fertile places in the province. When Colonel Talbot went over to take possession of his territory in 1802, he found it a complete wilderness, without a solitary human being, except some wandering Indians, who occasionally traversed its luxuriant woods. Setting himself laboriously to work upon the reclamation of the land, he succeeded at last in forming a thriving district about him, but it cost him many years of seclusion from society, and of almost incredible hardship. All this time the fatigue and loneliness, however, appears to have been suited to his taste. He gloried in being the forest lord of 100,000 acres, of being the law-maker, magistrate, and, upon some occasions, the priest of his subject settlers; he built a house on the summit of a cliff overlooking the lake, where he has continued to reside ever since; and, rejecting all companionship, it was not surprising that he should have acquired the reputation of a woman-hater. This dark imputation upon his fame, however, was a mere ignorant rumour. He lived alone, it is true, but he received Mrs. Jameson with a marked politeness that showed he had not foresworn the sex, although he did not deem their society essential to his happiness. The entire episode about the Talbot country forms one of the most attractive features of the work.

Interspersed throughout the narrative, are numerous criticisms and ruminations upon German literature, which interrupt the interest without yielding a sufficient equivalent in pleasure of another kind. They are, for the most part, written with taste and feeling, but they are sadly out of place, and have an air of pretence and display in them that offends and disappoints the reader. Upon the slightest excuse — the coldness of the day, or the solitariness of the scene — Mrs. Jameson takes up a German book, and indulges in a dissertation on its merits, which generally ends in a discursive essay upon a multitude of German topics. However excellent such things may be in themselves, they lose much of their charm and freshness by being thus irrelevantly drawn into the body of a work with the prevailing subjects of which they have no affinity whatever. These passages, and others of a still more objectionable kind, occupy a larger space than ought to have been taken from the engrossing topics that presented themselves to the author; but, notwithstanding all deductions on the score of superfluity and caprice, the work is full of entertaining qualities, and bears the visible stamp of that graceful genius to which the public are already indebted for some very delightful productions.

From the frozen shores of Canada, we are invited to the sunny fields of Italy by a recent traveller, in a little book, entitled "Notes on Naples and its Environs." In this age of steam the reading world is impatient of European tours. The locomotive facilities we have acquired within the last few years render the public *exigeant* in their demands upon travellers. Something more remote is looked for than descriptions of well-known places, and a work of this class can hardly hope to obtain favour unless it contain a history of a race, or a country, that was never heard of before. The least that is expected by your devouring reader is a discovery of some kind, and even a discovery will not do much for the author, unless it be a very extraordinary one — such as a tribe living upon air, or a submarine population. This rather unreasonable species of requisition may fairly be traced to the periodical critics, who, becoming wearied day after day by repeated books of travels, languish for novelty, and do not hesitate to say so, thus communi-

cating to the masses at large their own sensations of fatigue and *ennui.* But it ought to be remembered that, although the critics read all the books, or affect to read them, the public do not, and that, therefore, the last account of scenes previously delineated must be new to the majority of persons who, in the ordinary way, take up a volume *pour passer le temps.* Besides this, it is absurdly unphilosophical to assert that, because a country has been described over and over again, it may not furnish fresh materials for observation from day to day. No two men see the same objects in the same light. Previous studies, particular views of life, habits, and predilections, tinge with a different hue the various speculations of individuals, so that, while the materials with which they deal are precisely the same, the use they make of them is wholly dissimilar. For example, take Burckhardt and Welsted, Belzoni and Lamartine, treading the same soil (as far as they go together) and describing the same scenes, yet presenting pictures with atmospheres of thought and feeling as distinct as the climes of frigid Sweden and voluptuous Persia. Why therefore may not the traveller of to-day in Italy produce a book full of agreeable novelties, notwithstanding that Eustace, Forsyth, Vieusseux, and twenty others, have already traversed the entire region from the Alps to Cape Spartivento? The author of "Notes on Naples" enters into a preliminary vindication of his appearance as a tourist in so beaten a track, but he might have spared himself the trouble of making ingenious excuses for a performance, which really stands in need of none.

The speck of Italy taken into this volume is the road lying between Rome and Naples, and the places adjacent to the latter city. The journey through the Campagna, Velletri, Terracina, Gaeta, and Capua, is carried on in a sort of soliloquy, the author indulging in such references to the glories of former times, or the decadence of the present, the ruins, costume, skies, and foliage, as happen to be suggested to his mind as he proceeds. This mingling of commentary and rhapsody opens freely enough the thoughts of a stranger who, conscious that an exact inventory of sights would be a work of supererogation, develops nothing more than the immediate impressions and effects they produce upon himself. When he gets to Naples he becomes a little more communicative; visits Castellamare and Amalfi; wanders through the excavations at Pompeii; makes an excursion, as a matter of course, to Pæstum; and what, with a few glances here and there at history, some scraps of local stories and monkish traditions, miniature narratives of posting and road-side houses, and descriptions of architecture, reliques, and picturesque nooks, caves, and rocks, supplies a fund of very readable and amusing details. The book is strongly marked by a certain individuality in the treatment that takes it out of the catalogue of common travels. The author throws his own nature into it, and describes what he thought and felt rather than what he saw or learned. It is not so much an account of Naples, as of the author's impressions in Naples; and for this reason, and because, in the midst of all this recurrence to personal feelings, the work is perfectly free from egotism, we like it better than if it were more elaborately designed, and more comprehensive in its reach. The writer is evidently a man of a poetical temperament, although he takes some pains to subdue its expression. His diction is carefully chosen, and his style is musical even to excess, sometimes losing the very beauty at which he aims by the employment of elliptical forms for the sake of an imaginary charm of rhythm. He frames his sentences with too much labour, grows formal where he intends to be pungent and striking, and sacrifices freedom and simplicity to ornate turns and epigrammatic terseness. The fault is not that of over-refinement, but of a want of ease and boldness — perhaps of practice. The writer possesses

an ear for measure that misleads him in writing prose, which is most melodious when it is most fluent and unfettered. Take the following passage at random as an instance :—

> A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste, a lava wilderness, where the broad streams of what were cataracts of fire once are stricken now, as water into ice, to hardened cinder and to blackened rock, but broken all and furrowed, &c.

By the simple process of breaking up the lines, this passage becomes converted, wanting a single foot, into blank verse. Thus :

> A houseless, shrubless, treeless, lifeless waste,
> A lava wilderness, where the broad streams
> Of what were cataracts of fire [ ] once
> Are stricken now, as water into ice,
> To hardened cinder and to blackened rock,
> But broken all and furrowed —

and very good blank verse it makes. But notwithstanding the prevalence of this regular rise and fall in the composition, the work is a very elegant production, informed throughout with a spirit of pure literature.

The author of "Random Recollections" has not yet exhausted the rich mine of the metropolis, and, after having already committed sundry volumes of sketches and reminiscences of London, comes out afresh with another series upon the same eternal subject. He seems to have been put to the last expedients of his invention for a new name for the same sort of ware; and, in want of a better, he gives his last production the post-chaise title of "Travels in Town." This resident traveller is really an indefatigable "snapper up of unconsidered trifles." The things he describes are to himself as *fade* as an old pair of gloves, or a weather-beaten umbrella, or any thing else that he has been in the habit of handling into disuse; it is not very surprising, therefore, that his descriptions should be wholly destitute of freshness, vivacity, of the slightest colouring of curiosity or novelty, of vigour, or even picturesquesness. He deals in London sights with the feelings of a mechanic. He regards them merely as an affair of manufacture, and gets them up in books for the market, without a solitary gleam of artistical sentiment. The fact is that he has no more imagination than a tortoise. He has not even the lawless freedom of a sign-painter, which takes off something by its very ludicrousness from the coarse vulgarity of the expression. "Travels in Town" consist of insipid details about the streets, about the parks, Tattersall's, and other places within the bounds of the capital, related in a crawling, flat, and monotonous tone, with a sort of empty pomp in the display of trifles that only exposes the more effectually the worthlessness of the writing. The mission of this author is undoubtedly of the humblest kind in his generation, and appears to be limited to the diffusion of such facts as — that London may be entered from the west, east, north, or south; that some of the houses are built of brick, and others of stone; that there is a post-office and a custom-house; that there was a grasshopper on the top of the Exchange; and that a man, standing in the centre of Westminster bridge, may have a view of the Thames up and down as far as his sight will carry him. For revelations of this nature the work is unrivalled: and if we add, that it exhibits in perfection the art of blowing the largest bubbles out of the smallest possible quantity of soap, we believe we shall have fairly and fully described its peculiar merits.

Many attempts have been made from time to time to rescue from the oblivion of library collections, and a language sealed to the multitude,

those treasures of song and legend that are known to exist in the ancient literature of Wales. The difficulties in the way of success were found to be almost insurmountable. The few persons who were sufficiently acquainted with the characters of the old MSS., and with the genius of the language, to enter upon the task, were otherwise more profitably engaged, or were indifferent to the object, or deterred from embarking in so laborious an undertaking by want of encouragement. In order to produce translations of that description, two conditions were indispensable: erudition and patronage. The requisite erudition, perhaps, might easily enough have been commanded, but where was the patronage to be found? The sale of such publications could never repay the expenditure of time and capital, the toil and research incurred in their production. Happily for the interests of our old literature, the unusual combination of taste, knowledge, and power, in one individual, has been brought to bear upon this grateful labour by a lady who has recently executed a work, which is honourable alike to her talents, and her munificence. The design which all Welsh scholars have so long ardently desired to see accomplished has been commenced by Lady Charlotte Guest, in a spirit of exquisite beauty and commensurate liberality. Her ladyship, who has but recently become acquainted with the principality of Wales and its traditionary lore, has given to the world a brilliant earnest of her determination to carry out a project which her predecessors in this track of poetical reliques contented their nationality with planning, sketching, and abandoning. The book in which this translation from the ancient Welsh MSS. appears, is entitled "The Mabinogion." It contains a charming legend, called "The Lady of the Fountain," taken from the "Llyfr Coch o Hergest," or "Red Book of Hergest," an antique MS., forming a folio volume of 721 pages, written in double columns upon vellum, and preserved in the library of Jesus College, Oxford. "The Mabinogion" may be described as chivalric romances, full of the spirit of the old ballads expanded into more lengthy narratives. Some of them celebrate the heroes of the Arthurian Cyclus (the congenial soil of the elder chivalry), and others bear the impress of a higher antiquity, both in the manners they depict, and the style in which they are written, and refer to personages and events of a period antecedent to that of the Round Table. It has been supposed that the "Llyfr Coch" was written by the bard Lewis Glyn Cothi, who flourished towards the close of the fifteenth century. This supposition rests upon the fact that, at the end of the book, there are some poems inserted with his name, but Lady Charlotte Guest thinks it more probable that the handwriting is that of professed scribes, an opinion which is borne out by the evidence it bears of having been written at different times by different persons.

"The Mabinogion," which form only a part of the "Llyfr Coch," was copied about twenty years ago for Mr. Justice Bosanquet, by the Rev. Mr. Lowe, of Christ Church, Oxford; and it is from a transcript of that copy, carefully compared with the original, that the translation now given to the public was made. An accurate and singularly beautiful fac-simile of the old MS. is attached to the work, in which not merely the stained initial, the colour of the ink, and the formation of the characters are very exactly imitated, but also the tint of the vellum on which it was written. But the labours of the translator did not terminate here. In the archives of the Bibliothéque du Roi at Paris there is deposited a MS. of the date of the twelfth century, attributed to Chrestien de Troyes, called the "*Chevalier au Lion*," which has never appeared in print, which relates the same story as "The Lady of the Fountain," and upon which is founded the metrical version of "Ywaine and Gawin,"

published by Ritson in the first volume of his metrical romances. Lady Charlotte reprints the whole of the "*Chevalier au Lion*," transcribed from the original, and gives also very curious fac-similes of that MS. and the MS. of "Ywaine and Gawin" from the British Museum. Her notes are full of matter, historical and critical, and considerably enhance the value of this very interesting and curious publication.

Such readers as may happen to be familiar with Ritson's metrical romances are already in possession of the main thread of the story of "The Lady of the Fountain;" for, although there are, here and there, some slight variations in the incidents, the principal sources of the legend are the same. It opens with a description of King Arthur, at his palace at Caerlleon upon Usk, surrounded by three of his knights, and his Queen Gwenhwyar (better known to the English lover of the old traditions under the name of Guenever) and her handmaidens at work. Arthur is seated upon a "seat of green rushes, over which is spread a covering of flame-coloured satin, and a cushion of red satin is under his elbow,"—all of which accessories are strictly in keeping with the habits of the period. The king, being desirous of a little repose while he is "waiting for his repast," desires his knights in the meanwhile to entertain themselves with tales, and then he goes to sleep; accordingly one of them relates a terrible adventure he had at a certain castle, where, going in search of a knight (as was the wont of Arthur's followers) who should be able to vanquish him, he encounters a black knight in a wood, near a certain fountain, after the strangest storm of hail that ever assailed a valiant man, accompanied by other strange phenomena, and is fairly unhorsed and disabled by his unknown antagonist. Fired by this narrative, Owain, one of the listeners, resolves to try his fortune with this mighty champion, and sets off for the castle the next morning. He passes through precisely the same adventures as his predecessor, and is entertained in a sumptuous style at the castle before he goes forth to meet the black knight. The reiteration of the same circumstances, and the increasing wonder that grows upon their repetition, possess a singular charm of antique simplicity. As a brief specimen of the manner of the work, and the gracefulness and closeness in words and spirit of the translation, here is Owain's arrival at the fountain, and encounter with his stalwart opponent.

"The next morning Owain found his horse made ready for him by the damsels, and he set forward, and came to the glade where the black man was; and the stature of the black man seemed more wonderful to Owain than it had done to Kynon; and Owain asked of him his road, and he showed it to him, and Owain followed the road as Kynon had done, till he came to the green tree; and he beheld the fountain, and the slab beside the fountain, with the bowl upon it; and Owain took the bowl, and threw a bowlful of water on the slab; and, lo! the thunder was heard, and after the thunder came the shower, much more violent than Kynon had described, and after the shower the sky became bright. And when Owain looked at the tree there was not one leaf upon it; and immediately the birds came, and settled upon the tree, and sang: and when their song was most pleasing to Owain, he beheld a knight coming towards him through the valley, and he prepared to receive him, and encountered him violently. Having broken both their lances, they drew their swords, and fought blade to blade: then Owain struck the knight a blow through his helmet, head-piece, and visor, and through the skin, and the flesh, and the bone, until it wounded the very brain. Then the Black Knight felt that he had received a mortal wound, upon which he turned his horse's head and fled; and Owain pursued him, and followed close upon him, although he was not near enough to strike him with his sword; thereupon Owain descried a vast and resplendent castle; and they came to the castle gates, and the Black Knight was allowed to enter, and the portcullis was let fall upon Owain, and it struck his horse behind the saddle, and cut him in two, and carried away the rowels of the spurs that were upon Owain's heels; and the portcullis descended to the floor; and the rowels of the spurs and part of the horse were without, and Owain with the other part of the horse remained between the two gates, and the inner gate was closed, so that Owain could not go thence; and Owain was in a perplexing situation."

One might almost suspect that Baron Munchausen had got a sight of the old MS., and pilfered this scene, for he describes, as having happened to himself, the very same dilemma, which the ancient bard relates as having occurred to the gallant Sir Owain, with some marvellous additions, however, which the purer taste of the elder poet never could have entertained. Owain is not long kept in this perplexity. A maiden with "yellow curling hair, [how fond those imaginative poets were of yellow hair!] and a frontlet of gold upon her head, and clad in a dress of yellow satin, and with shoes of variegated leather," approaches the gate, and contrives to give him a ring with a stone in it, by pressing which, he can render himself invisible. Through the aid of this sympathising maiden, he is at last conveyed safely into the castle. She waits upon him with a tenderness that gives her at once, to the reader's thinking, a title to his love; but he is destined for a higher pledge. The Black Knight, who is the lord of this vast castle, dies of his wounds, and his widowed countess — the Countess of the Fountain — who holds her possessions only by the force of arms, is plunged into grief for the loss of so valiant a warrior, and in despair of finding some one capable of supplying his place. This is a fortunate chance for Owain. The conqueror of the Black Knight must be a braver and stronger man than the Black Knight himself, and so, after some coquetting with her sorrows, the Countess of the Fountain is married to Owain. Three years now pass over, during which King Arthur is sore troubled for the loss of Owain, and taking Kynon as a guide, he sets forth with three thousand attendants in search of him. They arrive at the fountain in the green glade, and pass through the same adventures as befell those who went before them, Owain now defending his possessions as they were formerly defended by the Black Knight, to whose rights and responsibilities he has duly succeeded. Day after day he vanquishes knight after knight, until they are all overcome except one and the king himself. With the last knight the combat is long and equal. They fight from sunrise to sunset, and renew the struggle on the second and the third day, when Owain, chancing to discompose the visor of his antagonist, discovers who he is, and immediately offers to surrender his sword; but Arthur interposes, and declares that neither has vanquished the other, and the meeting ends in an adjournment to the castle, where Arthur and his followers are magnificently entertained for three months. Owain now obtains permission to visit the island of Britain for a term of three months; but forgetting his vows, he remains for three years. At the end of that time a damsel comes to him on a bay horse, and reproaching him for his falsehood and treachery, deprives him of his magical ring — the same she had, in truth, given to him in the hour of his distress. Smitten with remorse, he forsakes his pleasant haunts, and wanders away into remote regions, until his apparel is worn out, and his body wasted, and his hair grown long and wild. During this interval his knighthood is invoked by a lady who is persecuted by a certain earl, and after freeing her by his valour, he hides himself again in solitary woods and mountains. A lion becomes his familiar companion, and follows him everywhere he goes, and ultimately acts a very prominent part in his subsequent fortunes. At length he comes to a place where the handmaiden of the Countess of the Fountain is imprisoned on his account in a stone vault, with an impending sentence of death to be executed on a certain day, unless he should come to rescue her. The sequel of the tale may be anticipated. He releases the maiden, is restored to the beautiful Countess, and finally takes up his abode in the court of King Arthur, where for the rest of his days he is covered with honour and prosperity.

In this tale we have a perfect image of the ancient chivalric romance —

the true knight-errantry — the wonderful prowess of the dauntless heart, and the victorious arm — the feastings and supernatural terrors — the love-rescues, and the deeds of virtue — the broken vow casting its shadow over the purity of the brave champion — the grief and repentance, and voluntary mortification that follow — the ample reparation — and the burst of sunshine at the close that exhibits all the characters in the enjoyment of that happiness to which their lives, throughout a multitude of vicissitudes, were naturally and inevitably tending. The fine morality, the touching pathos, the simple grandeur, and the noble nature of the original, are felicitously preserved, and faithfully rendered by Lady Charlotte Guest, whose poetical enthusiasm could scarcely have been devoted to a worthier subject. We ought to observe that the volume is printed with extraordinary care and splendour, and, coming from Llandovery, may be said to be the most finished specimen of typography that was ever issued from the provincial press of England. In addition to the facsimiles, the volume is enriched with several tasteful and highly-finished wood engravings.

Mr. Plumer Ward, after a long interval of silence, has appeared recently in that department of didactic fiction (if we may be allowed such an expression), in which he formerly distinguished himself. The new work, "Pictures of Human Life," contains three separate tales, essentially different from each other in plan, aim, and treatment. The first of these, "Sterling," is the most likely to obtain favour with the majority of readers, because it enters more familiarly than the others into the actual business of society, presents a more active development of Character and Passion, and is less interrupted in its progress by philosophical and political digressions. It is the story of a life not very uncommon, and full of practical suggestions and useful homilies. Sterling, the son of a city knight, is a person of extreme sensibility, acted upon by a morbid ambition to ascend to a sphere superior to that in which he was born. His university education, by throwing him into immediate collision with some of the younger branches of the aristocracy, helps to nurture this wasting desire in his heart, and exposes him to a thousand humiliations and vexatious disappointments — the natural fruit of a foolish and contemptible struggle with his real position. His subsequent experiences, his perpetual conflict with circumstances, his secret misgivings and brooding humours, the repulses he encounters, and his fretful vacillations between his own class and the class to which he aspires, are truly and forcibly delineated. The bitterness of the situations into which Sterling is thrown are of his own making, and are not heightened by any needless satire on the part of the author, who, whatever may be his predilections for artificial distinctions, and the maintenance of the fortuitous advantages of birth, does not betray them in this clever tale. Sterling is not a vulgar *parvenu*: he is a man of refined tastes, and of an extremely delicate mental organisation; one who, lacking strong working sense and knowledge of the rough ways of the world, might be supposed to repine at having been cast in a lot beneath his genius and his sympathies. Had he, however, been a man of resolution and fixed principles, he might have carved out of such a lot the noblest triumphs — and here, we must observe, the final moral of Mr. Ward's story fails. But even such a man must not hope to elevate himself to a level with the aristocracy in this country. The city knight purchases a mansion in vain in a square at the west end. Wherever he goes he carries with him the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange and the Common Council. He cannot get rid of it: his mind, manners, and habits are moulded in the fashion of the trading community with which he has always mixed; he cannot shuffle off

the coil of the city by removing to Cavendish Square, or the Regent's Park: like the oak of the forest, as was said of Grattan when, on the breaking-up of the Irish Parliament, he took his seat in the Imperial Legislature, he is too old to be transplanted at fifty; and this odour which attaches to him, and which no wealth can neutralise, descends to his sons and daughters with inevitable certainty. The son may frequent Tattersall's, and purchase the countenance of the young nobility by allowing himself to be made their dupe — the daughters, if they have large fortunes, may marry needy peers or baronets — but both in the end become the victims of their false position, and the impassable barriers of society upon which they are ultimately impaled. Sterling, the son of a city knight, after a hundred proofs of the vanity of his wishes, sinks at last quietly into a lay-fellowship at Oxford college — a post which ought to satisfy the longings of any man of good sense similarly circumstanced, but which fails to content the stricken heart of him who made a shadowy, insubstantial, and unattainable object the idol of his life! The second story, "Penruddock," is of a different complexion. It is English also, and thoroughly English in some parts, but having political disquisitions upon the state of parties for its basis. Mr. Ward's conservatism is abundantly displayed in this narrative; and we are bound to say that, notwithstanding some, in our estimation, very glaring fallacies as to democracy and aristocracy, the tone and temper of the whole must be described as being distinguished by candour, earnestness, and love of country. We will not here, for it would be misplaced, enter into an examination of the right of the people to resent misgovernment, and demand such changes as they may consider to be consistent with the alterations that are silently and continually going forward in the condition of the population; but we may observe that others, who maintain the sacredness of that right, may be quite as sincerely impressed with the advantages of order, and the necessity of preserving it, as Mr. Ward — the only difference being that the doctrines inculcated by our author have a clear tendency to preserve order by keeping things as they are, while the doctrines espoused by the opposite party have a tendency to preserve order by removing the causes that are likely to disturb it. So long as abuses of any kind exist, discontent and popular protests must take place; and unless Mr. Ward's prescription of quietness and tacit endurance can really still these elements of turbulence, we submit that it is idle to enunciate its virtues. He may be right, or he may be wrong, in reference to what are called abstract principles, but he is practically in error. There is a dash of dramatic mystery in the tale of "Penruddock" which comes in to relieve the weight of these political arguments, and which is managed with more adroitness than might be expected from a writer who has so rarely trespassed on the domains of romance. The third story, "The Enthusiasts," is the most gloomy of all literally. It consists, to employ the prefatory language of the author, of a long discussion of political ethics founded upon a tale of fiction. The slight vein of narrative that threads the pages of this elaborate essay on the French revolution — for such it is — will hardly sustain the interest of the mere novel reader; and readers of another order will probably consider it rather a hindrance to their enjoyment. However that may be, the entire piece is composed of fragmentary arguments upon the state of France during the terrible period of the first revolution, and the principles evolved in the progress of the dethronement of the Bourbons. Its value as a treatise is not much. Such events are not likely to occur again; and whatever was erroneous or dangerous in the doctrines of the revolutionists, has long since been exposed and admitted. The spirit of the nations has undergone

a vast change since that time; and that tremendous explosion has bequeathed to mankind a lesson of wisdom, which requires no illumination of this description to make it more lucid or impressive.

"The Huguenot," by Mr. James, is a new accession to the list of historical romances. Mr. James's recent researches in the annals, memoirs, and biographies of France for the materials of his life of Louis XIV., appear to have suggested to him the subject of this story, which relates to the persecution of the Protestants at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantz. The immediate hint of the plot is derived from the *Mémoires Historique sur la Bastille;* and it may therefore, in a limited sense, be said to be founded upon fact, although the names of the personages are fictitious, and the scenes are changed at the convenience of the author. Throughout all Mr. James's former novels and romances, the ascendancy of mere description over the portraiture and development of character was a prevailing fault. He surrendered up too much to costume and the embellishments of scenery. His personages wanted vitality, motive, energy, consistency: they moved through the events like figures without pith or life. Of course we speak generally: here and there exceptions might be found, and passages of great truth and vigour, full of natural pathos and reality; but on the main such was the predominant characteristic. In "The Huguenot" we perceive a visible emancipation from this surface colouring—the picture is animated by considerable boldness in the grouping, remarkable breadth and freedom in the *ensemble*, richness of design, and powerful individuality in detail. The attainment of these desiderated requisites in a tale of considerable interest, leaves nothing to be desired. The character of Count de Morseiul, the Huguenot, is forcibly drawn, and ably sustained under a variety of vicissitudes and trials; and, through this machinery of action a crowd of persons is introduced, each of whom contributes something to its onward progress, and becomes immediately or remotely blended with its close. Perhaps in the management of the story there are too many expedients employed for effect, some of which are not very probable, and others rather commonplace: but this is a sort of necessity in a modern romance, and a reasonable allowance must be made for the sacrifices an author makes to an established fashion in fiction, where it does not affect the current of nature that flows through the whole. There are a few melodramatic situations in "The Huguenot," and a few adventures, and artifices—especially wherever the count's ingenious valet has a hand in the business—that might have been spared; but of these, as of all things which, however striking in themselves, are not reconcileable with likelihood, it may be said that they give a zest to the better parts of the narrative for readers who look merely for amusement, and have no notion of the deeper purposes that lie concealed from the multitude in tales of this kind. So far as historical allusion is concerned, Mr. James has acquitted himself with judgment. He passes cautiously through a period of unusual excitement, presenting temptations to excess, and strewn with prejudices, which few writers could have altogether escaped. He sees humanity in its mask of convention on both sides, and deals with Catholics and Protestants in their true natures of flesh and blood, without misrepresenting either out of a spirit of theological revenge. In every point of view, we consider "The Huguenot" to be the most successful of Mr. James's novels. It has more actual life in it than any of its predecessors; the interest of the story never flags; and it skilfully illustrates one of those passages in the history of France, about which the world will always be curious, and, perhaps, unsatisfied.

In addition to this novel, another work by Mr. James has appeared within the last month — a richly embellished volume, called "The Book of the Passions." The design of this production is neither very original nor very meritorious. It contains a series of tales, each of which is intended to exemplify a particular passion, such as love, revenge, &c., but none of which can be said to carry the exemplification beyond the ordinary intensity of that mob of stories which at this season of the year come so thick upon us in the Annuals. Several costly plates accompany the narratives; but whether the narratives were written for the plates, or the plates executed for the narratives, does not appear, nor is it indeed of much consequence. So far as the external splendour of the production goes, the book will be found a befitting ornament for the boudoir table; and the author does not seem to have contemplated for it any higher destiny.

"Eve Effingham," by Mr. Cooper, is an American novel (published at the other side of the Atlantic, we believe, under the title of "Home as found") and contains, although it does not complete, the story of "Homeward Bound," to which it is the sequel. The literary progress of Mr. Cooper would afford a curious topic for investigation, upon which we may be induced at some future period to enter; but, without touching it here, we may observe that, after having assailed the institutions of France and England in former works, he appears in these volumes anxious to balance the account by exposing the inherent littleness, vulgarity, and empty pretensions of American society. Any one who takes the trouble to compare his previous publications with "Eve Effingham" will detect a series of contradictions of opinion, of irreconcileable assertions, and singularly cool inconsistencies, worthy of Sergeant Eitherside, or the Vicar of Bray. It is not worth while to inquire, how this comes to pass, or what are Mr. Cooper's motives for so extraordinary a turning inside out of his own professions: but, since it is evident that both sides of his judgment cannot be correct, we may be excused for not venturing to believe in either. Formerly he attacked the hereditary principle, the ancient titles, the ceremonious intercourse of private life, and the pomp of the old countries; now he turns round, and satirises the impertinent curiosity, the noisy routs, the glare, tattle, and coarseness of republican America. Formerly monarchies and aristocracies were too refined and exclusive for him — now the meddling democracy is too familiar and obtrusive. Yet, throughout all this, he preserves a certain air of individual ostentation, that makes him ridiculous amongst the republicans, who cannot see why he should lord it over them, and contemptible amongst the aristocrats, who will not permit him to claim an equality with them. He has the tone of one who was born to rank, and he affects to make himself even superior to it by affecting to despise rank as an accident. This is worse than the worst despotism of nobility: it is the pitiful arrogance of a mean pride that mocks the honours it cannot clutch. A man who is born to a title may be in some measure excused for the foolish vainglory that is more or less attached to his position: but a man who is not thus educated into ascendancy, and who starts with abstract notions of equality inimical to all conventional distinctions, and who yet asserts the same sort of superiority over the rest of the world, wants only the power to carry out to its utmost limits that extravagant social tyranny which he pretends to condemn. He is neither a republican nor an aristocrat, but just so much of each as would lead him, if he could, to destroy both, the one for the sake of the other, and both for the sake of acquiring a solitary elevation for himself. The Americans

are scandalised by "Eve Effingham," and treat it and its author with bitter and contemptuous feelings. They charge him in their journals with having intended for himself the character of Mr. Effingham, who is represented as a clear-headed, mild, philosophical, handsome gentleman, who, moreover, lays claim to great antiquity of descent, upon which they twit Mr. Cooper by reminding him that his father was a wheelwright, a "respectable hard-working Jersey mechanic," who had no false pride, and who never dreamt that his son would affect to be descended from a noble English family. As a novel, "Eve Effingham" is shallow, dull, and pointless; and as a description of manners it is not trustworthy. We do not believe that American society on the great scale is either cultivated or intellectual; but we are tolerably confident that it is not so ridiculously vulgar, so meretricious, or so ignorant, as it is represented by Mr. Cooper. Had the book been written by an Englishman, it would be called a libel — but how ought it to be described, written as it is by an American?

An interesting tale, in a single volume, called "The Roman Lovers," carries us from the new world to the old, from New York to the Imperial Mistress of Empires — and the transition is a relief. This story is written, like "Aurelius," which we recently noticed, in the form of letters, and develops the melancholy history of two Roman youths who loved the same lady, and in the pursuit of the prize lost their lives. One of them, the first suitor, employs the other to plead his cause with the lady; but the advocate subsides into the lover, attempts to carry off the lady with her own consent, is intercepted by the friend he has betrayed, and in the rencontre both are slain. There is some delicacy and poetical beauty in the letters, and if they are not remarkable for that severe tone of classical antiquity becoming such compositions, they are touched with a natural truth that compensates for the deficiency. The actual incidents are few, but the delineation of the growing passion, of the jealousies, struggles, and staggering faith of friendship giving way before a stronger sentiment, is conducted with some art and knowledge of human nature.

A volume of essays and other papers, collected from the scattered productions of Hazlitt, has lately been published by his son, and will be welcome to all lovers of English literature. These essays are not amongst the most careful or thoughtful of Hazlitt's works, and have not much of his fine critical and exploring spirit in them; but they are stamped on every page with marks of his genius that cannot be mistaken. It would seem that a taste for such writings is beginning to revive, and that whatever might have been the injustice with which Hazlitt living was treated, Hazlitt dead is likely to receive a full measure of sympathy. These are ungrateful subjects to dwell upon, and we gladly pass away from them to topics of a pleasanter cast. When Hazlitt shall come to be more generally read — when his exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare, his lectures on English poetry, his notes on Art and the Drama, and his characters of his own times, shall come to be appreciated by the entire public, freed from all mean and unworthy prejudices — there is little danger that ample honours will be done to his memory in atonement for the neglect and hostility of his contemporaries.

We have two volumes of poetry — the one by Mr. Standish, containing three narrative pieces, and the other by John Player, called "Home, or the Months." The chief merit of Mr. Standish's verse is its distinctness; it owes nothing to affectation of any kind, and pursues in level, plain, and

simple lines the threads of story it illustrates. If it be deficient in fancy and invention, the want is balanced by its perfect freedom from pretence and false taste. Of Mr. Player we cannot say so much: his poem is addressed to domestic and loveable country topics, traced throughout the year in a particular locality from month to month. An amiable disposition is every where evident in his verse; but, unfortunately, his power to render it into fitting poetry is not equal to his will. He has chosen, too, the most difficult form in our language — that of blank verse — and breaks down under its weight.

A very sly specimen of dry humour has appeared in the height of the "run" of the lions at Drury Lane, called the "Life of Van Amburgh, the Brute Tamer." The narrative is replete with lurking pleasantry upon the exploits of that magician of the forests; and exhibits him in a succession of circumstances through which his peculiar genius might be supposed to have grown up to its present wonderful stature. The best of it is, that the author never betrays his own jest, and carries it on in a tone of incomparable gravity, as if it were all downright matter of fact, while the reader is all the while, according to the profundity of his penetration, either wondering "that such things are," or, like Falstaff, tickled into roars. It is a capital model for imaginative biographies of "great men."

"The Comic Almanack" has, since last month, been added to the list of year-books. With the usual ephemeris "in earnest," it provides a fund of drolleries, from the pencil of Cruikshank (inimitable in his art of catching the broad features of the time), and of jokes from a congenial pen that abundantly justify its title.

THE THEATRES.

The theatres have of late furnished little material for record or criticism. Several new farces and melodramas have been produced, chiefly at the minors, but none of them so very good or so very bad as to be worth remembering. Van Amburgh has continued in the ascendant at Drury Lane, and Shakspeare at Covent Garden. The interval of repose from fresh dramatic excitement happily prepares us for a most uncritical enjoyment of the Christmas Pantomimes. It also affords opportunity for a glance at the present state of the theatrical world.

The season at Covent Garden has hitherto been remarkably successful. We believe there has been no precedent for very many years of so profitable a time between the re-opening and Christmas. This fact augurs well for the national drama. The attraction has consisted almost exclusively of the revived plays of Shakspeare; the scenic arrangements of those which were brought out last season having, in many instances, been rendered yet more complete; and for popular and striking effects, *The Tempest* having surpassed them all.

The plea, not long ago put forth, of the unattractiveness of Shakspeare, and the need of melodrama and spectacle, to ensure a return for the outlay of theatrical capital, is, therefore, triumphantly quashed. So far as the circumstances allow, the public has redeemed itself from the implied imputation. Whenever urged in future, it will be taken for what it is, — a confession of grovelling intelligence, corrupt taste, and unscrupulous cupidity.

If, indeed, Shakspeare be represented by a *corps dramatique* altogether inadequate to the personation of his characters, and with none of the concert and pervading unity that are requisite to realise a scene, whatever may be

the merits of one or two principal performers — if unskilled and awkward supernumeraries render ridiculous the combinations in which their numbers, grouping, and action, should be subservient to the grandest effects — if the costume, appointments, and pictorial accessories be disgustingly paltry or obtrusively incongruous, while lavish outlays on glittering armour, glaring scenery, and long processions, furnish an unmeaning gratification for vulgar eyes, with no demand on intelligence or feeling, either in actors or audience — then it may happen that Shakspeare will not shine in the treasurer's books, but a larger profit be exhibited, as derived from the depraved taste, which has become yet more depraved, by mercenary pandering and cherishing. Such we take to be the secret, in part at least, of the avowed discrepancy between the experience of the two large houses, as to the profitableness of enacting Shakspeare.

One circumstance connected with the success at Covent Garden deserves to be particularly noted — we mean the extent of its action upon the public as a mode of artistical and poetical training. There had formerly been considerable approximations towards correctness of costume, occasional splendour of theatrical adornment, and striking displays of individual talent; but the systematic illustration of the drama, represented through all its phases, from the philosophical truth of its grandest personation to the pictorial arrangement of form, colour, and grouping, was a novelty; and novelty of such a nature uniformly requires time to insure its proper appreciation.

All great poetry, all high art, while implying a certain previous advance in civilisation, has yet rather created than found the taste for its own enjoyment. Only by degrees have people come to understand what was done, and how much was done, in the recent revivals. The restoration of the Fool in *King Lear*, and the exclusion of Hippolyto and Dorinda from *The Tempest*, were courageous experiments. *Now*, it would imply some hardihood to revert to the stage corruptions that for so long a period were regarded as a needful concession to the bad taste of audiences. The standard of the acting drama has been elevated. The audience has evidently become more discriminating — more appreciating. An effect has been produced analogous to that which is wrought on the young painter when he is sent to Rome, to live only in the familiar contemplation of the production of the great masters of art. A purer and loftier tone is imparted to theatrical enjoyment. This influence may be seen in many ways; in the mode in which a performance is taken, the fineness of the points which are marked for approbation, the degree of earnest attention, and a thousand indications of growing perception and refinement. The dramatic art thus inweaves itself with the progress of civilisation, and vindicates its claim to rank amongst the agencies of improvement.

Wise would it be in a popular government, in an enlightened aristocracy, and in royalty, to strengthen such an agency, to assist its resources, and to extend its influences. It certainly cannot be the *duty* of a court and aristocracy to enjoy the grandest dramatic poetry and the most exquisite dramatic art which has been produced in the country to which they belong. No blame, on the score of personal taste, can be attached to a preference for excitements at once less intellectual and less national. But so long as a refined populace is safer than a brutal one, as the base of the column by which the Corinthian capital of Society is supported, it must be a question of prudence, if not of benevolence, whether patronage is wisely confined, or nearly so, to opera, ballet, and the menagerie. There is nothing factitious in the recent successes of the national drama. Even the intellectual aristocracy of the country, long driven from the theatre by the

simple lines the threads of story it illustrates. If it be deficient in fancy and invention, the want is balanced by its perfect freedom from pretence and false taste. Of Mr. Player we cannot say so much: his poem is addressed to domestic and loveable country topics, traced throughout the year in a particular locality from month to month. An amiable disposition is every where evident in his verse; but, unfortunately, his power to render it into fitting poetry is not equal to his will. He has chosen, too, the most difficult form in our language — that of blank verse — and breaks down under its weight.

A very sly specimen of dry humour has appeared in the height of the "run" of the lions at Drury Lane, called the "Life of Van Amburgh, the Brute Tamer." The narrative is replete with lurking pleasantry upon the exploits of that magician of the forests; and exhibits him in a succession of circumstances through which his peculiar genius might be supposed to have grown up to its present wonderful stature. The best of it is, that the author never betrays his own jest, and carries it on in a tone of incomparable gravity, as if it were all downright matter of fact, while the reader is all the while, according to the profundity of his penetration, either wondering "that such things are," or, like Falstaff, tickled into roars. It is a capital model for imaginative biographies of "great men."

"The Comic Almanack" has, since last month, been added to the list of year-books. With the usual ephemeris "in earnest," it provides a fund of drolleries, from the pencil of Cruikshank (inimitable in his art of catching the broad features of the time), and of jokes from a congenial pen that abundantly justify its title.

THE THEATRES.

The theatres have of late furnished little material for record or criticism. Several new farces and melodramas have been produced, chiefly at the minors, but none of them so very good or so very bad as to be worth remembering. Van Amburgh has continued in the ascendant at Drury Lane, and Shakspeare at Covent Garden. The interval of repose from fresh dramatic excitement happily prepares us for a most uncritical enjoyment of the Christmas Pantomimes. It also affords opportunity for a glance at the present state of the theatrical world.

The season at Covent Garden has hitherto been remarkably successful. We believe there has been no precedent for very many years of so profitable a time between the re-opening and Christmas. This fact augurs well for the national drama. The attraction has consisted almost exclusively of the revived plays of Shakspeare; the scenic arrangements of those which were brought out last season having, in many instances, been rendered yet more complete; and for popular and striking effects, *The Tempest* having surpassed them all.

The plea, not long ago put forth, of the unattractiveness of Shakspeare, and the need of melodrama and spectacle, to ensure a return for the outlay of theatrical capital, is, therefore, triumphantly quashed. So far as the circumstances allow, the public has redeemed itself from the implied imputation. Whenever urged in future, it will be taken for what it is, — a confession of grovelling intelligence, corrupt taste, and unscrupulous cupidity.

If, indeed, Shakspeare be represented by a *corps dramatique* altogether inadequate to the personation of his characters, and with none of the concert and pervading unity that are requisite to realise a scene, whatever may be

the merits of one or two principal performers — if unskilled and awkward supernumeraries render ridiculous the combinations in which their numbers, grouping, and action, should be subservient to the grandest effects — if the costume, appointments, and pictorial accessories be disgustingly paltry or obtrusively incongruous, while lavish outlays on glittering armour, glaring scenery, and long processions, furnish an unmeaning gratification for vulgar eyes, with no demand on intelligence or feeling, either in actors or audience — then it may happen that Shakspeare will not shine in the treasurer's books, but a larger profit be exhibited, as derived from the depraved taste, which has become yet more depraved, by mercenary pandering and cherishing. Such we take to be the secret, in part at least, of the avowed discrepancy between the experience of the two large houses, as to the profitableness of enacting Shakspeare.

One circumstance connected with the success at Covent Garden deserves to be particularly noted — we mean the extent of its action upon the public as a mode of artistical and poetical training. There had formerly been considerable approximations towards correctness of costume, occasional splendour of theatrical adornment, and striking displays of individual talent; but the systematic illustration of the drama, represented through all its phases, from the philosophical truth of its grandest personation to the pictorial arrangement of form, colour, and grouping, was a novelty; and novelty of such a nature uniformly requires time to insure its proper appreciation.

All great poetry, all high art, while implying a certain previous advance in civilisation, has yet rather created than found the taste for its own enjoyment. Only by degrees have people come to understand what was done, and how much was done, in the recent revivals. The restoration of the Fool in *King Lear*, and the exclusion of Hippolyto and Dorinda from *The Tempest*, were courageous experiments. *Now*, it would imply some hardihood to revert to the stage corruptions that for so long a period were regarded as a needful concession to the bad taste of audiences. The standard of the acting drama has been elevated. The audience has evidently become more discriminating — more appreciating. An effect has been produced analogous to that which is wrought on the young painter when he is sent to Rome, to live only in the familiar contemplation of the production of the great masters of art. A purer and loftier tone is imparted to theatrical enjoyment. This influence may be seen in many ways; in the mode in which a performance is taken, the fineness of the points which are marked for approbation, the degree of earnest attention, and a thousand indications of growing perception and refinement. The dramatic art thus inweaves itself with the progress of civilisation, and vindicates its claim to rank amongst the agencies of improvement.

Wise would it be in a popular government, in an enlightened aristocracy, and in royalty, to strengthen such an agency, to assist its resources, and to extend its influences. It certainly cannot be the *duty* of a court and aristocracy to enjoy the grandest dramatic poetry and the most exquisite dramatic art which has been produced in the country to which they belong. No blame, on the score of personal taste, can be attached to a preference for excitements at once less intellectual and less national. But so long as a refined populace is safer than a brutal one, as the base of the column by which the Corinthian capital of Society is supported, it must be a question of prudence, if not of benevolence, whether patronage is wisely confined, or nearly so, to opera, ballet, and the menagerie. There is nothing factitious in the recent successes of the national drama. Even the intellectual aristocracy of the country, long driven from the theatre by the

degradation into which it had fallen, only begins to feel the charm that recalls its presence. But the very fact of the hold obtained, without aid, countenance, or patronage, upon the public mind, indicates the course to which those whose privileges are only sustained by opinion should be directed by an enlightened sense of the nation's interests and their own. "I don't read Shakspeare myself," said a Stratford farmer at a recent jubilee, "but I say he ought to be *kept up* for the good of the town." There is, doubtless, reason for gratulation to all lovers of the drama in the independent character of the success that has been attained; but it is not the less disgraceful that a great national project should have been left to sink or swim like the most commonplace individual speculation.

The only patronage accorded to Covent Garden Theatre is the very questionable one, also enjoyed by Drury Lane, of the exclusive patent. To a competent manager this is no privilege at all. His best patent is in his own judgment and genius. It would be an advantage to such an one that the representation of Shakspeare's dramas should be attempted elsewhere. The attempted rivalry would facilitate the comprehension of what he effects, and cultivate the taste for its appreciation. Why this monopoly should be continued to Drury, is not very obvious. Its action is now simply prohibitive. It is a law against the performance of the national drama — a penalty upon acting Shakspeare. We are reminded of the prohibition of tobacco cultivation, enacted for the benefit of Virginia when Virginia was British, and perpetuated after Virginia became rebellious and independent. A menagerie inherits the privilege that was bestowed as the endowment of a national theatre. We question not Mr. Van Amburgh's merits as a tamer of tigers; we can have no objection to the lessee's speculating in lions rampant, or any other rampant animals; but not for such exhibitions, nor for such better ones as it yet can boast, does Drury Lane Theatre hold its legal superiority over the minor theatres. Not for such purposes was it vested with the power to prevent their producing the legitimate drama. Opera, horsemanship, and beast-taming are amply provided for elsewhere. There is no propriety in the exclusiveness remaining, when from Drury Lane itself the legitimate drama is practically excluded. We do not advert to this point merely on the score of justice; though never was privilege more foully forfeited; — nor on account of the other theatres; though they are most unfairly treated; — but because the present effect of the patent is to degrade the art and its professors, and so eventually to injure the public. To the two great theatres those who have devoted their lives to the dramatic art in its highest forms look for employment. On the competition of those two establishments they mainly depend for that enhancement of the worth of their exertions which in any ordinary mechanical occupation is ensured by the free rivalry of unlimited numbers. The caprice or sordidness of one man, armed with the power of the patent, may turn the half of them adrift in the world, and leave the other half with no remedy but to take whatever is offered them. He may convert the stage into a circus. He may fit it up as a caravan. He may people it with horses and wild beasts. Enthroned on his showman's cage, he may say, "here is my company; you and Shakspeare go to the —— together." There is no remedy. The actors cannot do what journeymen carpenters treated in a like summary manner might do. They cannot combine and open an opposition shop of their own. The law forbids. To exercise their art, however skilfully, however unexceptionably, however acceptably to the public, would infringe the patent rights of the zoological lessee. They must cringe, or starve; perhaps both. Insolent conditions may be enforced upon them. They may be degraded; and in them, their art; and in that,

the public taste. What other class of persons is there, throughout the whole British Empire, whether educated or uneducated, employed in works of the highest intelligence, or of the simplest mechanism, that is placed in so unjust, so cruel, so intolerable a position? It would be difficult to devise (had that been the object) a more atrocious expedient for degrading, if not totally crushing, a liberal art.

And it should not be forgotten that acting *is* a liberal art. Something at least of mental cultivation, of refinement, of the capacity for perceiving and expressing the purposes of genius, is implied in all who are qualified for its exercise. Its successful votaries must be marked out by nature, and matured by long study and training for their vocation. And yet this misnamed and preposterous privilege robs them of rights that are held sacred in the rudest artizan. The hewer of wood and drawer of water has a free market for his labour; but to replenish the golden urn of art from the Castalian fount, and mould in the living frame the forms of Shakspearean creation, is work inhibited, save on condition of entire dependence upon individual interest or caprice. The restriction and dependence are capable of being pushed to an extreme without parallel even in the annals of monopoly. The two patent theatres may be, as they have been, in the same hands; or they may both be held by lessees alike ignorant, insolent, and sordid. In such a state of things, it is not at all an impossible, it is not even an improbable supposition, that the most accomplished professors of the art may find no managerial demand for their exertions, and have only the choice of a provincial life, retirement, or expatriation. The popularity of an actor, the desire of the public, are no protection against the sinister interests of a patent monopoly.

An honourable effort has been recently made by the profession to enhance its respectability, in the formation of the "General Theatrical Fund Association," which will not only come well in aid of the older institutions, but is advantageously distinguished by its comprehensive and independent spirit. The absence of all invidious distinctions or jealous feelings, the mutual sympathy and respect, the unassuming self-reliance, the business-like care and yet generous thoughtfulness, manifested in its preliminary proceedings, are highly creditable to the members. But however valuable as a palliative, it can be no more than a palliative of the one great evil, the patent monopoly. There is the millstone on the neck of the profession, of its respectability, its character, its comforts, and its social rights. A free trade in the art is the one thing needful. Without it, the actor can never take the position to which, as a man, he is entitled; nor the public have the certain and continuous prospect of an acted drama not unworthy of the unfading glory of our dramatic literature.

We have been led to these suggestions, somewhat out of our usual path of criticism, by its happening just now that the nascent prosperity of Covent Garden Theatre is the only remarkable particular in the dramatic department, distinguished from the musical productions of the stage, which we notice apart from its literature. Heartily glad are we to contemplate any degree of prosperity, in any and every theatre, pursuing its proper object, by honourable means. Every form of drama has its worth and its charm, and while theatres are what they profess to be, we rejoice in them all, large and small, majors and minors, and in all their managers, and companies, and orchestras, and scene-shifters. Bless them all; —

> Send them victorious,
> Happy and glorious: —

and now, hey! for the Christmas pantomimes.

"GUILLAUME TELL," AT DRURY LANE.

DRAMATIC music, as far as it regards the getting up of extensive and complicated pieces by the theatres, and the reception of them by audiences, is making great progress among us. The representation of "Guillaume Tell" at Drury Lane is conclusive as to that fact. We have attended the performance of Rossini's masterpiece with the greatest delight; we have heard so many beautiful effects resulting from one pervading and accurate conception of the whole, and have witnessed with so much pleasure principal singers avoiding clap-trap, and merging their individual pretensions to favour in behalf of the general success of the piece, that we are in no disposition to detect small faults, or suggest improvements: this may be done at leisure; at present we will merely record our conviction, that an advance beyond the most sanguine hope has been made, not only in general skill and power by the whole vocal *corps* of the English theatre, but also in the taste and judgment of the direction. A musician must indeed be fastidious who refuses to be pleased at such a performance as that of "Guillaume Tell." Even the uninstructed and most miscellaneous audience (partly, we fear, attracted by Van Amburgh's lions) have the instinct of something above them — they listen, and are silent. Fine music requires no other homage.

Our readers are probably aware that a considerable section of the present opera was produced some years ago in the manufactured drama of Hofer, the joint work of Mr. Planché and Mr. T. Cooke. The selected movements, consisting chiefly of choruses and concerted pieces, were, indeed, some of the best compositions in the original; — they were, at all events, the most German in style; and these pieces wanting the connecting links of the principal songs, and the illustrative points of style which they furnish, raised the idea that Rossini had effectually *Germanised* himself in "Guillaume Tell," even more so than he had done in composing "Zelmira" for the Viennese. This error is dissipated in hearing the whole four acts, which, with a few slight exceptions, and no interpolations (the bitterest ill-usage of all), are now given at Drury Lane. The style is still Rossini's, but it is Rossini elevated in fancy and feeling, retaining nothing of his former self but a certain sportive and tender grace; — and what a musician this leaves us! When this composer of sensation lays aside all the means he has hitherto chosen to employ for mere animal gratification — all that singular art of captivation by which, for a series of years, his caprice has triumphed in defiance of common sense — when, sacrificing this, the *popular* Rossini enters upon the same dramatic ground as Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini, seeking severest truth in the expression of sentiment and situation, the completeness of his success not less raises wonder, than the fact that that success has been followed by a long period of oblivion to his profession. The history of music has no parallel instance of a man with a great and imperishable name at his command — with a public eagerly expectant of any promised novelty from his hand — thus obstinately maintaining his condition of silence and inactivity.

In the other serious operas of Rossini, even in *Semiramide* and *Otello*, we may observe much that is in a great and commanding style, chequered with those incomprehensible trivialities that have become almost as proverbial as

the mannerisms of the master. Who can forget the prelude he has given us to the murder of an innocent and faithful wife in the subject of the Allegro of the Overture to Otello? To such a writer one would think that strangulation appeared the prettiest bagatelle conceivable. None of the like discrepancies of style disturb the impression of "Guillaume Tell." The mad Italian of whom M. Beyle relates, in exemplification of Rossini's extravagant inclination to buffoonery, that he once made a whole orchestra of violin players mark the commencement of every bar by a rap on their tin candlesticks, no longer appears — we have here the "sage and serious" musician.

Circumstances which not only modified the genius of the author, but were peculiarly favourable to all the details of Tell, may be well remarked. If our memory be correct, "Guillaume Tell" succeeded at a tolerably long interval "Il Conte Ory." At all events it was produced when the composer, domiciled in Paris, and surrounded by the flattering offerings of its choicest wits, had enjoyed just repose enough to invigorate him; had mingled with men of genius sufficiently to be ambitious of a better claim to their distinctions; and when familiarity with the powers of the brilliant orchestra and chorus of the *Academie Royale* had assured him what might be done in concentrating the powers of both on some popular subject. Guillaume Tell was influenced by each of these causes, and the last rendered it the most brilliant, and certainly the most difficult score of modern times.

An orchestra, of which every individual violinist was a solo player of strong and brilliant execution, would alone be able to do full justice to the exaggerated rapidity of some parts of the accompaniments. The Drury Lane band contains able players; but in the execution of these traits of the original there wants much of the distinctness of a perfect *ensemble*. For the full effect of these passages, as Habeneck, the able Parisian director, would insist upon them, we need a greater correspondence in the *coups d'archet*. Our English orchestra is lamentably deficient in this nicety of musical execution, without which the highest clearness and the most decided expression are quite unattainable. It has an almost comic effect to see the two first violins, Blagrove and Eliason, take the passages in a way the most dissimilar that can be imagined — one bow going up, the other down — the one playing short notes with the tip, the other with the contrary extremity of the bow; in short, the most striking opposition in the conception of the passage, often in the comparison, to the disadvantage of the English player. This want of unity, rendered absurdly conspicuous by the position of the two principal violins, should be remedied in every orchestra in which it prevails — if perfection be aimed at. Poets and musicians have been praised for having *a devil;* we wish we saw any so desirable possession in Mr. Blagrove; but, in truth, his coldness and phlegm as much unfit him for the orchestra, as his perfect facility and beautiful tone render him delightful in chamber music.

The wind instruments in "Guillaume Tell" are put upon hard duty, the execution of which, as we have begun to speak of the performance of the opera at Drury Lane, we may applaud. It was an easy time for the more exhausting class of instruments, horns, &c., when the players enjoyed a systematic repose during the accompanied recitatives at least. But in "Guillaume Tell," throughout the four entire acts, the most strenuous attention is required; for though the wind instruments have, of course, a fitting intermission to produce their effect, yet they are used so frequently here and there, wherever the composer felt disposed to introduce a breathing chord, and in so capricious though tasteful a manner, that nothing short of the most inveterate application on the part of the players would make the

whole go correctly. Even the drums and the ophicleide have many features of importance, which require to be rendered with great expression and care.

If such be a representation of the orchestral duty required by Rossini in this colossal work, we shall certainly not find a less studious and artful disposition of the choral force collected on the stage. Every thing in the way of new combination that the experience of the practised composer, rich in means for the carrying out of his designs, can suggest, is there put in practice. Single, double, and triple choruses, choruses of men alone, choruses of women alone, choruses of both in combination, choruses accompanying solos, dances, &c.; in short, a constant variety in the forms of vocal harmony, which preserves the ear from fatigue, is kept up. The choral part is not elaborated; on the contrary, it is broad, simple, and massive, abounding in striking effects of the unison, and sometimes, as in the meeting of the cantons in the second act, approaching the sublime; and this simplicity, in contrast with the luxuriance and fiery energy of the orchestra, is the source of enchanting effects.

Let the choral music of the drama be, however, simple as it may, still, when accompanied by an orchestra in which new and perplexing accents and extravagant passages are constantly heard, it will always remain a matter of great difficulty to ensure, amidst a hundred choristers either engaged in action or in forming picturesque groups, that perfect recollection of the entrance of their parts, and precision in taking them up, which are essential to complete effect. This effort of memory ought really to engage us in a higher appreciation of the art of that humble and much undervalued class of musicians — the operatic choristers. Exquisite combinations and effects, such as they produce in the present opera, can only be obtained by the whole knowing as one man, not merely the notes, but the expression and character of their parts. If there were any prevailing defect of memory — any timidity, or reliance of one upon the other for the cue, disorder would soon prevail, and the pleasure of the audience would suffer in proportion.

We have heard from the Drury Lane chorus, both in Benedict's Opera, and in "Guillaume Tell," more beautiful specimens of singing than a few years ago we could have believed possible from such a class of musicians; and it is but the commonest justice to confess that their general performance far exceeds in its intonation, light and shade, expression and correctness, any thing we have yet heard in the theatres of London — the Italian Opera included.

In estimating "Guillaume Tell" it would be wrong to suppose the harmony carried to an excess at the expense of the melody. On the contrary, there is no modern work which captivates the ear by a richer succession of new melodious phrases in a variety of styles. A more delicious pastoral movement than the introduction to the opera cannot be heard; and the dance music which accompanies the ballet in the first act is of exquisite piquancy, novelty, and grace. In the former the ear reposes on the most beautiful chords, in the latter we perceive unusual accents imparting to the lowest department of composition a perfect charm. The national music employed just gives the necessary colouring to the whole, without suffering it to degenerate into monotony or feebleness.

Several admirable solos occur in the parts of Guillaume Tell (Braham) and Matilda (Miss Romer); but the observation of these singers on the choral character of the whole work, and the intimate dependence of both chorus and solo on each other for general effect, restrained in both a disposition to display. The consequence was that both most ably supported the piece. Braham's voice, it is known, has fallen much lower in its scale; but

as he now husbands his resources, he sings better in tune, and is actually a more agreeable performer than he was ten years ago. If Miss Romer possessed as much art in the management of her full and powerful voice as the organ itself for its magnificent quality deserves, she would leave nothing to be desired. In her grand duet, in the second act, with Mr. Allen she completely outsings that meritorious gentleman, especially when he mounts into his falsetto, and feels his physical strength overmatched by the spacious area and the formidable orchestra with which he has to contend. The ear of Mr. Allen is quite irreproachable, which is saying much for a tenor, and in a less extended *locale* he may be tolerably sure of the good opinion of musicians. Here, however, an uneasy effort is perceptible. The fine duet between Braham and Allen, best known in concert rooms as *Dove vai*, wanted a character in the lower part, sustained by Braham, which such a singer as Phillips would have given to it. Slight defects of this kind, with the want occasionally of a more subdued accompaniment in the orchestra, were the only points of objection that occurred to us; and these were so overpowered by the success of the whole, that we who have spoken freely of Mr. Bunn's management in regard to the operas of Balfe aud Barnett, and of the *ad captandum* system adopted in the music of Drury Lane, are most anxious to render the director full justice when his efforts tend to the improvement of taste and the advancement of the art. Even Miss Betts, whose sole recommendation as a dramatic singer lies in her general ability as a musician, and little Miss Poole, whose music comes in aid of an intelligent face and the most promising histrionic talent, appeared in the softening light of the whole to be unusually deserving and effective.

The principal strength of the composition certainly lies in the two first acts of "Guillaume Tell"—though there is no palpable deficiency of interest or falling off in the two others. But in the oath chorus in the finale to the second act, Rossini reached a climax of unwonted grandeur far beyond himself, and the excitement which the excellence of this movement creates may throw a coldness on the subsequent parts of the composition. Still there remain admirable things. The rebellion against Gessler affords a highly spirited incident for the finale of the third act, when engrafted upon the original situation, a festival, in which the stage is crowded by its entire force. In the fourth act a delightful trio, sung by Miss Romer, Miss Betts, and Miss Poole, with a female chorus, principally sustains the interest, and rivals that sung in the second act by Messrs. Braham, Allen, and Stretton. The impression at the conclusion of all is, that Rossini might sacrifice all his former works for a dozen operas of equal power and earnestness. In "Guillaume Tell" we may observe in what school Bellini had studied the breadth and grandeur which distinguish the choruses of I Puritani. Here undoubtedly is the model of that pealing, long-noted, church-like magnificence.

We found in "Guillaume Tell" some apology for Van Amburgh's lions. If a manager, single-handed, is to support the expense of getting up such an opera as this, he may be excused for extracting from the gaping curiosity of the public that aid which in France results from the enlightened patronage of the arts by government. Music, the most costly of all, and probably the most influential on pleasure, is left to struggle on by itself and achieve its own victories. If it ever reach perfection in England, the greater the triumph.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE IMP OF THE PALACE. — The excellent fiction of the "Devil upon two Sticks" seems to have taken the shape of a ludicrous fact during the past month. In these days, we are made so hard-headed by the onslaught which science has made upon romance, and so wise by the subjugation of poetry before the iron rod of political economy, that we would almost as soon die ourselves, as give the slightest credit to the biographer of a ghost; while the historian of a haunted palace would be likely to originate no better conviction in our minds, than that he was a dealer in contraband *spirits*, who was anxious to keep a clear coast for the "walking" of his merchandise. But mankind need continual excitement — our imaginations and our energies *must* have excitement from outward circumstances, or they react upon the inward man, and produce morbid, and perhaps disastrous, results. Therefore it is good to have excitement, and have it we will. When lo! — the fiction of ghosts, and imps, and hopping elves, being snatched away from the delighted credence of imagination, — swift to the need, and bowing to the Genius of the age, like a carpenter's rule at an angle of forty-five degrees, forth issues a Matter-of-fact, as quaint, ominous, and grotesque as any fiction that ever pranked from the seething brain of Le Sage, or the vision-breeding Germans. We take the following from the newspapers. "*Edward Cotton*, a boy about thirteen years of age, whose appearance was that of a sweep, was placed at the bar of the Queen-square Office, by Inspector Steer of the A division, charged with being found concealed in the New Palace, and with stealing a sword and other articles, the property of her Majesty. — William Cox, porter at the Equery's entrance, stated, that a few minutes *before five o'clock* in the *morning*, he was sitting in his room, which adjoins the hall, when he saw his door opened half-way, and a boy, having the appearance of a chimney-sweep, thrust his head and part of his body in, and looked round the apartment. Their eyes met. Witness asked what chimney he had come to sweep? Whereupon the figure disappeared — the door slapped too, — and witness distinctly heard the sound of feet scampering away." It is worthy of observation, that the early hour of five in the morning, at which time the porter happened to be sitting in his room, rendered the idea of chimney-sweeping perfectly natural to one who suddenly encountered the sweep-apparent to the crown; and it was also an hour at which the said dislodger of soot-royal might well expect to enjoy his ramble unmolested and unseen. At sight of the porter, however, off he brushed. "This alarmed the witness, who immediately gave information to the police. As he was returning along the passage, he saw a sword and other articles made up in a bundle, and placed there as if for the purpose of speedy removal. On the prisoner's person being searched, *two letters* were found, one directed to Her Majesty, and the other to Sir Charles Murray. There were also two books belonging to Mr. Broom, the valet to Sir Charles Murray, and other articles, of trifling value. It appeared that most of the articles were the property of Sir Charles and his servant; and the apartments occupied by the honourable gentleman were inspected, to see if any thing more valuable had been taken away. The bed was found to be in confusion, the sheets being covered with soot, *as if a person had lain in it in sooty clothes*, the curtains were also sooty, as also some of the furniture. Sir Charles Murray was at present in attendance upon the Queen."—The imagination of the urchin being fired by the idea of what wonders might be contained in letters addressed to Her Majesty, and one of Her Majesty's suite, sinks into a mere vision, when compared with the practical trial of how the bed *felt*, and how delicious it was to have a good dream there. It reminds us of one of the stories in the Arabian Nights. But mark how much more follows: — "James Stone, 81 B, stated, that having arrested the prisoner, he found *hid in the bed* in Sir Charles Murray's apartment, *a pot of bear's grease*, to which, from the appearance of the prisoner's hair, it would seem he had *copiously helped himself*. — Mr. White then asked the prisoner who and what he was, and how he could account for the situation in which he had been found. — The prisoner, who is an intelligent, and appears to be a tolerably well educated boy, said: I came from Hertfordshire, in the month of December last, and was let into the palace by a man dressed in fustian. — Mr. White: Why did this man let you in? — Prisoner (with *naïveté*): Oh, I can't account for that. — Mr. White: Do you mean to say you have been in the palace previously to this? — Prisoner: Yes, *and a very comfortable place I've found it.* I used to hide behind the furniture and up the chimneys in the daytime; when night came, I walked about, went into the kitchen, and got my food. *I have seen the Queen and her ministers in council, and have heard all they have said.*" — What sudden feelings of astonishment at the imp's unparalleled temerity; what dismay at the profound state secrets he might have overheard, and perhaps already have divulged; what anxiety to ascertain the nature of those secrets, in order to apprise his royal mistress

and her ministers of a darkly-concealed, though sweeping branch of *lèse-majesté*, must have agitated the bosom of the faithful magistrate! With the rapidity of instinct he put a searching question, which could not have been surpassed by the profoundest calculation. "Mr. White: Do you *mean to say* you have worn *but one shirt all the time?*—Prisoner: Yes; when it was dirty I washed it out one night in the kitchen." It is hardly necessary to state, that the court was convulsed with laughter. Re-examination thus proceeds:—"The apartment I like best is the drawing room. (Loud laughter.)—Mr. White: You have not told me *from what town* you came(!) or if you had any relation.—I came from the city of Hertford, and I lived with Mr. H. Cotton, shoemaker, and a householder there.—Mr. White: Is he any relation?—Prisoner: *Only my father.* (Renewed laughter.)—Mr. White: You are not a sweep, are you?—Prisoner: Oh no, it's only my face and hands are dirty: that's from sleeping in the chimneys. I do not know the names of any of the servants, but I know my way all over the palace, and have been all over it, the Queen's apartments and all. *The Queen is very fond of politics.*—Mr. White said he should remand the prisoner until Wednesday." The questions of the magistrate have almost as much *gusto* (in their way) as the answers of the boy. As to the petty thefts which it seems he had contemplated, we find it difficult to regard the thing in the serious light of vice and depravity; but rather as a part of the extraordinary circumstances of fairy-like temptation in which he found himself placed. And supposing all his statements to be unfounded—a fact since ascertained—what does the whole affair prove? Why, that in the midst of all our science and matter-of-fact, we are still disposed to give credence to the romantic, because it excites our imaginations, and gives a fillip of novelty to our daily rounds. We say nothing of the juvenile fabricator of the tale. A clever young imp must he be, and naturally incorrigible—however corrected.

Grace Darling's *Levee.*—The presentation of 50*l.* to the Darlings from Her Majesty, was a kind and sensible gift; so was the present from the Duke of Northumberland; and the gold medallions from the Royal Humane Society were well bestowed, as tokens of honour, and testimonials of the noble and heroic humanity of Grace Darling and her father. But while we demur to the beneficial *effect*, or consequences, of the gift of a splendid shawl, from her Grace of Northumberland to Grace Darling (as tending to occasion a ruinous change in the rest of her attire), we have no doubt of the pain and annoyance suffered by these meritorious and single-minded individuals, from the gross curiosity and absurdity with which they are constantly beset. A Newcastle paper informs us, that—"as soon as it was known that they were residing with their relative, Mr. M'Farlane, of Narrowgate-street, people began to assemble, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town were gratified with *an audience* of them." And the "audience" was readily vouchsafed by her Grace of Darling. We are also informed that "the manner in which *they bore* the *searching curiosity* of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and their *numerous* visitors, as well as that of the *people at large*, was truly worthy of the gentle heroine and her heroic *sire*." What must the worthy old man and his interesting daughter think of all this searching curiosity, which it required so much fortitude to bear? Moreover, must they not resent—or should not we resent it for them—the attempt to reduce their natural nobility down to something "genteel?" One Newcastle paper, in speaking of Grace's "sire," tells us that "Mr. Darling is a very fine *military-looking* old man." We expect soon to hear it added, that he has very much the appearance of a general officer. Grace is also beginning to "rise" into *Miss* Grace Darling, and a swindler has actually been going round the suburbs of London collecting money for a piece of plate to be presented, as he affirmed, to this "young lady." Something might be said of the prints that have been published at the top of songs, wherein Grace is depicted in an elegant *negligee*, "waving her lily hand" as a signal, and gently touching an oar with a finger and thumb of the other hand, while the boat beneath her operatic toe, is equally poised on the tip of an enfuriate sugar-loaf billow;—but really this is too absurd.

Clerical Dustmen.—The triumph of the widow Woolfrey over the sanctified curate of Carisbrook, who first "flew at" the pious and feeling inscription she chose to have upon her deceased husband's tombstone, was followed up by another disgraceful affair of a more substantial kind, in which the widow of a village blacksmith protested against the rising tide of fees demanded by the Rev. J. Tomkyns, for the grave-ground, surplice honours, bricking, arching, &c., consequent on her husband's interment. The *Morning Chronicle* gave the full statement, and the *Examiner* acted as expounder and commentator in its best style. "It is much to be desired," said the writer, "that the Rev. J. Tomkyns would edify the world by the publication of his *Meditations among the Tombs*. The subject has already been handled by the moralist" (and florist?); "but we should like to see it also treated by the Churchman; and from the sample before us, of the literary skill and clerical spirit of Mr. Tomkyns, Meditations among the Tombs from his pen would be a curiosity indeed. In meditating on the tombs, the thoughts that must occur to the Tomkyns' mind, must be, how much each had brought, or should bring, into his pocket. He would look at the brick

grave as worth 6*l.* 2*s.*; at the head and foot stones, as worth 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; at arches turned over the same, as worth 1*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*; and at a poor man's grave, as complete as the affection of a mourning widow could make it, in the churchyard of the Poor Man's Church, as bringing him in, surplice fees included, the handsome sum of 10*l.* 2*s.*" This reminds us of a custom said to have been practised by newspapers of the olden time, with respect to the fees then demanded for insertions in their obituaries. The scale was something like the following: — For the announcement of a simple death, 1*s.*; — for the death of a gentleman or lady much lamented, 1*s.* 6*d.*; for having the painful duty to announce the same, 2*s.*; for the death of a lady who was a pattern of all Christian virtues, 2*s.* 6*d.*; — for taking up the pen with the deepest regret, in order to fulfil the painful duty of announcing the same, 3*s.*; — for the death of a gentleman who was a kind father, a devoted husband, and a blessing to the surrounding neighbourhood, whose funeral was conducted upon the most expensive scale, and who was followed by the lamentations of thousands, 10*s.* 6½*d.* Preposterous as this may appear, the letter of the Rev. J. Tomkyns quite equals it. But after all, the main error lies in the legal right which the state-clergy possess of compelling people to "down with their *dust*" in this way. The Rev. Tomkyns argued quite justly, according to the terms of his monopoly, when he demanded an extra fee for turning a brick arch over the grave. The reason is plain; for the brick arch would render the grave as good as a tomb; and whereas in the case of an ordinary poor man's burial, the ground can generally be used over again in less than seven years, the brick arch would not be likely to fall in for fifty years; nay, might probably last a century, during the whole of which time the ground-capital would be lying dead, instead of the interest producing a fresh crop of fees every seven years!

Praying in Churchyards, and Staying from Church. — The friends of the Establishment agree, by this time, with its opponents, in thinking that it was injudicious to raise the question as to the legality of quoting a verse of Scripture upon a tombstone. Otherwise, we should have heard something of a subscription to reimburse the Rev. Mr. Breeks for the heavy costs to which the Court of Arches has put him, in baffling his attempt to inflict some unknown pains and penalties on a poor widow, for inviting all wanderers in Carisbrook churchyard to pray for the soul of her deceased husband. Undoubtedly, the Church, which is supposed to charge highly for its prayers within doors on behalf of the living, is consistent in opposing these cheap and involuntary prayers in churchyards on behalf of the dead. It must be very convenient to discountenance the doctrine of supplicating mercy for the departed, lest sinners should postpone their penitence, and hesitate to seek the church's intercession while they may. As clergymen are appointed for the "cure of souls," it is natural they should regard souls that are gone as "past cure," and decide upon having nothing to do with them. Still it would be as well if they would lay down some clear and distinct line by which the survivors of those who have stood in need of prayers may walk in safety through the winding paths of the burial-ground, and not stumble against the odd corners of the church — to the equal injury of their own bones and the sacred edifice. It is unquestionably good to protest against popery; but is it a less excellent thing to protest against protestantism, when it comes in so questionable a shape that we cannot distinguish its venerable form from that of persecution? It cannot be wrong to protest against that which speaks with two voices, the one contradicting the other. The protestant establishment thus speaks, when it contains within its doctrines much of what it most abhors — when it denounces us for simply obeying precepts of scripture, or for acting upon the sacred lessons taught in its own book of prayers. For example, what is more decidedly repudiated amongst us than the Romish doctrine of absolution — of priest-pardon — of periodical forgiveness to be had on paying for it? And yet, in the "Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and other rites and ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland," do we not find that the minister visiting the sick shall move them to make a special confession of their sins, if their consciences be troubled with any weighty matter; and shall, after such confession, absolve them — the form of prayer being, "Our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath left power to his church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in him, of his great mercy forgive thee thine offences: And by his authority committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins, in the name of," &c.? Little practical harm can ensue from appealing for a prayer for the dead; but much may result from picturing to the minds of the living the luxury of entire absolution. Yet what are we to think when we see this doctrine so solemnly sanctioned as the adopted of the Church of England — and when we find one of the religious societies exulting in having sent forth during the past year more than a million of these prayer books, each containing this awful misrepresentation? We want a "reform" in this respect — something explicit, definite, distinct, like the alteration proposed in the denounced inscription — "*Don't* pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey — it is *not* a wholesome thought to pray for the dead;" — definite, distinct, and explicit, as is the other suggestion for a tombstone to be hereafter raised — "Pray for the feelings of the Rev. Mr. Breeks — it is a wholesome thought to pray *for the dead*."

From the churchyard, we pass into the church, where we do not find the churchwarden

of the parish of Llanelly, nor his dissenting brother, of the parish of Llanon. These two unfortunate Welshmen are to be found in Carmarthen gaol; thither sent, as having been guilty of the crime of absenting themselves from church! Why; because they preferred spending the hours of divine service in the beer shop? No. Or because they chose to devote the sabbath to field-sports or mercenary trading? No. Or because they in any way lent themselves to a desecration of the holy day? No.—But simply because they conscientiously differed from the tenets of the church to which they were summoned; because, in short, their consciences told them that they ought to worship God in their own way. For this they are prosecuted at the suit of the Rev. Ebenezer Morris; and for this they are admonished, and adjudged to pay the costs of the action, in default of which they are committed to the common gaol. The existing statute which authorises this extraordinary proceeding, had its origin among those that were passed in the reign of Elizabeth, for the coercion of dissenters, who were driven to church on pain of imprisonment or transportation. About twenty years have elapsed since it was last forced into operation. If there be many Morrises alive, it is plain that the first thing we must do, is to erect new prisons for the non-church-goers, or lunatic asylums for the clergy. Yes, chapels must be changed into gaols; and rectories converted, not into gin-palaces (a transformation that has actually occurred within the walls of the city), but into retreats for the incurably insane. By the way, if this old law can be put into execution against churchwardens, why not against clergymen? How many are there in England, to say nothing of Ireland, who never even saw the pulpits from which they are supposed to deliver homilies on the observance of religious duties! If non-attendance at church be an offence punishable with the felon's fate, we ought to see a few parsons in fetters!

Notes *on* the Month. — To the Deity who maketh fruitful are the firstlings offered, and therefore the first day of each month, and the first month of the year are dedicated to Juno. This is the janua or gate, or portal month, and is dedicated also to the two-faced god, or the power of prospect and retrospect. Although Romulus, in his year of ten months, may have paid little respect to the hagamana, the holy month, yet Numa Pompilius assigned to it the place it has maintained for 2511 returns. It began the consular and the Julian year during the last 1884 revolutions of the sun, and only claimed to be more established in power in the year 1752, when England, the last of all the countries of Europe, save Sweden, to adopt the New Style, conformed to the general custom. It was on Thursday, the 1st day of January, 1801, that the imperial parliament first assembled, in honour of the union with Ireland, which it was then prophesied (no doubt by some repealer in prospect,) would not endure for forty years. Then it was that the quarterings of France were expunged from the arms of England, which, according to certain matrimonial, but not very popular rumours, are not unlikely to be restored. On this day in 1349, Edward III. rewarded with *a string of pearls*, the gallantry of Eustace de Ribeaumont, his antagonist; and the no less chivalrous Edmund Burke, was born on the 1st of January 1730. On the second, in the year 1492, Ferdinand V. expelled the Moors from Spain, and restored internal peace to that long harassed nation; what a pity that the Isabella of our day is not supported by such a Ferdinand! It was on this day, in the year 1727, that General Wolfe was born, to yield his brave spirit on the plains of Quebec, before he reached his 33d year, — not, we fear, the last sacrifice that Canada will demand of England. Ovid and Livy both died on this day, in the same year (A. D. 18). Cicero was born on the 3rd (B. C. 107). Josiah Wedgewood, a patriot as pure, and more practical, died on this day in 1795; in the spirit of Hamlet's reasoning, Wedgewood might have made a teapot out of the clay of Tully. On the 4th, in 1291, Edward I. wrote an account of the death of Eleanor, on whose tomb, at Westminster, tapers burned for 200 years afterwards, and to whose memory were reared the splendid crosses of Waltham, Northampton, &c., still existing, and that of Charing, which has long ceased to exist, except as the golden sign of a great coach-office, or, as we must soon write, a great railway depôt. On the 5th of January died Edward the Confessor (1066), Charles the Bold (1477), and Frederick, Duke of York (1827). The 6th, old Christmas-day, the Epiphany, twelfth night, the anniversary of the avatar of the Egyptian Isis, the new year's day of the Druids, and the Christmas-day of the Greeks and Russians, is so full of its own honour, that we need not record any accessary incident to make it more remarkable. The 7th is St. Distaff's day; on the 7th January, more than half a century ago (1785), Blanchard and Jefferies passed from Shakspeare's cliff to Guiennes in a balloon, from which period to the last trip of the Great Nassau, little progress appears to have been made in the navigation of the air. Galileo, on this day (1610), discovered his Medicean stars, the satellites of Jupiter. On this day, in 1549, Cranmer's prayer-book was *established* by law. Galileo died on the 8th of January, 1642, the day of St. Gudule, to whom is dedicated the superb cathedral of Brussels. On the 9th, the funeral of Nelson was celebrated in 1806, and on the same day, Sir David Baird took possession of the Cape of Good Hope by capitulation, on the defeat of General Janssens; in the Roman calendar, this was the agonalia, a day dedicated to *the god of business*. The 10th was the first day of the ancient Swedish year; on this

day, in 1628, Oliver Cromwell took his seat in the House of Commons as a member of the third parliament of Charles I. The 11th of January was dedicated at Athens to jollification, and at Rome to connubial felicity; in England, the first lottery was drawn on this day (1569), at the great west entrance to St. Paul's church. Linnæus (1778), Sir H. Sloane (1752), Roubilliac (1762), and Schlegel (1829), died on the 11th January. On the 12th, Benedict Biscop, the great Northumbrian instructor died; he *glazed* the windows of his church of Jarrow on the Tyne, before the year 680; Andrew Alciati, whose ingenious *Emblemata* are still admired, died also on this day. It was in London, and, indeed, all over England, a midnight at noon in 1678. The 13th is the Greek and Russian new year's day. In Rome, on this the ides of January, the soldiers who rallied under Romulus, were honoured up to the year 27 B. C., when Octavius Cæsar received the name of Augustus on this day. It was in 1749, the birthday of Charles James Fox; it is the morrow of St. Hilary; Sir Philip Sydney was knighted on it in 1583. John Evelyn was born on the 14th of January, 1654; the 14th is, on an average, the coldest day of the year; this is the mallard-night at All Souls' College, Oxford; it was the star-day of the Greeks, and was held propitious to the fair sex. On the 15th, in 342, died the first Christian hermit; the day was remarkable, in 1362, for a tremendous storm; in 1559, for the coronation of Elizabeth; and, in 1784, for the foundation, by Sir W. Jones, of the Asiatic Society. Edmund Spencer died on the 16th of January, 1599; it is a day dedicated in the ancient calenders, to concord; the battle of St. Vincent (1780), and that of Corunna (1809), were fought on this day. On the 17th, Benjamin Franklin (1706), and Victor Alfieri (1749), were born; on the night of this day, 1806, a part of Yorkshire was illumined by a splendid lunar rainbow. Henry VII.'s chapel was consecrated on the 18th of January, 1502; on the same day in 1486, he had married Elizabeth of York, and "joined the roses, red and white, together;" this is in Rome the festival of St. Peter's chair. The 19th (1736), was the birthday of James Watt, and the death of Congreve (1729). David Garrick in 1779, and John Howard in 1790, died on the 20th of January, the day on which, in 1783, Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her (then) American colonies; this was, in 1793, considered the first day of the fifth month of the French Republic. The Plague broke out in Edinburgh on the 21st of January 1647, which destroyed thirty-nine fortieths of the people. On the 22d, in 1561, Lord Bacon, and in 1788, Lord Byron, were born. This is St. Vincent's day, and on it the island so called was discovered. On the 23d, in 1806, died William Pitt; and on the same day, in 1820, Edward Duke of Kent, the father of her Majesty the Queen: the Royal Exchange was dedicated by Elizabeth in 1571, and in 1794 the Agricultural Society commenced its sittings. On the 24th, B. C. 335, Philip of Macedon was assassinated; and A. D. 41, the career of Caius Caligula was similarly closed. Robert Burns was born on the 25th of January, 1795: it is the anniversary of St. Paul's conversion. On the 26th, in 1823, died Dr. E. Jenner; had every individual who has profited by his discovery, offered in gratitude a single halfpenny towards his monument, it would have outsoared the memorials of the mighty: the great fire in the Temple occurred this day, in 1679, by which the Ashmolean Library, and its numerous and valuable coins, seals, &c., were destroyed. The 27th is the day of St. John of the Golden Mouth (Chrysostom): Lady Catherine Grey died at the Tower on this day, in 1567; in 1719 the South Sea Company proposed to parliament their scheme for paying off the national debt of 30,000,000*l.* sterling. Among the obits of the Latin church for the 28th of January, occurs (804), the name of Charlemagne; Henry VIII. was born (1491), and died (1547) on this day; on which day died also Sir Thomas Bodley (1612), to whom Oxford owes so much; and (1596) Sir Francis Drake, a glorious name for England: on this day in 1410, Thomas Chaucer, chief butler to the king, and son to the immortal Geoffrey, was "elected speaker of the Commons," as we should now say of his presentation. Mr. Angerstein, who founded the national collection of pictures, and George III., who collected the national library at the Museum, died on the 29th of January, the former in 1823, the latter in 1820: Westminster Bridge was founded on this day in 1783, and was afterwards raised by lottery. The death of Charles I. (1648), distinguishes the 30th; on this day in 1790, was the Life-boat first used. On the 31st, in 1606, Guy Faux (Guido Fawkes) was executed at Westminster; it is also the ominous anniversary of another act of political vengeance (in 1692), the massacre of Glencoe. Until the horrors of the Spanish civil war, and certain recent incidents in Canada, had painfully dispelled the sweet illusion, we had hoped that the progress of intellect had purged that gentle weal of the great curse of the dark ages—murder in the name of political vengeance.

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE SCIENCES CONNECTED WITH NATURAL THEOLOGY.

Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology: being the concluding Volumes of Paley's Natural Theology. With Illustrative Notes, &c. By HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., and Member of the National Institute of France. 2 vols. London: 1839.

THESE volumes recall to our memory the beautiful tract on the Pleasures and Advantages of Knowledge*, which, about eleven years ago, harbingered the first series of cheap publications which emanated from the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The name of the author was not prefixed to that celebrated discourse; it was needless;—and equally unnecessary was it to inform the reader of the present volumes to whom he is indebted for the pleasure and instruction they afford. There is only one individual living who could have produced them.

These volumes contain a series of Essays illustrating the attributes of God by examples drawn from his works, and vindicating the Divine policy by analogies and reasonings based on known and admitted phenomena of nature.

The first volume is devoted to the Instinct and Intelligence of the lower Animals, and is written in the form of dialogues between Lords A. and B. (Althorp and Brougham); with notes and appendix, containing an account of some original experiments made by Lord Brougham on the form and structure of the cells of bees, the mathematical details of the theory of that structure, in which it is demonstrated that the bee is a more profound geometer than the most illustrious mathematicians, ("and no wonder, considering WHO was her Teacher"!) and other matter not of a sufficiently elementary nature to be admitted into the text of the work.

The second volume contains a dissertation on the Origin of Evil, a fascinating *précis* of Cuvier's labours in Fossil Osteology, and an attempt to reduce some of the investigations in which the vast discoveries of Newton are developed, to a form in which they can be comprehended by persons of the most moderate acquirements in elementary mathematics.

When once we overstep the limits of science purely physical, and have to deal with mental and moral phenomena, nay, even when we entrench upon

* In the summer of 1830 we happened to travel in the Southern countries of Europe, throughout which we saw the walls of the towns, even of the smaller class, placarded with advertisements of translations into their several languages of this Discourse at a price and in a form which proved that its readers included all who *could* read.—A rare and enviable tribute to genius.

those which may be regarded as lying between the physical and metaphysical, — the phenomena connected with and dependent on organisation and vitality—we become embarrassed by the want of clear and settled definitions. No terms can be more familiar than "Instinct," and its derivatives, "Instinctive," "Instinctively," &c. &c.; yet if we attempt to define it, how obvious will be the objections to almost every form of definition which may be adopted. Instinct has been defined to be that power or faculty which in brutes supplies the want of reason. But to this it may be objected, first, that brutes *have* reason and intelligence, and some have them in no inconsiderable degree. It may, however, be admitted that no act can be properly ascribed to Instinct, unless it can be made plain that it cannot arise from the dictates of intelligence. The kind of negative proof here required is difficult, and, perhaps, must after all come to the impossibility of conceiving how such or such an act in such or such an animal can proceed from intelligence. Lord Brougham thinks that this negative proposition is capable of demonstration. "How," asks Lord Althorp, "do you prove that the bee (in the formation of the comb) does not reason and will?"

"*Lord Brougham.* I do not say we have the proof of the negative as clearly as we have of the affirmative. But, beginning with laying aside those actions of animals which are either ambiguous, or are referable properly to reason, and which, almost all philosophers allow, show a glimmering of reason; and confining ourselves to what are purely instinctive, as the bee forming a hexagon, without knowing what it is, or why she forms it; my proof of this, not being reason, but something else, and something not only differing from reason in degree but in kind, is from a comparison of the facts — an examination of the phenomena in each case — in a word, from induction. I perceive a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately, without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell, and furnishing it with carpets and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and knowing nothing of course about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use, perhaps any use at all, is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs, and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg, — just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched; and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm, nor ever saw a worm, nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence; and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing anything, and yet she works to a certain and defined purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way, and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught; who works with knowledge of what he is about, and who works, intending and meaning, and, in a word, designing, to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, — though it is rather, perhaps, the consequence of this difference, than a separate and substantive head of diversity,—the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times, alike." pp. 16—18.

Instinct supposes an *agent* doing something for the attainment of an *end*. It also supposes the agent to be ignorant or unconscious of the *end* to be so attained by the action he performs, or by the *means* he employs. This is true; but it does not appear to us that it is *enough* to entitle the power

which prompts the act to the name Instinct. It is well observed by Locke, that the *end* to be attained must also be necessary to the preservation or well-being of the agent, or conducive to the continuance of its species, or that, in short, it must fulfil some purpose in the economy of the individual, or the species, or even more generally of nature, sufficiently important to warrant the assumption of a power implanted in the agent with a view to that especial purpose.

But even this is not enough. Little reflection is necessary to render it apparent that there are many acts which animals (including the human race) do or abstain from, the doing or abstaining from which is conducive to their well-being, and yet in which they cannot be said to be prompted by Instinct. An animal eats to gratify hunger, drinks to slake thirst, and seeks for the indulgence of its various natural appetites for mere gratification. Now in all these cases (except in the abuse of appetites) the *end* is the preservation and well-being of the animal. The *motive* to the action is, however, the gratification of the appetite. Of the *end* the lower animals are entirely ignorant; and the human animal, though he knows the *end*, yet does not (at least, not generally) act with it as a *motive*. In these cases, then, all the conditions of Instinct above enumerated are fulfilled, and yet the act cannot properly be said, and, in fact, *is* not said, to proceed from Instinct.

The absence of any discoverable *motive* is, therefore, as appears to us, necessary to entitle any action to be ascribed to Instinct.

A *test* by which instinctive actions are distinguishable from actions learned by the experience of ourselves or by instruction, *i. e.* the experience of others, is that they are never marked by progressive improvement. "The bee, 6000 years ago, made its cell as accurately, and the wasp its paper as perfectly, as they now do." Not so with the human reasoners, who go on generation after generation in an endless progression towards perfection.

The fulfilment of a purpose in the economy of the agent to whom Instinct is ascribed, is well illustrated by Lord Brougham. Lord Althorp is made to object that every thing ascribed to Instinct may be analogous to the gratification of some natural appetite.

"*Lord Althorp.* The mother eats things which satisfy her appetite, and that is all she cares for; but those things also produce milk, which nourishes her infant, — and that she never thought of. The time is also suited by the feeling. The hunger gives the supply when the system wants it; the eating produces the milk when the infant requires it. How does this differ from the other case?" (*i. e.* the case of Instinct).

"*Lord Brougham.* Much every way. The difference is wide and marked. In the cases you put, the mental Instinct is confined to produce the effect intended; and having produced it, the mind stops there and does nothing more. The powers of matter, its physical qualities set in motion, do the rest, of course beyond our direct control, and unaided by us as unknown to us. But in the case of Instinct the mind performs *both parts* — both the things which it knows and intends, and the thing which it neither knows nor intends. The mother eats — nature produces the milk without the least action of hers. But the bee not only gratifies herself (if that is the cause of her architecture) by the structure of the cell, but by her art, by her work, she does the other thing also, that of providing a lodging for her young. *It is as if the mother in your supposed case were both to eat intentionally for satisfying her hunger, and at the same time, without knowing or intending it, were to make milk by some process of internal churning.*" pp. 38, 39.

The second dialogue contains the discussion of the Theory of Instinct. After contrasting the extremes of the Cartesian and Newtonian doctrines, —

in the former of which the animal was regarded as a mere piece of mechanism, constructed or *wound up* so as to go for a certain time, and to make a certain succession of movements, to undergo a series of changes, and finally to *go down;* and in the latter, on the other hand, the animal was regarded as a mere passive being, all whose motions and actions were made by the immediate interposition of the Deity; — the author proceeds to the analysis of the *facts* stated in the first dialogue.

Of the innumerable curious and interesting processes observed in the habits and manners of the lower animals, none is calculated to throw so strong a light upon the nature of Instinct as the internal economy of a bee-hive. The structure of the comb supplies an example of the most perfect solution of a problem of great intricacy and difficulty in the highest department of mathematics. Many futile attempts have been made to account for the process by which the insect is enabled to execute this extraordinary work.

"*Lord Althorp.* I have heard it said that what seems so perfect a structure, and so judicious a dividing out of the space, so as to save room and work and material, is only the necessary consequence of placing a number of cylindrical or globular bodies together; that if you blow many soap-bubbles in a basin they will, by their weight and pressure, settle into hexagons."

"*Lord Brougham.* There never was anything more absurd than what some, calling themselves philosophers, have said without a moment's reflection on this subject. No less a name than Buffon may be cited for such nonsense. There are two decisive answers: — *First*, the soap-bubbles will *not* make hexagons, although your eye may see straight lines formed by their intersections, but not one hexagon the least like the bee's will you find in all the foam; and *next*, there is not a single globe, or cylinder, or any figure like it ever made by any bee. Huber has seen them, or rather had them carefully observed, when at work; they first make a groove, and then form its walls into planes, and all the rest is a making of planes and angles one after the other without any circular figures at all. So some one finding the eye of the bee to be a network, when greatly magnified, and each mesh a hexagon, thought he had found out why the bee works in that figure. To which the answer was obvious, that men and other animals having circular pupils should, by parity of reason, work in circles." pp. 72, 73.

* * * * * * * *

"It was the celebrated Maraldi who first measured the angles of the cells, and found them to be 109° 28′ and 70° 32′ respectively. Reaumur afterwards set a young mathematician, pupil of Bernouilli, called Kœnig, to find what were the angles that made the greatest saving of wax, and the result was by his analysis 109° 26′ and 70° 34′, being within two minutes of his own measurement, which measurement he had not communicated to Kœnig. But it turns out that the bee was right and the analyst wrong: for by solving the problem in another way I find that he erred by two minutes; and other mathematicians, with whom I have communicated, distinctly find the same thing, and we have also found how the error crept in." pp. 74, 75.

* * * * * * * *

"A Berlin academician, thinking, I suppose, to do a kindness by Frederic II., objected to the bee, that though, if the dimensions of the cell be given, the saving is as I have stated; yet there is such a great waste of wax arising from those dimensions, as proves the saving of wax to be no object. He sets himself the principle of what he calls *minimum minimorum;* namely, to find the proportion between the length and breadth of the cell which saves most wax; and he finds it something quite wide of the actual proportions. Now, I went over this analysis, and again found the bee right, and the philosopher at fault; for he had wholly left out the hexagonal covering of the cell's mouth, which, whether for brood or honey, there always is; and I found the actual, or bee's proportion, to save more

than the academician's, when this was taken into the calculation. I moreover found the sides to be so much thinner than the bottom, that a shallow and wide cell would have cost more, even independent of the covering at the mouth. Again, he admits the form chosen to suit the bee's shape, which the form he calls a true minimum never could; but I show that it saves wax as well. Lastly, I have solved another problem of a like kind; namely, to find the angles that save most of the fine, or difficult work, which is the angular or corner working evidently, and that also is the thickest part of the work necessarily. I find the solution gives the very same angles which the bee uses, and which also save wax in the other view. So that she has hit upon the very form which in every respect is the most advantageous, and turns out to be on all grounds right; as, indeed, we might well suppose, when we recollect who is her teacher." pp. 76, 77.

The difference between the method of proceeding by Reason and Instinct is then stated:—

"*Lord Althorp.* How we should go to work, had we to build cells, is plain enough. Suppose we had discovered, which we should do by mathematical investigation, the proper form, the due proportion of the width to the length, and the proper angles of the bottom or roof, then we should have drawings and plans, and by these we should cut our planks, if the structure were of wood; or if it were of stone, which more resembles the bee's materials, and is, be it observed, much more difficult and complicated to work with, we should, by those plans, and by models or frames, run our courses. It would be a nice and difficult work to make this masonry; and would require the builder, both in hewing the stones and in putting them up, to follow the details of the plan in its parts, and without any regard to the general figure or result. He would be wholly unable to succeed if he looked to that; all his building would be awry and out of the required figure: his only chance is to make his plan exact, and his model-frames suit it; and then he has instruments and tools, plumb-lines, squares and plumbs together, in order to raise his perpendiculars. By these he proceeds, for he cannot trust his eye or his hand a moment beyond the mere adjusting his work to his instrument and his plan. Now the bee confessedly has neither plan, except what is in her head, nor any model at all whereby to guide her hand, nor any instrument to adjust her work to the plan in her head, nor any tool to work with, except her paw and her feeler, which is as her eye in doing the work. Then how does she work?"

"*Lord Brougham.* Certainly this is a most important consideration. We cannot trust our eye or our hand an instant. We have no exact perception of the line, and no steadiness in pursuing it. We have recourse to plans and instruments, because we cannot form our lines by volition, that is, by having a form in our mind, and by making our hands follow that form. We, therefore, must first lay it down sensibly, and then guide our hands by material means. Thus we have no power of forming a dome, an arch, or a circle, or a perpendicular, or a level, or even a straight line at all, or any one line or form which we conceive in our mind. Far from being able to follow these lines in great works, as roofs, and walls, and excavations, we cannot even represent such forms on a sheet of paper by our handiwork. If we could do this, we should work like the insect, who acts immediately, and not through the instrumentality of means. Unable to execute any purpose of our mind, as she does, we have recourse to instruments. We endeavour, as far as we can, to reduce every thing to a physical or material process — to exclude mental operation or agency altogether — to make the whole a material, or, as we call it, accurately enough, a mechanical operation. Reason, no doubt, has taught us to do so; but it has taught us a general rule; and there is little or no reason, little or no operation of the mind, in its application to the particular cases. On the contrary, the use of the rule or method is, that it precludes the operation of the mind as much as possible, and makes the whole physical, or nearly so. To take an instance, we reduce, by engraving or printing, the whole operation of drawing a picture, or writing a page, to turning a lever, which does the work for us. So in building, though there is less mechanical facility, we guide

our hand by the instruments employed and the lines drawn, making the operation as mechanical, as little mental, as possible. The bee's operation is all mind together. She has no plans, no instruments, no tools. It is, as if by waving our hands among plastic materials, we formed walls, aud domes, and columns, and never deviated a hair's breadth from the perfectly accurate plan. I am very decidedly of opinion that this essential difference between the works of reason and Instinct is of the greatest importance to our inquiry; for nothing can more show the peculiarity of the instinctive operation, or more prove that the mind of the agent is, as it were, the machine and the instrument to perform the work, and to perform it with an unerring certainty, and with absolute perfection." pp. 77—81.

Want of space and the difficulty of abridging what has been already expressed in the best possible, and at the same time in the fewest words, compel us to relinquish this subject of the theory of Instinct, and to refer the reader to the second dialogue itself.

The subject of the next dialogue is the Intelligence of Animals, illustrated by those acts and habits which admit of being rationally accounted for, and, indeed, which cannot be accounted for otherwise than by ascribing thought and will to the agents. No class of the smaller members of the animal kingdom afford more striking examples of intelligence, especially of social intelligence, than *ants;* and one of the most singular instances of this is the ascertained principle of vicarious industry, which has been observed among them: the ant

"Has the cunning to keep aphides, which she nourishes for the sake of obtaining from them the honey-dew forming her favourite food, as men keep cows for their milk, or bees for their honey." p. 119.

* * * * * * *

"*Lord Brougham.* But the expeditions of a predatory nature are by all admitted. They resemble some of the worst crimes of the human race: the ants undertake expeditions for the purpose of seizing and carrying off slaves, whom they afterwards hold in subjection to do their work; so that the least significant and the most important of all animals agree together in committing the greatest of crimes—slave-trading.

"*Lord Althorp.* With this material difference, that the ant does not pharisaically pretend to religion and virtue, while we bring upon religion the shame of our crimes by our disgusting hypocrisy. But the wasp, too, shows no little sagacity as well as strength. Dr. Darwin relates an incident, to which he was an eye-witness, of a wasp having caught a fly almost of her own size; she cut off its head and tail, and tried to fly away with the body; but finding that, owing to a breeze then blowing, the fly's wings were an impediment to her own flight, and turned her round in the air, she came to the ground and cut off the fly's wings one after the other with her mouth. She then flew away with the body unmolested by the wind.

"*Lord Brougham.* I have myself observed many instances of similar fertility of resource in bees. But perhaps the old anecdote of the jackdaw is as good as any — who, when he found his beak could not reach the water he wanted to drink, threw into the pitcher pebble after pebble till he raised the surface of the liquid to the level of his beak. Lord Bacon tells it of a raven filling up the hollows in a tree where water had settled.

"*Lord Althorp.* Or the crows of whom Darwin speaks in the north of Ireland, who rise in the air with limpets and muscles, to let them fall on the rocks and break them, that they may come at the fish. It is said that animals never use tools, and Franklin has defined man a tool-making animal; but this is as nearly using tools as may be — at least, it shows the same fertility of resources, the using means towards an end." pp. 120, 121.

* * * * * *

"*Lord Brougham.* Perhaps the most remarkable of all proofs of animal intelli-

gence is to be found in the nymphæ of watermoths, which get into straws, and adjust the weight of their case so that it can always float — at least Mr. Smellie says, that when too heavy they add a piece of straw or wood, and when too light a bit of gravel. If this be true, it is impossible to deny great intelligence to this insect." pp. 122, 123.

* * * * * * * *

"Smellie, however, mentions a cat which, being confined in a room, in order to get out and meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here, that used both to open the latch of the stable, and raise the lid of the corn-chest — things which must have been learnt by himself, from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken in here to grass, in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do." p. 124.

* * * * * * * *

"An American bird, of which you find a curious account in the *Philadelphia Transactions*, is called the *neün-tödter* by the Germans, as we should say, the *nine-killer*, and is found to catch grasshoppers and spear them when dead upon twigs where the small birds come on which it feeds; for the grasshoppers themselves it never touches. These are left, generally about nine in number (from whence its name), the whole winter, and they attract the birds of which the animal in question makes its prey. This is really using one creature as a bait, in order thereby to decoy and catch another." p. 125.

* * * * * * * *

"The wild deer (*barein*) are far too swift for those lumbering sportsmen; so the bear perceives them at a distance by the scent; and, as they herd in low grounds, when he approaches them, he gets upon the adjoining eminence, from whence he rolls down pieces of rock; nor does he quit his ambush, and pursue, until he finds that some have been maimed." p. 126.

* * * * * * * *

"They (the beavers) then work in concert on the wood, gnawing the trees and branches to suit their operations. A tree, the thickness of a man's body, they will soon bring down by gnawing round its base, but on one side merely, and they know so exactly the operation of gravity on it, that they make it fall always across the stream, so as to require no land carriage. It must be observed, in passing, that if they do this the first time they have built, and without any previous experience of falling bodies, the operation must be taken as purely instinctive. They form their cabins so as to contain from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty animals; each cabin has two doors, one to the land, and one to the water, in order that they may either go ashore, or bathe or swim, and sit in the water, which is part of their pleasure, or rather of their amphibious existence. They have in each cabin also a store-house for placing the parts of the shoots on which they feed (for that they make provision against winter is quite certain), and room enough for accommodating their young when brought forth. The cabins are built on piles, so as to be out of the water; they are neatly plastered with cement, the animal's flat and scaly tail being used as a trowel in this operation. They are of sufficient strength to resist, not only the stream and floods to which occasionally they may be exposed, but also severe storms of wind. The beavers choose to work with a kind of earth not soluble in water, and which they mix with clay." p. 128, 129.

* * * * * * * *

"In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of 500 or 600, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near; if the man continues, he neighs aloud, and

in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear." p. 132.

* * * * * * * *

"A horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits, and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier he would jump off the highway and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered would fight for his load." pp. 132, 133.

Serjeant Wilde, it appears, has studied the intellectual faculties of the lower animals with considerable success. He has supplied Lord Brougham with some amusing and instructive anecdotes: A dog with whom the learned serjeant had the pleasure of being acquainted, used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he used to slip his head out of the collar, and, returning before dawn, put on the collar again in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion.

"*Lord Brougham.* Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (beside his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the serjeant: and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought seventeen out of twenty oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, 'Go, fetch them:' and he went and singled out those very three. The serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. The serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage; then brought back all the goslings one by one and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him." pp. 133, 134.

In cases where various means are selected by the agent according to the varying circumstances under which the end is to be attained, the act is plainly rational and not instinctive.

"*Lord Brougham.* There is a singular story told by Dupont de Nemours in Autun's *Animaux Célèbres*, and which he says he witnessed himself. A swallow had slipped its foot into the noose of a cord attached to a spout in the College des Quatre Nations at Paris, and by endeavouring to escape had drawn the knot tight. Its strength being exhausted in vain attempts to fly, it uttered piteous cries, which assembled a vast flock of other swallows from the large basin between the Tuileries and Pont Neuf. They seemed to crowd and consult together for a little while, and then one of them darted at the string and struck at it with his beak as he flew past; and others following in quick succession did the same, striking at the same part, till, after continuing this combined operation for half an hour, they succeeded in severing the cord and freeing their companion. They all continued flocking and hovering till night; only, instead of the tumult and agitation in which they had been at their first assembling, they were chattering as if without any anxiety at all, but conscious of having succeeded." pp. 135, 136.

The disposition of animals to imitation is well known. As an example of their docility, Lord Brougham when a boy had

"A green linnet, or rather a mongrel between that and a goldfinch, which, being placed in a kitchen, left its own fine and sweet notes, to take to an imitation, and a very good and exceedingly discordant one, of a jack, which, being ill constructed, generally squeaked as if it wanted oiling." p. 138.

It seems to be a fact as curious as it is well attested, that the skill or

knowledge which animals acquire by education is, unlike that of the human race, *hereditary*. Mr. T. A. Knight, formerly president of the Horticultural Society, has given abundant proofs of this in a paper on the subject, lately read before the Royal Society.

"*Lord Brougham.* He chiefly dwells on the case of springing spaniels; and among other instances gives this, which is indeed very remarkable. He found the young and untaught ones as skilful as the old ones, not only in finding and raising the woodcocks, but in knowing the exact degree of frost which will drive those birds to springs and rills of unfrozen water. He gives the instance, too, of a young retriever, bred from a clever and thoroughly-taught parent, which, being taken out at ten months old, with hardly any instruction at all, behaved as well and knowingly as the best taught spaniel, in rushing into the water for game that was shot, when pointed out to it, however small, bringing it, and depositing it, and then going again, and when none remained, seeking the sportsman and keeping by him. He imported some Norwegian ponies, mares, and had a breed from them. It was found that the produce "had no mouth" as the trainers say; and it was impossible to give it them; but they were otherwise perfectly docile. Now in Norway, draught horses, as I know, having travelled there and driven them, are all trained to go by the voice, and have no mouth. — Again, he observed that they could not be kept between hedges, but walked deliberately through them — there being, he supposes, none in the country from which their dams came." pp. 140, 141.

Innumerable well-attested anecdotes are extant of the power of animals to discover the route to a place with which they have been familiar, — a faculty, which having no connection with their well-being or preservation, cannot be ascribed to Instinct.

"*Lord Brougham.* Kirby and Spence, too, in their *Introduction to Entomology*, state, on the authority of a captain in the navy, a strange anecdote of an ass, taken from Gibraltar to Cape de Gat, on board of ship, and finding its way immediately back, through Spain, to the garrison, a distance of 200 miles of very difficult country. The ass had swum on shore when the ship was stranded. This fact seems to be well authenticated, for all the names are given, and the dates." p. 144.

* * * * * * * *

"When two goats meet on a ledge bordering upon a precipice, and find there is no room either to pass each other or to return, after a pause, as if for reflection, one crouches down and the other walks gently over his back, when each continues his perilous journey along the narrow path." pp. 144, 145.

* * * * * * * *

"*Lord Althorp.* A cat that had been brought up in amity with a bird, and being one day observed to seize suddenly hold of the latter, which happened to be perched out of its cage, on examining, it was found that a stray cat had got into the room, and that this alarming step was a manœuvre to save the bird till the intruder should depart." p. 145.

Serjeant Wilde has amused himself with observing these powers of domesticated animals to discover their homes.

"*Lord Brougham.* Serjeant Wilde took pigeons of the rock kind to Hounslow, and they flew back to Guildford-street in an hour. They were taken in a bag, and could see or smell nothing by the way. On being let loose, they made two or three wide circles, and then flew straight to their dove-cot. The serjeant also knew of a cat which a shopkeeper's apprentice in Fore-street had been desired to hang, and found he could not. He then took it in a bag to Blackfriars' Bridge and threw it into the river: the cat was at home in Fore-street as soon as the apprentice. He might have made a circuit, but certainly the cat returned in an hour or two. The grocer's name was Gardner: the distance is certainly above a mile, and through the most crowded part of London." p. 146.

Incidentally to the dialogue on the Intelligence of Animals, Virey's *Histoire des Mœurs et de l'Instinct des Animaux* is noticed and justly censured for its florid declamatory style and frivolous sentimentality. This calls to the recollection of the illustrious author the speeches of the philosophers at the British Association.

"*Lord Brougham.* I cannot quite acquit of all blame the meetings, however useful and praiseworthy in other respects, of an association which brings crowds of hundreds and thousands together, to hear mathematicians and chemists making declamatory speeches. I must say that those assemblages offer some violence to science, at least they somewhat lower her by showing her cultivators trying a trade they no more can or even ought to excel in, than poets in solving questions of fluxions. It is since these meetings, otherwise useful and excellent, rose into eloquence, that I have seen a mathematical discussion, by a very able and learned man, in two consecutive pages of which I reckoned up above twenty metaphors — all tending to darken the subject — to say nothing of poetical quotations without any mercy. Formerly declamations were reckoned so little an accomplishment of scientific men, that when Bishop Horsley filled our Royal Society with a factious controversy, the ministerial side, Sir Joseph Bankes's party, had to send for assistance — and where think you they went for an orator?

"*Lord Althorp.* I suppose to some Nisi Prius advocate.

"*Lord Brougham.* Guess again.—No!—So humble were their views of oratory, that they went to the other side of the hall, as the lawyers say, and got for their champion, Mr. Anguish, who was Accountant-general, a Chancery man, and had perhaps made as few speeches as any one in that court. But in the work which I have referred to, and even in those scientific meetings, there is at least much that is highly valuable, much good grain, and the trash may be rejected as chaff." pp. 157—159.

Having enumerated the most striking facts in the conduct of the lower animals, by which intelligence is manifested, the question next discussed is the degree in which they possess the reasoning faculty. This point was very fully investigated by Locke, who, as Lord Brougham says, admits that many brutes excel in reasoning "some that are called men;" and maintains that there are among animals, powers of reason so gradually decreasing, that it is difficult to draw the exact line between the reasoning powers of species and species. This, however, is necessarily connected with Locke's favourite theory, so fully developed in his third book (that on Language) in which he maintains that Nature has not made animals in species at all; that the existence of species is a pure fiction of the human mind, founded certainly on real resemblances observable among individuals — but not having any relation to the essential qualities of the beings thus classified. If we recollect rightly, he even maintains, that were it not for the convenience, or rather necessities, of language, species would never have been thought of; but that, since words could not be infinite, it was unavoidable to give to many individuals the same name, and it was natural that the *accidental* resemblances between individuals should be the foundation of this verbal classification.

Locke, although he treats of abstraction and of abstract ideas, virtually denies the existence of the latter at all, and maintains, in accordance with the theory just adverted to, that we have abstract *terms* only, not abstract *notions*.

This theory of the non-existence of species in nature is, however, untenable. Many facts in physiology and natural history are incompatible with it, among which may be mentioned the impossibility of propagation by mules.

Locke admits to brutes a certain degree of reasoning, but limits it by denying them the power of abstraction. He allows them observation, comparison, and other modes of intelligence, but maintains that all these powers are exercised only on particulars — never on generals.

Lord Brougham, considering that abstraction admits of a vast variety of degrees, descending from that which constitutes the highest order of intellect to a power of generalising, which could not be denied even to an idiot,— maintains that the lower animals clearly possess this power in a greater or less degree. "All animals know their mates and their kind. A dog knows his master, knows that he is not a dog, and that he differs from other men. A bull is enraged at a red colour, be the form of the body what you please. A fish is caught by means of a light, be it of any size or any form."

Birds wishing to drink water from a pitcher in which it is too low for them to reach with their bills, throw pebbles in until so much of the water is displaced by them that the surface rises to the necessary height. In this case the bird abstracts. It never throws stones into a river or pond with the same view; but it *does* throw them into the ewer. It *abstracts* the water from the thing which contains it, and could not reason upon the effects of the operation without a process of abstraction.

The question of abstraction would be most conclusively settled if it were admitted that brutes have either language or any equivalent system of conventional signs; for then it could scarcely be denied that such signs must have a *general* signification.

"*Lord Althorp.* I think we may go a step further; have not animals some kind of language? At all events they understand ours. A horse knows the encouraging or chiding sound of voice and whip, and moves or stops accordingly. Whoever uses the sound, and in whatever key or loudness, the horse acts alike. But they seem also to have some knowledge of conventional signs. If I am to teach a dog or a pig to do certain things on a given signal, the process I take to be this. I connect his obedience with reward, his disobedience with punishment. But this only gives him the motive to obey, the fear of disobeying. It in no way can give him the means of connecting the act with the sign. Now, connecting the two together, whatever be the manner in which the sign is made, is abstraction; but it is more, it is the very kind of abstraction in which all language has its origin — the connecting the sign with the thing signified; for the sign is purely arbitrary in this case as much as in human language.

"*Lord Brougham.* May we not add, that they have some conventional signs among themselves? How else are we to explain their calls? The cock grouse calls the hen; the male the female of many animals. The pigeon, and the fieldfare, and the crow make signals; and the wild horse is a clear case of signals. All this implies not only abstraction, but that kind of abstraction which gives us our language. It is, in fact, a language which they possess, though simple and limited in its range." pp. 195—197.

But we must dismiss this part of the work. If every passage rendered attractive by the combination of eloquence of language, nobleness of purpose, and purity of moral tendency were to be extracted, we should reprint the whole work. We shall conclude this notice of the dialogues on Instinct and Intelligence with the general view of the subject, with which the latter dialogue closes.

"*Lord Brougham.* The whole question is one of relations and connexions. Adaptation — adjustment — mutual dependence of parts — conformity of arrangement — balance — and compensation — everywhere appear pervading the whole system, and conspicuous in all its parts. It signifies not in this view whether we regard Instinct as the result of the animal's faculties actuated by the impressions

of his senses — or as the faint glimmerings of intelligence working by the same rules which guide the operations of more developed reason — or as a peculiar faculty differing in kind from those with which man is endowed — or as the immediate and direct operation of the Great Mind which created and which upholds the universe. If the last be indeed the true theory, then we have additional reason for devoutly admiring the spectacle which this department of the creation hourly offers to the contemplative mind. But the same conclusion of a present and pervading intelligence flows from all the other doctrines, and equally flows from them all. If the senses so move the animal's mind as to produce the perfect result which we witness, those senses have been framed, and that mind has been constituted, in strict harmony with each other, and their combined and mutual action has been adjusted to the regular performance of the work spread out before our eyes, the subject of just wonder. If it is reason like our own which moves the animal mechanism, its modification to suit that physical structure, and to work those effects which we are unable to accomplish, commands again our humble admiration, while the excellence of the workmanship performed by so mean an agent impresses us with ideas yet more awful of the Being who formed and who taught it. If to the bodily structure of these creatures there has been given a mind wholly different from our own, yet it has been most nicely adapted to its material abode, and to the corporeal tools wherewith it works; so that while a new variety strikes us in the infinite resources of creative skill, our admiration is still raised as before, by the manifestation of contrivance and of expertness which everywhere speaks the governing power, the directing skill, the plastic hand. Nor is there, upon any of these hypotheses, room for doubting the identity of the Great Artificer of nature. The same peculiarity everywhere is seen to mark the whole workmanship. All comes from a supreme intelligence; that intelligence, though variously diversified, preserves its characteristic features, and ever shines another and the same." pp. 205—207.

We must pass over the Essay on the Origin of Evil, with which the second volume commences, merely observing, that the conclusion arrived at is, that much, if not all, that is called evil, is only apparently so in consequence of the whole system of the moral policy of God not being accessible to us. It is just as if a person having a slight knowledge of astronomy should take the perturbations to be defects leading ultimately to the destruction of the solar system, not being able to see that these perturbations are periodical, and oscillate between fixed and very narrow limits, and that, in the long run, every apparent irregularity of this kind redresses itself, and is only a part of one great good.

Connected with the question of evil are those Instincts which are the necessary consequences of the injuries and dangers to which animals are exposed; and there is, perhaps, no part of the study of nature which can more strongly impress upon us at once the existence of DESIGN, and yet how inadequate our powers are to discover the ultimate scope and end to which that design is directed.

Some animals are observed to be supplied with powers and weapons suited for attack upon others, the *end* being plainly that their existence and well-being should be dependent on their success in destroying the latter. Nay, in many cases, it is not alone the existence and well-being of the destroyers themselves which are dependent on their success, but also the existence and well-being of other members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Yet, on the other hand, the creatures whose destruction is thus fore-doomed — whose death is necessary to the life of their destroyers — whose life is, as it were, incompatible with the general good of the living world — are nevertheless supplied with admirable powers of escape, and instruments of defence, as if, in creating them, the pity of their Maker, struggling against his wisdom, gave them means of attempting to frustrate his own designs.

"Thus, some beasts of prey are formed for running down, some for springing upon, other animals, which, on their part, are provided with forms that favour their escape. The lion and tiger have vertebræ connected with their ribs and with each other, so as to facilitate by a lateral mobility their crawling and leaping. On the other hand, the spine of deer and hares, and other defenceless animals, have the vertebræ so contrived as to facilitate their escape, and the eyes so placed as to warn them of attacks from behind, and from the sides, as well as in front. The serpent's backbone is a singular and a beautiful structure. It has three or four times the usual number of joints, and they play on one another like ball and socket. The poison, too, of the few venomous species is curiously secreted in a bag placed beneath a moveable tooth, which is perforated with a tube or duct that terminates in the poison sac, and is continued to the sharp point on the other end, so that when the animal bites, the tooth, pressing on the sac, makes the poison squirt through the duct of the tooth into the wound made by its point. No more striking proof of design can be given than this. Then the rattle in the tail of the most deadly of the tribe gives warning to keep out of its way, and thus as it were prevent the machinery of destruction from being of any use to the animal, unless, perhaps, as a weapon of defence, when he is attacked by some one that disregards the warning. Again, birds are furnished with a defence or shield to protect their eyes in flying through the thickets. They are also furnished with a power of contracting their eyes, so as to adjust them to the distances of various objects. But birds of prey have a peculiar mechanism for this purpose. Their eye is provided with a kind of muscle, loop-like, which enables them to compress the lens so as to adjust it for descrying objects at a vast distance, acting like the slide of a telescope, and used to effect the same purpose — that is, to suit the focus of the eye. Now this can be of no use excepting as a means of attack and destruction; for the adjustment to near distances can alone help the animal to defend itself. On the other hand, weak birds are furnished with many important means of escaping from their more powerful enemies. Similar observations may be made upon the structure and habits of fishes. Thus the sword-fish is provided with a most powerful weapon, and with great muscular strength to use it. He attacks the whale, which immediately, and by a special instinct, dives into so deep water, that the sword-fish, being wholly unable to bear the pressure, is forced to quit his hold. This pressure produces no inconvenience to the whale, whose structure is formed to bear it with perfect ease." pp. 83—85.

Among the innumerable examples of design in the animal economy, there is none in which the "goodness and loving-kindness" of the Author of our being are more conspicuously shown than in the phenomena which are developed when accidental derangements of our animal structure are produced. A class of effects are then unfolded, which are the more interesting, as they do not belong properly to the common order of natural phenomena, but are called into operation only occasionally, when some violence is done to functions which would naturally proceed unattended by the effects to which we now advert. One of the most striking examples of this class of phenomena is the *vis medicatrix*, or those healing provisions which have been supplied as the natural cure of disease or injury.

So certainly do surgeons rely on the operation of these remedial processes, that they not uncommonly use a phraseology in which a certain volition and intention is actually ascribed to the different parts of the system, as if they were sentient and intelligent beings, entertaining a purpose to the accomplishment of which they actively address themselves. The celebrated John Hunter is mentioned as an example of this, who constantly speaks of the limbs and bones *acting* in disease or when suffering from injury, as if they had an *intention* of inflaming, and *knew* how to execute the process. "This habit of expressing himself," says Lord Brougham, "could only have resulted from constantly observing the exact adaptation of natural operations to the uses and wants of the system on

each occasion, and the exact coincidence in point of *time*, as well as *proportion* of the supply with the demand."

"The formation of bony matter when a fracture has taken place, and the pieces of the broken bone are required to be knit together again, has been mentioned before, and the whole process is striking and instructive. First, blood is poured out into the fracture — it coagulates; soon after very small or capillary blood-vessels shoot into the coagulated blood; the blood disappears, gelatinous matter alone remains; this gradually hardens, and bony particles are deposited, which fill up the break and knit the bone. Where a dislocation has taken place there is no similar process; but as soon as the luxation is reduced and the bones are replaced, in a very little while all the fine apparatus of the joint is restored with wonderful perfection, so as speedily to obliterate the traces of the mischief. Even where the restorative process has proved inadequate, and a distortion takes place, as when by some natural defect in the firmness of some bones, they sink under the pressure of the body, a new weight being thrown upon other bones, these are strengthened additionally for the purpose of enabling them to meet the new demand upon their powers. Thus the leg and thigh bones are fortified by additional secretions of bony matter, and these are thrown up on the yielding side, and perpendicularly to the line of pressure, with as manifest a design of strengthening as is shown by those who shore or prop an old wall. Again, when after a fracture the bone of the limb is set, the ends may overlap, and thus the limb be shortened. What then shall become of the muscles, which had been of a length to fit the former size of the bone? Those muscles immediately begin to shorten much beyond their original natural contraction, and they acquire a power of further contraction, to suit the altered length of the bone. *It is as if upon any accident happening to one part of a steam-engine, whereby it had changed its dimensions, the neighbouring parts, wholly unaffected by the accident, were of themselves to change their dimensions or their position, so that their action should also be varied, and varied exactly to suit the alteration in the part affected; thus continuing the movement of the machine, but in a different adjustment, and all without any interference of the engineer.*" pp. 107—109.

This is admirable. Nothing can be more felicitous than the illustration of the comparative imperfection of the most perfect work of human art. The mechanism of the animal *repairs itself.*

Aneurism furnishes another striking example of provisions of this kind. In this case new vessels are formed, or small ones enlarged, to supply the defect of circulation produced by an accidental impediment in an injured vessel.

"This, as is well known, is a tumour formed by the partial bursting or giving way of an artery; and if the vessel be of considerable size, death must immediately ensue, but for a process which as immediately takes place. The blood which escapes on the rupture of the vessel coagulates and becomes solid. A kind of *temporary plug* is thus afforded, and time gained for a more durable repair being supplied by a more solid work being executed. Coagulable lymph is formed and thrown out, and it soon becomes firm membrane. Layer after layer of this is deposited, so that a bandage or coating is provided sufficiently strong to resist the continual pressure from the impulse of the blood. Thus the inflammatory action which ensued upon the rupture produces a new substance required for counteracting the effects of that rupture, and enabling the artery to continue performing its functions, as a conduit for carrying the blood to its destination; and this fluid itself supplies the materials with which the breach in the conduit used for carrying and distributing it is first temporarily plugged and then repaired, as if the water in a pipe were to secrete, first a sediment or lute to make the channel water-tight, and then different plates of metal and braces to mend the pipes wherever its own pressure had burst them." pp. 109, 110.

There is, however, another provision still more remarkable, which is developed in the progress of aneurism.

"The pressure must be relieved of the main stream of blood upon the channel, which is no longer of sufficient strength to resist it. Accordingly, blood-vessels, which before had hardly been discernible, begin to work with new energy, and are enlarged in their capacity. These run parallel to the artery injured, and convey the blood, so that the requisite supply continues to be afforded, but by a new system, formed and in operation for the relief of the injured channel, as soon as its damage has by the first natural operation been repaired." p. 111.

Having explained this exquisite arrangement, Lord Brougham, with his wonted eloquence, proceeds:—

"What engineer — what Smeaton, or even Watt himself, ever constructed a pipe, such that, when it was fractured, it could not only provide itself with a plug, to stay immediate mischief, and enable the machine to go on, but could also provide splices for a permanent repair; and not only that, but could of itself, immediately after the accident, form new conduits and other parts exactly fitted to continue the general movement, and also to afford such relief as the injured part required, — relief exactly proportioned at once to the amount of the weakness occasioned, and to the extent of the service required? And all this without the necessity of the engineer himself being at once appealed to, or any extraneous aid called in. Is there any thing like this in all the works of these great men? Is there any thing more marvellous even in the works of the grand Artist himself? Yes — for He, too, made the minds as well as the bodies of those men; and the wondrous mechanism of such minds as theirs, and those of the Newtons and La Places, which proceeded from the same hand, incomparably surpasses all the marvels of their bodily structure." pp. 111, 112.

Although the analysis of the PRINCIPIA of Newton is the most remarkable example in this work, or perhaps in any other, of the felicity with which a subject, essentially difficult and abstruse, may be rendered easy and intelligible; yet, from the nature of the subject matter, the portion of the second volume, which will have most readers, will be the view of the researches of Cuvier and his successors, including the most eminent geologists of the present day, respecting the occupants of the globe during the vast periods of time which intervened between the epoch at which it was an uninhabited waste, and the comparatively recent date of the creation of the human race, and the present tribes of animals and vegetables. Of the many whom a rational and laudable thirst for the knowledge of nature impels to an inquiry into these subjects, there are few who have the leisure, and still fewer who possess the power of studying the seven quarto volumes in which Cuvier has bequeathed to mankind the precious fruits of his labours, not to mention the scattered sources in which the various and important discoveries of his successor can be traced. By such persons, the short, clear, and eloquent analysis contained in the present volume will be deemed invaluable.

In the sketch of the labours of Cuvier, which is given in this review, there is nothing more striking than the certainty and success with which that remarkable man was enabled to determine the complete form and structure of the animal from most scanty materials. To such a perfection did he carry the principle of analogy in comparative anatomy, that in not a few cases he was enabled to describe and delineate the entire skeleton from the knowledge of a single bone. Nay, so conclusive were the general principles to which he had arrived on this subject, that he found a great

number of bones useless, inasmuch as he could reach the very same knowledge of the skeleton, and obtain the very same conclusions, by the examination of a single one. "This was observable in a very remarkable manner, when he investigated the Mosasaurus, found at Maestricht. He had not examined more than the jaw-bone and the teeth, when he knew the whole animal; but he says a *single tooth* discovered it to him. He had got the key; — after that every other part fell into its proper place."

After explaining the succession of strata of which the crust of the globe is composed, and enumerating generally the species of animals whose remains have been found in these respectively, save in the lowest or primary stratum, it is shown that the body of facts thus obtained, lead to two conclusions of the highest interest and importance.

First. That in the vast ocean, which in the beginning covered the surface of the globe, were no animals or vegetables of any kind, nor were there any on the continents or tracts of land which that ocean left dry upon its retreat.

Secondly. That the surface of the globe, subsequently to this, went through a succession of stages and revolutions, in the course of which it was the habitation of a great variety of animals; but among these, the tribes of animals which now inhabit it, including the human race, were not found.

At some definite epoch, then, the globe was assigned, as the dwelling of its present inhabitants.

"The atheistical argument, that the present state of things may have lasted for ever, is therefore now at an end. It can no longer be affirmed that all the living tribes have gone on from eternity continuing their species; and that, while one generation of these passed away and another came up in endless and uninterrupted succession, the earth abided for ever. An interruption and a beginning of that succession has been proved. The earth has been shown not to have for ever abode in its present state; and its inhabitants are demonstrated, by the incontrovertible evidence of facts, to have at one time had no existence. Scepticism, therefore, can now only be allowed as to the *time* and *manner* of the creative interposition; and on these the facts shed no light whatever. But that an act of creation was performed at one precise time is demonstrated as clearly as any proposition in natural philosophy, and demonstrated by the same evidence, the induction of facts, upon which all the other branches of natural philosophy rest."

As there appears to have been in past times a succession of tenants of this our planet, ascending gradually in their powers and functions, until at length the great step to the creation of the human race was made, there is no reason why that race should be regarded as the last term of this progressive series. There is therefore nothing improbable, or out of harmony with the past policy of creation, in the supposition that races of beings may succeed us, as far excelling us in their powers of intelligence as we surpass those animals whose remains we have disentombed, and who have inscribed upon the crust of our planet its past history. If, at the time when the world was only peopled by reptile tribes, an observer had been placed upon it, and had reasoned upon it, how would he not have been struck with what he would regard as the imperfections of animated nature!

"Yet, after a lapse of some ages, those defects are all supplied, and a more accomplished animal is called into existence. The faculties of that animal, and his destinies, his endowments and his deficiencies, his enjoyments and his sufferings, are now the subjects of the observer's contemplation and of his reasoning. What ground has he now for affirming that a more perfect creature may not hereafter be

brought into existence—a creature more highly endowed and suffering far less from the evils of imperfection under which our race now suffers so much? No one can tell but that, as many of the former inhabitants of the globe are now extinct—tribes which existed before the human race was created—so this human race itself may hereafter be, like them, only known by its fossil remains; and other tribes found upon other continents, tribes as far excelling ours in power and in wisdom as we excel the mastodon and the megatherium of the ancient world.

"It is to be further observed, that no uncreated being can, by the nature of the thing, have any right to complain of not being brought into existence earlier. The human race cannot complain of having come so late into the world; nor can any of the tribes created before us complain that they were less perfect than a species, the human, which did not then exist. Have *we*, then, the inhabitants of the present world, any better reason to complain that the new, as yet unknown, possible creatures of a future period of the universe have not as yet come into existence? It must be confessed that the extraordinary fact, now made clearly and indisputably known to us, of a world having existed in which there were abundance of inferior creatures, and none of our own race, gives us every ground for believing it possible that Divine Providence may hereafter supply our place on the globe with another race of beings as far superior to ourselves as we are to those which have gone before us. But how inconceivably does this consideration strengthen and extend the supposition broached in the Dissertation upon Evil! How strikingly does it prescribe to us a wise and wholesome distrust of the conclusions towards which human impatience is so prone to rush in the darkness of human ignorance! How loudly does it call upon us to follow the old homely maxim, 'When you are in the dark, and feel uncertain which way to move, stand still!' How forcibly does it teach us that much — nay, that all which now we see as in a glass darkly, and therefore in distorted form and of discoloured hue, may, when viewed in the broad and clear light of day, fall into full proportion and shine in harmonious tints!" Pp. 198—200.

The researches of the successors of Cuvier, including the labours of all the principal living geologists, are there sketched; but our limits compel us to refer the reader for this to the volumes themselves.

The present volumes conclude with an exposition of the principal discoveries promulged in the PRINCIPIA of NEWTON. There are two ways of obtaining possession of a truth,— the one by being assured of it by one who has witnessed it, if it be a particular fact, or investigated and demonstrated it if it be a general proposition; the other is by witnessing it *ourselves*, if it be a particular fact, or by investigating and demonstrating it *ourselves*, if it be a general proposition. The knowledge (if knowledge that can be called which is in truth only information) which we obtain by the former process is like borrowed money, that which we acquire by the latter process is like our own capital. The great truths which were first made known to the world in Newton's immortal work are at present believed by that limited portion of mankind who have any acquaintance at all with them, only on the authority of others; and it is wonderful even among persons possessing no inconsiderable mathematical knowledge how few there are who really have any knowledge of the proofs upon which most of these important truths rest. The object of Lord Brougham in the concise analysis which he has now given of the chief parts of Newton's work, is to ascertain how far the demonstration can be learned and thoroughly understood by which Newton has explained the structure of the universe with a very slight knowledge of elementary mathematics. It is in vain to expect, as some persons have pretended who have published popular works on physics, to comprehend these sublime truths without *some* knowledge of mathematics; and the most conclusive proof of this is that the *truths themselves*, apart altogether from their

proofs, cannot be expressed without the *language*, and sometimes not without the *symbols* of mathematics. Innumerable examples of this might be produced from every part of physical science.*

This part of the work, therefore, is addressed to those (the great bulk of readers) whose avocations do not permit them to learn the science in its minute details, and who, not being expert mathematicians, are nevertheless desirous to see the evidence of the Newtonian discoveries, and appreciate for themselves the grounds of the admiration and reverence which have been accorded by a whole world to their immortal author.

In this, it is needless to say, that the writer of the present volumes has been eminently successful. He has thrown open the truths of the Principia to all persons who possess a moderate acquaintance with elementary geometry and the principles of algebra.

To the many remarkable circumstances of mutual relation and connection existing between the sciences, Lord Brougham has added one which is especially deserving of notice, and which we cannot conclude without touching upon.

Newton proved that a hollow sphere, whatever be the thickness of the shell, exerts no attraction on a body placed within it. The demonstration of this fact being given with singular clearness and simplicity in the work before us, the author proceeds to draw an inference from it, which will be viewed with deep interest by those who have given attention to the geological theories of the internal structure of the earth: —

"Suppose that in the centre of any planet, as of the earth, there is a large vacant spherical space, or that the globe is a hollow sphere; if any particle or mass of matter is at any moment of time in any point of this hollow sphere, it must, as far as the globe is concerned, remain for ever at rest there, and suffer no attraction from the globe itself. Then the force of any other heavenly body, as the moon, will attract it, and so will the force of the sun. Suppose these two bodies in opposition, it will be drawn to the side of the sun with a force equal to the difference of their attractions, and this force will vary with the relative position (configuration) of the three bodies; but from the greater attraction of the sun, the particle, or body, will always be on the side of the hollow globe next to the sun. Now the earth's attraction will exert no influence over the internal body, even when in contact with the internal surface of the hollow sphere; for the theorem which we have just demonstrated is quite general, and applies to particles wherever situated within the sphere. Therefore, although the earth moves round its axis, the body will always continue moving so as to shift its place every instant and retain its position towards the sun. In like manner, if any quantity of moveable particles, thrown off, for example, by the rotatory motion of the earth, are in the hollow, they will not be attracted by the earth, but only towards the sun, and will all accumulate towards the side of the hollow sphere next the sun. So of any fluid, whether water or melted matter in the hollow; provided it do not wholly fill up the space, the whole of it will be accumulated towards the sun. Suppose it only enough to fill half the hollow space, it will all be accumulated on one side, and that side the one next the sun; consequently the axis of rotation will be changed, and will not pass through the centre, or even near it, and will constantly be altering its position. Hence we may be assured that there is no such hollow in the globe filled with melted matter, or any hollow at all, inasmuch as there could no hollow exist without such accumulations, in consequence of particles of the internal spherical surface being constantly thrown off by the rotatory motion of the earth." P. 436—438.

* Take, for example, the principle demonstrated by Laplace, by which the stability of the stem is proved:—

$$\text{Const.} = \Sigma\left(e^2 M\sqrt{a}\right).$$

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the luminous simplicity (the true secret of power) with which this work is written, and of its entire freedom from meretricious attractions of all kinds. Some very degrading and delusive arts have of late been employed to invest scientific treatises with a sort of spurious popular interest;—the use of a florid and declamatory manner, by way of heightening the charm of the subject; and coarse engravings of monstrous objects to astonish and confound the ignorant. These tricks of the showman are unworthy of the high purposes to which the investigations of science are directed; and it is to be regretted that the utility of not a few publications and discourses, otherwise valuable, is considerably impaired by the adoption of a turgid and extravagant style. Some of the Bridgewater Treatises, and many of the speeches at the British Association, are chargeable with redundancies and excesses that provoke ridicule even from the public at large; and, as examples of the way in which science is sometimes attempted to be *popularised*, we may instance the tawdry magniloquence of Dr. Arnott, and the loose rhapsodies of Dr. Mantell. The aim of Lord Brougham has been to raise the many to the level of science, not to lower science to the level of the many:—other popular writers have laboured at the converse of this. It is infinitely easier to reduce the importance of science by giving it an *apparent* simplicity (and it is generally apparent only), than to clothe its expositions in language that shall at once sustain its dignity and be universally intelligible. Clear, energetic, and appropriate, this valuable publication fulfils all the demands which the most fastidious criticism could exact.

CORN LAWS.

It has been said, and probably with reason, that if the conclusions of geometry involved the clashing interests of individuals or classes, the conclusions of geometry would be the subject of fierce controversy and bitter struggle. And as this indicates the insufficiency of philosophical reasoning to quash opposition or produce unanimity, so it points, by a kind of reflected light, to the fact that many of the questions which agitate mankind are more capable of being brought to the test of philosophical investigation than is generally imagined. Not that the test is to be applied by demanding the reduction to algebraic formulas, or insisting on that rigid ascertainment of magnitudes and proportions which induced Bentham to include the mathematical sciences under the quaint title of "Posology." But it will be surprising, to those who have not tried, to find how much there is in the direction of the argument, and the general mode of aiming at conclusions, which is common to those portions of human knowledge which have not yet been included at the universities under the denomination of "The Branches."

In none of the sciences without the pale, is this more often exemplified than in the offset, comparatively young but growing, which has acquired the name of political economy, and for which the title of political mathematics has, not altogether unreasonably, been claimed. And here there need not be the slightest opening for the charge of arguing in a circle, or of endeavouring to support given conclusions on the authority of a name. It may be conceded for the argument's sake, that all which has hitherto passed under the denomination of political economy is utterly wrong, false, and untenable; and still it will be as true as ever that there must be a political economy somewhere. The assertion that the existing political economy was naught, would only be an assertion that there was another which was true. There may be professed sciences of which the question is capable of being raised, whether the science or the grounds for it substantially exist. But no reasonable person can doubt that there must be such a thing somewhere, when men can find it, as an abiding and traceable connection of causes and consequences, with relation to the art of creating and extending the comforts of life through the instrumentality of industry. The most discordant theorists in fact agree in this admission; and though one may maintain the way to the desired haven to be north and another south, each stands up stoutly for the fact that there is a true way, and that he is in possession of it.

All other questions in political economy are at this moment absorbed in that of the Corn Laws: yet, great as is the agitation, the first step for many persons towards forming any opinion is to know what the Corn Laws are. With numerous individuals, the subject still ranks among "*questions of their law;*" implying, as the words did to the Roman governor, a mixture of the mysterious, the remote, and the uninteresting. The Corn Laws then are simply this — laws, or more correctly a law, prohibiting, totally or partially, the exchange of British productions against foreign food. The readiest idea of an abstract Corn Law would be, that it was a law which enacted that no food should, under any circumstances, be admitted from abroad in exchange for home produce. But the British law is not of this

simple or primary form; it takes the secondary or modified one, of prohibiting the introduction of food under certain pecuniary penalties or duties, rising in amount with the cheapness of corn at home, and falling with the advance of prices, in such a manner as to admit foreign corn when home prices are accidentally exaggerated, but with the effect in the main of keeping the price of corn, — in other words, the quantity of labour given by all classes of the community in exchange for a given quantity of food, greatly increased above what would otherwise be the fact. The opposition is not absolute and direct, like that of a stone wall to the efforts of the included prisoner; on the contrary, it is indirect, variable, but accumulative, more resembling the resistance of an elastic fishing-rod or spiral spring; — a sort of India-rubber bondage, where the confinement, though absolute as to the great result, is always ready to give and take in the detail. The opposition to a limited degree of movement is in some states indefinitely small; but the resistance increases rapidly, in proportion to the departure from the state where the operation is null.

This legislative provision is moreover not defended on the ground of being for the advantage of a particular portion of the community; but is advanced unhesitatingly by its supporters, as a thing essential to the general good. The greatest evils are predicted from its removal; and losses incalculable to all classes of society, are threatened as the inevitable result. The proposition therefore takes this form: — That it is for the advantage of a community at large to cut off by law some portion of the commerce or exchange of wares, in which citizens if left to themselves would find it their interest to indulge; — that the prohibition produces in the end a greater good; — that though it may be an evil in the individual case for a greater quantity of labour to be given for the same quantity of food, or less food be procured in return for the same quantity of labour, yet nature has provided compensative processes, by which the apparent evil is turned into a good; — that the general enjoyment is increased by the cutting off; — that the artificial state is better than the natural; — and that it is in the power of human science to establish these as truths.

One of the first observations that will suggest itself on this theory of the men who boast most of their hatred of theories is, that it bears a suspicious resemblance to some of the projects for a perpetual motion by which so many have been led astray. There is the same absence of a visible substantial force, to produce the effects contemplated; there is a mass of actions and re-actions, out of which the desired consequence is promised; but there is an evident dependence on a vortex, and the cautious philosopher is prompted by a sort of instinctive apprehension that he shall find an illustration of the adage that *ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Every man familiar with the processes of philosophical investigation in general, is aware of the virtue which resides in taking what may be called the exaggerated case. For example, if the question at issue is, whether a square contains a given area under a less perimeter than any other rectangle,—the truth in the exaggerated case, where one of the sides is assumed to be exceedingly small, in the phrase of our neighbours *saute aux yeux;* for it is plain that by diminishing one side, the other may be increased till it becomes of any magnitude the mind can fix upon. And on further inquiry, it will be found that the conclusion so drawn in the extreme case, is unassailable in any of the intermediate stages.

Let, then, the celebrated proposition of the Corn Laws be tried in the same manner. Instead of a kingdom or an island,—whose concerns are apt

to mislead, through the difficulty some people find in believing that the rules of arithmetic which are true in respect of tens and of hundreds, are also true of millions and billions,—assume the case of a single town possessing within itself the capabilities for manufacturing and exchanging the produce for food. Suppose, for instance, Manchester or Birmingham, surrounded by a wall; and the proposition is, that if the inhabitants will close their gates, and confine themselves for food to such portions of ground within their walls as may be capable of growing corn, an accession to their general prosperity will be the result.

The proposition is certainly *primâ facie* not inviting; but the way to proceed is, to *try on* (as a tailor might say) the different theories by which the result is professed to be established. And, first, try the general allegation—that increased wealth will be the result to the owners of the soil, and the expenditure of this wealth on the manufacturing interests be a benefit to them in turn.

And here, less acuteness than is produced by the habits of the manufacturing classes in general, appears to be required to perceive that the increased income to the owners of the soil will be true enough, as resolving itself into the necessity the manufacturing classes are under of bidding against each other for the limited quantity of corn produced. But precisely because this is riches to one side, it is poverty to the other; and the result to the manufacturing classes resolves itself into the permission to give an increased quantity of their labour in exchange for a given quantity of corn, or receive a less quantity of corn in exchange for a given quantity of labour. All this is clear enough in the exaggerated case; and the question is, why it is not equally true in the other? The landlords put their statement unreservedly enough; they say, "It is good for the manufacturers that we should have eighty shillings instead of forty for a quarter of corn, because then we shall have eighty shillings instead of forty to expend upon the manufacturers." In other words, "We shall take from the manufacturing classes eighty shillings' worth of goods instead of forty for a quarter of corn, and this will be a good to the manufacturing classes." In the exaggerated case, it is plain that this reasoning would not be listened to for a moment; and it is for the interested to indicate at what point and in what manner, the conclusion which is so clear in the one instance, fails upon application to another.

A second *cheval de bataille* of the supporters of the actual Corn Laws—and in fact that by which they at this moment hold the major part of any influence they may possess over the operative manufacturers—is the representation that whatever may have been the merits or demerits of the Corn Laws when originally imposed, to remove them *now* would throw a multitude of agricultural labourers out of employment, and consequently into the ranks of the manufacturers as competitors for wages; which must be attended with grievous evil to the manufacturers. In fact, the weavers of Spitalfields are at this moment standing upon this point, and making it the basis of a resistance to alteration. Fit this, then, to the normal case;—where it is clear, that for one labourer thrown out of employment by the cessation of the cultivation of nooks and corners within the walls, and therefore by possibility thrown upon the manufacturers as a new competitor, ten would be brought into demand by the opening made for the exchange of manufacturing products for food beyond the walls. And it lies on the adversary to show in what manner the same inference shall fail in the more extended case.

The next great stumbling-block of the working-classes is the assertion which has been boldly laid before them, that if the price of food rises, wages must rise; from which they are invited to infer—as if it were at all a necessary consequence—that wages must rise *in as great a proportion* as corn; which is required to make the state of the working classes the same as before. Now, on fitting the case to the normal instance, it is plain enough that wages must rise; but that they should rise *in as great a proportion* as corn, is a thing that evidently cannot exist *in rerum naturâ*. For it is tantamount to saying, that wages shall rise till they give everybody the same share out of a smaller quantity of corn than they had out of a greater. The axiom of the schoolmen, that it is impossible for the same thing *to be and not to be*, is not of more evident veracity: the only reason why the price of corn is to be higher is, that there is to be less of it. Were it possible, for argument's sake, to suppose that the corn-growers, under some delusive promise or otherwise, had so increased their exertions and outlay as to effect the same quantity of production as before—which in the case of a very limited diminution of the sources from whence corn is drawn might be within the range of possibility,—they would be disappointed of their expected reward, because the same total stock of corn would only sell at the same price; and inasmuch as it is impossible the growers should act under any such delusion, no more corn will be grown than will be sold at a price remunerating for the increased exertions and outlay. The naked possibility therefore of such a rise in wages, is altogether *in nubibus*, and incompatible with all connection between causes and effects on earth. Wages, therefore, though they will rise, cannot by possibility rise in as great a proportion as corn; and by the converse of the argument, if the quantity of corn for consumption is increased, wages will fall, but not *in as great a proportion* as corn; for otherwise, no more corn would be consumed than before, and part would be left uneaten. This is an instance how easily persons unused to the observation and calculation of natural phenomena, or partially informed of the causes which are operating on them, may be deceived. It resembles the deception of the Arctic travellers, who, after walking ten miles to the north upon the ice, found themselves, to their astonishment, by observation, five miles to the south of their original place, in consequence of the ice having been moving too.

If, again, a proposal were set on foot for compensating the manufacturing interests for being confined to the corn grown within their walls, by offering each of them a protection against the introduction of foreign manufactures in return, a moment's comparison with the normal case will show that nothing like even an approximation to compensation would be the result: on the contrary, the whole offer would be of a fraudulent and colourable nature. The protection proffered would be a protection against a danger which would have been non-existent in the absence of the restrictions upon food. Had the gates been open, the probability is that the men of Manchester or Birmingham, so far from being in any danger from competition beyond the walls in their peculiar craft, would have been carrying on a trade for corn at a rate which, in consequence of their own advantages in skill, perseverance, and machinery, would have set all extra-mural competitors at defiance. The case of the Nottingham hosiers is one precisely in point. The Saxons supply more cotton stockings to the United States alone than Great Britain does to all the world; the reason being that the Nottingham hosier is prevented from importing, or causing to be

imported, in return for his stockings, the commodity which the people of England most want, and which alone would pay, — namely, Corn. If the prohibition were away, he would proffer his stockings for corn, at a lower rate than the Saxon can, both in America and Saxony. So far from the Saxon exporting stockings to England, he would be beaten in the contest *pro aris et focis;* the Saxon toes, at their own fire-sides, would be sheathed in British hosiery. Any pretext, therefore, to give the English hosier a protection against Saxon stockings, is a mere stalking-horse, by which he is invited to sell himself for naught. There is no *quid pro quo;* for there is nothing secured in return for the restrictions suffered that would not equally have been present if the restriction had been *non inventus.*

An inquiry that may be inserted here is, to know by what precise process it is that the manufacturers within the walls are cut off from the power of selling their manufactured goods outside; and the active cause is in the prohibition to take in payment the kind of goods, — to wit, Corn, — which are plentiful outside and consequently cheap, but which, even in a state of freedom, would be more difficult to be procured and consequently more dear within. For example: a merchant embarks a cargo of the manufactures of the walled town — say waistcoat-pieces; and transports it to a Continental port. The article which is cheap in this port is corn; if therefore the cargo could be sold for the money of the country and the proceeds vested in corn, the return cargo would richly pay all the concerned within the walls. But it is precisely here they are met by the prohibition. They may not bring home the thing that would pay, or not without payment of a duty which makes its profitable sale impossible: any thing else they are welcome to bring home, but these are precisely the things that will not pay. And the country that makes and lives under such regulations, calls itself a great commercial country!

But a further inevitable consequence of prohibition appears to be, that the agricultural labourers (if that term can be applied to those who vex and turn the plots of ground within the walls) must find themselves quickly brought to the same degree of suffering as the labourers engaged in manufactures. Nobody will conceive the possibility that one set should be going on in wealth and high wages, while the other are in misery and low: the common tendency of men to multiply must cause the agricultural labourers to breed against the limits of their means of support, as well as the manufacturers; and as there is no chance for their increasing numbers finding employment in the manufacturing ranks already limited and compressed by the limitation of their food, they must be brought to the same state of mutual competition, and consequently of low wages, in the end. When the shutting of the gates was first invented, a fillip may have been given to the demand for labourers to work the plots of ground; the result of which may have been, that these labourers became four when they would have otherwise been three. But when this effect of the fillip has been produced, the only after result is, that the four are worse off than the three, — that is, are worse off under the state of general restriction upon food, than the three would have been under a state of freedom. And the same or a similar inference, may be extended to the owners of the plots of ground themselves, who in this case represent the landed interest. It may be conceded that their rents shall have been increased in any proportion within the bounds of reason to expect; as, for instance, that they shall have been doubled; but how long will it be before this advantage in point of rents, is neutralised or overbalanced by the impossibility of finding provision or

profitable employment for children, or in fact supporting them at all, except by subdivision of the estate? If the tendency of these owners to multiplication is the same as is always found in corresponding cases, there can clearly be no long interval before they or their successors are found struggling, either with the actual want of the means of comfortable existence, or with the necessity of enforced celibacy to avoid it,—things which go under the common epithet of "embarrassed circumstances." One kind only, or perhaps two, of landowners could escape from these consequences;—those who, like fellows of some ecclesiastical corporations, were debarred from marriage by their statutes; and those who by some means or other should possess the power of making an eldest son, and quartering the rest of their children on the public.

Here then, if no competent difference is shown between the cases, appears to be the solution of the problem which has so much engaged attention,—the accounting for the continual complaints of want among the lower and bankruptcy among the higher classes of labourers. Both are equally breeding against a stone wall. The number of possible traders is as much limited under the existing state of things, as the number of possible day-labourers; and by their several and peculiar processes, the bankrupt-list and the poor-house, each must be kept within the bounds which law, not nature, has chosen to assign.

It is amusing to observe the blindness of men to these consequences, except where the results are thrust at first hand into their faces. The man at Manchester or Nottingham, who has goods he wishes to see transported in their proper persons to a foreign port, arrives in the course of time, and after years of indistinct complaining without any very distinct conception of the cause, at something like a resolution to join with his fellows in seeking for a remedy; but the man who only meets the evil in what may be called its secondary symptoms, is still far from being in general either a reasoning or a complaining animal. No barrister, for instance, discovers that on the wealth and numbers of the community the quantity of lawsuits must depend; nd consequently a rule to limit the food of man, is, in fact, a rule to limit the sustenance which shall be divisible among the learned in the law. No divine, lights on the same conclusion with respect to the cure of souls, nor physician in regard to the bodies in which he is concerned: the crafts, the mysteries, are almost equally in the dark, or are only beginning to rouse themselves to a consciousness of the bearing the question has upon themselves. It might almost be set down as established, that the easiness of fraud is as the number of the deceived; and that the way to nullify the tendency of mankind to self-defence is to multiply the attacked.

If it is urged, as might possibly be done in the instance set out with, that all liberty would expend itself in temporary advantages, and consequently be productive only of fugitive good; the answer is by asking, what human comfort or happiness is made of but a succession of fugitive goods. The dinner of to-day has not the smallest tendency to remove the recurring necessity on each day of the coming week; nor will the warm bed of last night have the smallest remedial effect on him whose fate it may be for the next month to couch on flints. What we mean by happiness, is a succession of good things; and to have the liberty of securing these, unchecked by the mere desire of dishonest appropriation on the part of others, is what the inhabitants of a free country ought not easily to forego. And what, in reality, is there in the phrases of national prosperity or wealth, unless they mean that great numbers of the citizens of the state have enjoyed

the means of rearing families in comfort, and leaving them the prospect of transmitting the same legacy to their successors?

Encouraged by the success attending the attempt to push inquiry on principles analogous to those employed in other sciences, the inquirer will be emboldened to suspect that there must be some sweeping principle, on which the freedom of commerce must be a general gain, and its privation a loss. The object of restraints on trade, is always to enable somebody to produce and sell a given article at a dearer rate; and the problem in prospect is to demonstrate, that this is invariably accompanied with an aggregate loss. If an individual were found so unadvised as with his own hands to take the dearer, or in other words the more difficult process for procuring a commodity, in preference to the cheaper, there needs no argument to prove that he is a loser to exactly the difference concerned. It is therefore a conclusion instinctively impressed on even the slightly tainted with philosophy, that in some way or other the same result must ensue where the case is complicated by the appearance of more actors than one upon the scene. Thus, imagine that an individual was forced by law to have his work done with an incompetent or inferior machine; as, for instance, that he was obliged to have his firewood cut with a blunt axe instead of a sharp, with the consequence of being forced to pay two labourers a shilling a-day each, instead of one labourer a shilling.

To the craft of wood-cutters and their dependents there is undeniably a gain, in the shape of custom to the amount of a shilling; but there is at the same time an equal loss to some other tradesman,—say a snuff-dealer,—with whom the shilling would have been expended if it had been left at the discretion of the original owner. It seems absolutely undeniable that it is the same thing to trade in the aggregate (exclusive of the individual whose wood is to be cut) in which of these two ways the shilling is applied. The very opponents of the argument (for there *are* opponents) urge that it is precisely the same; and nothing is desired but to take them at their word. But if the result to trade in the aggregate (exclusive of the man for whom the wood is cut) is the same, it must be because the loss of the shilling to the snuff-dealer balances the gain of it to the wood-cutter. After these then are set off against each other, there is the loss to the individual for whom the wood is cut, who has manifestly parted with a shilling without return, instead of the snuff he was in the habit of receiving. His loss, therefore, stands out, on the aggregate, an unbalanced loss. There are two losses to the amount of a shilling each, and one gain; of which the aggregate, or sum total, is one shilling loss, as it would have been if the man had committed the suicidal act of cutting his wood with a blunt axe by the labour of his own hands. There is nothing wonderful in the result; the wonder would have been if it had been anything else. There is no use in attempting chicanery upon the terms; the terms are as clear as when a player at chuck-farthing, winning on heads and losing on tails, has won once by heads and lost twice by tails, making one gain and two losses, and consequently one loss upon the aggregate. The common fraud attempted, is to state that the loss to the man for whom the wood is cut (or the consumer) is balanced by the gain to the wood-cutter and his dependents; and then infer that the loss to the community is null. But this is jumping over the fact that the gain to the wood-cutter has been set off once against the loss to the snuff-dealer already; and it must not be set off against two. If preferred, it may be set off against the loss of the consumer of the wood, to begin with; but then the loss to the snuff-dealer will stand out an un-

balanced loss, making a loss to the amount of one shilling in the aggregate, as before. And in truth, the omission to bring this loss of the snuff-dealer into the account at all, may be considered as having been at the bottom of the long reign enjoyed by the fallacy, which represents the employment of the incompetent machine instead of the superior, as a mere affair of balance.

But if this is admitted to be true, it is an easy corollary, that every instance in which the consumption of a cheaper foreign product is prevented, with the effect of forcing the consumer to purchase a dearer article produced at home, is attended with an unmitigated loss of the difference of price to the consumer, without the slightest gain to the trade of the rest of the country in the aggregate, to set against it. Take the case, for example, of the stoppage of a trade with France, by which French gloves are procured at two shillings a pair, with a view to cause gloves of the same quality to be made and sold by English glovers for three. Two shillings' worth of employment and trade are cut off from the man at Leeds or Sheffield, who made the goods which were wont to go to France in payment for each pair of gloves, and are given to the English glover; which so far makes a balance to English trade in the aggregate. One shilling's worth more is given to the English glover, and taken from the tradesman, — say a snuff-dealer as before, — with whom the consumer of gloves would have spent the shilling if he had been let alone; so far, therefore, balance again. Stands out, consequently, on the whole, the loss to the wearer of gloves, who gives a shilling for nothing instead of his snuff; an unmitigated loss, unbalanced by any the minutest advantage to the trade of other people in the aggregate. No wonder there should be complaints of poverty in a nation that has such ingenious ways of making losing bargains for its citizens!

On these questions and their numerous ramifications, the public is opening its eyes; and it cannot fail to be gratifying to the philosopher and man of science, to see so many points of coincidence between the progress of the old Mechanics and the new. As the one has rid us of perpetual motions and sailing chariots in the air, so the other will free us, in the end, from pestilential quackeries of vastly greater danger and importance.

GRIEVANCES OF THE NAVY.

It has been asserted, by official organs, that the sensation excited in the country touching the present inefficiency of our naval force as compared with the formidable fleets of other maritime states, is solely to be attributed to the insidious workings of political intrigue. Would that we could subscribe to this assertion, or find any excuses for believing that the general alarm on this subject was nothing more than an outburst of popular feeling, taking a false and mischievous direction; but, unfortunately, it is an indisputable and melancholy fact, that whether as regards effectiveness or numerical strength, our ships in commission are now inadequate to support, not merely a war, but those appearances that are essential to the preservation of peace.

It will be the purpose of this paper to explain dispassionately, and without reference to party feelings (which ought never to be permitted to embarrass the development of national questions in which all parties are equally concerned), the various causes that have led to this unhappy prostration of our naval power, and to suggest remedial measures, which, it is hoped, may be found not devoid of practical utility.

The "Flag-officer*", who recently addressed a Letter to the Duke of Wellington on this momentous topic, has marred a laudable intention by the betrayal of party bias, and by a predisposition to depict in the darkest colours the condition of the country.† Had the gallant officer steered clear and wide of party politics — traced to their original sources the many combining causes which, for years, have contributed to weaken and undermine our wooden walls, and contented himself by erecting "beacons" that would have pointed to "sunken dangers," then, indeed, would the unprejudiced, and instructed portion of the public have regarded his Letter as an able and valuable exposition of existing evils. Still the Flag-officer's epistle is not to be treated as a "dead-letter," nor should his alarm-gun be regarded as a false report; for though some of his statements as to the actual condition and numerical strength of the several vessels composing the fleets of foreign powers are manifestly founded on false *data*, yet it cannot be denied, despite of the flattering accounts and vaunting replications of official organs, that all his assertions respecting the deficiency of men and metal in the majority of her Majesty's ships in commission, are supported by *facts*, notorious amongst professional men.

The "Naval Agitator" (as the gallant officer has been dubbed in the political clubs) has, indeed, started a novel theme, — for in these days the words *novel* and *naval* may be considered synonymous. The subject has been warmly discussed by the periodical press. Party journalists, and supporters of party, straining arguments, and deducing inferences from false premises, and displaying no little of vituperative talent, unblushingly declare they can trace to their political opponents every error of the past, and evil of the present, — each fastening on the other the faults of *both*, and each, in reality, equally ignorant, and more than ever in the dark as to the origin of mischief so manifest to all.

* Rear-Admiral Hawker.

† Such passages as the following are not calculated to produce conviction: — "The inhabitants of Brighton, and all our undefended sea-coasts, would not be safe in their houses; neither can it be said that *London would be secure from being plundered and burnt.*"

The decline of our naval strength has been induced, not by one cause, but by many,—not by the mal-administration of this party, or of that party, but by the mismanagement and short-sighted policy of all parties in power; —not alone by the mistakes and blunders of "Boards" constituted by men possessing little or no knowledge of nautical matters, but by the rapid changes * in those Boards caused by *political* movements, by which an accumulation of arrears in business, and errors in principle, are transmitted to the next inheritors of office, who, in their turn, bequeath them in hopeless confusion to their successors; so that, in the end, a mass of official follies and *legislative* blunders are left, by way of legacy, to the temporary authorities at Whitehall. Nor is this all; these shifts, which by naval men are, if possible, as much dreaded as "shifting sands," have the effect of producing the most perplexing orders and counter-orders, subjecting the service to a constant succession of "circulars," in which the *same* measures are directed and rescinded as fast as the colours appear and vanish in the dying dolphin.

It is therefore manifest that these changes in the Board of Admiralty, always arising out of political mutations, are not only injudicious, but mischievous in the extreme, inasmuch as there can be no time for maturing measures of practical utility, nor for examining and discarding the experimental projects of "'prentice hands."

But the Board of Admiralty is not, nor never has been, entirely formed of naval men (the vital error in its constitution), but is partly composed of "Lay-lords;" a term "unmusical to Volscian ears," and carrying with it its own condemnation. What, for example, would be said were an alderman, or a sergeant-at-law, called in at the Horse-Guards to control the general administration of military matters, when a sergeant of the line would be found a far more efficient person? Why, then, place in office, or permit such men as Cornets of Dragoons to sit in council with seamen? — an absurdity, which it is notorious has been more than once committed in order to propitiate parliamentary influence. Incredible as this may at first sight appear, the wonder will be abated when it is borne in recollection that, with the exception of Lord St. Vincent, and of Lord Barham, the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has, for years, been filled by a *landsman;* while his Private Secretary, and the *two* Public Secretaries to the Board, were civilians; and, with one solitary exception, totally unconnected with the Service. Indeed, in two instances, as if purposely to beget professional disgust, the Private Secretary,—the confidential adviser of the First Lord (a person who ought to be conversant with the claims and character of every officer in the Navy), was selected from the sister service. In the one case, a Major of the line (a new *line* to the Major) officiated in this delicate capacity; and in the other a Captain of Engineers sustained the ordinary task of receiving officers—pronouncing on professional claims—and of replying to pressing applications for either promotion or employment after the usual satisfaction and approved practice of official ambiguity. What would be the feeling of officers of the Army were a lieutenant or captain in the Navy to wield the pen, or enact the part of privy councillor to the military Commander-in-chief?

In the public secretary — the first secretary to the Board,— the qualifications required are neither professional ability nor professional experience; but the tact of making a speech in parliament (misnamed a statement), of which the object is merely to mystify and conceal facts, — shine in the exhibition of specious sophistry,— make the worse appear the better reason;

* Between the close of the year 1830 and 1835, *five* different Boards of Admiralty were "sworn in and *out* of office."

and, ultimately, to pour into credulous ears, sufficient of official vaunting*, or of solemn assertion, to induce a flattering belief that matters are flourishing afloat.

It may be said, that the annual production of the "Navy Estimates" in the House of Commons affords ample scope to statesmen to inquire into the efficiency of our wooden walls; but those who have turned their attention to parliamentary proceedings for the last quarter of a century, must have looked on the Navy Estimates in no other light than that of an arithmetical farce, got up in St. Stephens's,—not, indeed, for the benefit of the Navy, or of the nation, but solely for the benefit of the Chancellor of the Exchequer;—a *figurative* burlesque, usually performed to a scanty audience,—the landed gentry deserting their seats for Bellamy's, or the Opera,—and the naval members, always excepting the Secretary and the Lords of the Admiralty (who invariably "play up" to the public purse-bearer) resigning themselves to sleep on the back benches.

But, *badinage* apart, what estimate is ever made of the efficiency of our force afloat,—its readiness for actual service,—the competency of those entrusted with command,—the general conduct; and, above all, the general *contentment* of the officers and seamen of the service? Were inquiries of this nature pushed home by competent and patriotic statesmen, instead of stammering intruders and ministerial time-talkers, floundering in useless debate, the public mind would not have been perplexed by the conflicting statements (put forth for party purposes) as to the *actual* condition of our naval force.

Senators would do well to bear in recollection the warning words of the late Admiral Sir Charles Penrose. In a posthumous pamphlet, published by the executors of that strong-minded and far-sighted seaman, the following admonitory passage appears:—

"Above all, let me advise them (the members of the House of Commons) not to be silenced or mystified by any official replies which they do not perfectly understand, and to be assured that there is nothing mysterious or unintelligible in naval affairs, where a disposition exists to explain them openly and candidly."

In times of old it was the creed of an Englishman, that the salvation of the country depended upon the maintenance of its maritime supremacy. How, then, are we to account for the total neglect by the Legislature of this ill-treated service? For a period of twenty years the senate has invariably manifested a distate for the discussion of nautical topics. By all parties, whether Tories, Whigs, or Radicals, naval questions are loathed—shunned, as if they carried with them a sort of sessional sea-sickness! To what

* The following pointed passage is copied from *The Examiner*, on the subject of the last speech made by the Secretary of the Admiralty in the House of Commons:—"Mr. C. Wood observed, with great *naïvete*, that *ten* times our present number of ships in commission could be prepared for sea, *if men* could be found to man them."—'*If*' is proverbially a great peace-maker, and certainly, in this instance, it would never serve for a war-maker.—*Examiner*, July 29, 1838.

Doubtless the "Spokesman to the Board" will take to himself no little credit for the logical and *cautious* clause introduced in this oratorical vaunt; yet it would seem, despite of the puffing placards and blue-lettered bills of fare, inviting and enticing seamen to enter the service, that *good* hands are slow in coming forward for her Majesty's ships. Indeed, the placards in question are by no means calculated to serve the object intended. Seamen suspect there must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark" when authorities have recourse to such a wretched *ruse* as to parade the privileges and the established allowances so long enjoyed by the seamen of the Navy. The additional inducement to procure voluntary service may be summed up in the *novel* announcement that men-of-war'smen are "provided with tea!—*grog!*—and *surgical assistance!* and that their letters are freed to all parts of the habitable globe!" With the exception of "tea"—not the most palatable beverage to "Jack"—men-of-war'smen, to employ their own jocular language, have had the benefit of these things "ever since Adam was an oakum-boy in Chatham dock-yard."

cause, or causes, may it again be asked, is to be attributed this anti-national neglect of the natural defenders of the land? Session after session parliament allows its valuable time to dwindle away in the discussion of idle questions, which have nothing more for their object than trials of political strength. It is not that the members of the House of Commons are over nice in voting away the public money on matters of minor import; but for naval purposes,— purposes which involve nothing less than the safety of the nation, the wise and wealthy Mr. Bull, at the instigation of our penny-wise and pound-foolish political economists*, must needs button up his pockets, and close the strings of the public purse! But, indeed, to the apathy and supineness of its own members sitting in the senate may, in a great measure, be attributed the present neglect of our once noble and venerated navy. Farmers, merchants, mechanics, corporate bodies, trades, and callings of every degree, possess the advantage of having able advocates in parliament to represent and enforce their several interests; even the "Blacks," to free them from their fetters, have had their Wilberforce. But, alas! the Blues have not, for years, been able to command a solitary "spokesman" competent to stand up for his order — to make manifest the many evils existing afloat, or expose the fallacies and subterfuges of officials ashore.

As a contrast to this disgraceful apathy, to give it the mildest term, it is only necessary to look at the manner in which military men in parliament watch over the interests of the Army. In these there is no lukewarmness, or unbecoming subserviency to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And what is the result? That the Army has arisen to a high pitch of discipline and efficiency; while the Navy, from the faithlessness of its own guardians, has almost become a by-word — a term of reproach.

The affairs of the Army are administered free from all *political* control. Not so those of the Navy: the head of our marine is himself shackled to the state: his office is almost nominal: he is, indeed, supposed to possess extensive patronage,— but this is not always the case; for, unless he can show to the First Lord of the Treasury that he can command a full share of parliamentary power, he is bound to obey the nomination of his superiors in the cabinet, whose recommendations are based not on professional ability, but solely on political support.†

As applicable to the foregoing remarks, we here cite the calm and dignified expostulation which appears in the *brochure* already named.

"I am far," said this venerated authority, declining in the vale of life, "from wishing to draw invidious comparisons, or to repine at the superior advantages enjoyed by our sister profession, which leads *to*, instead of excluding *from*, the highest honours of the state; yet I cannot but see that our naval departments are degenerating into *political* engines, and the smallest possible number of professional men permitted to take part in their deliberations. Let me only contrast this system with that pursued in our military offices. At the Horse-Guards, the Commander-in-chief is a general officer: all his staff, adjutant, and quarter-master general, and their deputies, military secretary, &c., are exclusively military:" and the admiral goes on to add, that "the Board of Ordnance ‡, Master-general, Lieutenant-general, &c., are all military men."

---

* "The worst of all waste," says *The Examiner*, "is an expenditure for an ill-performed service, as the service is not had, and the money only goes for disgrace and disappointment. It has been too much the habit of late years to look to cost without sufficient reference, first, to the extent of the occasion for the establishment; and, secondly, to the due efficiency of it on the required scale. After a long course of extravagance a penny-wise and pound-foolish system obtained more popularity than consisted with an enlightened economy."

† It is worthy of remark, that, since the last general election, the majority of officers who have succeeded in obtaining a command afloat have been either defeated candidates for parliamentary seats, or active agents in returning ministerial members in the Commons.

‡ A Captain in the Navy, who is known to be a strong political supporter to the present govern-

As a public body, notorious for its disinclination to adopt measures purporting to elevate the character, increase the comforts, and generally ameliorate the condition of the officers of the Navy, the Lords of the Admiralty have long lost the confidence of the profession at large. Never have our naval rulers manifested a disposition to place officers of relative rank on a similar footing with those of the sister service; nor voluntarily have they ever come forward to redress the many galling grievances under which each and every class of officers in H. M. Navy have so long laboured. Look to their votes, and to their professions in Parliament. How did they act on the motion of Lord George Lennox, to amend the condition of the Royal Marines? Certainly not to render justice to that serviceable corps. Had not the noble lord been an expert political tactician, and well-timed his "motion," the Board of Admiralty, and its wonted supporters, would have beaten him hollow. And here it must be observed, that the motion which had been originally intended by the noble mover as one solely purporting to render justice to a service sorely aggrieved, ultimately became a question involving a trial of political strength. But the marines triumphed — the Board was beaten.

The success of this motion has already led the Lieutenants of the Navy to put forth a powerfully convincing statement on the subject of the several grievances, and to speak openly the *wrongs* they have so long and patiently endured; and the Captains of the service still seek to have rescinded that unjust and arbitrary "rule," by which many a gallant and meritorious officer has been deprived of a rank which all antecedent authorities had fully established as an indisputable *right*.

The cruelty of this regulation may be thus shown:—

Many officers during the greater part of the French revolutionary war had served in the several capacities of midshipman, lieutenant, commander, and post-captain. A number of these officers had not only endured every privation incidental to the most harassing period of the war, but had also bled in battle, and participated in some of the most glorious achievements recorded in our naval annals. Several, when employed as captains, had been unable, from causes over which they had no control, to retain the command of a "post ship" longer than a certain time; and here it becomes necessary to specify a period — say, for *four* years and *eleven* months. Well, a general peace ensues. Year after year, and month after month, these unemployed officers, all activity, zeal, and ardour, solicit a command. Memorials, certificates of conduct, statements of services, are forwarded to authorities and duly lodged in office; but such documents are of no avail. The applicants, with sorrow, see they have no chance of success. Possibly they neither possess parliamentary friends nor aristocratic relations: still they console themselves with the flattering reflection that *time* and patience, if they live to "bow the list," must procure for them their respective flags. At length, after a sluggish, creeping pace, occupying an interval of some twenty or five and twenty years, these officers arrive at the head of the Captains' list,—when out comes, in the middle of profound peace, this arbitrary rule, blasting in the bud the long-cherished hopes of veterans who,

---

ment, has recently, on the score of having lost his seat in parliament, obtained an appointment at this Board. The officer in question is well suited to the situation. He is a practical man, and a far better seaman than politician,— a solitary exception to many selected for service. Politicians afloat are regarded as positive pests; being themselves seldom good seamen, and mostly bad officers, it is obvious that they are neither competent to train inferiors or preserve discipline.

It was a strong saying of a celebrated naval chief, "Show me a ship commanded by a *politician*, and I'll then show you a perfect privateer."

as we have already said, had toiled in every capacity during the most harassing and arduous period of the war.

This unjust and ungenerous regulation goes to declare, that no Captain who had not completed *five* years in actual command of a "rated ship" *, is entitled to attain the rank of Rear-admiral.

But it has been argued by people in power, as well as by those who had "saved their distance," and who had consequently *secured* their rank, that it is impolitic to swell the Flag-officers' list, and that it would be impossible to find employment to the numerous applicants desirous to serve. This argument might have been met by a measure, by which authorities would neither have been compromised, nor involved in a breach of official faith.

For example: officers who could produce the strongest claims, and who were generally regarded as the most active, intelligent, and skilful seamen, should, as a matter of course, be *first* selected for service; and those who were, either from age or infirmity, incompetent to the duties of command, should be allowed, as heretofore, to retire on their *full* and legitimate rank; — for surely the same person, who, when in the prime of life, and in the full zenith of his activity, could be excluded from command as a Post-captain, might with more grace, and certainly with more reason, be refused employment when he became a Flag-officer, stricken in years and feeble in frame. But why commit so gross an injustice, or so gratuitously offend the feelings of the worn-out and aged warrior, who had

"braved the battle and the breeze,"

as to *de-grade* him — nay, rob him of his right of rank, because, indeed, authorities had *contrived* to find him wanting in what might be termed a *fore*-gone compliance with an *after* "regulation?" This, indeed, might be likened to the Irishism of "hanging a man first, and trying him afterwards."

To enumerate the privations, grievances, and indeed, we might add, injuries, which have been entailed on every class of officers in the service, proceeding entirely from the disinclination manifested to administer to their several wants and wishes, would occupy more space than our limits will allow; suffice to say,—and we say it "more in sorrow than in anger,"—that a very alarming feeling of dissatisfaction pervades nine-tenths of that portion of the profession that must, in the strictest sense, be designated the "serviceable, and sheet-anchor class."

Proceed we now to inquire into other topics connected with the administration of our naval affairs. The difficulty in procuring seamen for the service increases daily;—the cause of which authorities are not disposed to acknowledge. It might be said, that our naval rulers cannot be made responsible for the scarcity of seamen arising out of the change which the power of steam has brought about in the numerical force of our commercial marine: but surely it might be expected that authorities should be alive to the circumstance, and that measures ought to have been adopted to supply the deficiency. Formerly, on any sudden emergency, the nation could fall back on the several resources afforded by the watermen of the Thames, and of Gosport, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight; to say nothing of the numerous seamen who were wont to navigate vessels employed in the coasting trade of the United Kingdom. That we can do so no longer to the same effect is an alarming truth, which Ministers should have been the first to perceive, and, having perceived it, the first to remedy. But what

* Formerly termed "a post-ship."

is the fact? Why, that the danger has been suffered insidiously to creep upon us, till we are left almost at the mercy of foreign caprice.

It is true that our greatest naval innovator, and novice in maritime matters, contrived to *push* through parliament a "bill," having for its purpose the registry of the seamen of the country. The fallacies contained in the right honourable baronet's legislative act, have been bared to the bone, and exposed by practical authorities high in professional rank. "What!" asks one, "a registry of seamen!—of men whose pursuits necessarily scatter them over the globe! Is it possible that any one can propose to rely upon *registered* sailors, as a means of bringing the fleet into activity, when suddenly a war may require the *instant* protection of our wide-spread colonies and commerce?"

And another, after investigating the matter in all its bearings, and making manifest the total impossibility of ever bringing into practice the far-fetched theories of this much-vaunted bill, concludes with the terse and striking remark, that "one might as well attempt to *book* the *swallows*, as to *register* seamen — both are *birds* of passage!"

Nor was this the only blunder committed by the "*reforming* First Lord of the Admiralty." In order that the Navy Estimates might wear a more *economical* aspect, particularly as compared with those of his predecessors, he disbanded six out of eight companies of the Marine Artillery, (possibly the best-trained corps in existence); abolished the Naval-College * at Portsmouth; dispersed the School of Naval Architecture; and broke up, or rather turned over to the control of the "Customs," the entire of the Coast-blockade,— a body previously under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty, and consequently a *ready* and disposable force, in case of emergency, to supply every deficiency in the crews of our ships in commission. † This Service is now denominated the Coast-guard, and is no longer under martial law: nor can the men belonging to it be *induced*, much less compelled, to re-enter her Majesty's ships; and for this obvious reason — in the Service of the Revenue they *retain* their pensions, while in the service of the Navy they *forfeit* them during the entire period of renewed employ.

In order that this piece of left-handed legislation may be rendered thoroughly intelligible to the reader, it is necessary to enter into a little explanation. At the close of the late war, an Order in Council was passed, granting pensions to seamen who had served fourteen and twenty-one years

* It is rumoured that this establishment is to be re-instated — a frank admission of the blunder that was committed in its abolition.

† After the reckless reductions made when in office, by the "*Reforming* First Lord of the Admiralty," the following oration, recently delivered by him at a public dinner at Glasgow, betokens, on the part of the speaker, no little share of modest assurance:—

"It is in vain that you sign commercial treaties; it is in vain that you stipulate on paper for opening the mouth of the Danube or the Black Sea to our commerce; it is in vain that you remonstrate against French blockades in America, or attempt to overawe Russia by military demonstrations in the East,— all will be in vain if the British Navy is not ready at all times and in all places to maintain our greatness — to assert our rights — to vindicate our maritime supremacy; our glory will be departed from us, and the foremost place in the rank of nations will be abandoned by us without a struggle. *I never hesitated to apply to Parliament for a grant of money to increase our naval stores — to add to the number of our seamen and marines,*— and, at the risk of some unpopularity among the shipping interest, to provide for their future increase by rigidly enforcing a *system of naval apprenticeship*" [a pretty affair it has turned out], "and by establishing, at great expense, an entirely new *system of naval gunnery*. I applied for a grant of money to provide large steamers of war; and, in justice to the House of Commons, I must add, that I never knew a grant of money refused by the national representatives for the naval service, when the responsible minister declared that it was necessary. If, from the fear of increased expenditure, or the fear of imposing additional taxes, *her Majesty's responsible advisers* have shrunk from demanding those grants which are necessary for maintaining our resources *on a scale necessary to our naval supremacy*, I say they have been guilty of a gross neglect of duty, and they have miserably mistaken the interests and the wishes of the British people."

in her Majesty's Navy. The object of this boon was, to induce well-trained and practised hands to enter the Service in time of need; but our naval rulers, in establishing this regulation, did not foresee that, instead of acting as an encouragement, it would, by their own stipulation, have a directly contrary effect. For example; when a man returns from a commercial voyage, and is desirous to rejoin her Majesty's sea-service, he learns, after some little inquiry, that the payment of his pension will cease the moment his name appears on the "books of the ship" for which he is desirous to enter. "If that be the case," says Jack, turning on his heel, "I had better bear up for the Coast-guard, or the Customs; for it seems that in any other service my pension goes regularly on, while in my *own* it's knocked regularly *off!*" Thus the boon operates as a prohibition in keeping well-disposed and efficient seamen *out* of the Navy, instead of operating as an encouragement to enter it, and as a reward for long services.

It may be said, that it would be attended with too much expense, and contrary to every received principle of political economy, to allow seamen, in addition to their pay, to hold pensions for past services: granted. But is it not also contrary to those principles which should guide and govern a maritime state to pension the *same* able-bodied seamen when serving in *other* employments under the Crown? Is it reconcileable with common sense, putting every other consideration out of the question, to make this pension a premium for abandoning the naval service? If the object of the regulation had been to thin the crews of her Majesty's ships of its most useful hands, and to tempt them away into other employments, it could not have been more ingeniously contrived. The Navy has hitherto been exposed, it appears, to not only the most unwise policy, but to the worst possible logic!

The writer of "A Letter to the Earl of Minto," put forth "by a Friend to the People," in reply to the much-bruited *brochure* of Admiral Hawker, says, with ludicrous simplicity, "Let a war come! an open, just, and necessary war, and it will speedily be seen that we have the means of carrying it on on a *great* scale, such as alone becomes us. It is a fallacy," adds the 'Friend of the People' "to suppose, that, because a few ships which may be now fitting, find some difficulty in getting men, that this is owing to any disgust for the public service. It is more likely to be occasioned by the activity of commerce giving them full employment at good wages." Such are the speculations into which men are apt to fall, when they venture to pronounce opinions upon subjects of which they possess no practical knowledge.

It will be the policy of any power that wages war with England, to watch well the period in which she is least prepared to resist aggression, and therefore it is that the Government of the country ought to be always prepared, and neither allow itself, as Captain Napier would say, "to be caught napping," nor the nation to be taken by surprise.

In a powerful, though somewhat tory-toned article, which appears in a professional contemporary, it is said, that "we are much too confident for a wise people; but fearing nothing, we must not suppose we have nothing to fear." In this pointed and antithetical sentence there is much truth; for, admitting that, in manning our fleet, Government were *driven* to the "unpopular resort" — the ready-made mode of procuring "hands," not *heads*, for her Majesty's ships, still, would it not be preposterous to suppose that raw and undisciplined crews, untrained in artillery practice, and officered by inexperienced peace-bred men, — novices in naval tactics, — ignorant of every evolution peculiar to the management of a fleet at sea,— nay, even incom-

petent to preserve the respective stations of their several ships in the common "order of sailing," are materials fit to contend with those of a rival force, long drilled, and in perfect readiness for active and vigorous service?

"An entire new set of officers," observes Sir Charles Penrose, "are gradually replacing those whose long experience in war might perhaps have rendered further instruction less necessary; and if the rising generation are educated in a system of negligence and inactivity, what will be the result at the commencement of a new war, when our utmost exertions will be required to secure our superiority over rivals who have certainly lost no opportunity of improving and perfecting their naval establishments, and whose minds are fully alive to the *errors* to which they attributed their former reverses?"

The history of former wars furnishes instances of mortifying failures, all, or almost all, attributable to the unwise and impolitic conduct of our naval rulers during the intervals of preceding peace.

"I am old enough to remember," says the last cited authority, "that only fifteen years after almost as successful a war as that which we saw so gloriously terminated in 1815, Plymouth was *blockaded* by a superior force, and our ships-of-war at Spithead obliged to take refuge in Portsmouth harbour. This great national disgrace was entirely attributable to the impolitic and inconsiderate manner in which our naval administration had been conducted; and although I am far from intending to draw an invidious comparison, yet I cannot avoid recalling to my recollection both this fatal period, and the commencement of the war in 1793; and fears will then arise in my mind, that even all this dearly-bought experience has not produced the desired effect."

Captain Charles Napier (no bad authority in belligerent matters) has publicly appealed to the Government to increase our force afloat, and to put it into a state of readiness for active operations; for that intrepid officer, in common with those accustomed to look well *ahead*, thinks that *two* powerful fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea are not the most pacific materials for a state possessing neither colonies nor commerce. And Captain Crawfurd, in his interesting and intelligent Letter, published some two years since, says —

"It was a strange feeling that came over me as an Englishman, and an officer in the British Navy, on finding myself at sea with twenty-six Russian line-of-battle ships, with nearly 30,000 men, better soldiers than they are sailors, and with four months' provisions on board; knowing, as I did, that for the protection of the coasts of my own country, of our ports, of our mercantile shipping in the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Channel, we had but *seven* line-of-battle-ships in a state of preparation,—and those, I believe, not fully manned. I confess that, confident as I felt in the superior skill and activity of my countrymen, I almost trembled for the preservation of their ancient sovereignty of the seas."

Much may be said, and much evidence adduced to explain the paucity of seamen coming forward for the service of the Queen. We know,— and we suspect we *do* know far better than any "one of the people" uninitiated in nautical matters, — that "it is not from a feeling of disgust" that good and able seamen evince a disposition to give her Majesty's ships a wide berth. Men-of-warsmen would willingly devote their lives to the Navy, did not the acts of Government, at every period of the peace, discourage them from re-entering the service. The anomaly already alluded to, respecting their pensions, is in itself a strong objection to voluntary enrolment. But we have yet to assign other reasons — *practical* reasons, for the old man-of-warsman, and the young mariner, steering clear of most of our ships as they are at present established.

Jack is a shrewd observer, and sees with a seaman's eye that the majority of her Majesty's ships are not only miserably *undermanned*, but are also, what in his mind is equally bad, direfully *overboyed*. Nor are the honourable and right honourable striplings, who now flourish afloat, exactly the sort of spirits best suited to the taste of the tar.

With reference to the cruelly diminished complements of ships on the peace-establishment, sailors say, and with every reason, "Here are the Lords of the Admiralty commissioning *frigates* with the scantling, masts, yards, and sails of a seventy-four gun-ship, and allow no *more* hands to work them, with their heavy anchors, chain-cables, and the heavy metal they are now made to mount, than hitherto formed *half* the complement of the same class ship of the line. Why then," they add, "serve in *liners* * in regular *disguise?* The duty becomes *double* labour; and why work double tides in time of peace?"

Nor is this all. A professional writer has clearly shown that it is a

"Vulgar error to imagine that sailors seldom consult their personal comforts. In th particular they are sensitively keen: nor can it be said that the seamen of the service ever indulged in unreasonable wishes. They have their *local* preferences, their 'favourite stations,' their 'fancy ships,' and many other *little* likings, to which, were official consideration given, more good would arise than could be achieved by any elaborate regulations, however ingenious and severe."

Besides, all these things considered, seamen have the greatest objection to "enter for *general* service." † Nor will they voluntarily come forward, unless they be allowed to select their respective ships, and are also made acquainted with the stations on which the ships they desire to join are likely to proceed. One likes a ship that is "fitting for Foreign," he prefers a station where he requires "no more than a straw hat, and a duck frock: he has had enough of gusty gales, wet jackets, and rheumatic joints." Another prefers a ship fitting for the "Home station:" he is a married man, and has no desire to serve abroad, and he "can't abide the thought of going out of the land." These are trifles light as air to the authorities; but, like Selden's straws, they tell which way the wind blows, and when it is *fair* or foul for Jack.

Again: to old men-of-warsmen the bare thought of joining a newly-commissioned ship is at once an abomination. The work incidental to "first fitting" is to seamen harassing and annoying in the extreme. Moreover, when they "pad" to Portsmouth or Plymouth, purposely to join an old, or a favourite captain, they are not overburthened with clothing—possibly they possess not more than the solitary suit in which they stand: still, when once "victualled and borne on the books," are they compelled, in their only garb, to execute all the drudging duties of dragging and stowing dirty and rusty ballast, scraping decks and sides, newly-laid seams of pitch, and blacking and tarring the yards and standing rigging of the ship, both "low and aloft."

If men-of-warsmen *must* execute services of this nature, surely it is not asking too much of the Government to provide them with "working suits." The privates of the Army are clothed at the expense of the nation; and even the convicts (familiarly called the Scotch Greys), are well and warmly clad by the country. And here we may ask, with a professional writer, "Where can be the pressing necessity, during a period of peace (for we speak of the practice of years), to harass in harbour the seamen of the service? Were a proper and a well-matured system but once established, ships would be fitted with greater facility than has hitherto ever been effected in the service." Of this there can be no doubt; and few will dispute the propriety of exempting the crews of *sea*-going ships from those

* Ships of the line.

† Lieutenants have been dispatched to different parts of the United Kingdom to enter seamen for general service.

tedious and harassing services which come under the denomination of "duties of the port." *

Another cause of complaint with men-of-warsmen is, the difference of the personal pay of petty-officers when serving in vessels of different "rates." The smaller the vessel, the *greater* the labour; for which reason, it is ruled that the stipend of the petty-officer becomes the *less*. The greater the ship, the less work, and particularly *wet* work, falls to his share, and therefore the *higher* his personal pay.†

Anomalies like these are more annoying to men-of-warsmen, and more detrimental to the Service than Official folk are disposed to admit. Nor can they be convinced that the several discouraging causes which have been enumerated in this paper, (and of the existence of which practical people conversant with the nautical character can fully confirm), have the least tendency to impede the general working of the naval wheel. If then they be imaginary (as some would assert), how are we to account for the disinclination manifested by the seamen of the country to enter and re-enter her Majesty's service?

The relative forces of France, England, America, and Russia, have been paraded before the public in every possible form to suit the party purposes of political opponents. It would not be a very difficult task to expose the egregious errors and exaggerated statements on all sides; but the initiated well know that it is neither the longest list, nor the list which *figures* best upon paper, that flourishes and figures best afloat. The French, like ourselves, retain on their OFFICIAL LIST *names*, "full of sound and fury, signifying *nothing*." After *weeding* our own list, "published by AUTHORITY," of the several sheer-hulks, receiving-ships, slop-vessels, coal-depôts, convict-ships, quarantine-craft, floating-chapels, artillery-tuition-ships, and artillery targets, and other nonentities that swell the catalogue of our floating force, we then considerably exceed in number every other maritime state in serviceable vessels of war. But of what avail are towering fabrics moping at their moorings, or standing on their stocks, if the vital power, the main machinery that should set them into motion be *out* of *order*, disconnected, or dispersed? Houses in hundreds may be seen "To Be Let," but for want of tenants are *let alone*. And we believe it to be as much a naval as a medical maxim, that bone without muscle is powerless and unavailing.

Under this impression, and convinced of the necessity of no longer neglecting to establish for the Navy a nursery for seamen, totally independent of our commercial marine, we submit for consideration two or three suggestions, which, had they been acted on some six years since, would now have put the Government in the possession of young, able, and active seamen, well-trained in artillery practice, and sufficiently numerous to meet the present pressing demands for her Majesty's service.

Our proposition involves a regular system of apprenticeship ‡ — a system which might materially conduce to the better working of the present Poor Law Bill. It is this:—

Boys should be bound for seven years to the Queen, in the same way as hitherto articled to masters of merchant-ships. Should they, at the

* "How often does it happen," observes a professional writer, "that a ship running into port, from stress of weather, has scarcely 'taken up her berth,' before the signal is made to her to 'take the *Guard*,' whilst the boats of the '*Guard-ship*,' (a misnomer by-the-bye), are not unfrequently employed pulling ladies about the harbour, or parties of pleasure."

† This cannot be said to act both ways, because there are twenty times the number of small vessels in commission than there are ships-of-the-line.

‡ In determining the extent to which this proposition may be carried, present expense and future circumstances must be consulted; but the system might be commenced without incurring an expenditure to any serious amount.

expiration of their apprenticeship, become active and able seamen, and calculated to undertake the duties of petty-officers, then, as an encouragement for good conduct and professional ability, their *pension-time* might be allowed to commence from the *fifth* year of their apprenticeship, instead of awaiting till they had completed the full period of their indentures.

When ships were paid off, these apprentices should be turned over to other vessels in need of hands, or about to be commissioned for the *home* station. They also should be occasionally relieved from sea-going ships, and removed to the guard-ships, and particularly to those vessels devoted to the tuition of naval gunnery, and of artillery practice. When employed in port-vessels, they should be taught under a master-rigger the art of rigging in all its branches, and the method of raising sheers and masting vessels with the mere resources of the ship. By this system they would become conversant with all the duties and qualifications necessary to constitute the able seaman and the thorough man-of-warsman.

In the mean time measures should be taken to remove those annoying anomalies and discouraging influences to which we have already alluded. The grievances of officers ought to be redressed. No expense should be permitted to fall upon the servants of the state;—they should have extended to them the same allowances and privileges which are enjoyed by those holding commissions in the general navies of France, Sweden, Denmark, America, and Russia.

The wages of the seamen should be generally raised, and the pay of petty-officers equalised in every "rate." Weather-coats and working-suits should be allowed to every vessel in commission; and, as ship's stores, might be placed under charge of the boatswain: and, above all, the crews of her Majesty's ships should be considerably increased in the complement; every vessel on the peace-establishment possessing sufficient of men and of metal, to sustain the character of the service, and to meet every emergency in the way of war.

But neither half measures, nor temporary remedies, will be of any avail. To amend the condition of the service, — improve the *personel* and *materiel* of the fleet, we must begin at the root, — and perhaps, startling as the proposal may appear, the best way to accomplish this desirable object would be to construct an able, active, and vigorous management, perfectly independent of all political control. A LORD HIGH ADMIRAL, aided by a competent Council, solely composed of professional men, possessing *practical* Secretaries, would be found to be the form of management best calculated to serve the real interests of the State, satisfy the Navy, and maintain for the nation the Sovereignty of the Seas.

Since the above was in type, Sir John Barrow, one of the Secretaries of the Admiralty, has published in the "LIFE of LORD ANSON," a "SUPPLEMENTAL CHAPTER," touching the present state and condition of the several maritime forces of "Great Britain, France, Russia, America," &c.

Though we differ from the writer materially respecting many of the most essential points upon which he labours to defend his superiors in office, past as well as present — for Sir John assures us that he has served under "*eleven* naval administrations, Whig and Tory," all of whom, in his opinion, were equally wise and watchful in their generation — still we are gratified to find that some of his suggestions (particularly those purporting to attach seamen to the service) coincide with those which we have thrown out in this paper. But in making these very suggestions, Sir John Barrow admits, without designing it, the whole argument of those who complain of the existing insecurity of our naval power.

With respect to the *tone* which the Secretary of the Admiralty has adopted in his reply to the "remarks" and statements of the "Flag-officer" — and particularly to the "silly opinions" of Commander Crawfurd who sailed in the summer of 1836 in one of the Russian vessels belonging to the Emperor's fleet then manœuvring in the Baltic—we have no inclination to offer a single word of comment; — doubtless these officers will vindicate themselves. But the Secretary has decidedly the advantage of the Blue-jackets; for, while he would bring the old Admiral and the young Commander under the "Articles of War" *, neither the unemployed Flag-officer nor the present Captain of the *Raleigh* can avail themselves of that satisfactory of all laws, the law of *libel*. But, as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* says, "It's a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands."

In the opening of our article we asserted — and we think we have succeeded in supporting our assertion with adequate proofs— that the Navy of Great Britain has been *neglected*. Sir John Barrow "claims the privilege" of old-standing in *office* to give the plump *negatur* to every statement or assertion which goes to this effect. And how does the Secretary set about establishing the validity of his negative? — By producing evidence to show that the interests of the Navy have been carefully attended to? — By marshalling the favourable testimony of experienced officers who are competent judges in the case, whose authority would be conclusive of the fact, and in whose opinions the country places willing and implicit confidence? — Oh, no! these are not the official modes of satisfying public anxiety. Sir John settles the question after another fashion, by roundly denouncing every representation touching the neglect of the Navy to be a "gratuitous *falsehood*, the fact being the very reverse." Is this the sort of *refutation* that might be expected from a Government-officer, who had served *thirty* years, and under *eleven* naval administrations, in a department celebrated for its *courtesy?* We have already said, that both Secretaries to the Admiralty (except in one instance) have been always landsmen. Had the baronet been "sent early to sea," he, to employ the phrase of the cockpit, "would have learned manners," and have been taught that at all times, unless provocation was intended, the application of the word "*falsehood*" was one of the weakest arguments that a gentleman could employ in the service of *truth*. But the good-breeding of the Secretary is a matter of much less moment than his statements in detail.

Sir John Barrow says that,

The second charge brought against the Admiralty is, that ships-of-the-line are sent to sea without their lower-deck guns in, and with *a reduced complement of men.*

It is quite true that three of the twenty-one in commission have been so sent, as a temporary accommodation to three admirals, whose flags they bore, and their retinue. It was thought that such accommodation, in a time of profound peace, was a courtesy that might be allowed, when asked for, without the slightest inconvenience to the service, and without any additional expense. The Board well knew that a very short delay would occur in remounting them; and accordingly one of the three, the Cornwallis, has now her complete armament of guns; and the Wellesley has hers on the spot. Three other ships-of-the-line, employed on a pressing emergency to convey regiments to Halifax and Quebec, struck their lower-deck guns into the hold, for the greater convenience and comfort of the troops and seamen; and every reasonable man, instead of censuring, will applaud the Admiralty for adopting a measure, by which several regiments have been conveyed to their destination with that rapidity and in that good state of health so essentially necessary for the service they were sent upon. The Hercules carried three regiments, and made three trips to Halifax, without her lower-deck guns: the Russell has lain idle seven months in the Tagus, with her guns,— which ship has been most usefully employed. This charge can only be regarded as factious and frivolous.

* "Does this 'Flag-officer,'" asks Sir John, "know — it may charitably be supposed he does not — that were he afloat, and we in the position he would place us, with regard to France, Russia, and the United States (that is, at war) the *pains* and *penalties* of the third article of war, which are not slight, would very nearly, if not *entirely*, attach to him"? — p. 441.

The biographer of Lord Anson struggles in vain to defend a measure which, we hope, will never be repeated. Vessels of war ought never to be permitted to proceed on *foreign* stations short of their full complement of artillery, and, above all, short of the complement of men requisite to work their heaviest batteries. Private *accommodation* in the public service, we can clearly show, is an untenable argument; for the Board of Admiralty have long *prohibited Captains* of her Majesty's ships from carrying out their *wives* and families on *foreign* stations. If a Captain be desirous to take his wife abroad, the lady must follow him in a packet, or perhaps in another vessel of war. Why, then, was this judicious regulation, which is so strictly observed in reference to the wives and families of captains, set aside in favour of the *retinue* of a Flag-officer? The Secretary probably could give other reasons for an "*accommodation*" so unusual in the practice of our naval rulers.

Sir John Barrow appears to entertain the *unprofessional* opinion, that, for every purpose of peace, the present complements of the crews of her Majesty's ships "are ample." "As compared," he observes,

"With the war complements, one would imagine the present peace-establishment to be ample. For instance, that of a seventy-four in war being only 590, is now 570; of the former, the number of able seamen was then limited to one-third, the ordinary one-third, and landsmen one-third; now the able seamen are estimated at seventy-five per cent. First-class boys, during war, were admitted from fourteen to seventeen years of age; now they are required to be from seventeen to twenty. The fact seems to be that, in war, officers thought only of seeking and fighting the enemy; in peace, very properly, of keeping their ships in the highest possible order, to compete with and excel in smartness such full-manned French ships as they may meet with, in manœuvering, without calling all hands for that purpose."

This reasoning wants the support of *practical* knowledge. "As compared with the *war* complements," one would imagine that the *present peace-establishment* was any thing "but ample:" and for this simple reason,—which of course never could have suggested itself to a person ignorant of practical matters,—namely, that during the war the majority of our three-deckers mounted but twelve pounders on the upper-deck; eighteen, or twenty-four, on the middle; and thirty-two on the lower, or heaviest tier; while *now*, on the present peace-establishment, most of our ships-of-the-line mount guns on their several decks of a very different calibre:—some of our three-deckers having twenty-four, and even thirty-two pounders on their upper battery; thirty-two on their middle, and the same metal, with six or eight *sixty-eight* pounders, distributed in the several centres of their respective tiers. So that it will be seen, whilst we have been *increasing* our mounted metal, we have been *decreasing* the complement of men necessary to work the artillery previously unused, and even unknown, in time of war.

Under the head of supplying seamen for the service, Sir John says,

"There is no doubt that the mode of carrying *impressment* into effect may be so modified, as to *remove* a great deal of that odium which has generally been attached to it. It may be confined to the pressing of seamen *afloat;* no press-gangs need parade the streets, enter houses, in search of *poor fellows* just returned from long voyages, to tear them away from their parents, their wives, and their children:—these are the things that make impressment hateful."

Now let us ask Sir John Barrow this simple question: Were impressment resorted to by the authorities upon this plan, would the "*poor fellows* returning from long voyages" be allowed even the *chance* of being dragged away from their parents, wives," &c.? According to his recommendation of confining the system of impressment to seamen *afloat*, the Lords of the Admiralty would be compelled, as in the year 1793, to have cutters cruising in the "chops of the Channel" for the express purpose of taking hands out of homeward-bound vessels, and thereby preventing the "poor fellows"

from being "dragged away" from their "parents," their "Sal," or their "Sue."

But Sir John is on the "right tack" when he speaks, as follows, of *pensions*. Our own recommendation upon this subject was in type, as we have already said, several days before "The Life of Lord Anson" was launched into the world:—

"It may be here observed, that, if able-bodied pensioners were *now*," (and why not always?) "allowed to receive their *pensions along* with their *pay*, many valuable men would be preserved to the service."

It is rather curious that, after *thirty* years of official observation, and serving under *eleven* administrations, this idea should never have struck the Secretary of the Admiralty before, and that it should now come out in a "supplemental chapter" to the life of an "ancient mariner," who sailed round the world ninety years ago.

Sir John Barrow appears to be much wedded to that legislative blunder, denominated the "Registry Act."

"Every one shows how many *ineffectual* attempts have been made to establish a general register of the mariners and sea-faring men, on an idle supposition, that it was an *invasion* of the liberty of the subject, and with the ulterior view of facilitating impressment. It required, therefore, no little *tact* to *subdue* this prejudice."

As to the *idle* supposition, "that it was an invasion of the liberty of the subject," so idle a supposition, we think we may confidently assert, never entered the heads of people who knew any thing about the matter. We have already stated our objections to this notable project, and cheerfully leave Sir John to glorify himself upon the "tact" which he, or any body else, may have displayed in subduing the prejudice.

In reference to disbanding the Coast-blockade, the Secretary of the Admiralty evidently feels that he is treading upon tender ground.

"Another source for the supply of seamen, to a certain extent for the Navy, has, within a few years back, been *lost* to the naval service. The allusion here made is to the Coast-guard service, as at present constituted. *Why it has* been *altered* from its original establishment?"—[We have already informed the reader of the '*Why*,'] when it supplied seamen on many occasions for the Navy, instead of, as now, *taking* them *away* from it; or by *whose* advice the *change* was *made*, is not *material*. The deed has been done."

And thus, at the end of thirty years' service in office, the Secretary begins to see the mischief of innovation. He "confesses the cape:" and to remedy the evil, he recommends putting the entire of the Coast-guard service again under *martial* law. He says, "it must come to *this* in the event of war." Now here is a case at once ready made to the hands of a "Flag-officer," and the "young Commander."

Sir John Barrow approves of the present system of apprenticing boys in the mercantile marine. There can be no doubt it assists the better working of the Poor Law Bill; but the Secretary does not *yet* see how much more preferable would be the system recommended in this paper. It is our firm conviction, not lightly formed, that no measure will be found to work so effectually as that of apprenticing boys to her Majesty.

It is especially worthy of observation, that Sir John Barrow recommends a partial increase of pay, as well as equalisation of pay to petty-officers in all rates; suggestions which in a previous page we have urged from a strong impression of their necessity.

All such recommendations on the part of the Secretary of the Admiralty can be regarded in no other light than as admissions of existing defects in the state of the Navy, and as affording abundant proofs in contravention of his own assertion, that the Navy has not been neglected. If the Navy had not been neglected, how does it happen that Sir John Barrow, who comes forward in the defence of the measures of *eleven* administrations, has discovered so much room for improvement?

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. II. — *King Henry the Fourth.*

THE old lord of the Council, who rated Falstaff in the public street about misleading the Prince, was a bold strong-headed personage, apt at logical point and practical proof, quick at rejoinder, and of reverend authority and influence, or he would not thus openly have risked the witty repartees and jibes of the merry-hearted corpulent offender. Certainly there must have been something very uncommon in the man who could silence Falstaff. It is probable, however, that very uncommon circumstances would also be requisite, or we should much doubt the possibility of such a feat having been performed by any man. But silenced he was, and so effectually, that he thought it best to pretend to be deaf. Falstaff says, that the old lord "talked very wisely — and in the street too," and yet he "marked him not." It is possible, from this, that he also affected not to *see* him. Doubtless the old councillor brought grave wisdom to bear upon the knight's manifold offences, especially in misleading the Prince, and then crowned the denunciatory arguments by displaying the threatening aspect of his royal father in the background. Perhaps, also, Falstaff had borrowed money of him. It would likewise appear that he had conferred a number of unpalatable names or epithets upon the abstracted culprit, which the latter remembered as a grievance after he recovered from his absence of mind.

"But, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity: I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought! An old lord, &c."

It will of course be understood, that our remarks concerning this personage are solely deduced from what we find; that is, taking the suggestion just as it stands. But as to the veracity of this anecdote, or even the existence of the old lord in question, we have only Falstaff's word for the fact, and that is one very good reason for suspecting it to be a fabrication. He wished to show the Prince, in his humorous way, how much he endured for his sake.

Mordake, earl of Fife, the eldest son of Douglas, and the earls of Athol, Murray, Angus, and Monteith, are mentioned by Hotspur as among the prisoners he has taken. They merely stand as names, nothing characteristic being said of them. But the lord with the pouncet-box, who went with the king's message to demand the prisoners from Hotspur, is too well known as a complete and highly-finished portrait of character, to need any elucidation or comment. This individual, who so finely represents a peculiarly conservative class, is however without name; he is merely called "a certain lord."

In the next act we find some carriers with their. lanterns, making ready to depart at daybreak. They have been sadly stung by fleas in the night, and their horses are not ready, and have not been well attended. The dissatisfaction given by this, brings to mind their better accommodation at a previous time, and we are then introduced to rather a novel sort of cha-

racter — that of the sensitive ostler. Robin, the deceased, was so efficient in his office, that "the house is turned upside down" under the bungling hands of his successor. The cause of Robin's death is peculiarly touching. The First Carrier says, —

"Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose. It was the death of him."
PART I. ACT II. Sc. I.

Perhaps Robin had a peculiarly fine instinct in his profession, and in this rise of oats, had suddenly foreseen the future miseries of a law against corn.

It is by no means difficult to invent occasions for drawing out a character like that of Hotspur, which is always at "full cock," yet few could be imagined much better calculated for this purpose than the letter written by the prudent lord. A prudent letter addressed to Hotspur! — what a knowledge the writer must have had of his man! A letter to dissuade Hotspur from doing something which he had already began. The reasons given to induce him to refrain are those which, of all others, would be quite sure to make him proceed with exasperated vigour. The prudent lord says, "the purpose you undertake is dangerous!"— the more excitement then in meeting and surmounting it, — "the friends you have named uncertain," — then we shall do much better without them, — "the time itself unsorted" — we have fixed upon the time,—"and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an occasion." On this last remonstrance, Hotspur bursts out, as any one who possessed the slightest knowledge of character would have known beforehand, and designates the writer as my Lord Fool — a lack-brain — a frosty-spirited rogue — a dish of skimmed milk — and a Pagan rascal! The prudent lord is not honoured with any other name, nor is it likely that he wrote Hotspur any more letters.

We have now to speak of a long-neglected historical character, whose capacious merits and sustaining powers, whose stature and vast freight, might only be comparisoned with the bulk and burden of Atlas, yet possessing quadruple supportation in nether structure wide, and whose old associations, motley and multiform, entitled him to a high bed and *status* in the ambrosial stalls of posterity;— though now, in the deep forgetfulness of Time, the vulgar press of fortune's garish favourites, the oaf-eyed dullness of the inadequate world, hath shared the fate of countless kingdoms, and many stars, and been suffered to glide down into darkness absolute, beyond the vision of mortal chronicles, and without stumbling upon any lucky patch of azure in the cloud-fields of fabulous histories. O, ye egregious modern readers and lovers of zoology, literature, and the fine arts! why are ye not intimate with —— but oh, ye unperceiving and unjust olden readers, writers, and portrait painters, wherefore have ye not handed down to us a full, true, and particular knowledge of all the form and action, virtues and weaknesses, public character and private opinions, of Sir John Falstaff's Horse?

How intimate are we with the horses of other great men? Do we not see, in treasured memory's eye, the fatness, the leanness, the arches, or the angles, the roundings, the juttings forth, the symmetry, the deformity, the action, and the inaction; and are we not well acquainted with the peculiarities of character, mental, moral, and quadrupedal, which distinguished these friends and companions of many of the heirs of immortality.*

* How do we admire the proud neck "clothed with thunder," the lightning eye and the superb action of Bucephalus! Nor less shall we delight to call to mind,— rather, far more, by reason

And shall we, then — we who are fallen upon evil days — the evil, than, which few greater can be named, of living and writing in an uninspired modern age — shall we also, enroll ourselves in this conspiracy of ingratitude, and wilfully forget the genius that bore the mundane bulk of kind Jack Falstaff, witty Jack Falstaff; who entered into all his humours, and enjoyed the onerous honour of bearing, in semblance of a painted and well-hooped tun of sack, the private tutor of the future king of England!

We apprehend that this steed, henceforth installed with due renown in the annals and calendars of British literature, was a creature of large bone and great strength. The weight of Falstaff, without his clothes (!), could not have been less than thirty stone. When attired in war-harness, the Knight, with his clothes, arms, and accoutrements, must at least have weighed five or six and thirty stone. This, to say nothing of his own trappings, would have broken the back of any ordinary horse. Hence we deduce that the horse was of large bone and great strength. But he was not very high; he did not stand above fifteen or fifteen and a half hands. Had it been otherwise, Falstaff could never have mounted or dismounted, except with the assistance of many men, or a high mounting-block with steps, a necessity always superseded by the wise of heavy weight. The moderate height, however, of this large horse was owing to the shortness of his legs, when compared with his other proportions. We picture him as having a sleek hide, and being rather fat for a horse of such large bones; attributable to Falstaff's habit of frequently ordering his corn to be

---

of finer associations; noble, yet astray; lofty, yet ludicrous; full of ugly outlines and disastrous performance, yet touched with pathos and all humanity,— the steed of dear Don Quixote! Place beside this the arrogant, the gold-and-velvet pampered consul of Rome!— we mean the horse of Caligula!— and again how different the character and appearance of the faithful, elbow-boned, ragged-eyed, stump-tailed, witch-outspeeding Maggie of Tam o' Shanter! But lo! the solemn, statuesque personage bestridden by the commandante in Don Juan! By force of contrast, now to the imagination is suggested the prolific, self-centred, and "fearfully-and-wonderfully-made" creature, beloved of great Munchausen; and in especial when of his hinder half guillotined, and with a fruitful cherry-tree growing between his ears, he, stream-ward bent, like to an ostrich, bore his lord, and on gigantic twaddlers scoured the plains! But, amidst all these potent spirits— these forms of corporeal grandeur, rife with the wondrous, the grotesque, the chivalric, have we no shapes of loveliness, no gentle creatures of fine and finished grace, no steeds of unaffected delicacy and elevated sentiment. *Certes* our chronicles are not therein so deficient. What vision now passes before us, as of some fairy-fashioned steed, yet clear as exquisite reality, whose bearing and whose pace of noble tenderness absorbs the imagination in its suggestive beauty, reflecting most delicious thoughts! For not alone in its pure loveliness it moves, though in itself so perfect. Seated upon the dainty wave of its creamy back, it bears through vacant streets — where not another thing of life is visible; each door, each lattice, and each roof being void of human effigy or face to break the spell of breathless silence and the raptured charm of higher-sphered solitude — the naked symmetry of woman, veiled only in a soft and broken stream of saffron hair! Echo, ye courts of Coventry, and be ye proud, ye old cathedral walls, with the memory of that divine shadow which once passed across ye! Again will strong contrast conjure in its accustomed way, and from Lady Godiva and her palfrey we are startled by the high-necked awful steed, who stood fixed with an insane eye while the corpse of his mistress, Inez de Castro, was placed upon the throne to be crowned! But we must be brief. The renowned steed of the exalted Amadis de Gaul; both, horse and man, the very twin souls of lofty honour and impossible enterprise! The precious crab-legged, hog-backed brute, with the large forehead, quaint-cocked ear, and irresistible eye, whom Hudibras bestrode! The noble charger of Napoleon Buonaparte; and how the whole superficies of the victory-pampered steed literally gleamed again with intense expression, as he bore his imperial friend along the death-and-ruin-strewed road in the retreat from Waterloo! Now a word!— now one word — a short click of the pen — for the perking wooden horse of the dwarf Paccolet;— an imp of a nag, subject to dark pegging; a stock-stander, yet sentient of an arrowy wing — a moment fixed, then "gone for ever." We had almost forgotten our old friend in the grey coat, whose long-nosed gravity, staid pace, and serio-comic eccentricity rendered him so worthy to be the fellow-tourist of Dr. Syntax — and an equal searcher after the picturesque. We would fain say more on the present subject, but we must apologise for having been led away so far already. Let us review the famous beings we have mentioned. What strongly-marked idiosyncrasy!— what characteristic genius! How wonderful to trace the operation of their man-companion's influence, and to see how a fine equestrian originality can be modified by circumstances and high associations!

soaked in ale. He had the gristle of his left ear broken, so that the ear pointed towards the ground when he was in a quiet state of mind, but when his attention was suddenly roused it pointed out horizontally. We are also of opinion that there was a trifle more white visible in his right than in his left eye; though perhaps this appearance might have been occasioned by a tendency to keep the left eye half closed, so as to look out of one corner of it.

On the memorable occasion of the attack upon the travellers, and the counter-attack made upon the thieves by the Prince and Poins, it is evident that when Falstaff ran down Gadshill, his horse ran up. Bardolph ran after the latter, as we subsequently discover by Falstaff's witty onslaught upon Bardolph's nose of "perpetual triumph."

"*Falstaff.* — When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did'nt think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild fire, there's no purchase in money!"
PART I. ACT III. SC. V.

Now, we submit that this intelligent horse ran up Gadshill, partly instigated by the excess of animal spirits at the idea of a gallop after the enormous weight he had recently been carrying, and partly from that unerring instinct which prompted him to distract the pursuit from his master. This was good — a noble impulse — a successful *ruse* — a deed deserving a medal in life, a monument when dead. But then the faithful creature never returned!

We find, in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, act i. scene iv., that Falstaff, in consequence of his loss, has sent Bardolph to Smithfield, to see if he can accomplish the difficult commission of buying him another. It does not appear that he succeeded, as we hear no more of the matter. But what could have prevented the knight's recovery of his noble steed? How was this? Did the faithful creature fall a victim to his love for his master; broke he his strong-set shoulder or his neck down some hideous pit of gravel or of chalk, or fashioned for the saw; was he by dark assassins slain, struck by a thunder-bolt, or stolen by some gipsy tribes? No: a different fate awaited him, and one of his own choosing. On reaching the top of Gadshill he paused, and, without turning his head, raised the point of his left ear, and listened to the voices in the dark vale below. He waited to catch the last echo of Falstaff's bellowing as he ran down the hill, then perceiving Bardolph's nose coming rapidly up the side, he galloped away, and never stopped till he reached the middle of a deep copse. Here, resting his shoulder against a tree, he fell into a meditation, which, if interpreted, might amount to something like the following: —

"*Horse.* Silent — very silent after all this noise! The night-dews drip from the leaves! Bardolph has gone back again. He 's with master by this time, helping him to wonder what has become of me. Yes, all 's quiet. Now could I return very safely. I'll stay and rest myself a little longer."

[*After an hour's pause.*]

"Master is a terrible weight to carry! Suppose I should not return? Master would get another horse. He would be as well accommodated, and not a whit out of pocket, as he never pays for any thing he buys. He bought me with a thousand promises. But if I get another master — a much lighter man, will he soak my corn in ale? I'll have no new master. But to leave my old master — to desert that happy world! Why not, he being so happy, if it make *me* happier? I'll not return. But is not this most base, being most dishonourable? What's honour? Will it set a broken knee? No: or heal the gall of a saddle? No: or make a horse forget the weight of five-and-thirty stone? No. Hath my master any of it? No: therefore I'll none of it. Honour, then, hath no place in this question; so I'll away to a free life in Sherwood forest."

Sir John Falstaff has a thorough dislike to walking: between walking and riding he considers the difference so great that nothing can make the former endurable unless enlivened with a good running commentary of thieving by the way. It should also be observed that he wishes to enjoy the sport with as little labour to himself as possible, by engaging the services of some thief of rare activity and consummate address.

"*P. Henry.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.
"*Falstaff.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief of two and twenty, or thereabouts: I am heinously unprovided."
ACT III. Sc. VI.

Heinous state of destitution, to have no regular thief in his suite! And what an accomplished, well-knit young man; what a finished "hand," he had in his eye, judging by the *gusto* and practical judgment displayed in the expression of "a fine thief of two-and-twenty or thereabout!" How would this undaunted young artist delight in the Knight's jokes about law and justice and Tyburn tree! By the bye, in a previous scene of the same act, Falstaff says that "there live not three good men unhanged in England." Then there were two; of course meaning one of them was himself, because he adds, "and one *of them* is fat, and grows old, God help, the while!" Who could have been the other? If he did not cunningly provide against treason by intending, if asked, to say it was the King, we can form no notion of whom else he could mean. But probably he used the expression of "not three" in the sense of "not above three," or only three. In this case, there would be two besides himself; but who they could be we cannot conjecture. We are not equally puzzled, though very much staggered by the suggestion of the psalm-singing weaver whom Falstaff, in his ludicrous melancholy and moralising, wishes he were. Falstaff seated at the loom singing a psalm, would make a wonderful picture! He would be obliged to have a loom made to fit his "portly belly,"—and then, imagine him throwing the shuttle as he warbled like a sackbut. It is a trifle to say that the manufacturing world would never before have seen such a weaver!

The husband of Mrs. Quickly is mentioned upon several occasions. The only thing *said* of him, calculated to give any clue to his character, is in the inquiry of the Prince,—"How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man." Mrs. Quickly also declares she is "an honest man's wife." We suspect from this, and more from the fact of his never appearing, or playing any prominent or authoritative part in his own house, that he was one of those good, easy, submissive men who are trundled about like a hoop, and have neither wit nor will to do otherwise than they are directed. Against the roystering, and swindling, and sack-drinking, and money-borrowing constantly going forward, and in all the disputes with Falstaff and the rest, Mrs. Quickly never calls her honest man to assist her, and he never comes of his own accord. He is not what is called a henpecked husband, because Mrs. Quickly is a most kind-hearted good-natured woman, and only hot and shrill when provoked, put-upon, and treated lightly; he is simply an overcome nature—a husband who quietly sinks and retires before his wife's superior energies. After Falstaff's great scene with hostess Quickly, in which he combats her bill of accusations as well as debts, and then "picks a quarrel to beguile her of it," he assumes a tone of humorous elevation, and morally recommends her to attend to her public and private duties.

"*Falstaff.* Hostess I forgive thee!—go, make ready breakfast. Love thy husband; look to thy servants; and cherish thy guests."—ACT III. Sc. VI.

In the same act we find an allusion to Owen Glendower's mother. Whether she was an extraordinary woman previous to his birth, or not, we cannot determine; but we have no doubt of the subsequent high-wrought condition of her habitual feelings and imagination afterwards, when she remembered the terrible portents and signs which accompanied his appearance, and which all the mountain and valley superstitions of Wales taught her to believe implicitly, according to the most prodigious interpretations. Glendower says:

> "At my nativity
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes
> Of burning cressets: know that at my birth
> The frame and the foundation of the earth
> Shook like a coward.—
> The heavens were all on fire — the earth did tremble!
> Give me leave
> To tell you once again,— that at my birth
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
> Were *strangely clamorous* in the frighted fields."
>
> Act III. Sc. I.

We must now dispose of a batch of names and suggestions of people of various kinds, concerning whom we do not feel sufficient interest to excite us to any further notice.

There is Lord Scroop — brother to the Archbishop of York — whose death greatly afflicted the latter. The Franklin in the wild of Kent, who foolishly boasted to the "company" at supper, that he had got three hundred marks in gold. No doubt he was one of the Travellers, robbed by Falstaff and his party. Hotspur speaks of one Gilliams, who is gone with a packet, and of Butler who has gone for horses, to a certain Sheriff who was to transmit them by him. There are the drawers, Tom and Dick, who took it upon their salvation that the Prince, though only Prince of Wales, was in reality the King of Courtesie, and not a proud Jack, like Falstaff, &c. They say more than this, but of that sort of excellence which is not quite quotable in these "particular" days. We pass over the Men in Buckram, and in Kendal green, as having no individuality, though perfectly vital and substantial to the imagination and belief — not one atom the less so from our knowing that the prolific Falstaff has just created them. There is a Sir John Bracy, who came from the court with news, while the Prince and his companions were bantering Falstaff on the affair of the counter-robbery. The Archdeacon of Bangor is mentioned. The queen is also just mentioned two or three times. But there is another queen, concerning whom we need not venture a word, after quoting the passage in which we find her. The exquisite and rapturous beauty of this ideal sovereign of some lovely realm, would only be disturbed and injured by any comments.

> "———As sweet as ditties *highly penn'd*,
> Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
> *With ravishing division to her lute.*"
>
> Act III. Sc. III.

Another bevy of heterogeneous folks huddle past us in one of Falstaff's soliloquies. There is no end to this Falstaff: he speaks of the several classes, each in the lump, and must therefore do it in his own inimitable way.

> "*Falstaff.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I'm a sowsed gurnet! I have misused the King's Press damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commo-

dity of warm slaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a culverin worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with *hearts* in their *bellies* no bigger than pins' heads,—and they have bought out their services. And now my whole Charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the Glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers; revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old-feast ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered Prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows! I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat! Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my Host of St. Alban's, or the red-nosed Innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge."

Act IV. Sc. III.

We pass over these piquant generalisations of many conditions of life; nor do we see any need to pause upon such as are partially individualised, except in the case of the "mad fellow who met them by the way." The horrible levity of his remark could scarcely have proceeded from anybody but of the most depraved habits and utter callousness, and makes us fancy that he himself had been gibbeted alive for some atrocity, and found his way to the ground again, by the benefit of a high wind. And supposing the word "mad" not to be used in the sense of wild, or reckless, but as meaning insane; then, what must have been the causes of a madness in which such ghastly associations were predominant?

Hotspur shows a faculty not unlike Falstaff, though manifested with a different vein, in the particles and shapes and shadows of life, given off from the rapid evolutions of his own energetic vitality. Through him we become acquainted with Comfit-makers' wives, characterised by the effervescence of imbecile will in the utterance of inconsequential oaths—mere "protests of pepper gingerbread;" and with a new class of music-masters, viz. Robin-red-breast teachers, &c.

These names also occur in the play: the Lords Shirley and Stafford, who were killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, instead of the king, being purposely armed and habited like him; Scroop, cousin to the Archbishop of York; Clifton and Sir Nicholas Gawsey, who sent to the king for succour during the battle.

We must not omit the three men left alive out of Falstaff's regiment. He says there were only three, out of his hundred and fifty, and they were doomed to lurk about the outskirts of towns "to beg for life"—as a peroration to their great commander's previous apostrophe to Honour, and his comments on War, and the food for powder. All Falstaff's men with whose presence we are favoured, are certainly characters, and very amusing ones; the batch of whom he speaks, promise equally well; we could not therefore decline taking some pains to learn more about those three fortunate survivors. All, however, we have been able to discover was in a very imperfect copy of a very black-letter chronicle, which gives a scrap of dialogue between them on their first arriving in a place of safety after their flight from Shrewsbury.

"*First Man.* We have saved our ears, meantime and notwithstanding.
"*Second Man.* Methinks it was by running—not with standing; say you?
"*First Man.* Well—well; we are safe.
"*Third Man.* Good thou, help me to sit—for my left leg hath a sword-notch above the joint.

"*Second Man.* Thou shalt amend—thou shalt amend; and thy sword-notched ham shall heal with an open mouth, and leave thee double-jointed.

"*Third Man.* To what end, I pray thee?

"*Second Man.* To the good that thou may'st kneel with a sir-knightly air, or in the broken fashion of a dog's hind leg, as occasion may suggest, when thou would'st ask mercy in thy next battle field.

"*Third Man.* O, the next, a murrain!—shall we ever again follow Vulcan-voiced Sir John in his terrible course from the field of glory! But where *is* Sir John?—where swells his Greatness?

"*First Man.* Where are all our fellows?"

"*Second Man.* Gone to awaken last year's seeds; gone to join those who won and lost the battles of heroic Cæsar, and immortal Alexander, and the host of Pharaoh.

"*Third Man.* Look at this leg?

"*First Man.* We three have saved ourselves, notwithstanding."

A fine picture of energy and active power, expressive of circumstances of the highest excitement now calling it all into play, and conveying a vivid impression of the scenes that follow a battle, is presented in the person of the "gentleman forespent," who rode from the fatal plains of Shrewsbury on a mission, the importance of which is far from lessened by our being left uninformed as to its purport, and who were the parties most interested in the intelligence. He appears in a cloud of steam—a few hasty words are exchanged, while clots of blood and foam drop from his steed upon the ground—and now his bent shoulders, appearing above the rolling dust of his horse's hind hoofs, rapidly merge into the distance, and disappear. He is preceded by Sir John Umfrevil.

"*Travers.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevil turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forespent with speed,
But stopped by me *to breathe his bloodied horse.*
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury.
He told me that Rebellion had ill-luck,
And that *young Harry Percy's spur was cold:*
With that he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his agile heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade,
Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running *to devour the way.*"

PART II. ACT I. SC. I.

There is also introduced, in the next scene, the awe-inspiring and most truthful impersonation of one, who, amidst the mighty horrors of a burning city, felt yet more sorrowed, sickened, and aghast at communicating the news to its hoar-headed and paternal king. What a picture might be painted from these lines:—

"——— A man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd,
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue."

ACT I. SC. III.

In the fourth scene new characters and suggestions are quickly originated by the vigorous hilarity and freedom of Sir John's most unscrupulous imagination. As to Falstaff's Doctor, we do not very well know what to say, or rather how to say it. Falstaff caused him to be witty, and therefore he "took a pride to gird" at his aquarian patient, whose constellated brilliancy was, however, in no wise to be dulled by the film of apprehension, or the

clouds of quackery. This doctor may go side by side with the physician in the next act, who was to prescribe for Falstaff's "immortal part."

Mr. Dombledon the mercer, whom Falstaff calls "a rascally yea-for-sooth knave,—a smooth-pate who did nothing but wear high shoes, and bunches of keys at his girdle," — was not such a fool, neither. He refused to execute Falstaff's large order for satin upon the "security" of Bardolph. It would appear that we might thus get some idea of the knight's bodily compass from the quantity required, which was two and twenty yards, for his "*short* cloak and slops;" but although the quantity is enormous, we cannot tell how unnecessarily full the said articles might have been made. The bakers' wives, who had such fun in making boulters out of Falstaff's shirts (of course this was a lie of his) would have been far better judges. But to return to the disappointment of the satin, we find the knight's indignation at Dombledon's unparalleled folly and impudence is finally vented upon Mrs. Dombledon; and he says, —

"Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance; and the lightness of his wife shines through it, and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him." — Act I. Sc. IV.

Perhaps Dombledon's wife had been instrumental in preventing the execution of this large order of one likely to become a regular customer, and the Knight had suddenly hit upon the fact. It suited him to be condescendingly intimate with his bettermost tradesmen, and he knew all their characters. After the above disappointment, we very soon learn that he is "indited to dinner" at Mr. Smooth's, the silkman, at the Lubbar's Head in Lombard Street; which invitation to their tame society he had doubtless procured with a view to get the two and twenty yards of satin aforesaid.

In the fund of humorous things connected with the "goings on" of Falstaff, there is nothing more amusing than his frequently dining out with people of the most uninteresting kind; some of them even qualified to that degree of nonentity so commonly covered up in the term "respectable." Old Mrs. Ursula was probably one of this class, and it is not unlikely that Falstaff often dined with her. Perhaps he dined with her once a-week; at all events, he says, when forwarding a letter to her, together with his despatches to Prince John of Lancaster, Prince Henry, and the Earl of Westmoreland, during his campaign, — "and this to old Mrs. Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin." So much for exaggeration; a catching quality. From Falstaff's habit of ludicrously exaggerating his own vices with the most irresistible effrontery and redeeming wit, we should say that this weekly swearing to marry Mrs. Ursula might be reduced to once or twice,— and so may his dining with her. The foundation, however, for all this, seems plain enough.

It will be remembered by every body, that when "good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife," who was a gossip of Mrs. Quickly's, came to borrow a mess of vinegar, she could not resist telling her auditors, as if to provoke envy, and make their mouths water with vain expectations, that she had a good dish of prawns. Of course Falstaff desired to eat some, and said so. Mrs. Quickly told him, "they were ill for a green wound;" but nobody will believe that any such interdiction would have prevented his eating anything he desired, if he could obtain it. Good-wife Keech refused to let him have any, and perhaps only came on purpose to tantalise him, which he re-
ed the moment she was gone, by exhorting Mrs. Quickly "to be *no*
so familiar with such poor people." It is upon this same occasion we

find that the prince had broken Falstaff's head, "for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor." The depth of this joke we are unable to fathom. Was there a singing man living at Windsor who resembled the king in person? did the king resemble him by singing when at Windsor? was the king's office like the chorister's — a mere matter of note, and rote, and preconcerted sounds? or was this Singing Man some eminent dissolute character of Falstaff's acquaintance? The prince had been long in the habit of tolerating every thing the knight chose to say, — a privilege of which the latter availed himself at all times; something, therefore, very much out of the common must lie at the bottom of this odd comparison; but we have found no clue to it at present.

Mrs. Quickly's eldest son was his mother's pride, although he emulates his father's modesty in never thrusting himself into the presence of the "guests." It is likely, however, that he was some gawky fellow, whose tall stupidity might serve as a caricature of high authority; and for this reason, Falstaff represents poor hostess Quickly as going mad, from being unable to reconcile her poverty with her respectability, and then manifesting her predominating idea by comparing her favourite son to the Lord Chief Justice. "She hath been in good case," he says, "and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her." She, therefore, in her delirium, obtains justice for her wrongs, in the personal appearance of her eldest son. And again: Is it not possible that Falstaff also meant to insinuate, in his inimitable way, that the grave Justice was the youth's father?

We have to mention the King's poor Cousin and the toady, who, when the former pricks his finger, helps him to find occasion to remark that "there is some of the king's blood spilt": — the Ale-wife, through whose new petticoat Falstaff's page says he thought he discovered Bardolph's eyes, peeping out at two holes he had made for that purpose: Poins' sister Nell, whom Falstaff accused Poins of swearing Prince Henry intended to marry: and the Tennis-court Keeper, who knew when Poins had no clean shirt to put on, by his not coming to play at racket. How finely in keeping is this with the rest of Poins, who was vain of his person, and wore a boot of such perfection, that Falstaff compares it to "the sign of the leg." Of course, a man who was in the habit of displaying the specimen of a first-class boot, could not play at racket in soiled linen; and if he had attempted it, he would no doubt have lost every game, from a divided attention and dissatisfaction with himself.

Several very interesting people, of whom, unfortunately, no portraits have been transmitted to us, either by pen or pencil, are now to be considered. We trust the reader of these papers has borne in mind the part of our title, expressing that portion of our task which does not depend upon the *sketches* given by Shakspeare, as our groundwork to be developed, but only upon what he *suggests* to the imagination. It will, consequently, have been thoroughly understood that much of what we offer is not presumed to be delivered upon direct, tangible, and literal authority. Our inferences and interpretations are of course open to objection and difference of opinion; we venture, however, to submit, that what we have done has not been at random, but in all care and fairness. And upon this principle we intend to proceed through the series.

The first time we saw Falstaff's Grandfather, he was sitting at the foot of a tree in a large neglected orchard. The golden shadows of a fine autumnal sun-set, just merging into a purple twilight, harmonized with thoughts of a by-gone generation, — albeit the scene belonged to *all* time.

He was rather a diminutive old man, attired in a brown cloth doublet. His hands and feet were small, and his proportions very symmetrical, notwithstanding his age, and showed a capacity for agility; although his attitude and general expression, as he leant with his back against the trunk of the tree, showed an utter indifference to bodily action. His hair was of a short, curling iron-grey; his countenance placid, benevolent, and quaint; his eyes a dark hazel, and full of vivid light. He was paring a large rosy-cheeked apple. Upon the second finger of his left hand he wore a great seal-ring of tarnished gold-colour, to which, for some reason or other, he attached a peculiar value. When he had finished paring his apple, he lifted up the hanging serpentine cone at arm's length; eyed it awhile with a look of abstracted interest, then dropped it upon the grass, and sat with the peeled apple in his right hand, looking at the broad shadows of the orchard trees.

No mention is made of Falstaff's father and mother. It is difficult to pass over them in silence, because of his grandfather, and his brothers and sister. Later editions read "sisters," the first folio reads "sister," and this is preferable.

Falstaff's father we fancy to have been a heavy, clumsy, indolent, dull-eyed, stupid man. His wife, we should think, was very corpulent, but of an ever active imagination, great love of hilarity, very voluptuous, and always in arrear with her bills. How such a woman could have become united to such a dolt, may be accounted for upon the common principle which so often induces people to marry those, who of all others are most opposite to themselves, — not the less suitable sometimes on this account, provided there be one hold of personal sympathy, which often balances all the rest. The daughter took after her in the vividness of her mind, contempt of good housewifery, and love of fun; but she had none of her mother's good temper or plumpness. She was very thin, and a vixen. Jack and she could never agree together. The brothers were also very thin, though of large frame, not properly filled up. They were, moreover, extremely dull, silent, and stupid. Jack had absorbed all their intellect and all their fat.— Their hollow hulks and lack-lustre eyes witnessed to their injury. They looked like defrauded brothers, and they felt so; but they knew nothing. Jack's wit never made them look up; his good humour made them sulky. He was at last obliged to give up their acquaintance.

In the second Act of this second Part, will be found Sneak the musician, who was wanted to play to Mrs. Tearsheet, while she sat upon Falstaff's knee, or feigned to sit in that manner; for certainly the greater portion by far would be pre-occupied by the knight's superincumbent portliness. The next that occurs is master Tisick, the deputy, whose sage counsels to Mrs. Quickly against the admission of swaggering companions into her house, is quoted by her while Pistol waits at the bottom of the stairs. She says that "Master Domb, our minister, was by," and could vouch for all the deputy said. It is not unlikely that the name was originally spelt Master *Dumb*, the minister; though, to be sure, the joke would not be complete without Master Deaf, the congregation. The last scene of this act relates how "twelve Captains ran about, bare-headed, sweating, and knocking at the taverns, and asking every one for Sir John Falstaff!" These Captains persevere in their search, and in the same scene they discover his haunt, when Bardolph says, —

"You must away to Court, sir, presently;
A dozen Captains stay at door for you."

Silence has a wife! — he has also a daughter, Ellen; and a son, William! His wife was the cousin of Shallow, and Ellen was Shallow's god-daughter. William was at Oxford College, and poor Silence says of that matter — "to my cost!" Really, the character of Silence himself is so melancholy and attenuated, so inane and vapory, so like an inconsequential epitaph to the sad things of Shallow, who deals in the past and done with, that we are afraid to touch his family; — we hold our breath as we write of them, fearing they may all fade away from the page.

The friends and companions of Shallow in his "mad days" are far more tangible folks. One sees what they were, with half an eye. "Little John *Doit*, of Staffordshire," quoth the Justice, "Black George *Bare*, and Francis *Pickbone*, and Will *Squele*, a Cotswold man, you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court again, and I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment." Nonsense, good, garrulous, infirm Shallow! — nobody believes in the rude roystering and vigorous animal forces of you or your companions. One could fancy how you all scampered away at the approach of the watch. The opinion so richly expressed by fat Jack about you, is quite conclusive. And yet, on further consideration, there might have been some sort of metal in black George Bare, and little John Doit.

But old Double is a very different man. There can be no doubt about the prowess of this fine old yeoman of old England. He, of the broad sloped forehead, the keen grey eye, the sinewy arm, the vice-like grip of hand; he, the pride of his country, how much more the pride of his native town; he, indeed, was a worthy specimen of the manhood of our ancestors of yore, and stands out, even from an imbecile chronicle, like a solid oak carving; rude and grotesque, but full of genuine expression, as unsophisticated as the patriarchal tree from which he hewed his bow, or from which his dusky effigy was carved. "John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money upon his head." Hail and farewell, ye sounding forests of England! — ye have mingled your dust with the substance and the memory of old Double!

Samson Stockfish, the fruiterer, who fought with Shallow at the back of Gray's Inn, has already received due mention in the Introduction to No. I. of the series. It was on the same memorable day that Jack Falstaff, being then a boy, "a crack, not *thus* high," and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, did take upon himself to break Schoggan's head at the Court gate. This Schoggan was no doubt a professional jester who passed some joke upon little Jack in his new clothes, of a kind to which a blow on the pate was the wittiest corollary that could be deduced. Little Jack, who always had wit at will, was never deficient in words to express himself; but the peculiarity of Schoggan's jest upon him required something practical, as we often see in the tragi-comical drama of Punch and Judy.

We must now deal briefly with another batch of these unfinished gentry. There is Ralph Mouldy's wife, — his old dame, who "would be undone for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery" if he were sent to the wars; — and Master Surecard, for whom, owing to some odd resemblance, Falstaff, at first sight, mistook Justice Silence. Jane Nightwork is a lass who evidently made one of the merry party, and "heard the chimes at midnight," when Falstaff, Shallow, and the rest "lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Fields." There is also Jane Nightwork's husband, old Nightwork, by whom she had a son, — Robin Nightwork. He must

be a bold man who would trust himself to speculate upon Falstaff's supposititious wife; but certainly the opportunity is fairly offered to the mind, by Shallow, who inquires after the health of Lady Falstaff! William Cook is one of Shallow's men, who is anxious to know if his wages are to be stopped on account of a sack which he had the misfortune to "lose the other day at Hinckly Fair." Falstaff puts us upon fancying him a father — and one of no common charge. He says, if he had *a thousand sons*, they should all learn to drink sack. Imagine the scene! There is the smith, who sends in his bill to Shallow "for shoeing and plough-irons:" Shadow's father and mother; and William Visor, of Wancot, whom Shallow's servant, Davy, intreats may be "countenanced" (by the light of Shallow's countenance!) against Clement Perkes of the hill; Davy acknowledging that the latter is a knave, but pleading, nevertheless, that "a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request." We are, moreover, made acquainted with the existence of a truly wonderful personage — Goodman Puff, of Barson, who has the reputation, according to Silence, of being as great a man as Falstaff! The offensive notion is indignantly rebutted by Pistol. We are also introduced to "a little *quiver* fellow," of Mile-End Green, whose arrowy activity of soul is manifested in a most inimitable, and certainly unexampled, practice of the manual and platoon exercise. Probably he was the fugleman to some militia corps.

"*Shallow.* He would manage you his piece thus! — and he would about — and about — and come you in! — and come you in, rah! tah! tah! would he say; — bounce! would he say! and away again would he go! and again would he come! I shall never see such a fellow!" — ACT III. Sc. V.

In some of the earlier editions of Shakspeare, the party deputed by the "firm" to rob the travellers, in Part I., were "Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill." One of the commentators — a Mr. Theobald — pitches them clean out of the text without the least ceremony, and substitutes Bardolph and Peto. That these two were substituted by a change of arrangement from the head-quarters of the said firm, is sufficiently evident. Our object in alluding to the commentator's reason for "taking the law into his own hands," is merely for the sake of quoting the reason he gives for his conviction that the introduction of the names of Harvey and Rossil must be a mistake, — for if they were permitted to remain in the text, quoth he, we should "thus have *two* persons named as characters in this play that never were among the *dramatis personæ!*"

With how fine an eye must this Theobald have read his author! What would he and his fellow-labourers have said to the following list of characters, sketched or suggested in the two Parts of this play?

PART I.

The Old Lord of the Council.
The Earls of Athol, Murray, &c.
The Lord with the Pouncet-box.
Lord Scroop.
Robin Ostler.
The Franklin of Kent.
The prudent Lord.
Gilliams.
Butler.
Tom and Dick, the Drawers.
Falstaff's Horse.
Men in Buckram, and in Kendal green.
Sir John Bracy.
Clifton, and Sir Nicholas Gawsey.
The fair Queen.
Owen Glendower's Mother.
The Archdeacon of Bangor.
Mrs. Quickly's Husband.
Falstaff's Grandfather.
The fine Thief.
The Mad Fellow.
The Host of St. Alban's.
Red-nosed Innkeeper of Daintry.
Lords Stafford and Shirley.
The Comfit-maker's Wife.
The Robin-red-breast Teacher.
Three Survivors of Falstaff's Regiment, &c.

PART II.

Sir John Umfrevil.
The Gentleman forespent.
The Man so dead in look.
Falstaff's Doctor.
Mr. Dombledon.
Mrs. Dombledon.
Old Mrs. Ursula.
Mr. Smooth.
The Singing Man of Windsor.
Good-wife Keech.
Mrs. Quickly's eldest Son.
The Ale-wife.
Poins's Sister Nell.
The Tennis-court Keeper.
Falstaff's Grandfather.
Falstaff's Brothers.
Falstaff's Sister.
The King's poor Cousin.
Sneak the Musician.
Master Tisick, the Deputy.
Master Domb, the Minister.
Twelve Captains.
Silence's Wife.
Silence's Daughter, Ellen.
Silence's Son, William.
Little John Doit.
Black George Bare.
Francis Pickbone.
Will Squele.
Thomas Mowbray.
Schoggan.
Samson Stockfish.
Master Surecard.
Shadow's Father and Mother.
Old Double.
Mouldy's Old Dame.
Jane Nightwork.
Robin Nightwork.
Old Nightwork.
William Cook.
William Visor.
Clement Perkes.
The little Quiver Fellow.
Goodman Puff of Barson, &c.

It may be thought that many of the concluding characters in this Second Part have been passed over rather too slightingly, when compared with their not-more worthy fellows; but sooth to say, the enormous quantity has exhausted us. The reader is not to expect any such a list in future plays. Some of them will not contain above half a dozen of these undeveloped individuals. But however small the number, it may be assumed that considerable interest will be attached to their ever-varied classes, among which will be found so many friends, relatives, and acquaintances, of the characters in Shakspeare's Plays.

AUSTRIA AND THE ITALIAN LIBERALS.

The indignant sensation created throughout Europe by the sufferings of Silvio Pellico, Andriani, and Count Gonfalonieri, appears to have awakened in the bosom of Prince Metternich a feeling of regret at the inhuman part which he had caused his royal puppet to play; and the death of the Austrian emperor, Francis, afforded a fit opportunity for relaxing that system of rigour which had condemned the most illustrious men of Italy to death or banishment. The recent amnesty proclaimed by his successor at Milan had, however, for its principal object, to elicit some expression of approbation on the part of a people silent and motionless in the presence of that inauspicious ceremony. The circumstance was imperious. The coronation had assembled in that city all the representatives of the European Powers and a host of strangers, and it was necessary at any cost to draw the people from their gloomy attitude. The amnesty was not known until after the second day of the Court's arrival, and the first had passed off in ominous silence. Austria, too, had an eye to her aggrandizement in Italy, and to discrediting the princes of the other states of Italy as much as possible. It was her policy, therefore, to prevent other amnesties from being granted; and in this view Metternich dictated his last note to Switzerland, in which he demanded that measures should be taken to prevent the return of the exiles into that country. An amnesty ought to have left no more exiles for Austria; but the necessity of an amnesty from Turin having also been spoken of, and the members of the society of "Young Italy" being mostly members of the Sardinian states, it was necessary to alarm that government upon their account. With regard to the amnesty itself, the article which ordains the restoration to liberty of all the political prisoners is perfectly null in its effect. The prisons were empty. All the subjects of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, condemned in 1821 and 1822, after fifteen years of confinement in the fortress of Spielberg, had been conveyed to America the year preceding; and as to the persecutions of 1833 against the *Giovine Italia*, most of its members had fled into Switzerland. Those who had been arrested and condemned, had, also, after four years of imprisonment, been conveyed to America. There had not been, moreover, much excitement in Lombardy, and the number of discoveries had consequently been fewer than elsewhere. The only important political prisoner at the date of the amnesty was General Zucchi, an aged veteran, known in the wars of the Empire, and who had been arrested at sea by the Austrians, in 1831, in contempt of all laws, when on his way to France after the affairs of 1831 in the states of the Pope. He is at the present moment a prisoner in a fortress in Hungary; the pretence being that he was born in Modena — the amnesty extending only to all *Lombardo-Venetian subjects!*

As to the exiles, the act reserves the right of referring their demands to the emperor. Hitherto an act of amnesty consisted in declaring that all the individuals belonging to such or such a category might return to their country; the Austrian amnesty, however, says, on the contrary, that all those who wish to return must previously make a request to that effect. The emperor will afterwards grant it to whomsoever he pleases. Hence the situation of these exiles is different from that of all others: the request, being an individual act, has the effect of excluding all those whose firm or

ardent minds could not stoop to solicit favours. Individual exceptions have also been made, and at present it cannot be said how many there will be; but among the number may be cited those of Felippo Ugoni and Count Pozzo, both well known, whose demands have been rejected.

We do not enter into historical details regarding the victims which the liberal party has had to deplore, or the exiles who have failed in the direction of that association; for, except their chief Mazzini, who was the founder of the society, and who would not, in all probability, desire to re-enter his country except by the path of revolution, it is impossible to designate the men who may change, worn out with the miseries and fatigues of exile. But the Austrian proscriptions of 1833 — a period too soon forgotten in this country — will one day, we hope, see the light, and be related in their native atrocity. Prince Metternich's amnesty is therefore a farce; — and there is no need of adducing such instances of the paternal regime of Austria in Italy. Those who wish to know what it really is, had better consult the "*Voce della Verità.*"

No country presents a more sad and singular spectacle than Italy; in no country do we behold a more terrible struggle between the governors and the governed for the emancipation of the human mind. The native princes, the foreign kings, the Popes themselves, are bound by one single tie, united for one sole end, that of repressing and stifling every liberal idea and every generous sentiment.

In that unfortunate land, a groan, a sigh, or a single word may become a crime. The censorship, that Argus with its hundred eyes, broods over all, watching, scrutinising every thing; and the system of the Italian governments may be summed up in two words, and may be personified in two principles — *force* and *ignorance*. The career of letters which in England and France leads the man of genius to fame, honour, and fortune, in Italy points the gloomy path to imprisonment or exile. In England and France the writer often traffics in the shameful sale of his own independence; in Italy he buys liberty of thought at the expense of liberty of person. Amidst the progress of knowledge and civilisation, the court of Rome remains immoveable and faithful to the ancient traditions which lighted the funeral pyres of Savonarola and Giordano Bruno: it thus condemns without reservation all books which dare to speak of liberty, or to unveil any of the disgraceful histories of the successors of Saint Peter. The princes of Italy, in accord with Gregory XVI., have proclaimed one sole dogma, and have adopted one only motto, which is *war upon thought;* and the one with his bulls and encyclic letters, and the other with their prisons, have undertaken the task of rendering this war cruel, efficacious, and incessant. After the example of that Emperor of Rome who wished to exterminate the whole human race with one single blow, they would be rejoiced if they could by one single effort stifle thought, annihilate genius, and tear out of the book of history the pages which attest the crimes of their predecessors, whose worthy heirs they are. After all, the question comes to be asked, Can this impious conspiracy against the intellectual futurity of Italy succeed, or not? We do not think it can. Thought, like that steam from which modern mechanics have drawn so much, acquires in power what it loses in volume — the more it is compressed, the more irresistible becomes its force of expansion. A host of generous Italians scorn to give way either before the dungeon, exile, or misery, provided they can accomplish the sacred responsibility imposed upon their talents and patriotism, — the obligations, namely, of humanity, liberty, and fraternity. In vain the Vatican arms itself with its thunders against books and their authors; in vain princes arm themselves with their instru-

ments of torture: spiritual thunders are despised, corporal pangs avail nothing against the martyrs of patriotism.

> " Anime belle, e di virtute amiche
> Terranno il mondo e poi vedrem lui farsi
> Aureo tutto e pien dell' opre antiche."

As the persecuted Christians of old exclaimed in dying— *One God, one faith, one bishop* (*unus Deus, una fides, unus episcopus*), so do all the efforts of Italian literature, and all the public works, for the last twenty years, tend to one end, and manifest but one desire, — that of constituting a free and powerful country — an Italian unity. And the words with which Tertullian describes to the Roman emperors the progress of Christianity are admirably adapted to the liberals. " We were born scarcely yesterday, and already we inundate all your places, cities, islands, castles, towns, villages, the very camps themselves, the court, the senate, the tribunal, the forum." Certainly, if faith and martyrdom, rapid universal progress, vastness of thought and intent, are characteristics of a high mission, the Italian liberals possess them. And if in the present crisis there be an index of authority, a hope of unity in the moral and material world, it is in this motion of spirits towards a new development — this conception of a European republic, founded upon universal freedom. It is in this solemn voyage, in this gathering of nations, that the voices of a few elect sound the hymn of parting towards the unexplored lands of a new social world. The human race marches onward in their footsteps, with head erect and front serene; its eye fixed upon the future — that radiant sanctuary where Providence has deposited the good promised to its persevering efforts, — raising up the creature from the dust, restoring to it the consciousness of its origin and of its mission in all that constitutes the dignity and grandeur of man, his faith in justice and love of liberty.

Mazzini, Ruffini, Menotte, Giannone, Melegari, La Cecilia, Campanella, and many others, have taught useful lessons to their countrymen, both practical and philosophical, by depicting the scenes and events of past ages, by showing how far the oppression of a foreign government may go, and by endeavouring to revive the dormant valour of their countrymen, through the pages of the Giovine Italia; and all have joined in the task of creating an Italian literature, and in abolishing that ancient rivalry which divided the Neapolitan from the Lombard, and the Tuscan from the Roman, even in the sanctuary of letters. It is thus that Italy, in spite of all the toils which encompass and the chains which weigh upon her, marches forward in her career, and advances with giant steps day by day; and the patriot, contemplating her progress from his land of exile, may say with joy, like Galileo in his dungeon, " *E pur si muove!*"

As regenerators of their country, they have proposed to themselves a sphere of labour comprehending the whole material and moral order— criticising the religion, philosophy, history, and economical distribution of the wealth of Italy. The political writings are perhaps defective, from a partial admixture of philosophy in subjects wherein the practical material interests could alone afford sound data and bases. Revolutions are not made by German metaphysics, neither is a religion to be constructed after the manner of St. Simon. God alone can strike the hours of the world. Those revolutions which mark a step in true humanity are *crucial instances*, as Bacon would say, of the influence which Providence exercises over the destinies of the world. To them, and to them alone, can we apply with justice the words of the poet: —

" Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo,
Nova progenies cœlo descendit ab alto."

It was not by refined theories of association, cosmopolitanism, and extinction of self, that a great revolutionary colossus like Danton, Robespierre, or Mirabeau, made the masses capable of the miracles they performed; but it was by the magic of simple ideas, the conviction that two and two make four, and not three, and that there is no possible *juste milieu* between them, that thrones were overturned and the head of a king cast down in defiance to coalized Europe. Yet while we object in some sense to the weakness of these watchwords, it must be kept in mind that the Italian liberals are compelled to make use of such means as exist for arousing their countrymen to action. They must use the ideas which the multitude possess, as their levers for effecting the motion of ascension which they desire. It is a difficult question to decide, whether, with a population reduced to the state of the Italian peasantry, an appeal should first be made to their material or moral wants. It is the doctrine of the English school of economists, that the improvement of the physical means of man, the supply of his material wants, will necessarily and inevitably lead along with it his moral amelioration; and that such reforms or revolutions arising from the parallel march of material well-being and moral improvement can alone be lasting. Others again aver that it is through an appeal to the moral ideas of religion, liberty, equality, and fraternisation, which Christianity and civilisation have in some degree made the common heritage of all Europeans, that the first *primum mobile* is to be sought. When a government, such as that of the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, or the Italian princes, has rendered physical improvement nearly impossible, we see no means of acting upon the masses for their own salvation, save by their moral and religious ideas, such as they are, and the natural instincts, which, in Italians, are not to be eradicated. Unlike the school of Pellico, Manzoni, Monti, and others, who would sink into the quietism of religious stupor, the more energetic disciples of Mazzini, following in the traces of Macchiavelli, Julius II. Savonarola, Campanella, and the great patriots who preceded them, boldly and explicitly state their object to be the extirpation of the Austrian and all the tyrants united with him — the equality of rights, and the well-being of the people — the independence and unity of Italy; — and powerful in the strength of twenty-one millions of men, who have already pronounced the doom of their domestic tyrants, who would be overthrown in twenty-four hours after the withdrawal of the Austrian bayonets, they look forward with hope to the first political exigency which shall call the nationality of Poland into existence, or the French arms to the boundary of the Rhine. Many papers have been written in their journals, which have ably discussed the power, spiritual and temporal, of the Pope in Central Italy — the connection of Sicily with Italian unity — the government of a people in revolt for its liberties — the war of insurrection most adapted to Italy — and the causes which have hitherto hindered the development of its liberty.

Among the philosophical essays we have to notice " Christianity destructive of Despotism," " Thoughts of an Italian Theologian," " An Historical Fragment by General Colletta on the Greek Revolution," " Thoughts addressed to the Italian Priesthood," and a most able and curious treatise on the Government of the Church of Rome, and its Reforms and Concessions in the year 1831.

On the extinction of this journal, there was published at Paris a continuation, called " L'Italiano," in which are contained articles remarkable for the elevation of their ideas and the brilliancy of their style. Among

these may be enumerated a critical disquisition upon modern literature and its scope and tendency, tinged perhaps with the author's organic idea, but of an enlarged and comprehensive range, creating a synthesis of that supreme political and moral idea which the author believes to be working in society, and slowly elaborating the new social world of the future. It is from the pen of M. Mazzini. The cloud of mind which is at present discharging its electric force will doubtless produce vast changes in society; but the notion of harmonising together all the great authors of the last half century, of losing sight of their individuality, and distinguishing one common view, appears hypothetical. "As in the Greek federations," says the writer, "a temple shall be the soul of this union — a temple where all literatures shall burn incense to the common thought, to the IDEA; and since all literatures live by a ray of that idea, — since each has manifested a line, a word, a syllable of that thought, and all have glorious, great, and solemn records, — that temple collects all, and arranges all in order. From Genius, the minister born from that Pantheon, the numerous spirits that constitute and feed the various literatures, will ask the conception of the era; then they will replace themselves in the way to demand the forms and expressions of that conception from the sky, the climate, the earth, the past, the present, the traditions, the national songs, and the people of their country.

"The dogma of the European literature cannot be written, but upon the Pantheon of all literatures.

"The laws of every national literature cannot be written, unless upon the code which shall have upon its frontispiece that dogma.

"The sun, which God has placed in the heaven of souls, the Beautiful, is One only, like the sun which shines in the heaven of our universe. Like the sun which shines in the heaven of our universe, the Beautiful radiates eternally concentrical upon all things; but the rays are variously coloured, according to the media which in their motion they traverse, and according to the surfaces upon which they rest. The future art will translate those laws, or it will not be the art of the era." It is thus that the writer sums up his disquisition on the province of the Critical Art. The universe is One, and the thought which animates it is One, and to its development all modes of expression must tend, which God has conceded to man in creating him. If we knew the *how* and the *why* of every thing, we should hold in our hands the last link in the chain of Being. If we could ascend to the *idea* which the author seeks, we should be in possession of Omniscience; we should have to soar with Plato,

> ——————— "to the empyreal sphere,
> To the first Good, first Perfect and first Fair."— POPE.

Let us descend from this cloudy height.

Another paper upon the great philosophic genius of the sixteenth century, Tommaso Campanella, and particularly his work, the "City of the Sun" (*La Citta del Sole*), gives an eloquent and learned account of the writings of that sage, in whom the writer is desirous of discovering a community of thoughts and sentiments. Few publications of late years have treated such subjects as these. In the department of esthetics, the philosophy of music has been handled in an article dedicated, like the altar at Athens, *Ignoto Numini*, in which we can recognise the ardent mind, whose creed is the indefinite perfectibility of the human race, and of whatever art is derived from its attributes. A paper on Oriental studies, and the Arabic versions of Aristotle, is well written. An inaugural oration, by the cele-

brated Romagnosi, to a course of theoretical jurisprudence, written by him for the university of Corfu, but never published or delivered, is worthy of its celebrated author. M. Mazzini, the editor, has also contributed a critical paper of the first order, on the subject of fatality, the *fatum* of the ancients, considered as an element in the drama, in which the highest speculations of Schelling, Fichte, Giordano Bruno, and Spinosa are mingled with learning of various kinds, with a view to show how the individuality of an era influences its mental creations, and how it will be changed by the influence of the social principle, as the sphere of man's destinies begins to assume a wider horizon. There is therefore a tendency towards abstract generalisations, and favourite political theories, colouring the tone of thought as with a prism. The education of his country, such as it is, and the plan of an intellectual education worthy of the age, is traced out in a masterly paper upon Giuseppe Pugliesi, the Sicilian youth, whose extraordinary mental calculations have been a psychological study to all Europe, and who promises to become a mathematical genius of the highest order, —

" Se il meriggio risponda a tanta Aurora ! "

These are a few of the labours of the *Giovine Italia*, a brief view of its mode of seeing and acting, for which sentence of death has been pronounced against Mazzini by the Austrians. " *Cacciare i barbari d' agl' Italia*," the motto of Julius II. and Macchiavelli, ought to have been the maxim of France also, whose interests ought at least to equal those of Austria, in that unhappy country. The evacuation of Ancona may yet be repented.

Italy is the proverbial land of conspiracies. Five hundred years of slavery have not blotted out the remembrance of her ancient liberties. The causes which existed in the sixteenth century formed the type of Italian character and society such as they exist at the present day, —

——————— " le man rapace e ladre
Che suore e frate e bianchi, e neri, e bigi,
Violato hanno, e sposa e figlia e madre." — ARIOSTO.

It is not difficult to perceive in the history of Italy during the latter half of the fifteenth century, what the morals of the actors in its events must have become. Three causes have chiefly influenced the Italian character of this epoch, and given it a decided and original stamp ever since; these were its political constitutions, the spirit of the church of Rome, and the precocious maturity of its civilisation.

From a view of its political societies it will be easily conceived, that from the moment they became subservient to the great powers which overwhelmed and corrupted them, full scope was given to the worst passions of human nature. The man who had submitted patiently to the mandates of an officer elected by the corrupt influence of an overruling power, which subjected him to exile, torture, or the scaffold, looked forward to the moment when he should himself become the oppressor in his turn. Every one nourished in his bosom the hope of revenge and the consolation of hatred; and in this continual irritation their minds were formed to all sorts of treasons and perfidies.

The spirit of the Church of Rome in those dark ages also contributed in a surprising manner. — Religion as well as politics had been completely separated from morality. Dogmas had assumed the place of works, and the practice of devotion was esteemed far above the practice of virtue. The church had made morality her own exclusive property ; and the authority of casuists had usurped that of reason. By means of a certain doctrine of penance

the priest was thought to hold in his hands the keys of heaven and hell. His absolution whitewashed a life blackened with a thousand crimes, and the Indulgences which he sold (of which the council of Trent have not yet abolished the Tariff) made all scruples vanish. God himself, invoked as the witness of the sanctity of an oath, had no authority in presence of the pontifical one, which began by unbinding itself, and ended by unbinding others. By virtue of this casuistical morality, a pope who had failed to keep Friday sacred, perjured himself in all security of conscience; the courtezan ceased to reproach herself when she had burned a taper before the image of the Madonna placed at the head of her bed; and the Bravo might be seen to fast devoutly all the morning while sharpening the stiletto which was to serve him at night.

The popes — half pontiffs, half soldiers—united the ferocity of warriors to the cunning of politicians. They published bulls "in order to humbug their enemies," as Cæsar Borgia told Macchiavelli; set the example of poisoning, incest, and all monstrous crimes; made a traffic of public morality; sold impunity to whomsoever could pay for it; degraded at their pleasure the dignity of man; condemned whole populations to slavery (as Sextus IV. did the Florentines); and lastly, disgraced the sacerdotal character by lavishing the treasures and dignities of the church upon infants, servants, bastards, or their accomplices in debauchery and murder. Whenever it was necessary to remove a scruple, the priest was the easiest of all men to persuade;—a remarkable example of which was seen in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, in which Pope Sextus IV. was an accomplice. In an allotment which the conspirators had made of the different victims, Lorenzo de' Medici had fallen to Montesecco, a Condottiero in the service of the pontiff; but when the soldier was apprised that the murder, instead of being executed in the midst of a banquet, was to be commited in church and during the elevation of the host, he scrupled to join sacrilege to treason; and among the conspirators none but priests could be found whose conscience this idea did not affright. In fact, an apostolical scribe and a curate were charged with striking the blow which had alarmed the Condottiero. "*Qui familiaris utpote sacerdos; et ob id minus sacrorum locorum metuens.*"

Arrived at an early period at a degree of splendour which no other country had equalled, the Italian felt that disinclination to all the laborious occupations of life natural to a rich and luxurious people. His superfluous money served to maintain an army of mercenary defenders called Condottieri, to whom he delegated the task of defending his acquisitions. Their soldiers, armed with the heavy weapons of the period, and making war without any commissariat, were in the habit of transferring their services to the highest bidder with the utmost indifference for the cause in which they were engaged; and their refractory spirit was such, that when the rival schools of Braccio and Sforza were both ranged under the banners of Florence, it was found impossible to prevent them from attacking each other. Their cowardice also was so great that Macchiavelli records, in his History of Florence, on the occasion of the defeat of the Florentines at Poggibonsi, in 1479, that without even seeing the enemy, at the first sight of the cloud of dust that indicated his march, they dispersed in all directions, leaving in their hands provisions, baggage, and artillery. "A fresh example," says he, "of the disorders and cowardice of the armies of this period, when a single horse turning his head or tail was sufficient to gain or lose a victory."

A state of things so extraordinary, and which could only have been seen in an age and country in which twenty little neighbouring states were in

perpetual rivalry, must have had great influence upon the character of the age. In the eyes of an Italian of this period courage was merely brute force — genius lay in dissimulation. True glory consisted in being able to penetrate the thoughts of another, while he preserved his own impenetrable, to exhibit an inscrutable brow while the blood boiled within the veins, to strike the blow before the threat was uttered. The Italian who slew his enemy by an act of perfidy well studied in his closet, thought himself not more culpable, and far more clever, than the Frenchman or Spaniard who slew his foe by a sword pass practised in a guard-room. Honour consisted in success obtained by the aid of address alone.

> " Il vincer sempre fu lodevol cosa
> *Vincasi per virtude* o per inganno."

The fraud which served to destroy a rival, or acquire power, had nothing whatever repugnant to his self-respect, for it did not exclude the qualities that flattered it; and he who practised it, felt himself at the same time endowed with that civil courage which pursues a great design with firmness, which can brave a sedition and be mute in the midst of tortures, whose eye does not quail, and whose cheek does not blanch, at the sight of the axe and the scaffold. The true heroism of a Florentine was that of Bernardo Bandini and Francisco Pazzi, who, on the day appointed for the execution of their famous conspiracy against the Medici, missing Giuliano at the church, where they intended to strike the blow, went in search of him with calm and smiling faces, joked with him, and embraced him during their walk, in order to assure themselves that he did not wear his wonted corslet, and that the access was easy to that heart which they were soon to pierce with fury. In the narrative of this conspiracy which Macchiavelli makes in the eighth book of his noble " History of Florence," there is a remark which gives a lively idea of the morality of the historian and that of his times: — " If ever action demanded a great and unshaken soul," says he, " it is, above all others, one of this kind."

The character of the Italians and that of their adversaries may be contrasted in the persons of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Great Captain, and the Duke of Valentinois. In the Spaniard we behold the devout champion of the church, the obstinate defender of the will of the Pope, quitting his Gothic manor in search of death or territories in the hills of Calabria. Harsh, austere, implacable to his enemies, a great general, and a *preux chevalier*, he personifies his country with his rude piety and profound bigotry. The spirit of his whole army breathes in him. His cruelty and sanguinary fanaticism fill us with indignation; and yet, at the sight of this imposing figure, we cannot exclude a certain feeling of awe and admiration which the spectacle of moral power always inspires. He is the representative of the Ultramontane. In Cæsar Borgia we behold the soldier-priest, who, backed by the triple power of talent, fortune, and perfidy, fixed the attention of all Europe upon him, and aspired to the empire of Italy. Frank and open manners, the most persuasive eloquence, the most prepossessing exterior, were, in this extraordinary man, united to a spirit ever fertile in fraud, a heart the most corrupt, a soul the most implacable. He possessed the quality most to be feared in despots, because it gives them a semblance of justice, of crushing the instruments of his tyranny the moment they ceased to be of use to him; a subterfuge, by which it is more easy than is imagined to deceive mankind, and unite the profits of tyranny to the glory of punishing it. Unbridled in his pleasures, unbridled in ambition, incest and fratricide were means that seemed so natural to him, that all his con-

temporaries have imputed those crimes to him alike without proof and without contradiction. Old in vice, but young for the enjoyment of power, his heart only changed its passions; and gigantic desires filled up that brilliant existence which, destitute and miserable, was soon to terminate obscurely before the walls of a petty fortress in Spain. Gifted with an active, bold, and inscrutable genius, Borgia placed all his glory in triumphing by treason and perjury. When we behold him after his crowning massacre of Sinigaglia, he seems, even in the eyes of Macchiavelli, a master demon triumphing over the snares of the petty surrounding fiends. Or when we behold him struggling to overcome the poison which he had drunk by mistake, and that other greater fire which ambition and revenge had lighted up in his veins, we must confess that it would not have been in the days of so tremendous a personage that Prince Metternich would have lorded it with impunity over Italy. Or let us even turn to Macchiavelli. If we conceive the feelings of the patriot and scholar at the aspect of the wrongs of his country, the land of liberty and the arts, a prey by turns to the fickle emperor, the irritable and suspicious King of France, the avaricious and fanatical King of Spain, — all brutal, insolent, and victorious, could any call to liberty sound with more inspiring voice than the conclusion of his famous work.

"Let us not allow the present opportunity to escape, that Italy after so long a delay may at last behold her liberator appear. I cannot find terms to express with what love, with what thirst of vengeance, with what unshaken fidelity, with what veneration, what tears of joy, he would be received in all the provinces which suffer from these inundations of strangers! What gates would remain shut before him? what people refuse to obey him? what jealousy oppose his success? what Italian would not enrich him with his respects? is there one whose heart has not bounded within him at the domination of those wretches? Every where," he writes in a letter to Guicciardini, "we see how easy it would be to drive all these brigands out of this country. In the name of God let us not lose so good an opportunity! *Liberate diuturna cura Italiam! extirpate has immanes belluas quæ hominis præter faciem et vocem nihil habent.*"

Could modern Italy be brought to feel the force of these words, and burst asunder the bonds that confine her — could she feel her own dignity and strength — she might once more enter into the European family, with the rank suitable to the eldest daughter of the Cæsars. The brutal Celt would be driven once more from her fertile plains into his own Cimmerian deserts. "The owl would no longer build her nest in the halls of the Cæsars, nor the spider weave her web in the watch-towers of Afrasiab."

> "Lost Paradise of this divine
> And glorious world! Oh Italy!
> Gather thy blood unto thy heart: — repress
> The beasts who make their dens thy sacred palaces."

Since these remarks were written, the report of the proceedings in the French Chamber of Deputies has reached us. In order to show that Messrs. Thiers and Guizot have grounds for their denunciation of the abandonment of Ancona, and the retrograde policy of Louis Philippe, we shall state the case *ab initio*. The vacillating conduct of the Chamber on this occasion, is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a band of legitimatists have transferred their votes from the opposition to the ministerial side, and *vice versâ*, from factious motives totally distinct from the merits of the question.

When the populations subjected to the pope, vindicated their right to be manumitted from a government devoid of faith or strength, they exhibited to the world a great example of social justice. It was the immense majority of a state which judged a minority incapable of conducting it, and that popular sentence was the justest ever pronounced, for never was there a government so incompatible with every condition whatsoever of human society.

The grounds upon which it was pronounced were so flagrant, so deep, and so universally felt, that scarcely any one thought of stating the heads, motives, or reasons of the accusation. It is therefore a delusion to assert, that the revolution which, in 1831, pervaded ten of the fourteen provinces which composed the states of Rome, was the work of a conspiracy. It was the simple expression of a want which had long made the people impatient, a want of security, order, and dignity; a crisis occasioned by the preceding revolutions in France, Belgium, Poland, Switzerland, and the Modenese. It was fondly believed, that this was to be in truth a regeneration, and that the men, called to a more rational mode of life, had laid aside for ever their ancient feuds and opinions. None were looked upon as enemies but the few who used arms in the service of Rome, and these, when conquered, had been pardoned. It was hoped in short, and imagined, that the good should be effected without the injury of any one. The priests have taken care to prove the misery of that Utopia, nor will the lesson be forgotten by the people.

The pope, who knew not how to reign in time of peace, knew not how to conquer in time of war, and summoned the Germans to support his throne. They immediately occupied the four legations, — the march of Pesara, and the citadel and port of Ancona, where the liberal government had shortly before concluded a capitulation with his legate. By this act, the legate promised a complete amnesty; the liberals, on their part, surrendered their arms, fortresses, and every thing else which they held in their possession.

It was despatched to Rome on the day of its signature. The pope was silent until the liberals had fulfilled the stipulated conditions; but when his arms had succeeded to those of the liberals in Umbria, and in the Lower March, whither the battalions of Austria had not penetrated, he raised his voice against the capitulation, accepting the favourable conditions, and rejecting the onerous ones. The capitulation was signed on the 26th of March; the edict which annulled it, on the 5th of April. During that interval, the whole of the state had returned into the power of the pope; his militia, and those of Austria, were in possession of the forts; the liberals disarmed, and the most noted become the prisoners of Austria herself, through the badness of the vessel which, upon the faith of the capitulation, was conveying them to France.

France, after the revolution of July, had proclaimed, as the basis of her public law, the principle of non-intervention. She did not consent in word, but tolerated in fact, that Austria should overlook this principle in favour of the pope. She could not, however, equally tolerate, that that rival power, after having restored those provinces to his sway, should fix a permanent hold upon them, and the time for convoking the Chamber of Deputies being nigh at hand, the royal ministers dare not present themselves before the deputies of the nation with these affairs unsettled. Hence it was their endeavour to make the court of Vienna recall its soldiers, who, in fact, retreated in the beginning of the month of June, by the left of the Po, preserving on their right, Comacchio and Ferrara. They consigned the

Pesarese March, and the fortress of Ancona, to the army of the pope; and Romagna and Bologna to the national guard, which the pope himself entrusted with the maintenance of order; the national guard responded faithfully to his mandate. The king of the French announcing, on the assembly of his parliament, these fruits of his ministers' labours, congratulated himself that a real amnesty, the abolition of confiscation, and important changes in the administrative and judiciary *régimes*, were the ameliorations which gave reason to hope that the tranquillity of those states would no longer be troubled, and that the equilibrium of Europe would be assured by the maintenance of their independence.

The pope, tearing into pieces the capitulation of Ancona, calumniated the revolution in his provinces, and laid the blame of it upon a few factious persons, upon whom he prepared to take vengeance by his edicts of the fourteenth and thirtieth of April. In those edicts were condemned not the authors, accomplices, and promoters of the revolution, nor the writers who praised and recommended it to the public, but those who had saluted it in passing, who had hailed its appearance, or who (as said the document) had applauded it. Titus himself would have felt envy at such clemency.

Nevertheless, the pope himself confessed the necessity of a reform by promising institutions which would have introduced a new era. The edicts of the fifth of July, fifth and thirty-first of October, and fifth of November, 1831, brought the promised reform. The inhabitants of Romagna and Bologna openly refused it, being supported by the national guard. The other provinces pressed by the forces of the pope, objected to it, but could do nothing to manifest their wishes. The magistrates of the municipality of Perugia demanded to be allowed to send deputies to Rome. By means of the press, by deputations, and more than all, by the formal mode of petitions the people of Romagna and Bologna demanded a reform that should really touch all existing abuses, that should invest fathers of families with the magistracy — restore the liberty of the communes — bestow upon them councils elected by the people, from which should also be drawn the councils of the provinces, and of the state, that should cause an account of the finances to be rendered,— that judgment should be made public and the laws uniform — and that a national guard should be a guarantee of all. Similar petitions circulated through the cities and the country, and were filled with names. One of these, from the city of Forli, had the signatures of a thousand citizens and of the municipal magistracy.

The Court of Rome, despising the just demands of the people, persisted in its course. The pope, in the mean time, organised his militia with money which he had borrowed in France; promised commissions in profusion to all who would enrol conscripts: but no conscripts could be had. He was compelled to give them to the common people; at last he called, under the ensigns of the church, the galley slaves and banditti, the dregs and scourings of society, of every description and denomination. The inhabitants of Romagna and Bologna betrayed in their just expectations of a civil reform, and threatened by this horde of wretches, thus driven to extremity, took up arms. By the notes of the courts of Russia, Prussia, France, and Austria*, and by the battalions of the latter, which increased upon their frontiers, they knew that they were proceeding to certain ruin, but were resolved by that voluntary sacrifice, to protest against the oppres-

* These notes are of date the 12th of January, 1832, and are responsive and affirmative of another circular note of the cardinal secretary of state in the same month, in which he announces, among other dispositions, that if, "contrary to all expectations, his arms and his sovereign determinations should encounter resistance, his holiness counts *upon the succours* of which he might have need, to cause his legitimate authority to prevail."

sion, and to prove to the world their perseverance in their political faith. The sacking of Cesena, of Madonna del Monte — the assassinations of Forli and Ravenna showed that the presentiment of those people came from experience.

The encounters of Cesena and Argenta were only affairs of outposts, but the war begun by these would have been fought in the interior of the country, where the people, exasperated by those atrocious acts, prepared themselves for defence; but the Legate Albani, the guide of that expedition, had recourse to the forces of Austria, which, having occupied the most important passes, escorted the soldiers of the cardinal into Bologna.

We have seen that in the first Austrian intervention France was tolerant but not consentient. In the second, consorting with Austria herself, with Prussia, and with Russia, by the note of her ambassador she admitted the case first of all. But as the impotence of the pope against his own subjects had been twice demonstrated, and the perseverance of the one in refusing, of the other in desiring what they owned by right, made the presence of Austria imperatively necessary in those States, France thus beheld, not without uneasiness, the opportunity afforded to that Power of extending its authority, and perchance its possessions in the Peninsula, to which suspicions weight was given by the conduct of the Austrian generals in flattering the people, and as promoters and mediators of the discords between the latter and the Pontificate. Further, the nation and its deputies convoked in parliament, loudly murmured against the ministers of the king, who, forced to render an account of the great hopes created during the first year of his reign, and to call for new and still greater sacrifices for the current one, saw well that that burden, already heavy, would become intolerable when all expectation had failed of having the state prosperous within and respected without. The president of the council, Casimir Perier, therefore dispatched an expedition of chosen soldiers to occupy Ancona, a position of the utmost importance in the centre of Italy and flank of Austria. Aided by fortune they were enabled to make themselves masters of it from the sea by a *coup-de-main*, before Austria herself and the pope had provided against such a surprise. No sooner had they obtained possession of it, than they commenced cajoling the people; who, according to custom, put faith in their promises, and hailed with joy the French regiments, ready to sacrifice themselves for them and with them whenever the necessity arose. The pope and Austria were highly indignant at this hostile act. But the needful excuses being made at once, in a note from the Count de St. Aulaire to Cardinal Bernetti, France assured the other that the king's government was desirous above all things of peace, and that the parliament, the press, and the nation, being uneasy at the delay which Austria made in the Roman provinces, it had adopted these means to pacify them. — In short, (and this was the only thing gained,) she had undeceived the Italian Liberals in such a way as to teach them to regard modern history no more than they do ancient history. —

Far different in these affairs was the conduct of England, who did not assent to the armed intervention of Austria and France any more than she had assented to that which the former had operated in 1821 against the Constitutionalists in Naples, and Piedmont, and the latter in 1823 against the Constitutionalists of Spain. But being invited by both powers to accede together with Russia and Prussia to the conference convoked in Rome after the first intervention, she signed the *Memorandum* which the five courts addressed to the pope on the 21st May, 1831. The things inserted in that deed were very nearly the same as those demanded afterwards by

the provinces of Romagna and Bologna; — Municipal Councils elected by the people, Provincial Councils drawn from these; and from these last, the council of state; a reform of the tribunals, the administration, and the finances: a representative government in short to watch over the stability of their institutions.

This *Memorandum* had no better luck in the Vatican than the petitions from Romagna and Bologna. The priesthood, taking courage from Austria, and Austria from the manner in which things were going in favour of the Holy Alliance in Poland, Germany, and France itself, no longer hesitated to oppose themselves openly to every concession to every people in the Peninsula.

The second Austrian and the third French intervention having then arrived, England dispatched to Rome her minister residing at the Grand Ducal court of Tuscany, to put an end to this dangerous game, and to the discontent of the people on account of the bad faith of Rome. Lord Seymour responded worthily to the mandate; and the history of Italy will bear testimony to the loyalty and firmness with which he sustained the part of the oppressed, unveiling the hypocrisy of those who covered their acts of violence with words of justice and reason.

Going to the very root of the question which had given occasion to the tumults and led to the intervention, Lord Seymour, quoting the protocol of the preceding May to the ambassadors of the four courts convened by that deed regarding the reality of the vices by which the papal government was deformed and the necessity of the remedies which the ambassadors themselves had suggested to that government as indispensable for the tranquillity of its states, proceeded to say that the said government had not adopted any of the remedies indicated, and that the edicts themselves prepared or published by it, which announced beforehand the execution of any of those remedies, differed substantially from the suggestions of the protocol. In short, that the pope had done nothing which he had agreed to do to cause the discontent of the people to cease instead of coming to the height to which it had arrived from his having deceived the hopes occasioned by the negotiations: whence the attempts of the five powers to pacify the states of the pope had ended in nothing. Hence also the expectation of ever seeing the people voluntarily submitting themselves to his power had ended in vain; that the hopes of Rome in the presence of foreign military and Swiss maintained at a great cost, were also vain, because their presence could not be indefinitely prolonged, and it was uncercertain if the Swiss were strong enough to restrain the indignant people, although sufficiently burdensome to bring their impoverished finances to bankruptcy. Finally, he denied that the tranquillity brought about by violent means could be lasting, and protested that these means did not fairly respond to the end which had led the English government into the Roman conference.

In answer to these reasons, the Austrian ambassador, at the command of Prince Metternich, insisted that neither Austria nor any other government had the right to force the pope to change the constitution of his state by introducing a new power, but that she had at the same time admonished the pope (and here the dispatch proceeded with magnificent words), in the most efficacious manner, to maintain not only the institutions already existing, but exacted that they should be made stable in time to come without prejudice to useful improvements, that she had seriously recommended an organisation of the different branches of the administration, and for that purpose had herself dispatched to Rome statesmen the most expert and

well-informed in the affairs of Italy, to assist in those wants: concluding that with regard to France the emperor rendered due justice to her government, that what she had done, she had done solely for her own preservation; that he nourished good faith; that it would be easy with it to agree regarding the difficulties which might intervene in the course of events; *but that in any case he did not fear a complication even of the gravest nature,* which should originate from the administrative provisions of an independent state; and that with regard to England, he trusted that she would always remain friendly. The plain English of all which was, that Austria in Italy, right or wrong, wills what she pleases, and that France has little reason to boast of the dignified part she has played on this occasion.

Lord Seymour briefly recapitulated his former opinions; but being abandoned by France, and the interest of England being of small importance in Italy, he withdrew from Rome to the court of Florence. Since this decision of the court of the Holy Alliance, the presence of the armed foreigner — the revenge and intemperance of the triumphant priesthood — the insults, inprisonments, proscriptions, miseries, and despair of the enslaved population have risen to their height. The longer justice is delayed, the worse matters become and every hope of accommodation is lost.

Metternich pretends to support the administrative reforms bestowed by the pope and refuses the political concessions as unwonted and perilous to the states of the church, that is to say, to Italy. In a word, we may reduce his Italian state documents without doing him injustice into the *formula* by which the Romish court signify the papal omnipotence. *Si totus mundus in aliquo negotio sententiaret contra papam, sententiæ papæ standum esset. Papa est omnia et super omnia. Papa potest mutare quadrata rotundis. Potest facere de albo nigrum. Est causa causarum, ideoque non est de ejus potestate inquirendum, cum primæ causæ nulla sit causa, nemo potest dicere papæ, cur ita facis? Sola enim potestas est pro causa, et qui de hoc dubitet, dicitur dubitare de fide Catholica.*

NOTES OF A LOVER OF BOOKS.

No. V.—SOCIAL MORALITY.—SUCKLING AND BEN JONSON.

Curious instance of variability in Moral Opinion.— Pope's Tradition of Sir John Suckling and the Cards.—New Edition of Ben Jonson, and Samples of the Genius and Arrogance of that Writer, with a Summary of his Poetical Character.

It is curious to see the opinion entertained in every successive age respecting the unimprovability or unalterableness of its prevailing theory of morals, compared with their actual fluctuation. The "philosopher owns with a sigh" (as Gibbon would have phrased it,— for we believe there is an ultimate preferment for mankind in this tendency to follow a fashion), that a court, a king, the example of a single ruling individual, can affect the virtues of an age far beyond the whole mass of their ordinary practisers, — at least, so as to give the moral colour to the period, and throw the bias in favour of this or that tendency. The staid habits of George III., in certain respects, produced a corresponding profession of them throughout the country; but the case was different in the reigns of the Georges before him, who, dull individuals as they were, kept mistresses like their sprightlier predecessors. Even William III. had a mistress. In Cromwell's time, the prevailing moral strength, or *virtus*, consisted in a sense of religion. It may be answered, that these fashions, as far as they were such, did not influence either the practice or opinions of conscientious men; but our self-love would be mistaken in that conclusion. Our remote ancestors were not the less cannibals because we shudder at the idea of dining upon Jones; neither would some very near ones fail to startle us with their opinions upon matters, which we take it for granted, they regarded in the same light as ourselves. No longer than a hundred years back, and in the mouth of no less a moralist than Pope, we find the following puzzling bit of information respecting Sir John Suckling: —

"Suckling was an immoral man, *as well as* debauched."

Now, where is the distinction, in our present moral system, between immorality and debauchery? All immorality is not debauchery, but all debauchery we hold to be immoral. What could Pope mean?

Why, he meant that Sir John cheated at cards. Neither his drinking nor his gallantry were to be understood as affecting his moral character. It was the use of cards with marks upon them that was to deprive debauchery of its good name! "The story of the French cards," continues Pope, in explanation of his above remark, "was told me by the late Duke of Buckingham; and he had it from old Lady Dorset herself."

We are by no means convinced, by the way, that Suckling gave into such a disgraceful practice, merely because the Duke of Buckingham was told so by "old Lady Dorset."

"That lady," resumes the poet (he is talking to Spence, and these stories are from "Spence's Anecdotes,") "took a very odd pride in boasting of her familiarities with Sir John Suckling. She is the mistress and goddess in his poems; and several of those pieces were given by herself to the printer. This the Duke of Buckingham used to give as one instance of the fondness she had to let the world know how well they were acquainted."

"To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been."

The age was not scrupulous about the fact, but it was held very wrong to mention it; and hence Lady Dorset was accounted a loose speaker, and doubtless not to be quite trusted. The dishonest cards themselves did not affect the pride she took in the card-player. Query, how far such a woman was to be believed in any thing? But the most curious part of the business remains what it was — to wit, Pope's own discrepation of immorality from debauchery. And as the reverend Mr. Spence expresses no amazement at the passage, it will be hardly unfair to conclude that *he* saw nothing in it to surprise him. We believe we have already observed somewhere, that Swift, who was a dignitary of the church, was intimate with the reputed mistresses of two kings, — the Countess of Suffolk, George the Second's favourite, and the Countess of Orkney, King William's. The latter he pronounced to be the "wisest woman he ever knew," as the former was declared by all her friends to be one of the most amiable. But we may see how little gallantry was thought ill of, in the epistolary correspondences of those times, Pope's included, and in the encouraging banter, for instance, which he gives on the subject to his friend Gay, whose whole life appears to have been passed in a good-humoured sensualism. See also how Pope, and Swift, and others, trumped up Lord Bolingbroke for a philosopher! — a man who, besides being profound in nothing but what may be called the elegant extracts of common-place, was one of the most debauched of men of the world.

As we have touched upon Spence's anecdotes, we might as well look farther into the book, since it is a very fit one to notice in these articles, and occasions many a pleasant chat at a fireside. The late republication of the works of Ben Jonson has given a fresh interest to such remarks as the following: —

"It was a general opinion (says Pope) that Ben Jonson and Shakspeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often, that there was nothing in it, and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think, that the verses Jonson made on Shakspeare's death had something of satire at the bottom; for my part I can't discover any thing like it in them."

We are now reading Ben Jonson through in Mr. Moxon's beautiful edition, and having finished nearly all his dramas, and not long since read his miscellaneous poems, and our memory serving us pretty well for what remains to be re-perused, our impression of him is, at all events, fresh upon us.

A critic in the *Times*, whose pen is otherwise so good as to make us regret its manifest party bias, appears to us to have treated Jonson's new editor, Mr. Barry Cornwall, with a very unjustifiable air of scorn and indignation, both as if he had no right to speak of Ben Jonson at all, and as if he possessed no merit as a writer himself. It is not necessary to the reputation of Mr. Cornwall that we should undertake to defend what such critics as Lamb and Hazlitt have admired. The writer of the beautiful "Dramatic Sketches," (which were the first to restore the quick impulsive dialogue of the old poets), and of a greater number of excellent songs than have been written by any man living except Mr. Moore, has surely every right in the world, dramatic and lyrical, to speak of Ben Jonson, unless you were to except that sympathy with his coarseness and his love of the caustic, which, saving a poor verbal tact, and a worship of authority, was the only qualification for a critical sense of him possessed by the petulant and presumptuous Gifford. But the *Times* critic has been led perhaps to this depreciation of

the new editor, by thinking he has greatly undervalued a favourite author: while, on the other hand, we ourselves cannot but think that Mr. Cornwall, with all his admiration of him, has yet somewhat depreciated Ben Jonson in consequence of his over-valuement by others. It appears to us, that he does not do justice to the serious part of him, — to the grandeur, for example, often to be found in his graver writing, both as to thought and style, and sometimes, we think, amounting even to the "sublime," — which is a quality he totally denies him. We would instance that answer of Cethegus to Catiline, when the latter says —

"Who would not fall, with all the world about him?
CETHEGUS.—*Not I, that would stand on it, when it falls.*"

Also the passage where it is said of Catiline, advancing with his army,

"The day grew black with him,
And Fate descended nearer to the earth;"

and the other in which he is described as coming on

"Not with the face
Of *any man*, but of *a public ruin;*"

(though we think we have read that in some Latin author, and indeed it is at all times difficult to say where Jonson has not been borrowing). The vindictive quietness of Cicero's direction to the lictors to put Statilius and Gabinius to death, is very like a sublimation above the highest ordinary excitability of human resentment. Marlowe might have written it —

"Take them
To your *cold hands*, and let them *feel death* from you."

And the rising of the ghost of Sylla, by way of prologue to this play, uttering, as he rises,

"*Dost thou not feel me*, ROME?"

appears to us decidedly sublime, — making thus the evil spirit of one man equal to the great city and all the evils that are about to darken it. Nor is the opening of the speech of Envy, as prologue to the "Poetaster," far from something of a like elevation. The accumulated passion, in her shape, thinks herself warranted to insult the light, and her insult is very grand: —

"Light, I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness."

Milton has been here, and in numerous other places, imitating his learned and lofty-tongued predecessor.

On the other hand, besides acknowledging the greatness of his powers in general, and ranking him as second only in his age to Shakspere (which might surely propitiate the fondest objection), Mr. Cornwall has done ample and eloquent justice to Jonson's powers as a satirist, to his elegant learning, and his profuse and graceful fancy; and if he objects to his tediousness, coarseness, and boasting, and to the praise emphatically bestowed on him for "judgment," we are compelled to say, in spite of our hearty admiration and even love of the old poet (for we must always love those to whom we are indebted for great pleasures) that we think he might have spoken more strongly on all those points, and not been either unjust or immodest. If Jonson, in spite of his airs of independence, had not been a Tory poet and a court flatterer, the Tory critics (we do not say the present one, but the

race in general,) would have trampled upon him for his arrogance, quite as much as they have exalted him. Even Gifford would have insulted him, though he evidently liked him, out of a vanity of self-love, as well as the sympathies above mentioned. The right equilibrium in Jonson's mind was so far overborne by his leaning to power in preference to the beautiful (which is an inconsistency, and, so to speak, unnaturalness in the poetical condition) that while he was ever huffing and lecturing the very audiences that came to hear him, he could not help consulting the very worst taste of their vulgarest majorities, and writing whole plays, like "Bartholomew Fair," full of the absolutest, and sometimes loathsomest, trash, to show them that he was as strong as their united vulgar knowledges; and, he might have added, as dull in his condescension to boot. And as to the long-disputed question, whether he was arrogant or not, and a "swaggerer" (which indeed, as Charles Lamb has intimated, might be shown, after a certain sublimated fashion, in the very characters in which he chiefly excelled — Sir Epicure Mammon, Bobadil, &c., and, it may be added, Catiline and Sejanus too,) how anybody, who ever read his plays, could have doubted, or affected to doubt it, is a puzzle that can only be accounted for, upon what accounts for any critical phenomenon, — party or personal feeling.

"That Ben Jonson," says the critic in the *Times*, "had not the most equable temper in the world — that he had a high opinion of his own capacity, and saw no reason to conceal it, we at once admit: but such defects are often the concomitants of generous and noble minds; and we should recollect that, if he was fierce when assailed, few men have had equal provocation during life, or baser injustice done to their memory. Jonson's enemies, to whom Mr. Barry Cornwall has a hankering wish to lean, seem to have been a mere set of obscure authors dependent on the theatre, to whose reputation Jonson's success was perhaps injurious, and whose minds, at least, seem to have been embittered by it. Horace, Ovid, Aristophanes, and twenty other poets, have praised themselves more highly than he did. Milton, who seems to have had Ben Jonson's works much in his hands, his style, both in verse and prose, being evidently modelled on that of his predecessor, imitated him in this likewise."

Now, what "provocation" Jonson had during his life, which his own assumptions did not originate, is yet, we believe, to be ascertained. The obscure authors, of whom his enemies are here made to consist, were, by his own showing (as well by allusion as by acknowledged characterisation), some, perhaps all, of the most admired of our old English dramatists then writing, with the exception of Beaumont and Fletcher. Self-praise was a fashion in ancient poetry, but has never been understood as more allowable to modern imitation, than the practice of self-slaughter, which was also an ancient fashion; and if Milton, amidst his glorious pedantries (of the better spirit of which, as well as a worse, Jonson must be allowed to have partaken) permitted himself to indulge in personal boasting, it was in a very different style indeed from that of his predecessor, as the reader may judge from the following specimens: —

> "The garland that she wears (his muse) their hands must twine,
> Who can both censure, understand, define
> What merit is: then cast those piercing rays
> Round as a crown, instead of honour'd bays,
> About his poesy; which, *he knows, affords*
> *Words above action; matter above words!!*
>
> *Prologue to Cynthia's Revels.*

And "Cynthia's Revels" is upon the whole, a very poor production, with scarcely a beautiful passage in it, except the famous lyric, "Queen and

Huntress." Yet in the epilogue to this play (as if conscious that his "will" must serve for the deed) the actor who delivers it is instructed to talk thus:—

> "To crave your favour, with a begging knee,
> Were to distrust the writer's faculty.
> To promise better, when the next we bring,
> Prorogues disgrace, commends not any thing.
> Stiffly to stand on this, and proudly approve
> The play, might tax the maker of self-love.
> I'll only speak what I have heard him say,
> "*By God 'tis good, and if you like 't, you may!!*"

The critics, naturally enough, thought this not over modest; so in the prologue to his next play, the "Poetaster," (which was written to ridicule pretension in his adversaries,) he makes a prologue "in armour," tread Envy under foot, and request the audience that, if he should once more swear his play is good, they would not charge *him* with "arrogance," for he "loathes" it; only he knows "the strength of his own muse," and they who object to such phrases in him, are the "common spawn of ignorance," "base detractors," and "illiterate apes." In this play of the "Poetaster," the scene of which is laid in the court of Augustus, he himself is "Horace," and such men as Decker and Marston, the fops and dunces whom Horace satirizes; and in the epilogue, after saying that he will leave "the monsters" to their fate, he informs his hearers, that he means to write a tragedy next time, in which he shall essay

> "To strike the ear of time in those fresh strains,
> As shall, *beside the cunning of their ground,*
> *Give cause to some of wonder, some despite,*
> *And some despair, to imitate their sound!*"

The tragedy, accordingly, of "Sejanus" made its appearance; in an address concerning which to the reader, while noticing some old classical rules which he has not attended to, he says, "In the meantime, if, in truth of argument, dignity of persons, *gravity and height of elevation, fulness and frequency of sentence*, I have discharged the other offices of a tragic writer, let not the absence of those forms be imputed to me, wherein I shall give you occasion hereafter, *and without my boast* (*!!*) to think *I could better prescribe*, than omit the due use of, for want of a convenient knowledge."

In the dedication of "The Fox" to the two Universities, his language, speaking of some "worthier fruits," which he hopes to put forth, is this,—"Wherein, if my hearers be true to me, *I shall raise the despised head of poetry again*, and stripping her out of those *rotten and base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her form*, restore her to her primitive habit, feature, and majesty, *and render herre worthy to be embraced and kissed of all the great and master-spirits of our world.*" And beautifully is this said. *But Shakspere had then nearly written all his plays*, AND WAS STILL WRITING! The three preceding years are supposed to have produced "Macbeth," "Lear," and "Othello!!" Marston, Decker, Chapman, Drayton, Middleton, Webster, in short, almost all those whom posterity admires or reverences under the title of the old English Dramatists, were writing also; and it was but nine years before, that Spenser had published the second part of the "Faerie Queene," in which the "despised head of poetry," had been set up with the lustre of an everlasting sun, and such as surely had not let darkness in upon the land again, followed as it was by all those dramatic lights, and the double or triple sun of Shakspere himself! The "master-spirits" whom Ben speaks of, must at once have laughed at the vanity, and been sorry for the genius of the man, who could so talk in such an age. Above all, what could Shak-

spere have thought of his wayward, his learned, but in these respects certainly not very wise, nor very *friendly, friend!* We could quote similar evidences of the most preposterous self-love from the prologues or epilogues, or the body, of the greater part of his plays: but we tire of the task, especially when we think, not only of the genius which did *itself* as well as others such injustice, but of the good-nature that lay at the bottom of his very arrogance and envy; for, that he strongly felt the passion of envy, *of which he is always accusing others*, we have as little doubt as that he struggled against and surmounted it at frequent and glorious intervals; and, besides his saying more things in praise as well as blame of his contemporaries than any man living (partly perhaps in his assumed right of chief censor, but much also out of a joviality of good-will) his lines to the memory of Shakspere do as much honour to the final goodness of his heart, as to the grace and dignity of his style and imagination.

But even his friends as well as enemies thought him immodest and arrogant, and publicly lamented it. See what Randolph and Carew, as well as Owen Feltham, say of him in their responses to his famous ode, beginning,

> "Come, leave the loathed stage,
> And the more loathsome age!"

which he wrote, because one of his plays had been damned.

In short, Ben is an anomaly in the list of great poets; and we can only account for him, as for a greater (Dante, — who has contrived to make his muse more grandly disagreeable), by supposing that his nature included the contradictions of some ill-matched progenitors, and that, while he had a grace for one parent or ancestor, he had a slut and fury for another.

Nor should we have taken these liberties with so great a name, but in our zeal for the greater names of truth and justice. *Amicus*, Ben Jonson; *amicus* every clever critic, whether in Whig paper or Tory; but *magis amica*, Proof.

If asked to give our opinion of Ben Jonson's powers in general, we should say that he was a poet of a high order, as far as learning, fancy, and an absolute rage of ambition, could conspire to make him one; but that he never touched at the highest, except by violent efforts, and during the greatest felicity of his sense of success. The material so predominated in him over the spiritual, — the sensual over the sentimental, — that he was more social than loving, and far more wilful and fanciful than imaginative. Desiring the strongest immediate effect, rather than the best effect, he subserved by wholesale in his comedies to the grossness and commonplace of the very multitude whom he hectored; and in love with whatsoever he knew or uttered, he set learning above feeling in writing his tragedies, and never knew when to leave off, whether in tragedy or comedy. His style is more clear and correct than impassioned, and only rises above a certain level at remarkable intervals, when he is heated by a sense of luxury or domination. He betrays what was weak in himself, and even a secret misgiving, by incessant attacks upon the weakness and envy of others; and, in his highest moods, instead of the healthy, serene, and good-natured might of Shakspere, has something of a puffed and uneasy pomp, a bigness instead of greatness, analogous to his gross habit of body: nor, when you think of him at any time, can you well separate the idea from that of the assuming scholar and the flustered man of taverns. But the wonder after all is, that, having such a superfœtation of art in him, he had still so much nature; and that the divine bully of the old English Parnassus could be, whenever he chose it, one of the most elegant of men.

REFORM OF PRISONS.

Second and Third Reports of Inspectors of Prisons, 1837 *and* 1838.
Systéme Penitentiaire, Maison Centrale de Beaulieu. Caen: 1836.
Reflections de M. Diey, Directeur du Maison Centrale de Beaulieu. Caen: 1836.

A CRIMINAL reclaimed is a double good to the community, which is benefited by the removal of an injurious member, in as great a measure, perhaps, as it profits by the acquisition of a useful individual.

The number of criminals reformed has been, we believe, but small; and owing to this circumstance an impression has gradually gained ground that they are absolutely irreclaimable. This opinion is not, however, correct; for though the chances are generally speaking against success, enough has been done to give encouragement to further exertions, especially where the subjects are young, and where early disadvantageous circumstances, and not a depraved disposition, have been the cause of the evil. In this particular the efforts of Mrs. Fry and her benevolent associates have, perhaps, been inadequately estimated by those persons who are accustomed to look to the *immediate* effects of any plan of improvement, and who forget that results, the ramifications of which can only be traced within a limited scope and period of time, can be but imperfectly apprehended.

The establishment of asylums for the reception of the poor friendless beings who, on their discharge from prison, would have had no prospect but that of a return to vice and misery, but who have been enabled, by the instructions received during their detention, to fill a respectable station in life; the procuring situations for the women, many of whom have afterwards become valuable servants, are among the direct, but lesser results of Mrs. Fry's efforts, which might, if carried on with ampler funds, and on a more extended scale, be rendered efficiently serviceable to society at large.* These asylums, with the schools of reform, both for boys and girls, established in various places (originating with the Ladies' British Association, in conjunction with the Prison Discipline Society), may be traced chiefly to the same cause; but there are also other results, not only highly beneficial in themselves, but affording valuable evidence for the instruction of those who may wish to see the improvements, which Mrs. Fry laboured so indefatigably to accomplish, brought into general use, in the systems of our prisons and Penitentiaries.

Before she commenced her ministry, the state of the prisons in every part of the country was such as could hardly be conceived, were it to be described. The crowding together of men, women, and children, tried and untried, without classification or order, in confined cells; the placing women entirely under the control and management of men, the want of proper food and clothing, with the total absence of any thing like regulation of conduct, were, as may be supposed, productive of every sort of vice, cruelty, and suffering. To effect the complete separation of men and women in prisons, and the placing female prisoners under the superintend-

* A sale of ornamental work is announced to take place at Crosby Hall on the 28th of February, for the benefit of these asylums, and for other benevolent purposes connected with prisons.

ance of women*, were among the objects for which Mrs. Fry has earnestly laboured; nor has she been unsuccessful, though the first-named principle, the separation of men and women, is still in many places lamentably neglected.

After the numerous difficulties overcome, the fears of failure conquered, and the good effects of order introduced among female prisoners in many places — two facts are clearly proved: 1. that the condemned criminal is *not* past hope of reformation, and, 2. that employment of the right kind†, with religious instruction carefully adapted to the wants and circumstances of prisoners, are efficient agents in promoting their amendment.

We recommend the perusal of a little volume, published several years ago, on this subject, by Mr. Fowell Buxton, to those who are unacquainted with the quiet but earnest manner in which Mrs. Fry and her friends proceeded to bring about improvements, for which society may long hold itself their debtor.

From the interesting narrative of exertions made, and individual reforms effected by these ladies, we turn to the ponderous volumes of reports, published, in the years 1837 and 1838, by the inspectors of prisons. The perusal afforded a deep but painful interest, unaccompanied by a hope that any speedy and extensive amelioration is in prospect; for, however the conscientious and faithful discharge of their task, and the excellent feeling evinced by these gentlemen, must deserve and obtain respect, their reports leave a melancholy conviction, that the crying evils which have so long existed in our gaols and penitentiaries are very far from being removed. We believe that the principle on which to proceed in penal legislation is still undisclosed, and while it continues to be so, we shall only go on as heretofore, encumbering ourselves with an expensive machinery for the prevention of crime; while, as the tabulated returns prove, crime is neither proportionately reformed in its maturity, nor checked in its early growth.

The volumes of Reports are divided into four parts: 1. The Report sent in by the Inspectors of the Home District. 2. That of the Northern and Eastern. 3. The Southern and Western District, — and 4. A Report on the Prisons of Scotland. The first part, which is the longest, and most important, of the second report, inasmuch as it contains an account drawn up with great care and accuracy of the metropolitan prisons, as well as of the provincial gaols in the south-east of England, was sent in by Messrs. Crawford and Russell. These gentlemen preface their report by an address to the Secretary of State, in which an acute and judicious comparison is drawn between the two systems of prison discipline, known as "The Silent System," and "The Separate System." The details of both these systems may not be known to all our readers. The silent system, as practised in some English prisons, consists of a rather complicated series of regulations, which the prisoners are to observe. Marching in silence from their respective cells in the morning; in silence and in file making the different changes of place required during the day; from the common room to the yard — from the yard to the treadmill, &c. — their whole time is occupied in frequent musterings in the yard, marchings, and countermarchings, &c.; all which must be performed as it were by clockwork, and by the prisoners; as far as

* We take an opportunity in this place, having received permission to do so, of giving the decided opinion of Mrs. Fry, that under no pretext whatever should men be permitted to visit *alone* the separate cells in which female prisoners are lodged. Even the clergyman should not be an exception. Much mischief has occurred in prisons from the non-observance of this rule.

† By this we mean employment in the advantages of which the prisoners have either a present or remote participation. We shall, in future, term it profitable employment.

regards each other, in perfect silence. In this system (as indeed we believe in all gaol systems hitherto adopted in England) little profitable employment, or we should rather say, little employment of any kind is given, except to those who are sentenced to hard labour, and who are therefore placed on the treadmill, or required to pick oakum. Human beings are collected in numbers, from among that portion of society the least accustomed to self-control, and, *without any one object before them to occupy their thoughts or change the current of their feelings*, they are required to exercise the most absolute self-restraint, and are expected to experience from this mode of treatment some improvement in character.

The separate system, as it is called, is an arrangement by which each prisoner is lodged in a cell alone, — the difference between this plan and that of solitary confinement being, that the individual is not deprived of all intercourse with his fellow creatures, although any communication with his fellow prisoners is strictly avoided; but at the same time, he is entirely debarred from exercise in the open air.

The inspectors of the home district are earnest advocates of the latter system, in opposition to the former, and argue so far justly in its favour. Still we submit that they only choose the least of two evils. They urge against the silent system, that its machinery is too complicated to be of any practical utility. From the necessity of constant and close superintendence, without which the law of perfect silence would every moment be violated, the wardsmen required are too numerous to be *paid* officers of respectable character; consequently, the persons who are entrusted to watch and report the conduct of the prisoners, are chosen *from among themselves;* and it has been remarked, that the most experienced villain makes the best wardsman. This arrangement, as might be conceived, occasions abuse and injustice of every kind. How could it be otherwise? Another difficulty, and an equal evil, is this; the arrangements, from being exceedingly orderly and methodical, require some time to learn; and though the practised thief has had frequent opportunities, from having been many times imprisoned before, of acquiring an aptitude for its detail, the young offender, who is committed for the first time, makes so many mistakes in acquiring the new *drill*, that he not only causes confusion among the others, but is so frequently punished for infractions of prison law, that his punishments for offences committed while in prison, exceed in severity the original sentence. When it is remembered that, as the discipline of prisons is at present managed, the untried frequently shares the punishment of the convicted prisoner, the injustice consequent on this system becomes even more striking.

"That the untried prisoner is subjected to a greater proportion of suffering than the convicted, we found instanced in one prison, where 90 untried prisoners were visited with 224 punishments, while 236 convicted prisoners were visited with 574 punishments." — *Second Report of Home District*, p. 5.

It appears, however, that this system has worked better in some places than in others; and, from the experience of the Northern District, the inspector, Mr. W. J. Williams, speaks decidedly in its favour, in contradistinction to the system of separation, and *under considerable modification.*

"As regards the penal systems of silence and separation, the first is easy of execution, even with the present machinery of our establishments, and produces no observable bad effects on the physical and mental powers; as a deterring agent, I hold a strong opinion of its efficacy, and this result of punishment is of far more value to a community than even the reformation of offenders, which can only be called into action *after* the commission of crime, while the former has been previously busy as its preventive. But this discipline, to

be effective, should be vigorously administered by paid servants, and without the intervention of wardsmen, and with the provision of a separate sleeping cell for each prisoner. In the absence of the latter provision, I fear it is only attempting that by day which may be undone at night. The mode in which it is now enforced, by bringing the untried and the tried together at work and meals, thus breaking down a great moral and legal distinction, appears to me highly objectionable, and still more so the practice of placing convicted prisoners as wardsmen over those committed for trial. In expressing myself favourably of the silent discipline, I beg to be understood by your Lordship, as not investing it with any extravagant pretensions, or holding out expectations of extraordinary results. That silence can be so rigidly commanded, as to make the interchange of a word or sign impracticable, is what I have nowhere found to be the case, *nor do I believe it of any consequence that it should be so.* Upon this point I consider it sufficient that the once uninterrupted stream of vicious communication is arrested, and by a harmless yet irksome intervention." — *Second Report of the Northern and Eastern District*, p. 2.

In Chester county gaol, one of the prisons in which the "silent system" is said "to have been attended with a decidedly beneficial result, as regards the conduct and bearing of the prisoners," the evidence given in its favour concludes thus: —

"We do not hear of any reforms; when they go out they get to their old associates, and then they forget every thing."

Mr. Williams, the inspector of the Northern and Eastern District, whose address we have just quoted, and who strongly recommends the adoption of the silent system, with modifications for tried prisoners, speaks thus of the contrary plan: —

"Separate confinement, by day and night, having been recommended for the untried in this country, I consider it my duty to advise that great caution should be used in its application, particularly to those prisoners who have to wait the long periods between the assizes for a gaol delivery. The minimum size for a cell, to be made use of for this purpose, should be accurately and precisely laid down. *Warmth, exercise, manual employment, and instruction should be provided.* The visits of officers and friends should be frequent."

This system, be it observed, is considered by Messrs. Crawford and Russell as far more eligible than the difficult and hardly practicable plan of perfect silence. Surely it must at once strike our readers, if such frequent visits of officers and friends, warmth, exercise, and employment, are necessary for the untried, the average term of whose confinement is usually shorter than that of the condemned prisoners — that separate confinement in the case of the latter, *without* these privileges and advantages, cannot be expected to prove salutary, either to the body or the mind.* To effect moral reformation we hold it to be indispensable; and in this we have the best authority among physiologists, that the physical state of the individual should be sound and healthy. The morbid condition of both mind and body resulting from long sedentary occupation and close confinement, without air or exercise, is notorious, even in comparatively happy circumstances, but —

"All prisoners labour more or less under depression. This depression is predisposing to disease, which though often inert, is frequently called into action, by a spare and unvarying diet, humidity of site, extreme cold, deficiency of ventilation, or protracted close confinement."

For direct evidence of the fatal tendency of this system, we need only consult the Reports of the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, a prison which has been cited as an example of the good effects of solitary confinement. It is found that the annual mortality of its inmates very consider-

* In their Third Report the inspectors recommend exercise in the open air. The Second Report contained no such recommendation, nor has this privilege ever been granted hitherto to prisoners under the separate system.

ably exceeds that of the Auburn Penitentiary in the United States, at which the silent system is in operation; that it is also much greater than in our largest English prisons, and that insanity is of very frequent occurrence among the prisoners.

We should have thought a very few words sufficient to establish the fact, that this system must prove in many cases most pernicious, and in few, if any, be attended with favourable results: but as two of the inspectors, justly deprecating the system of silence, have taken some pains to show that separate confinement is preferable, and, in their third report have strongly recommended its adoption, the advantages which may possibly attend it should not be altogether lost sight of. We say *possibly*, for we are doubtful as to any good result: for even supposing it to be true that in many instances prisoners have borne this treatment without *apparent* injury to the bodily health, is it likely to be efficacious in producing a *change of habits?* That, with a few naturally well-disposed prisoners, whose derelictions from duty may have been caused by want, by early unfavourable circumstances, or by evil associates, such confinement, with religious instruction, may induce reflection, and lead to good resolutions for the future, we can readily believe; but we think it would not be difficult to prove that *such* prisoners might be led to adopt new habits, as well as to form good resolutions, without the hazard of making a wreck of both mental and bodily constitution for the remainder of their lives.*

Those who are unacquainted with the state of our gaols and penitentiaries, would learn facts relative to the subject from these reports, which hitherto perhaps they could not have credited, or even imagined possible. It was our intention to select a few instances, which might convey some idea of the condition of many prisons; but, on looking through the books, we found it impossible to extract or select the most striking instances, both on account of their number, and from their containing details of wretchedness and abuses, from which readers in general would turn with horror and disgust. We must therefore refer those who are practically interested in these matters to the Report itself.

We give a few sentences from the remarks of the inspectors on the Borough Compter: —

"The idea of confinement in this gaol having any tendency to deter is quite absurd. Its moral effects must be deeply injurious on all, but especially on the young and inexperienced, and also upon the debtors, whose average of detention is ten weeks, and some of whom are occasionally obliged to pass sixteen weeks in this hot-bed of corruption. The baneful influence of the vicious associations, be it remembered, extends also, during this period, to such of their wives and children as spend their days in the prison."

"The association of the untried with the convicted, the facilities for occasional conversation with the sexes in the manner we have pointed out, the exaction of "chummage," the number and almost constant presence of visitors, many of whom are persons of the worst character, the encouragement to drunkenness, by the unlimited quantity of beer permitted to be consumed by convicted as well as untried prisoners, the constant desecration of the Sabbath, the absence of any separate accommodation for the sick, and the want of an apartment for the decent performance of divine worship; these are among the more prominent features of a prison, which is exceedingly discreditable to the court under whose jurisdiction it is placed." — *Home Dist.* p. 181.

This frightful description, with slight variations, might serve for several other similar establishments in London, and the state of the provincial gaols, however varying, according to their different local circumstances, is in many

* We recommend to the perusal of our readers two very able papers in the Monthly Law Magazine of October and November last, containing a Review of the Third Report of the Inspectors, and detailing facts connected with the separate system which, if generally known, would, we trust, prevent its rigorous enforcement from ever being contemplated.

cases not less deplorable. Many of the Scotch gaols in particular have been, and still are, in a frightful condition. In these prisons the separate system is adopted, without apparently being well understood. We have Mrs. Fry's authority for stating that, on her visit to Scotland, she found women confined in solitary cells, who, *for many days*, had had no society or attendance but the daily visits of a turnkey. Even in illness a female attendant was not allowed them. The suffering arising from such an arrangement to persons of good character, and the mischievous results to all may be imagined.

The barbarous custom of shutting up untried prisoners of respectable habits, with murderers, housebreakers, and women of every description, is even in our metropolitan prisons a matter of every-day occurrence. The dirty and unwholesome state of some of our provincial gaols cannot be described here, and the evidence which we find every where throughout the book, given by clergymen, whose time, attention, and thought for the moral and religious welfare of the prisoners, have not been spared — by gaolers who consider the subject as a matter of business, with reference to the numbers entering and leaving the prison — and by the prisoners themselves, who have no motives for concealment, shows but too plainly that nothing like the reformation of offenders, or the prevention of crime, can be looked for, unless a thorough alteration and improvement, not only in each separate establishment, but in the whole system of prison discipline be effected.

In the year 1834 certain questions were proposed by the French minister of the interior to M. Diey, who had been eminently successful as director of the Maison Centrale, at Beaulieu, relative to the orders and regulations of that establishment. These questions, with the answers of M. Diey, were published in the year 1836, at Caen in Normandy. It is very desirable that the facts contained in this little French publication should be more generally known in England. The sincerity and simplicity which characterises M. Diey's answers are to us a strong testimony in their favour; but we have also had the gratification of hearing, through another channel, that they are free from exaggeration or inaccuracy. During the last year, two gentlemen of high character at Rouen, and connected with the administration of the Bicêtre in that city, wishing to ascertain for themselves the correctness of the printed statements, visited the Maison Centrale, and not only confirmed the account given by M. Diey, but stated that the results of the measures adopted by him had been more favourable than during the preceding years, inasmuch as the system had had a longer time for development.

The Maisons Centrales were first established by the French Government in or about the year 1820; the object for which they are designed being to relieve the gaols of such prisoners as are sentenced to an imprisonment of one year or upwards. The establishment at Beaulieu contained, in 1834, 800 prisoners, consisting both of those condemned for criminal matters, and of those who were found guilty of such offences as come under the jurisdiction of the police (*détenus correctionels*).

The first questions relate to religious instruction, and the answers to these are less decided and satisfactory than to those on other subjects, owing to the fact that, up to the time at which the inquiry was made, M. Diey had never found in any "Maison Centrale" with which he had been connected, a chaplain possessed of talent or zeal sufficient to be influential in the work of reform. * He gives, however, a decided opinion in favour of the good effects of religious instruction, from having seen much attention and interest

* He has since met with an ecclesiastic, L'Abbé L'Ainé, fully qualified for that office.

excited among prisoners, when any preaching, calculated to touch them personally, and to awaken religious feeling, has been addressed to them.

A school had been opened in the "Maison Centrale" in the year 1832, which in the year 1836 contained seventy scholars, chosen from among the youngest prisoners. Of the first seventy admitted, six only could read and write a little; these were appointed monitors. Of the seventy in the school at the time of the inquiry, thirty-two could read and write well, twenty-four tolerably; and others who had not made so much progress, had still learned something. The proportion of persons who are in a condition to benefit by instruction is calculated to be one in five; on these it exercised a salutary influence, while the others, as M. Diey remarks, could not possibly be the worse for it. All the prisoners who had been allowed to enter the school, evinced by docility and application their wish to learn.

The part of his system on which most stress is laid by the Director of Beaulieu, as having been most conducive to the order of the establishment, and as having given the best possible chance of improvement in character on leaving it, is labour, — not the hard labour usually given in our prisons as an addition to the severity of the sentence, but effective labour at some trade, which may turn to account in the prison, and may afterwards afford the prisoner a means of subsistence. With reference to this subject, M. Diey says, comparing the system of the "Maisons Centrales" with the measures formerly adopted towards prisoners who were confined in the departmental gaols: —

"Not that there was less real solicitude for the wefare of the prisoners who remained in the departmental gaols, but that it was impossible in them to introduce the labour which forms so important a feature in the description of the '*Maisons Centrales*,' and is the basis of order, tranquillity, and, I should add, of religion also; for it is by labour that the prisoners commence a moral existence; that regular habits of living are substituted for profligacy and disorder; that they become tractable and submissive, and at length, capable of profiting by moral and religious instruction."

"Labour appears to me not only to have an essentially reformatory influence, but it is further my belief, that no improvement is attainable without it: it is the basis, the soul of the penitentiary system; and when once introduced into a prison, there is no regulation, however severe, to which the prisoners cannot be made to submit."

At Beaulieu, trades of various kinds, tailoring, carpentering, shoe-making, lace-making, and all sorts of weaving are carried on in workshops, containing, on an average, forty individuals each. Over each of these workshops a superintendent of *good character* is placed, who secures silence among the prisoners on every subject but the occupation in hand. We think the reasons given for placing large numbers instead of small gangs of men in the workshops, deserving of notice on several accounts. M. Diey observes, that among a small number of persons collusion would be frequent, and the facility of making each other understood by signs considerable; whereas,

"In large companies there must necessarily be many wills, and without being obliged to place spies upon their actions, in itself an odious and demoralising measure, the indiscretion of the prisoners themselves is sufficient to divulge their plots, and to betray any infraction of morals among them."

Were the number in the workshops diminished, the necessity for a greater number of superintendents would perhaps render the machinery of the establishment too expensive to be carried on, without having recourse to the plan which has been mentioned as so objectionable in England,—that of placing persons chosen from among themselves as wardsmen to superintend the prisoners.

According to the register of discharged prisoners kept at Beaulieu for the last three years, during which the number of inmates has varied but

little, fifty out of a hundred have learned trades sufficiently to enable them to earn their bread on leaving the establishment. Some interesting particulars are given of those who have gained industrious habits while in the *Maison Centrale*, and who have afterwards expressed in a gratifying manner to M. Diey the sense they entertained of the benefits conferred on them while under his care.

M. Diey strongly advocates the provision of agricultural labour for prisoners from the country, among whom vices arising from inactivity and idleness seem to be more prevalent than among those brought up in towns, while craft and acuteness characterise the latter class of criminals.

Many objections, it appears, have been urged against the employment of prisoners in useful trades, on the ground that, by this means, the free and respectable workman's business is injured. M. Diey has taken some pains to combat this idea, and we think that, on consideration, the objection will be found to be futile. As prisoners never remain in the *Maison Centrale* for a sufficient period of time to attain to any degree of perfection in their employment, and as the workmen must be constantly learners, and frequently changing, it is found that manufactures of the coarsest texture, where manufactures proceed to any extent, are most easily carried on in such an establishment. At Beaulieu a coarse cloth, differing from any other made in the departments, is fabricated in the *Maison Centrale.* On a comparison of the quantity manufactured within the prison with that made without the walls, the former is found to be so trifling in proportion to the latter, that even were its quality such as to excite competition, the free workman could not by possibility be injured.*

The lodging of prisoners at night is a subject of some importance. Separate cells have by most persons been held to be indispensable, from the great difficulty of preventing conversation or disorderly conduct, when many persons are lodged together. At Beaulieu, it has been found advantageous to place the 800 prisoners in five large dormitories, each individual having a separate bed. The most disorderly or vicious characters are placed at a distance from each other. The rooms are well lighted, and a vigilant superintendence is exercised, by means of openings in the walls, through which the prisoners can be watched or heard. With respect to this matter also, we may observe, that the constant employment of the prisoners would go far to obviate the difficulty. Men and women who have worked actively and steadily through the day, in airy sheds, or in the open air, are less likely to be inclined to lie awake and converse at night, than those who have been kept in close confinement and only partially employed during the day, and who are therefore less healthily wearied with their day's work. The same objection that attaches to small workshops would apply to smaller dormitories. Separate cells for each prisoner for the night would add greatly to the expense of the building; and M. Diey's belief, from his experience at Beaulieu, is that the required objects may be gained without them.†

With respect to punishments used for the refractory in the prison, we will hear what the director himself says,

"We have had solitary cells at Beaulieu for the last four years, but they are not as yet

---

* Employment is obtained at Beaulieu from the Parisian tradesmen, who contract with the prisoners for work. One-third of the profit is devoted to the establishment, the prisoners receive a similar sum, and the remaining third forms a fund for them on their discharge. Probably a better arrangement might be made.

† Notwithstanding the opinion expressed by M. Diey on this subject, we concur with Mrs. Fry in the belief, which from long experience she has been led to entertain, that separate cells for the night are *absolutely indispensable*, both for men and women.

completed.* There are to be thirty-six, occupying a separate part of the building; at present we have but thirteen. These cells are divided into two compartments,—one containing a hammock, and the other a loom or stocking-frame. The first is used instead of the dungeon (cachot) for punishments of short duration; but when a prisoner is to suffer solitary confinement with labour, he occupies both. The last-named punishment is inflicted only on the lazy, or such as are dangerous and intractable. The former often remain there several months, until they have been able to do as much work as the laborious prisoners, and the latter until the expiration of their term of sentence. It might be supposed, but erroneously, that the number of incorrigibly bad subjects would go on increasing, so as to incumber the cells. I have used this species of punishment four years. The first refractory prisoner whom I confined in a cell inhabits it still, and none of those confined since have been released, yet there are at this moment but eight, five of whom have been transferred to Beaulieu from other establishments. It would also be an error to ascribe any corrective power to this mode of punishment, but it is a means of intimidation in which there is nothing cruel, which acts upon the whole mass of prisoners, who dread nothing so much as solitude for any length of time, and which also has the advantage of rendering all on whom it is inflicted industrious."

"I shall avail myself of this opportunity to repeat my objection to classfiication of every kind; it is useless, whether based on the nature of the crime, or on the degree of turpitude of the criminals, or on the circumstance of the individual being imprisoned for the first or for the fifth time. If classed according to the nature of the crime, it is useless; for the most depraved characters may be found among those convicted of slight offences, and the most hopeful among those who have committed serious ones."

"If the worst subjects are to be separated from the others, how are you to distinguish them? for, as Mr. Lynd, governor of the New York Penitentiary, said to Messrs. de Beaumont and De Tocqueville, the most hardened among the prisoners frequently conformed with the best grace to the rules of the prison, inasmuch as experience had taught them to make the best of their situation."

"I therefore recommend that all should be mixed, separating only from the mass such refractory prisoners as disturb the order of the establishment, and try to induce others to imitate them. These should be made to labour in solitude until the expiration of their term."

"In speaking of solitary confinement with labour, I said, that it could not be regarded as a means of correction. I believe farther, that the same may be equally said of any kind of punishment. Bad subjects may be intimidated and subdued by rigorous chastisement, but it is only by long-continued habits of order and labour that any thing like reformation can be effected."

"When punishments are to be inflicted on prisoners, they are shut up by themselves; and the cells are so arranged that they cannot speak loud enough to be heard by each other without being heard also by every body else. They are aware that such disobedience to the rules of the prison is punishable by a prolongation of solitary confinement, *without labour*, or by privation of their soup, in the case of those who are confined *with labour*, so that conversation is next to impossible."

The practice of putting prisoners in irons has been relinquished at Beaulieu:—

"I have banished them, as well as every other physical restraint, from the prisoners intrusted to my care. I consider them perfectly useless in such establishments as the "Maisons Centrales," *the sufferings of the body being only calculated to produce irritation of mind.*"

After a careful perusal, and much consideration of the works named above, the following conclusions were suggested to our mind. The evidence from which they are gathered is various, and given by persons of every class of life and description of character, but though springing from various sources, a stream of concurrent testimony flows throughout them all, which we think might be followed up and rendered useful in the work of improvement.

For untried prisoners, those who, though under suspicion, are by our law

* In the year 1834.

held to be innocent until the contrary is proved, one simple principle of justice ought never to have been lost sight of; *the only right which the law can have over these individuals is that of detention.* The safe custody of the person until trial is all that can be claimed, and no liberty or privilege consistent with this condition should be withheld from the prisoner.

There are many reasons why the untried should not only be kept separate from the convicted prisoners, but also from each other. Many among those ordered for trial may be presumed to be guilty and depraved characters; with these there should be no chance of associating an innocent person; the distress of feeling to persons of mature age, and the danger of contamination to the young, are sufficient motives for separation. The untried should therefore be kept in separate cells, and allowed not only the visits of the clergyman and officers of the prison, but the society and contributions of their friends; exercise in the open air — warmth — comfort — books — and as good a diet as the funds set apart for prison purposes will allow.*

After trial the aspect of affairs is changed, and the condemned prisoner must undergo a treatment, whose severity shall operate on the minds of others in such a way, as to form one motive to deter them from the commission of crime, while the steadily-enforced obligation to follow employments to which he is totally unaccustomed, and which are therefore peculiarly distasteful to him, shall lead to the formation of habits the usefulness of which he shall ultimately acknowledge.

For this purpose we cannot conceive any thing better adapted than such institutions as the Maison Centrale of Beaulieu, in which it appears that the discipline is sufficiently rigorous for the purpose of prevention (if exercised for a sufficient length of time) as far as prevention can ever be accomplished by means of fear, while the occupation and instruction given to the criminals have a tendency to promote reform, and to provide for their future respectability.

It is true that the Maisons Centrales are only intended for the reception of prisoners whose sentence extends to one year or more, and it appears certain that much injury would be done to the arrangement of such institutions, and the possibility of effecting reforms in them much lessened, by the admission of offenders condemned to a very short term of imprisonment. It is worthy of consideration, whether an extension of the term, even with some mitigation of the severity of the sentence, might not be productive of the best effects. All criminals dread a long confinement, and are frequently heard to make light of their sentence, if it does not exceed a few weeks. By lengthening the time of confinement in a place adapted for the purpose, a better chance would be given for the formation of new habits, while the certainty of being obliged to work hard and regularly for several months, would be efficacious in the prevention of crime. An increased expense, it is true, would be incurred by such an arrangement, but if we are right in supposing that the fear of a longer imprisonment would act as a preventive, the additional outlay would soon be more than compensated. As recommittals would also be lessened in number, there would be a saving of the expense incurred in prosecuting, moving from place to place, &c., especially where the delinquent is a young vagabond, who passes his time

* Should this almost self-evident principle be ever fully recognised and carried into practice, is it not likely that the increased expense attending the maintenance of untried prisoners will suggest the expediency of more frequent gaol deliveries?

alternately in a series of petty thefts, and in taking two or three months' exercise on the treadmill.

There will always be a class of offences to which only short periods of imprisonment can be assigned; but where the offender, having been found guilty one or more times before, is by the present system condemned to a few weeks' punishment, we believe that an extension to a few months of the term of imprisonment might be resorted to with the best possible effects. This plan has been tried and found successful within the last few years at Rouen.

On the unexpensive plan of the Maison Centrale of Beaulieu, a few similar establishments in this country would suffice to relieve the gaols of tried prisoners. Judging by the description of some of the recently built county gaols, as given in the inspector's report, it might not be found impracticable to convert them into buildings for this purpose. It will be said, undoubtedly, this plan has probably been found to answer as stated, in Normandy, under the care of a peculiarly judicious and well qualified individual, but could the same success be calculated on, unless similar persons could be found to undertake the direction of such establishments in England? We answer, it could not by any possibility be looked for; but we hope the time is near, when the conviction will be more strongly felt than it has hitherto been, that the ultimate success of any institution in which human beings are assembled together, whether for instruction, support, correction, or physical cure, must depend almost, if not entirely, on the strength of character and moral fitness for the situation of the individual who is placed at its head. Whether it be a school, a workhouse, an asylum, or a prison, no committee of managers, or set of visitors, can ever hope to be able to bring it into a thoroughly prosperous state, unless their intentions are seconded and carried into execution by the individual who is in reality the executive head of the whole.

The substitution of profitable labour for the exhausting toil of the treadmill appears to us an important measure. We have, in the report of our own inspectors, frequent testimony to the inefficiency of this method of punishment in promoting reformation. It is stated by clergymen, that the labour of the treadmill leaves the mind in too irritated a state to be susceptible of religious instruction; and the evidence of the prisoners themselves shows that it affords sufficient opportunities to the men of making signals to each other, at a time when the feelings of excitement caused by the labour are likely to determine the import of their communications.

It has been remarked by a recent and experienced writer on insanity, in advocating the importance of useful occupation for the insane, that

"With both the sane and insane, where the mind has no opportunity of employment on objects of importance, it will either busy itself about trifles, or sink into apathy, or allow itself to wander unchecked in idle reveries."

"Now, what would be the consequence if we were to take a sane person, who had been accustomed to society, &c., and were to lock him up in a small house, with a keeper for his only associate, and no place of exercise but a miserable garden? We should certainly not look for any improvement in his moral and intellectual condition. Can we then reasonably expect that a treatment, which would be injurious to a sane mind, should tend to restore a diseased one?"

If this statement be true, and the experience of Sir W. Ellis affords strong presumption that it is so, are we likely to be successful in our treatment of the vitiated feelings of criminals, who may be considered as of

morally unsound mind, by giving them a punishment calculated to generate only irritation and revenge?

The strong recommendation of M. Diey for a strictly temperate prison diet is strengthened by the startling facts brought forward by our inspectors of prisons:—

"Of the 198 male and female prisoners committed to the Preston House of Correction, between the 1st of July of the present year, and this date (16th of October) for various offences, felonies, and misdemeanours, *eighty-eight* of those offences are either the DIRECT consequences of drunkenness, or the offenders were more or less under its influence when their apprehension took place."

"The great origin of crime is here only too evident. Mere ignorance of religious truth does not necessarily lead a man into the more open violations of the law, because there still remains the check arising from the apprehension of human justice; but habits of intoxication, or even an occasional excess, are certain to produce forgetfulness of the penalties of the law, as well as of the precepts of religion, even with those who are not altogether uneducated; and it is worthy of remark, that of twenty-two men and three women, who in the table following are classed as being able to read and write with facility, the offences of fifteen of them are attributed to *intoxication*."—*Second Report of Inspectors of Prisons.*

Surely these few words convey a lesson to legislators and philanthropists. Much as we value every means that may be found effectual in any degree in deterring from and diminishing crime, we rest convinced that no measures can be so permanently and extensively useful as those which are directed to discourage the vice of drunkenness among those of mature years, and to secure for the young habits of industry, and a good religious and moral, as well as intellectual, education.

ATMOSPHERIC RESISTANCE ON RAILWAYS.

Note on the Great Western Railway Inquiry.

It must always be matter for regret when questions of practical science, in the investigation of which the public is deeply interested, are discussed, not in the temper and spirit which animates those whose only feeling is the love of truth, and whose only object is the advancement of knowledge, but with the acrimony which is the never-failing characteristic of those whose object is the attainment of merely private and personal ends. It were well that persons who give this tone to scientific discussion would reflect how little the public sympathises with their animosities; and that, if any effect be produced by the course they are moved to pursue, except the degradation of science, it is to enlist public feeling on the side of the party who observes that moderation and sobriety which generally attend the proceedings of those who, having no private or personal objects to serve, are prompted solely by the desire to explore that truth, whose light, like that of day, is a common benefit to all.

These reflections have been suggested by the tone and temper in which the question of the Atmospheric Resistance on Railways, to which we lately called public attention, has been dealt with since our last publication. But that unbecoming spirit has not been the only, nor the worst, circumstance attending this discussion, if discussion that can be called which, in truth, has been little more than pert assertion and personal vituperation. If published reports be correct, an attempt has been made to mislead and misinform the public on questions of considerable public interest, and that in the presence of persons whose scientific attainments ought to have enabled them immediately to perceive the errors which were propagated, and who ought not to have been tempted by private motives even indirectly to sanction such statements by their silence.

Persons uninformed as to the past history and actual state of physical science would, judging only from the statements which have been put forth, conceive that the nature, amount, and laws of the atmospheric resistance had been perfectly ascertained long since,— so long since as the time of Newton,— and that they are now, and have long been, so well understood, that any competently informed person could sit down and calculate with the greatest facility and precision the resistance which any railway train would sustain, moving at any given speed. Indeed, one ingenious gentleman has actually professed to have done this, and has given a calculation of the resistance which a particular train must have sustained at a particular velocity in pounds and parts of a pound! and has considered his computation so conclusive, that he has elegantly pronounced some experiments, which seemed not in exact accordance with it, to be "all humbug."

Seeing that the question which has been raised is one which has so important a bearing on the practical interests of all railway companies, it appears to us that a brief notice of the state of our knowledge of the resistance which the atmosphere opposes to bodies moving through it may not, at this time, be deemed uninteresting.

The problem of the resistance of fluids to bodies moving through them was investigated by Newton, Bernoulli, Euler, and most of the mathematicians of the last century, who devoted their attention to physical in-

quiries. Their researches, however, so far as regards the resistance of elastic fluids like the air, are more remarkable for profound mathematical skill than for practical usefulness. Indeed many of them, and among the rest those of Newton himself, are founded on hypotheses and conditions so obviously inapplicable to the actual motion of a body through the air, that the results they lead to are entirely at variance with ascertained experience. It is, therefore, to the results of extensive and well conducted experiments only that we can look with confidence for any useful information on this subject.

Unfortunately, however, such experiments as can be safely taken as the foundation of practical conclusions are by no means numerous. The earliest which are at all entitled to attention are those of Robins, made about the middle of the last century. These were subsequently repeated, and to some extent varied by Borda, and published in the memoirs of the French Academy of Sciences in 1763.

The object of these experiments was to supply grounds for a practical treatise on gunnery, and they were accordingly limited mostly to the motion of metallic balls at high velocities. On comparing the resistances which these bodies were observed to suffer with those which, according to the theory of Newton, they ought to have suffered, it was found that the actual resistance was three times greater than that given by the theory.

One of the laws established by theory was, that the resistance, other things being the same, increases in the same proportion as the square of the velocity; that is to say, whatever be the resistance of the air against a body moving at one foot per second, the resistance will be *four* times as great if it move at *two* feet per second, *nine* times as great if it move at *three* feet per second, *sixteen* times as great at *four* feet per second, and so on. This law Mr. Robins found not to be exact in practice at any velocity, the resistance always increasing in a higher proportion; and, as we have just stated, he found that it totally failed at high velocities, giving a result three times less than the truth.

The subject was next taken up by the late Dr. Hutton, who made experiments under circumstances more varied and at different velocities. He also endeavoured to investigate the effect which the *form* of the body produced upon the resistance.

These experiments were made with hemispheres moved alternately with the round and flat side foremost, with cones moved with the point and base alternately foremost, with cylinders with the end foremost, and with spheres.

It was found that, when the motion was very slow, the resistance did not sensibly vary from the law of the squares of the velocities, but that a gradual departure from that law took place as the velocity was increased; and that, at a certain speed, the resistance was twice that which was due to the square of the velocity.

In comparing together different surfaces exposed to the atmospheric resistance, it was found that the increase of resistance was in a greater proportion than the increase of surface.

It was also found that, although a flat surface encountered more resistance than a round or pointed one, yet that the resistance did not diminish in proportion to the sharpness of the foremost end of the moving body; but that, on the contrary, a body with an hemispherical end was less resisted than one which presented a cone foremost.

The resistance was likewise found to be affected by the form of the *hinder* part. Thus a cone, moved base foremost, was more resisted than a

hemisphere, also moved base foremost, and a hemisphere in like manner was more resisted than a cylinder.

These experiments were, however, made on bodies of very small magnitudes. The bases of the cones, cylinders, and hemispheres were less than a quarter of a square foot, and as the resistance was found to increase not in the proportion of the surface but in some higher *unascertained* proportion, no correct inference could be made from the resistances obtained from these experiments, with respect to the resistances of more extended surfaces, especially if those surfaces were greater in a very high ratio.

No one could be more aware of the insufficiency of these, and consequently of any preceding experiments, to form the basis of practical rules for atmospheric resistance, than this eminent philosopher himself. How conscious he was of this, and how profound is the ignorance of those who have lately so flippantly declared, that the amount of the atmospheric resistance and its laws are perfectly well known, will be seen by the following observations, with which Dr. Hutton closed this part of his work.

"On a review of the whole of the premises, we find that the resistance of the air, as determined from the foregoing experiments, differs very widely, both in respect to its quantity on all figures, and in regard to the proportion of its action on oblique surfaces, from the same actions and resistances, as assigned by the most plausible and imposing theories which have been hitherto delivered and confided in by philosophers. Hence it may be concluded, that all the speculative theories on the resistance of the air hitherto laid down are very erroneous, and that it is from experiments only, carefully and skilfully executed, that a rational hope can be grounded of deducing and establishing a true and useful theory of the action of forces so intimately connected with the numerous and important concerns of human life."

We now leave the reader to decide between Dr. Hutton and the philosopher who lately is said to have pronounced Newton's theory of the resistance of air to be the "immutable law of nature;" and the other gentleman, who declared experiments on the subject to be "all humbug."

These experiments were published in the third volume of Dr. Hutton's tracts in 1812, and are the most complete and extensive experiments which had been made up to that time, and we are not aware that any others have since been undertaken.

Within the very circumscribed limits of Dr. Hutton's experiments, it was found that, under like circumstances, and with equal velocities, the resistance encountered by an increased surface was more than in the proportion of that increase, that is, if the surface were doubled or tripled, the resistance was *more than* doubled or tripled; but in what ratio, or *according to what law*, this took place was not discovered. If then the results of the experiments were not such as to supply data by which the resistance of *one small* surface could be accurately or certainly inferred from *another small* surface, it is scarcely necessary to point out, even to those not conversant in science, how impossible it must be, by the same data, to infer the resistance encountered by the surface of a railway train, measuring from above 50 square feet, from experiments made on bodies whose frontage did not exceed a quarter of a square foot.

But it is further to be observed, that the *form*, not only of the foremost part of the moving body, but also that of the hinder part, influenced the amount of resistance. Now among the forms tried by Dr. Hutton, was none similar to that of a railway carriage.

No experiments, so far as we are informed, have ever been made to

determine to what extent the resistance encountered by a body moving through air is modified by another body of similar form preceding it at any given distance. This is however necessary, if we would attempt, with any view to accuracy, the calculation of the resistance encountered by a train of railway coaches, a space more or less great intervening between each successive pair of coaches.

There is another source of resistance which will also demand attention, and which is still further removed from analogy to any experiment hitherto made upon the resistance of the air —we allude to the effect of the wheels. How, and to what extent are the spokes of the wheels clogged by the air? Do they suffer the same resistance at each point of their surface, as if they moved with the same velocity in a straight line as they do in their cycloidal course? and if not, how is the resistance modified by the effect of the air which they carry with them?

In adverting to these various difficulties presented by the question of the resistance of a railway train so far as the same depends on the air, we are far indeed from recommending the attempt at any theoretical solution of a problem so complicated. We are too well aware of the utter insufficiency of any data yet obtained for such a purpose; but we desire to undeceive those who may be misled by the statements which have been publicly made by persons of supposed information in such matters, that the whole question is perfectly understood, and that the resistance to be encountered from this physical cause is well known. We now repeat what we stated in our last article on this subject, that nothing is as yet known of the amount of the atmospheric resistance under the circumstances in which that resistance acts on railway trains with sufficient certainty or accuracy to enable any one to tell, *by mere calculation without experiment*, what is the amount of that resistance on any given railway train moving with any given speed; and we have no hesitation in saying, that those who make such pretensions expose themselves to a well-founded charge of ignorance and charlatanism.

The experiments upon the Whiston plane, which were explained in our last number, having been the subject of comment, and various objections having been raised against them, we shall take this occasion of describing more particularly the circumstances under which they were made.

Mr. Edward Woods, the superintending engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, being requested by Dr. Lardner to prepare a train of coaches in good working order for the experiments, selected four first class coaches, which were coupled in the usual way by Mr. Booth's patent couplings.

The Whiston plane falls uniformly at the rate of one in ninety-six for 2,700 yards. This plane was staked out into divisions of 100 yards; the stakes dividing it being numbered from the top to the bottom. The train was drawn by an engine to the top of the plane, and having had a considerable speed imparted to it, the engine was detached from it at that point. The moment of passing each stake was called out by one observer, the time was observed with a second's watch by another, and given by him to a third, who took it down. Another observer was placed on the outside, who took the time independently of these.

The times of passing from post to post were as nearly as possible uniform during the descent, and the experiment was *repeated five times.*

The experiments on the Madeley plane, which falls at the rate of 1 in 177 for 3¼ miles, were conducted in the same manner.

The persons assisting in the experiments on the Whiston plane were, Mr. Edward Woods, engineer of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway;

Mr. G. T. Clarke, assistant engineer under Mr. Brunel, on the Great Western Railway; Mr. Herschel Babbage, (son of the distinguished person of that name); Mr. Josiah Rees, and Dr. Lardner; and the same persons (with the exception of Mr. Woods) assisted in the experiments on the Madeley plane.

In observing on these experiments, Mr. Babbage (sen.) is reported to have ascribed the uniform velocity to the *curves* which were upon the planes where the experiments were made.

Mr. Babbage was misinformed. The Whiston plane is *perfectly straight from top to bottom;* and although, on some parts of the Madeley plane, there are curves (whose radius is not less than a mile), yet it is *perfectly straight for more than a mile*, and on this part the velocity was uniform.

Mr. Brunel, in his printed observations on these experiments, laments that Mr. Nicholas Wood was not present; and thinks that his practical knowledge would have suggested many reasons for the result obtained independently of atmospheric resistance.

To this we shall merely reply that Mr. Clarke, the assistant engineer under Mr. Brunel, was present; that he was present for the express purpose of seeing how the various experiments were made, and of giving Mr. Brunel every information respecting them. We may add, also, that Mr. Clarke is himself a gentleman of considerable scientific and practical knowledge, and that we believe there is no person, not even Mr. Brunel himself, better qualified to judge of the accuracy with which an experiment is performed, or to detect and expose the sources of fallacy, if any there be. If, then, Mr. Wood's practical knowledge would have detected the modifying circumstances supposed by Mr. Brunel to exist, there can be no doubt that Mr. Clarke's practical knowledge would have amply supplied its place.

But independently of this, it may be observed that Liverpool is now only eleven hours' distance from London, and that Mr. Brunel might have gone there and *repeated the experiments* himself. A single day would have been sufficient for the purpose; and one such fact as he would obtain, by showing that his own experiments were inconsistent with those already made, would have more weight than a wilderness of conjectures as to what the practical knowledge of Mr. Nicholas Wood might have detected, &c., &c.

It is further objected by Mr. Brunel that the train of coaches used in these experiments was lighter than any trains practically used in the work of the road. This is not strictly correct. The fastest train on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway is the eleven o'clock train, and that invariably consists of four coaches, and no more. It may, however, be admitted that this train is an exception, and that the trains of passengers generally consist of from seven to nine coaches. Mr. Brunel assumes that the resistance of the air would not be *much* increased by the increased length of the train, and, therefore, that the proportion which it would bear to the whole resistance would be considerably less.

What effect the increased length of the train would produce, experiment, and experiment alone, can show. It is probable, on general grounds, that the resistance in calm air would not be increased in so great a proportion as the load is increased; but, on the other hand, with a side or oblique wind, it is almost certain that the resistance would be increased in the full proportion of the length of the train. These, however, are questions on which, in the absence of direct experiment, it is idle to conjecture.

Mr. Brunel further objects that the resistance of the air was increased by the absence of the engine and tender from the front of the train, thereby exposing to the atmosphere only the flat end of the foremost coach. This

is a point which will very shortly be brought to the test of experiment; meanwhile we must express our impression, that, so far from the resistance being *increased* by the removal of the engine and tender, it was *diminished*. The foremost end of the engine is, like that of the coach, *flat*. Below the engine, the fire-box and ash-pit descend nearly to the ground, and likewise present a *flat* surface to the air. The chimney rises above the top of the carriages, and presents,—not certainly a flat surface,—but a surface which in the other case *was not presented at all*. Again, the tender following the engine presents a *concave* surface to catch all the air not already driven forward by the flat end of the engine and the chimney, and above the tender rises the flat end of the foremost carriage. Now, we confess it appears to us that this combination of surfaces must offer more resistance than the flat end of the foremost carriage when exposed without their intervention. But once more we say, that this is a subject for experimental inquiry, and by that alone can it be decided.

In considering these questions it may be worth while to separate fact from inference, and to distinguish what is admitted from what is disputed.

It is admitted, then, as the result of experiment —

1. That a train of four coaches, weighing gross $15\frac{6}{10}$ tons, moved down a plane, falling 1 in 96 at 31 miles an hour, *without any acceleration*.

2. That the same coaches, weighing gross 18 tons, moved down the same plane at $32\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, *without acceleration*.

Now these being admitted, there are inferences following from them by the most elementary principles of mechanics, which neither have been nor can be disputed. They are —

1. That where a train moves down an inclined plane uniformly without acceleration, it must suffer a resistance equal to its gravity down the plane.

2. That the gravity of $15\frac{6}{10}$ tons down 1 in 96, is $364\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

3. That the gravity of 18 tons down the same plane, is $421\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

4. That, therefore, the train of four coaches used in the Whiston experiments weighing $15\frac{6}{10}$ tons, suffered at 31 miles an hour, a resistance equal to $364\frac{1}{2}$ pounds.

5. That the same coaches, weighing 18 tons, suffered at $32\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, a resistance of $421\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

In like manner it may be shown that, in the experiments on the Madeley plane, the train of coaches weighing 18 tons, suffered at 21 miles an hour, a resistance of $228\frac{4}{10}$ pounds.

Now let it be observed that none of these facts or inferences are questioned.

But the only sources of resistance which are pretended to exist to the free motion of the train down the plane, are friction and the resistance of the air. Now the greatest amount ever assigned to the friction of carriages, has been from nine to ten pounds a ton, and this, from the manner in which it has hitherto been estimated, must be meant to include the atmospheric resistance at ordinary speeds. But let us for the present suppose that 9 pounds per ton is the amount of the resistance from *friction only*; then its total amount in the case of the train of 18 tons is 162 pounds, and in the case of $15\frac{6}{10}$, to from 140 pounds. There remain, therefore, resistances amounting to about 260 pounds, at the speed of $32\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, and 224 pounds, at 31 miles an hour (we use round numbers) to be accounted for; that is to say, resistances amounting to 50 per cent. more than the greatest supposable amount of friction, and probably to about three times the real amount of that source of resistance.

What has been now stated is not disputed, but it is maintained by

Mr. Brunel, that this enormous resistance is accounted for by the very fact of the carriages *moving down an inclined plane*, that they are thereby thrown *out of square*, and that "a degree of resistance is thus created which would alone account for the whole" resistance encountered in those experiments.

Thus the method of determining the resistance by motion down inclined planes, which all engineers and scientific men, without one exception, who have directed attention to this subject, have agreed to consider as the best—the method which scientific writers have invariably pointed out—the method whose results have by anticipation interwoven themselves almost with the vocabulary of mechanical science; this method is suddenly discovered by Mr. Brunel to be essentially so fallacious, that the errors attending it are incapable of measurement, and consequently of correction, and that they render the experiments useless!!

We are called upon to believe, that the friction is increased when a train of carriages moves down such an inclined plane in the ratio of at least two to five, and probably in that of two to eight!

But Mr. Brunel has not informed us, why this increase of friction by the carriages being "out of square," was not perceived until the velocity reached 32¼ miles an hour. The resistance which he assigns being friction is (according to all that has been ascertained respecting friction) the same at all velocities, and therefore it ought to be as great at five or ten miles an hour, as at 32¼ miles an hour. Why then, it may be asked, does it not keep the train at any uniform velocity which may be given to it, instead of allowing it to be accelerated to a certain speed and then ceasing to act?

With more than usual want of circumspection Mr. Brunel maintains, that in every day's experience, the passenger-trains descending the Whiston plane acquire a velocity exceeding 40 miles an hour, even with the resistance produced by the engine in front of them. But if the cause of the resistance in the Whiston experiments be really what Mr. Brunel assumes it to be, viz. the carriages being put out of square by the chief resistance being in front, this cause would be operative in a proportionately high degree in every train, especially with the resistance of the engine in front, and would retard every train in proportion to its length, and, therefore, should limit the velocity of all equally. How then do the common passenger-trains attain, as Mr. Brunel asserts, a velocity of 40 miles an hour? *

While the engineer of the Great Western Railway declares, on the one hand, that the obstacle arising from the atmosphere is inconsiderable, he states, on the other, that he has computed its amount, and has devised expedients for mitigating its effects. The only expedients which we have seen on that railway, are what have been called (from their peculiar shape) the *boat-engines*, and these are or were lately incapable of working passenger-trains, and were used as ballast-engines. We have always been informed, hat the expedients for cutting the air were found (to use a well-understood phrase) *not to answer*.

It has been attempted to cast ridicule on certain persons for having pretended to have now first discovered, that the atmosphere offers resistance to railway trains. After what we have explained respecting past investigations on the resistance of air, it is not necessary here to say, that no such absurd pretension as that of discovering that the air offers resistance to a body moving through it has been made by any person. We do however assert, that all engineers and scientific men, who have hitherto given any attention to

* The conductors of the trains are forbidden, by the regulations of the railway, to allow the trains to descend the plane with a greater speed than 20 miles an hour. It is to limit them to this speed that the brakes are used.

the practical working of railways, have considered that friction is the chief source of resistance, and that the proportion which the atmospheric resistance bears to it is so small, that for practical purposes the whole resistance may be investigated, experimentally and theoretically, on the general principles which are known to be applicable to friction, but which are not at all applicable to the resistance of air. They have maintained that, in proceeding thus, a mean result will be obtained, which, though not strictly true, will nevertheless depart so little from the truth, owing to the comparative smallness of the atmospheric resistance, that it may be taken in practice as correct.

As a proof of this, we may not only refer to all the modes of experimenting which have been in practice among engineers, but also to works of reputed authority on this part of practical science. In the treatise of Mr. Wood on Railways, we find no notice of atmospheric resistance separate from friction;—and all the principles of calculating resistance used in that work, are principles applicable to friction, but altogether inapplicable to atmospheric resistance.

In like manner, in the work of M. de Pambour, although the effects of the resistance of the air rendered themselves manifest in his experiments, yet he never considered them so great as to require the application of any mathematical formulæ, which included the condition of increasing with the velocity, but investigated the *whole* resistance by formulæ which cease to represent the effects the moment it is admitted that a sensible change is produced in the resistance by a change of speed. This was not the only error into which M. de Pambour fell in his physico-mathematical investigations respecting railways, but it is all that we have now need to refer to.

It cannot be for a moment pretended, that the limited number of experiments on the atmospheric resistance, made in the course of the recent inquiry instituted by the shareholders of the Great Western Railway, are to be regarded as conclusive on a question so vitally important as this. On the contrary, we consider them as only establishing the necessity of further inquiry, and as indicating the course which that inquiry should take. Although it will probably be considered by practical men, that the objections brought against these experiments are entitled to but slight consideration, still they ought to be met, and, if possible, experimental tests should be contrived which shall meet them. We are happy to be able to say, that means have already been obtained to secure the accomplishment of this object, and that the question of the actual amount of resistances at the ordinary speed with coach-trains will be soon put beyond controversy.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

GERMAN MANUFACTURES AND ENGLISH CORN LAWS.

THE rise and growth of manufactures in Germany, to an extent of prosperity which enable the Germans not only to supply the chief demand for home consumption, but also to compete successfully with England in the markets of the United States, Cuba, and South America, and also by smuggling into Russia and Austria, and by transit to the East, form a subject of most valuable inquiry at the present moment, when assertions, unsupported by facts, are advanced by those who are opposed to freedom of commerce, and especially to the repeal of the Corn Laws.

The union of several German States with Prussia, adopting the tariff of the latter for the whole, has been asserted or assumed by the press, and by advocates of certain trading interests, as the chief cause of the prosperity of German manufactures. It has also been contended, that the tariff of Prussia, and its adoption by Bavaria, Würtemburg, Saxony, Baden, and the smaller States, was the result of a deliberately planned design against the use of English manufactures and British colonial produce.

We have travelled over the various States of the Union at different times, before and since the formation, in 1833, of this celebrated league, which may be termed the *real German Confederation*, — we have witnessed the progress towards extraordinary prosperity, of the cotton, woollen, and hardware manufactures of Elberfeld, Crefeld, Solingen, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eupen, Berlin, and Silesia, of Saxony, and of those more recently established upon a vast scale, with the most improved machinery, in Würtemberg and the Grand Duchy of Baden,— we have made ourselves acquainted with the origin and the motives which originated this great political as well as material confederation, — and we have found that its design and policy has not been adopted in hostility to British trade, but that its spirit and object have been, and are, entirely German. That is, to unite and strengthen Germany as one great nation, by throwing down those barricades of material warfare, and of international intercourse, the numerous lines of customs and customs officers, which previously belted every large and petty State in Germany, and the removal of which has laid open an uninterrupted intercourse from the frontiers of France and Belgium to those of Austria and Russia — from the Alps to the Baltic.

These States have therefore established a free trade among themselves. The commodities of the one are interchanged for those of the other, without the payment of duties; and more than all, the free opportunity of interchanging ideas, and of receiving intelligence, is afforded and promoted, when passing to and fro for the purpose of interchanging commodities.

By these means the Union has not only extended great facilities and benefits to manufacturing industry, but it has also shed over Germany, probably, the greatest blessing ever enjoyed by the German people.

As to the effects of the tariff of Prussia being adopted by the other States of the Union, on the use of home, to the exclusion of foreign manufactures, we will now show the actual change made by this famous piece

of fiscal and commercial legislation, which has been hung over England to terrify her merchants and her manufacturers.

On heavy cotton and woollen goods of cheap value, the duty, being levied by weight, is enormous, from 40 to 85 per cent. *ad valorem:* but it must also not be forgotten that the other States levied duties, some of them even higher than Prussia did, on woollens and cottons; and that nearly 20,000,000 of the 25,325,000 inhabitants of those States were subjected, as will appear from the following table, to duties about as high as those of Prussia, on woven manufactures.

The duties on cottons and woollens in the tariffs of the several States of the League, previous to, and since the union, were as follows:—

States.	Woollens.			Cottons.		
	Former.	Present.	Difference.	Former.	Present.	Difference.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Prussia, per centner, before first reduction	4 10 0	4 10 0	—	8 5 0	7 10 0	0 15 0
Bavaria, raised at different times before the union	4 10 0	4 10 0	—	1*l.* 19*s.* plain 3*l.* 15*s.* printed	7 10 0 7 10 0	5 11 0 3 15 0
Saxony	2*s.* common 3*s.* in general 6*s.* fine	4 10	4 8 0 4 7 0 4 4 0	1*l.* 15*s.* plain 3*l.* 15*s.* printed	7 10 0 7 10 0	5 15 0 3 15 0
Würtemburg	5 2 0	4 10 0	0 12 0	1*l.* 15*s.* plain 5*l.* 2*s.* printed	7 10 0 7 10 0	5 15 0 2 8 0
Baden	0 17 8	4 10 0	3 12 4			
Hesse Darmstadt	0 17 8 1*l.* 15*s.* free	4 10 0	3 12 4 2 15 0	0 17 8	7 10 0	6 12 4
Hesse Electoral (Cassel)	0 17 8	4 10 0	3 12 4	2 fl. th. 15*s.* 2*d.* plain 18*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* printed	7 10 0	11 9 8
Nassau	0 17 8	4 10 0	3 12 4	0 17 8	7 10 0	6 12 4

Therefore in regard to woollens, the duty was the same previous to the union.

	Inhabitants.
In Prussia, with	13,800,126
In Bavaria, with	4,252,813
In Würtemberg (12*s.* higher than at present), with	1,631,779
That is, as high duties as at present for a population of	19,684,718
While the low duties extended only to	5,639,950
Total	25,324,668
From the above number of	5,639,950
We may deduct the population of Saxony, who have long manufactured woollens, fine and coarse, cheaper than, and who have never used, those of England	1,595,668
Leaving only a population of who have been, to any extent, affected as buyers and consumers of British woollens.	4,033,282

In respect to cottons, the duty has been lowered in the tariffs of Prussia and of Hesse-Cassel, and augmented in the other States of the League: but the difference in regard to the most populous, — those of Bavaria and Würtemberg,— cannot, when the facilities of transit and bonding are taken into account, amount to much exclusion.

Saxony, also, manufactured not only her own cottons, but exported extensively before the union white and printed cottons to other countries.

It will appear, again, on the other hand, from the following statistical extracts, that our exportations to the States of the Germanic Union have not decreased or increased to any great amount.

Declared Value of British Produce and Manufactures exported from the United Kingdom to Germany, Holland, and Belgium, during the following Years: —

Years.	Germany.	Holland.	Belgium.
	£	£	
1829	4,662,566	*2,050,014	
1830	4,641,528	2,022,458	
1831	3,835,768	2,082,536	
1832	5,327,553	2,789,398	
1833	4,499,727	2,181,893	886,429
1834	4,683,589	2,470,267	750,059
1835	4,791,239	2,648,402	818,487
1836	3,624,451	2,509,622	839,276
1837	5,029,552	3,040,029	804,917
1838			

Quantity in Yards and declared Value of British Woven Cotton Goods exported to Germany and to all Countries in each of the following Years: —

Years.	Germany.		All Countries.	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
	Yards.	£	Yards.	£
1829	41,037,377	1,138,049	402,517,196	12,516,247
1830	43,817,226	1,174,633	444,578,498	14,119,770
1831	46,522,072	940,521	421,385,303	12,163,513
1832	51,479,811	1,162,899	461,045,503	11,500,630
1833	49,534,158	1,188,534	496,352,096	12,451,060
1834	50,532,106	1,293,837	555,705,809	14,127,352
1835	43,571,983	1,409,303	557,515,701	16,421,715
1836	37,458,457	1,172,065	637,667,627	18,511,692
1837	43,171,229	1,170,412	531,373,663	13,640,181
1838				

Quantity in Lbs. and Declared Value of British Cotton Twist exported to Germany and all Countries in each of the following Years: —

Years.	Germany.		All Countries.	
	Quantity.	Value.	Quantity.	Value.
	Lbs.	£	Lbs.	£
1829	24,098,301	1,590,771	61,441,251	3,976,874
1830	21,771,701	1,452,891	64,645,342	4,133,741
1831	20,454,890	1,197,274	63,821,440	3,975,619
1832	29,985,668	1,798,988	75,667,150	4,172,759
1833	23,674,911	1,600,159	70,626,161	4,704,024
1834	26,517,232	1,795,475	76,478,468	5,211,015
1835	27,882,766	1,748,321	83,214,198	5,706,589
1836	31,339,228	1,961,502	88,191,046	6,120,366
1837	34,277,531	2,178,325	103,455,138	6,955,942
1838				

A portion of the above cotton twist finds its way into Bohemia from Leipzig.

* Holland and Belgium are added, as goods of considerable value pass through those countries in transit to Germany.

Declared Value of Woollen Manufactures, including Woollen, Small Wares, and Hosiery, exported to Germany and to all Countries in the following Years: —

Years.	Germany.	All Countries.
	£	£
1829	613,812	4,661,250
1830	583,796	4,820,097
1831	425,384	5,231,983
1832	817,346	5,244,479
1833	635,066	6,294,422
1834	566,257	5,736,861
1835	631,414	6,840,511
1836	582,063	7,639,353
1837	725,699	4,655,977
1838		

We do not, however, assert that the consumption of British manufactures is equal in amount and value to what it was within Germany; for it is well known that a very great proportion of the cotton and woollen goods imported into Germany from England, are afterwards sold, chiefly at the fairs of Leipzig, to be passed in transit and smuggled into Austria, Poland, and Russia. The Jews of Brody in Galizia are the most extensively engaged in the contraband traffic; in which the premium of insurance effected at Leipzig, as to delivery and guarantee against seizure, varies from 10 to 14 per cent.

Extending the Prussian duties on colonial produce to the other States of the Union, was argued by various interests as another proof of hostility against English trade. It is true that the Prussian duties on sugar were objected to by Bavaria, Würtemberg, and some other States, on the ground of raising the price; but the more flattering prospect of enhancing the value of land, and the gains promised as certain to be derived from the cultivation of beet root, removed all objections, and the following scale of Russian duties was adopted, viz. —

	Th. Gr.		£ s. d.	
Sugar unrefined . . .	at 5 0	or	0 15 0	per 113½ lbs.
—— refined	11 0		1 13 0	do.
Spirits, distilled, all kinds	0 21		0 2 2	per English gallon.
Coffee	6 20		1 0 0	per 113½ lbs.
Indigo and all dye stuffs	0 15		0 1 6	do.
Tea, all kinds, from China	11 0		1 13 0	do.
Tobacco leaf	5 15		0 16 6	do.
—— manufactured . .	11 0		1 13 0	do.

Let those who declaim against the foregoing duties, compare them with the following in the tariff of England, and then let them cease to murmur until we, by reducing and equalising the duties from the East and West Indies, allow an abundant supply of coffee, tea, and sugar to be imported for the cheaper consumption of our population.

	British Duty.	
Sugars, raw	£3 3 0	the 112 lbs.
—— refined white, candied . . .	8 8 0	do.
—— candy, brown	5 5 0	do.
—— raw, from British East Indies	1 4 0	do.
—— from British West Indies .	1 4 0	do.
Molasses	1 3 9	do.
—— from West Indies . . .	0 9 0	do.
Distilled spirits	1 2 6	per gallon.
—— from West Indies .	0 9 0	do.

	British Duty.	
Coffee	£ 7 0 0	per cwt.
—— from British East Indies . .	2 16 0	do.
—— from do. West Indies . . .	2 16 0	do.
Tea (2*s.* 6*d.* per lb.) or	11 13 4	do.
Indigo	1 17 6	do.
—— from British possessions . .	1 8 0	do.
Tobacco	16 16 0	do.

The Prussian duties on iron and iron manufactures, to the finest polished cutlery, varies from 1 thaler to 10 thalers the cwt. — that is, from about 2 to 5 per cent. *ad valorem.* All other duties in the tariff are also moderate. The Prussian tariff throughout is far more liberal than that of England, while those of Russia and France prohibit nearly every article of British manufacture or British colonial produce.

The tariff of the Germanic Union of Customs is not, therefore, the alarming declaration of material warfare against British manufactures and trade which it has been so industriously reported; and it is equally evident that its adoption by the other States of the League cannot, of itself, to any very important extent, occasion a greater exclusion than formerly of British manufactures from consumption within Germany, nor yet in any extraordinary degree be considered as the cause which has promoted the prosperity of German manufactures. Let us inquire by what means these fabrics have risen and thriven.

We find only an examination of facts to solve the question.

The soil and climate of Germany are such, that the labour of its population, when not engaged in war, was, and is, if applied to agriculture, sufficient to raise more than double the quantity of corn the whole population could eat. The surplus quantity of corn required a market, in order to pay direct taxes on land, and to pay rent and various other taxes upon agricultural industry, which are very high in Germany, especially in Prussia.

Russia, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal did not want corn. Nearly all those countries yielded more than their consumption required. Holland did; but the quantity her population wanted over that yielded by the soil, was small. Flanders, and those States of Germany nearest to Holland, and not yet within the Union, supplied this trifling demand. Sweden purchased a small quantity of grain from Germany; and some, chiefly baked into biscuit or ship-bread, was exported from the Hanse Towns to supply the North American fisheries and the West Indies.

France has generally raised sufficient bread for her population; and when she did not, her people were compelled, by the corn laws of that country, to eat vegetables, or some other subsistence, in place of the different qualities of bread.

England was therefore the only country which really wanted corn; but the duties on this commodity, which forms the "staff of life" in all countries called civilised, except wretched Ireland, have for several years amounted to prohibition, except in the face of nearly absolute dearth.

Germany, therefore, would not rely upon our being visited with such a calamity; and as the people of that country had not mines of gold and silver to buy our manufactures — and as they had in Silesia and in her Rhenish provinces, iron and coal, and abundance of water power, and timber, and stone for building — the surplus labour not required, was gradually directed to manufactures, until the cloths, cottons, hosiery, and hardwares of Elberfeld, Crefeld, Solingen, Aix-la-Chapelle, Eupen, Cologne, Silesia, Berlin, Würtemberg, the Grand Duchy of Baden, Chermintz, and other towns in Saxony, are not only now produced of as good quality, and often

cheaper than those of England, for the supply of the home markets, but for those of foreign countries.

Germany has long afforded a ready market, and the quickest payments of any for British fabrics. Are we to lose the advantage of interchange with Germany? Are the manufacturers of that country to rival, and to a great extent supplant, ours, in furnishing the same kind of fine and coarse woollens, cottons, linens, and hardwares, which the United States of America, the Spanish and Dutch colonies, Mexico, and the whole of South America, Turkey, Egypt, Asia Minor, &c. have hitherto received, chiefly from England?

The solution of these questions will be found in answers to inquiries, and in observations, which we have made at the numerous seats of German manufactures.

We have asked, "What do the people employed at your factories pay for their bread and butchers' meat, cost of lodgings, &c., taking an average of five years, in Westphalia, Silesia, &c.?" The answers we received gave prices:—

For bread, about half the cost at Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, and Dundee.

For butchers' meat, not half the price in England.

For vegetables, which enter also largely into food in Germany, about one fourth the price in England.

For house rent, from one fifth to one half, or on an average of about one third the charge in England.

The wages of labour, again, in Westphalia, Berlin, Silesia, Eupen, Verviers, Baden, &c., average about, or somewhat more than, one half the wages paid in England.

In Saxony the wages are usually much less than one half the wages in England, while the price of bread and animal food is somewhat higher than in other parts of Germany.

The Saxon people, again, live more economically, and work harder than other Germans. In many fabrics they are also more skilful. Generally, however, all manufacturing labourers are more economical than in England. They are certainly more regular, and in far better circumstances. They do not drink so much spirits; and what they do drink, costs not more than a third of the price in England. Beer, again, of which a great deal is drunk, especially in Bavaria, is sold of the very best quality at 1½*d.* a quart.

Another, and a very great advantage, which German manufacturers have over those of England, is the proportionably smaller capital sunk in erecting the buildings required for factories.

Timber, one of the most expensive materials in England, costs in Germany from one sixth to one third less. Stone or brick a little more than one third: in many places not one third. Masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths are paid not half the wages given in England.

Iron and coal alone are more expensive; but the latter is now obtained cheap in the Rhenish provinces, in the neighbourhood of Liège, and of the cloth factories at Verviers, in Silesia, and in great abundance near the seats of the cotton and cloth factories of Bohemia.

Machinery was for a long time rendered exceedingly expensive on the Continent, by its exportation from England being prohibited;—a most useless act of legislation. Our most ingenious, useful, and complicated machinery for carding, hackling, spinning, weaving, and dressing, have been extensively imported, chiefly as models, in pieces, at different times, and by different routes, into France, Belgium, Germany, the Austrian do-

minions, and Russia. In all these countries, manufactories of machinery, on a large scale, are now established. English workmen, as foremen, are found in most of them. In others, Germans and Alsaciens, who have served their time or have worked in England, direct the operations. The cost of machinery made in France is, according to evidence taken before the Committees of Commercial and Manufacturing Inquiry, about 20 per cent. higher than in England. Several of these, at Paris, Amiens, Dunkirk, Lille, and also at Malines, were established by means of British capital.

Iron being the most expensive material, and the French foolishly persisting in levying a duty on all but pig iron, nearly equivalent to a prohibition, an English house, possessors of coal and iron mines in Wales, have lately established branches at Paris and Rouen, where they have large *depôts* of coal and pig iron, and are now erecting furnaces, &c., with the machinery for rolling the pig iron they import. Their outlay of capital, in ground and works, is stated at not less than 100,000*l.*

The machinery of the large factories for spinning and weaving cotton lately established at Etlingen, near Baden, was made at Mulhausen. The two manufactories of machinery for hackling, carding, and spinning flax and hemp, established by De Coster in the suburbs of Paris, furnish exactly the same machinery as that used at Leeds and Dundee, at 20 per cent. higher price. De Coster, in his evidence before the Committee on Linen Yarns, says the higher price on coal and iron alone prevents him from being able to manufacture machinery lower than in England.

At Liège, Westphalia, Berlin, Silesia, in various parts of Bohemia, and Vienna, machinery is made much in the same way.

Now it is clear, that if all those countries go on *progressing*, as the Americans say, in manufacturing, with food, and all materials except iron and coal, and cotton wool, at less than half the prices in England and Scotland, British manufactures must, under the present British Corn Laws, duties on timber, and some other raw materials, be excluded nearly altogether from Germany; and the demand in America and other countries, instead of greatly increasing, must greatly diminish.

Of all people on earth, the citizens of the United States are not only the soonest to discover the regions where profit can be realised, but the most speculative adventurers in commercial enterprises. They have for the last few years appeared at the fairs and factories of Belgium, Frankfort, Westphalia, Leipzig, Berlin, Silesia, and Vienna; and the American ships which have carried cotton wool, sugars, and coffee to Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, and Trieste, have carried back, to be sold in the United States and South America, the fine and coarse woollen cloths, the white, printed, striped, and checkered calicoes, and the hardwares of Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia, and Austria.

These are facts which we state from our own knowledge.

It has been long a favourite argument among the continental advocates of high duties on, or the prohibition of, foreign manufactures, that England, in manufactures, commerce, and wealth, owed her prosperity to her legislature restricting or prohibiting the importation of foreign manufactures.

They never considered that England attained her prosperity, not by the aid, but in defiance of, her illiberal system of commercial legislation; that England owed her wealth and power, and even her liberty, to her geographical position, to her many commanding harbours, to the vast power of production yielded by her mines of coal and iron, interstratified and conveniently disposed for cheap use and transport, and to the enterprising and industrious character of her people. England also escaped on her own

soil the perpetual wars which devastated, and prevented the manufacturing industry of the continental states of Europe; and although her taxation and her public debt have been carried to an incredible height, and her people compelled to pay far higher for maintaining existence than those of any other country, yet her earlier invention of more perfect machinery—especially of the steam engine and spinning jenny—and circumstances which existed during war, enabled her, in defiance of Napoleon's wars and decrees—of high taxation and dear bread—to enrich herself so as to pay all burdens, and her people to pay her prices for bread and butchers' meat, which served to yield high rents to the landlords of the United Kingdom; and all this by a most profitable carrying trade, and by throwing her manufactures, with great gain, into all the markets of the world.

When peace was restored to Europe, it required many years for continental nations to remove their position; and men who had led the life of soldiers, did not readily become skilful husbandmen or ingenious mechanics.

The manufacturers of England and Scotland very soon discovered that the secret of securing, for the utmost length of time possible, their accustomed markets, was to send forth their fabrics in great quantities at the lowest prices: but as there is a point below which prices cannot fall without ruin to the manufacturers; and as that price is regulated by the price of food, and of raw materials; and as twenty-three years of peace have allowed the labour of continental nations to be directed to industrious pursuits; and, as the available labour of the Continent is equal to produce about double the amount of corn which, when made into bread, the people of those countries could eat;—a large amount of surplus labour was thus left to be applied to manufactures; and, being fed at half the price of British labour, the fabrics produced are now furnished and sent forth into the markets of the world, at prices below which those of Great Britain cannot be sold without a ruinous loss to the manufacturer.

What, then, will be the natural consequences of ruin to our manufacturers?

First. Those whose capitals are now fixed or employed, must either abide the result of such ruin, or they must remove their capital, ingenuity, and enterprise to countries where bread and other necessaries are, comparatively to the prices of England, cheap.

Second. Labourers in British factories will be thrown out of employment. Those who can find their way to other countries,—and such will be the most skilful,—will carry their manufacturing abilities with them; and those who cannot, must, for want of employment and necessaries, have recourse to the poor rates.

Third. As the rents of lands have risen in much the same proportion as the ratio in which manufactures have flourished, so will the rents of lands fall with the decline of manufactures. What would have been the rents of lands, for example, in the counties in which Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Belfast, &c. are situated, if manufactures had not grown up and thriven? Not one fifth, probably, of their present amount.

Now, in conclusion, as to the maintenance of our manufactures, we are persuaded that the following changes in our legislation are indispensable:—

First. A repeal of the Corn Laws.

Second. A very great reduction of the duty on timber.

Third. A general reduction of all duties on articles of consumption, so as only to be imposed for the necessary purposes of revenue.

Fourth. All raw materials for the use of manufacturers to be, as far as fiscal circumstances will allow, admitted duty free.

The consequences we augur from such legislative changes, would be —

First. Imparting life and vigour to our manufactures, navigation, and trade.

Second. No consequent diminution in the rents of land; or if there should, which we do not admit, the expenditure of the landlord would be diminished by more than a corresponding fall in the prices of every article of necessity and luxury which he would require.

Third. Constant employment, cheaper food, and more of it, better lodging, and more comfortable raiment to the labouring population, with a proportionate decrease of poor rates.

Fourth. No lands now yielding corn would go out of cultivation, except such as have been forced into, and continued in, such cultivation by the aid of those high prices which have taxed the whole population; while lands thus thrown out of cultivation would pay as high rents as they should, or at least as much in value for the amount of rent as they now do.

Fifth. That the revenue of the nation would not be diminished, but rather increased, by such changes.

We are quite prepared to go into full explanation and proof of these consequences, but we are limited for time and room, and must conclude by merely adverting to other points which we are also able to show by statistical facts: —

That neither the lands of England, nor yet agricultural industry, are taxed at a rate half so high as those of France, Austria, Russia, and Holland.

That tenants are not so highly taxed in England as in other countries, except, like others, directly on the commodities which they actually consume — and

That, consequently, neither landlords nor tenants would be injured by a repeal of the Corn Laws.

And, finally, that with the geographical position, harbours, capital, and natural resources of England, especially her minerals, we might continue to go on prospering to an extent so great as not to be calculated, in our trade, manufactures, agriculture, navigation, and fiscal resources, by merely freeing our own commerce from all restrictions, and reducing, not the duties on every article in the present long and vexatious British tariff, but reducing the whole number of articles subject to duty to less than TWENTY.

This seems paradoxical; but let those who dispute the fact examine our customs' accounts, and they will discover that *fourteen articles* pay *twenty millions* of the whole *twenty-one* to *twenty-two millions revenue* derived from the customs.*

Let us in England but so legislate, and we shall have no occasion for commercial treaties with, nor fear the high tariffs and prohibitions of, foreign nations.

* See, in support of this, Mr. Porter's most instructive and valuable work on the "Progress of the Nation."

ON THE COMPOSITION AND PROMULGATION OF THE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

It is a well known principle of British, as, we believe, it is of every other system of jurisprudence, that a want of acquaintance with the provisions of the law constitutes no excuse for a violation of them. Puffendorf has justified the principle upon a ground which will always be sufficient in reason whenever it exists in fact. He says, "L'ignorance aussi bien que l'erreur, en matière des loix et des devoirs imposés à chacun, ne mettent point à couvert de l'imputation des actions qui en proviennent. *Car quiconque prescrit des loix et des devoirs à ceux qui dépendent de lui doit les leur notifier*, et les leur notifie aussi ordinairement, *en sorte que la teneur de ces lois et les règles de ces devoirs soient accommodées à la portée de leur esprit.* Ceux-ci, de leur côté, sont tenus de s'en instruire avec soin et de les bien retenir."[1] He adds very justly, "Que si quelqu'un est cause qu'ils se trouvent là-dessus dans l'ignorance, *il sera responsable de toutes les actions que cette ignorance aura produites.*"[2]

The duties of the legislature and the government in reference to this subject are described by Burlamachi in the following words: "*Il faut que cette volonté* (*du souverain*) SOIT NOTIFIÉE *aut sujets d'une manière convenable, en sorte qu'ils puissent connoître ce que le souverain exige d'eux* et la nécessité où ils sont d'y conformer leur conduite."[3]

He subsequently observes "*Le Souverain doit donc publier les loix d'une manière solennelle, claire, et distincte:* car comment pourroient-elles (les loix) actuellement régler les actions et les mouvements des sujets, si elles (les loix) ne leur étoient pas connues."[4]

The doctrine, as it relates to the laws of England, is expressed by Sir William Blackstone, in the following terms: — "A mistake in point of law, which (law) every person of discretion not only *may* but *is bound* and *presumed to know*, is no sort of excuse for its violation."[5]

The learned Commentator, having laid down the position, leaves it, upon that occasion, to justify itself; elsewhere, however, he intimates the reason of the rule: "*When the law has been prescribed or notified in the usual manner*, it is the subject's business to be thoroughly acquainted therewith;"[6] and in another place, he more distinctly exhibits the nature of the obligation, and the ground upon which it rests. "*In order*," says he, "*that the resolution of the legislature should have the binding validity and obligatory character of a law, it is requisite that the resolution should have been notified to those who are to obey it.* The manner of making this notification is a matter of very great indifference; but whatever way is made use of, *it is incumbent upon the promulgators to make the promulgation in the most public and perspicuous manner.*"[7] Puffendorf has developed, still more distinctly, the principle implied in the preceding statements, and has expressly asserted, that nobody can, with any regard to reason or natural justice, be punished for violating a law, unless it has been authentically notified to him by the authority of the legislature, and in a manner which brings its meaning and effect within the compass of his capacity —"Personne ne pouvant être condamné devant les hommes *pour avoir violé une règle dont l'intelligence étoit au-dessus de sa portée.*"[8]

[1] Des Dev. de l'Homme et du Cit. Liv. i. ch. i. sec. 21. [2] Ibid.
[3] Bur. Prin. du Dr. Natur. part prem. ch. viii. sec. 4. [4] Ib. ch. x. sec. 10.
[5] Com. book iv. ch. 2. p. 27. [6] Ib. vol. i. p. 46.
[7] Ib. p. 45. 46. [8] Puff *ubi supra*, ch. i. sec. 5.

The preceding extracts conduct us to the conclusion, that no government has the right to prevent any subject from pleading ignorance of the law in excuse for its violation, unless the government have taken such measures for the promulgation of the law in question, that nothing but the wilful obstinacy or negligence of the subject could have prevented him from obtaining the information which might have enabled him to avoid the transgression.

We confess that we entertain very serious doubts as to whether this argument be either practically safe, or theoretically sound. Obedience to the laws of the community in which one lives is the very first duty which results from the formation of society; and the most obvious considerations render it indispensable that the obligation to such obedience should be absolute in its quality, and uninterrupted in its duration. If this obligation, therefore, is made to depend — as on a condition precedent — upon the presumption that the laws to which alone obedience is to be due, are those which are communicated to each individual, and which are intelligible to each, this obligation to obedience — the permanent existence of which is indispensable to the permanent existence of society itself — will rest upon a presumption which, whenever it fails to be in accordance with matter of fact, must introduce into society an amount of anarchy in proportion to the want of universality and perspicuity in the promulgation of the law.

For ourselves, we consider the principle in question to rest upon a foundation of a simpler character than that which has been already mentioned. We believe that an observation of Puffendorf upon another subject, being transferred to this, will be found to contain the only just exhibition of the real foundation of the rule, which is nothing else than a necessity arising out of the nature of things: —

"*Si l'on ne supposoit cela du moins dans la sphére du tribunal humain, il n'y auroit point de crime à l'égard duquel les hommes ne trouvassent de quoi* PRÉTEXTER *une ignorance invincible.*"[9]

If the excuse were to be partially allowed, even where it was truly alleged, it would come to be universally set up, where it did not exist at all. The inquiries into the extent of the delinquent's knowledge of the law which he had violated, must be infinite and interminable. Ignorance, actual or affected, would lead to the commission of different degrees of crime and injustice, with different degrees of legal impunity; and the law itself would hold out an inducement to a large proportion of the community to remain in ignorance of the law.

But whatever may be thought of the stringency of the obligation which lies upon the people, to be acquainted with the provisions of the law, or of the grounds upon which that obligation is supported, there can be no question at all, that the obligation upon the government and the legislature to communicate such provisions to the public at large, in the most complete and ample manner, which is attainable or advantageous in the actual state of the community, is a duty, which, if not higher in degree than the other, is at least antecedent to it, in the order of time, and in the nature of things.

It may be alleged in general, that there are in this country two sorts of law, to the provisions and positions of which the whole community are bound to conform: — first, the statute law, which consists of the enactments of the legislature; and, secondly, the common law, which is partly composed of the decisions of the superior tribunals, and which, in every case, is declared and established by the authority of these bodies.[10]

[9] Puff. *ubi supra*, ch. i. sec. 5.

[10] In order to avoid a degree of minuteness which, upon the present occasion, would be only perplexing, we intend that the expression "Superior Tribunals," shall include the ecclesiastical

After having read the extracts above given, and particularly the quotations from Blackstone's Commentaries, the reader will, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that there exists not in this country any law for the promulgation of the law — that the parliament and the tribunals are so far from thinking themselves under an obligation to make known their proceedings to the public, that they are actually destitute of the means of doing so — that they possess no accredited organ through which their enactments and decisions may be communicated to the world in an authentic and authoritative manner — and that all the information which the public receive upon this most important subject, in each of its departments, is the fortuitous consequence of private efforts and commercial speculation.

To commence with the legislature. It is said[11] to be a fundamental principle with the English lawyers, that the parliament of this country can do every thing but make a woman a man, or a man a woman. Yet this legislature, exercising an authority so extensive, has never, we believe, made any provision for the promulgation of its own resolutions; and, indeed, the learned commentator, who in one part of his work has represented promulgation as essential to the validity of legislation in general, very coolly assures us elsewhere, that in the instance of the British parliament there needs no formal promulgation at all to give a statute the force of a law.[12] It is true, as the same writer informs us in the same place, that "a copy of every statute is *usually* printed at the King's press *for the information of the whole people.*"[13] But it is also true, that the exclusive right to communicate this information, which "the whole people" are obliged at their peril to obtain, is enjoyed by an individual, who has been in the habit, like all other monopolists, of charging a monopoly price for the trouble of "diffusing" this "useful knowledge" among the people.[14] It is we believe equally true, that the individual in question is not the officer either of the legislature or of the executive; that in the business of printing and selling the statutes of the realm, he shapes his course entirely according to commercial views, and that in fact there is no essential difference between the nature of the patent right which he enjoys and an exclusive privilege of issuing bank notes payable on demand.[15]

A truth not less curious is that *the document so printed* at the King's press *is not evidence of the law which it professes to recite.* It is true that such printed document is received and allowed to be read in all tribunals whenever a question arises as to what is the statute law upon any particular subject. This reception, however, is not the consequence of any injunction by the legislature that the printed statute should be so received; neither is the document recognised as having any intrinsic validity in itself. It is admitted by the Courts upon their own authority; and the grounds of its admission, as they have been stated by no less a person than

courts, as well as the courts of common law and equity; and by "the common law" itself we mean to designate all law of every description which derives its existence or its authority from adjudication alone. Still further explanations and distinctions would be necessary, if minute and exquisite accuracy in the details were material for the purposes of the present article.

[11] Delolme, p. 134. [12] Com. book i. p. 185. [13] Ibid.

[14] The price has been lately mitigated in consequence of some proceedings taken upon the subject in the House of Commons.

[15] Before the invention of printing it was usual for the king, at the end of every session, to send a copy of all the statutes passed therein to the sheriff of every county, along with a writ which commanded him to make a complete publication of them wherever within his county he may think it expedient to do so. The usage upon those occasions was to proclaim them at the county court, where they were afterwards deposited, in order that any person, who had any occasion or inclination to do so, may read or take copies of them. This practice continued until the reign of Henry VII.

Lord Chief Baron Gilbert, are certainly very remarkable. "The printed Statute Book," says that eminent writer, "is evidence of general acts of parliament: *not that the printed statutes are perfect and authentic copies*[16] *of the records themselves*, but *every body* is *supposed* to *know the law*, and, *therefore*, the printed statutes are allowed to be evidence[17], because they are *the hints of that which is supposed to be lodged in every man's mind already.*"[18] The same great authority states that both the judges and juries, by virtue of their oaths, and in consequence of the presumption already mentioned, were bound, in every case, to take notice of all public acts of parliament[19], although these acts should not be brought under their notice in the case; and that even in proceeding against a jury by attaint[20] for giving a false verdict, a general act of parliament might have been given in evidence on the attaint against the jury, although it had not been at all mentioned at the hearing of the cause which they were charged with having wrongly decided,—"*because the jury were obliged to know and understand every part of the law under which they lived.*" Mr. Archbold has expressed the same doctrine a little more nakedly. He says that, "when the printed copy of a public act of parliament is produced at a trial, it *is* NOT *to be deemed to be produced* AS EVIDENCE, *but only in aid of the* MEMORY *of the Court* AND JURY."[21]

The extravagant absurdity of the fiction, carried to such an extremity, is perfectly romantic. As a matter of fact, the ignorance and perversity of the juries, especially of the lower class, and in the country, is perfectly proverbial. The following scene occurred at Westminster on the day before yesterday. A jury having to try a trumpery case, which they believed to have been brought into court for the sake of giving costs to the plaintiff's attorney, were determined in any event to disappoint *him*, and requested Mr. Justice Patteson, who presided, to tell them what amount of costs would carry damages. All this time, of course, they were thoroughly acquainted with every part of the law. The judge, one of the best lawyers and best judges in Westminster Hall, told them that in his opinion it would be more conducive to the ends of justice to leave them in ignorance upon the point. They found for the plaintiff — damages *three* shillings, manifestly intending to deprive him, *i. e.* his attorney, of costs; and, after the verdict had been returned, the judge told them that costs would follow the damages which they had given. Here, then, the law presumed the jury to be thoroughly cognisant of the law: the jury themselves knew that they knew nothing at all about it. They ask the law to tell them what is the law; and, in answer, are informed that it is desirable that they should be ignorant of that which the same law presumes them to know. The most ingenious farce-writer could scarcely accumulate so many absurdities about a single point.

Before we pass to another part of the subject, we may as well mention a flagrant iniquity, which, up to the year 1793, was continually committed by the legislature, and which no fidelity or perspicuity of promulgation could

[16] It is a singular fact that *no printed statute can be an exact copy of the original record*, as the former is always pointed in some way or other, whereas the latter never exhibits the smallest amount of punctuation at all. It is obvious that the meaning of every composition must depend in a considerable degree upon the manner in which it is pointed. It is stated in the Scotsman, of the 29th of December last, that the Scotch Reform Act has been pointed so as to confer the elective franchise for counties in Scotland upon 10*l.* tenants *at will*. We have not a copy of the Act from the King's press; but that given in Shepherd's Law of Elections has certainly the meaning attributed to it by the Scotsman.

[17] The printed journals of the two houses of parliament are not admissible in evidence at all.—*Lord Melville's case*, 24 How. H. T. 683.; *Lord George Gordon*, 2 Doug. 593.

[18] Lord Chief Baron Gilbert's Treatise on Evid. incorp. in Buller's Nisi Prius, p. 223. 4to. 1 85.

[19] Ibid. p. 222.

[20] This proceeding is now abolished.

[21] Arch. Pl. and Evid. 358.

have prevented. By a legal fiction, it was considered that the whole session of parliament *occupied only one day*; and as every act of the session operated from *that day*, unless otherwise expressly provided, and *as that day was the very first day of the session*, the consequence of the doctrine was, that almost every statute was, in a greater or less degree, an *ex post facto* law. This heinous piece of legislative injustice was however remedied by a statute passed in the 33d year of the reign of Geo. III.[22], which directs, that every act, for the commencement of which no specific day is provided, shall take its commencement from the day on which it receives the royal assent.

Let us now turn to the tribunals whose judgments constitute the only evidence as to what is or is not law upon all questions not expressly provided for by the statutes of the realm, and which have moreover exercised from all time the exclusive right of expounding the statutes themselves. The proceedings of those courts have from a very early period been reported to a greater or lesser extent, with different degrees of authority and of utility. The practice of reporting them is supposed to have commenced in the reign of Edward II., and from his time to that of Henry VIII. the reports were taken by the prothonotaries of the respective courts, at the expense of the Crown, and published every year, whence they are known under the denomination of Year Books. The pleadings, the arguments of counsel, and the decisions of the courts, were all in *the barbarous dialect of Norman French*, from the Conquest until the 36th year of the reign of Edward III., when a statute was passed, enacting, that for the future all pleas should be pleaded, shown, defended, answered, debated, and adjudged in the English tongue[23], but entered and enrolled *in Latin*.[24] The pleadings at that period were delivered orally by or on behalf of the parties in court. Upon the introduction of paper pleadings, in substitution for allegations *vivâ voce*, they followed in the language as in other respects the style of the record, and were drawn up in Latin, and so continued until the 4 Geo. II. c. 26. The practitioners, however, being used to the Norman language, still continued to take their notes in law French, and of course "when these notes came to be published in the form of reports, they were printed in that barbarous dialect, which, joined to the additional terrors of Gothic black-letter, has occasioned many a student to throw away his Plowden and Littleton, without venturing to attack a page of them."[25] Whatever advantage may have been conferred upon the profession of the law by such reports, it is quite clear that they could have communicated no information to the public, and that the bar-

[22] Ch. xiii.

[23] The grounds upon which this alteration was effected do not appear to have been very philosophical. "Edward the Third," says Mr. Justice Blackstone*, "*having employed his arms successfully against the French in subduing the crown of France, thought it unbeseeming the dignity of the victors to use any longer the language of a conquered country.*"

It was a fortunate event which suggested to his Majesty the bright consequentiality of rendering his laws intelligible to his subjects, *because* he had vanquished his enemies. According to the principle of the proceeding, if the transactions of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt had been followed by different results, we might have been drawing up our pleadings of all sorts, and making our speeches, and delivering our judgments in the French language, until the events of 1815 had come to put an end to all further "mistakes" upon the point.

[24] The enrolment of the pleas in Latin continued for 400 years afterwards—to the year 1770. In the time of Cromwell the language of the records was altered to English; but, at the Restoration, this *novelty* was no longer countenanced. The Latin was again restored, and so continued to the 4 Geo. II., when it was ultimately abolished for ever, and the record, for the first time, permanently framed in the English tongue.—*Ib.* p. 322.

[25] Bl. Com. vol. iii. p. 318.

* Com. vol. iii. p. 318.

barous dialect and Gothic black-letter, which occasioned many a student to throw away his Plowden and his Lyttleton, must have been sufficient to frighten a mere layman in the inmost recesses of his heart.

The following picture of the state of the law in the reign of Elizabeth is from the pen of Sir Henry Spelman: — "Upon entering on the study of my future profession, when I perceived that the language was foreign, the dialect barbarous, the method incongruous, and the load of matter to be undertaken not only immense, but requiring to be continually sustained with an effort which would admit of no relaxation, I confess that my heart sunk within me at the prospect."[26]

From the time of Henry VIII. to the present period, this task of reporting the proceedings of the tribunals has been executed by many private and contemporary hands, "who," says Blackstone, "sometimes through haste and inaccuracy, sometimes through mistake and want of skill, have published very crude and imperfect, perhaps contradictory accounts of one and the same determination."[27] King James I., at the instance of Lord Bacon, appointed by ordinance[28] two reporters with a handsome stipend for the purpose of publishing in an authentic and authoritative manner the proceedings of the superior courts, but the project was soon abandoned, and the reports of the tribunals continue, up to the present time, in the same state in which they were at the period when the learned Commentator composed his work. The authority of these reports is now, as it was then, altogether conventional, and depends entirely upon the opinion which the profession at large entertains of the capacity and character of the individual reporters. The number of them has been always increasing, and at present there are two and sometimes three or four sets of contemporaneous reports from the same court; and although by accident or favour some assistance in the way of revision or communication is given occasionally and exclusively to some reporters, yet none of the publications ever goes or professes to go forth under the responsibility or even with the sanction or permission of the Court itself; and they are commenced, or continued, or abandoned as private and commercial speculations, and with an exclusive reference to commercial objects and principles. The number of them in modern times has become a serious evil; and as the compensation of the gentlemen by whom they are furnished depends, we believe, in a majority of instances upon the length of their contributions, it will scarcely be expected that they should sacrifice their income for the purpose of producing a perspicuous brevity in the reports, or of attaining that "*compendious* truthfulness" which is justly represented in the ordinance of King James as the capital object and most desirable characteristic of all such compositions. The remedy for this evil is so obvious, and so easily

[26] "Cujus cum reperissem linguam peregrinam, dialectum barbaram, methodum inconcinnam, molem non ingentem solum, sed perpetuis humeris sustinendam, excidit mihi (fateor) animus."— *Pref. to Glossary.*

[27] "Imperfect reports of facts and circumstances are the bane of all science which dependeth upon the precedents and example of former times."— *Mr. Justice Foster*, p. 294.

[28] The ordinance proceeds upon the ground that "the common law of England is principally declared by the grave resolutions and arrests of the reverend and learned judges upon the cases that came before them from time to time, and that doubts and questions likewise which arise upon the exposition of statute law are by the same means cleared up and ruled." "Wherefore," says the ordinance, "we do in our royal judgment perceive and conclude, that nothing can more conduce to the good of our laws than the keeping of that fountain clear without trouble or mixture." It then proceeds to describe in the most judicious and accurate manner, the duties of the reporters, and concludes by providing, along with many other judicious and salutary regulations, that "*the reporters should always attend the judges of the courts with their reports, in order that they may be considered of, and reviewed by, the judges before they are published;* and directs the judges to countenance the reporters on all occasions as men employed in a service tending greatly to the honour and preservation of the laws of the realme."

attained, that we cannot help thinking that it will soon be applied, and that in each of the superior courts official reporters acting under the authority and inspection of the judges, receiving "countenance" and information from those learned persons, and responsible to them for the full and accurate accomplishment of their duty, will be appointed, and that a permanent provision will be made for communicating to the public the law which they are bound at the peril of their dearest interests to be acquainted with, but which at present they are without the means of ascertaining with any reasonable degree of facility, authority, or authenticity.

Before we conclude this part of the subject, we may observe that there does not exist in either of the courts a single book of judicial authority upon the subject of the ordinary practice of those tribunals. All the books of practice in existence are the work of "private hands," and, like the reports, depend for their authority altogether upon the opinions entertained by the profession of the Bar concerning the characters, attainments, and opportunities possessed by the respective authors.

Let us now turn to the important subject of the manner in which the law in each department ought to be composed. Upon the style and structure of the reports from the tribunals it is unnecessary to say much. When the essential ingredients of compendious perspicuity and immaculate correctness have been obtained, all the remaining qualities of the style must be left to the taste and capacity of the writers; we shall only observe that as such compositions can scarcely be expected in the nature of things to be very attractive, it is indispensable to render them as little repulsive as possible, and that a certain amount of ornament in the style is not only not inconsistent with the attainment of perspicuity, but may upon many occasions even facilitate the accomplishment of that indispensable object.

The style and structure of the resolutions adopted by the legislature stand upon altogether a different footing; and as they afford a larger field for disquisition in general, and as they require in the case of the British Parliament the most extensive and important alterations, we shall go at some length into this part of the subject. Treating of the composition of laws in general, Montesquieu has the following passage: "*Le style en doit être concis.* Les loix des douze tables sont une modèle de précision; les enfans les apprenoient par cœur.[29] Les novelles de Justinien sont si diffuses qu'il fallut les abréger." In the same chapter he says, "Le style des loix doit être *simple*; l'expression *directe* s'entend toujours mieux que l'expression *réfléchie*. Il est essentiel que les paroles des loix *réveillent chez tous les hommes les mêmes idées.* Lorsque dans une loi l'on a bien fixé les idées des choses, il ne faut point revenir à des expressions vagues."[30] Of this recurrence to vague generalities after a specific enumeration, he gives the following instance, to which every person acquainted with the statutes of this realm will be able to add some hundreds from his own experience: "Dans l'ordonnance criminelle de Louis XIV., après qu'on a fait l'énumération exacte des cas royaux, on ajoute ces mots, '*et ceux dont de tous temps les juges royaux ont jugé*,' ce qui fait rentrer[31] dans l'arbitraire dont on venoit de sortir."[32]

The reasonableness of these principles appeared so irresistible, even in the autocracy of Russia, that the Empress Catherine has transferred many of them verbatim and literatim into her celebrated "Instruction pour la

[29] Ut Carmen necessarium. Cic. de Legib. lib. 2. [30] Montesq. Liv. xxix. ch. 16.

[31] Instances of such re-entrance into uncertainty, where it was the professed object of the passage in question to put an end to all doubt, are of constant occurrence in the statutes of this realm.

[32] Montesq. Liv. xxix. ch. 16.

Commission chargée de dresser le Projet d'un Nouveau Code de Loix." The following short extracts from this work will present a theory in strange contrast with the practice of the British legislature and government, in respect of the composition and promulgation of their laws:—

"Les loix sont faites pour tous les hommes en général. Tous sont obligés de l'y conformer; il faut donc que tous puissent les comprendre.[33]

"Les loix ne doivent point être remplies de subtilités qu'enfante l'esprit.

"Lorsqu'on fait tant que de rendre raison d'une loi, il faut que cette raison soit digne d'elle.[34]

"Chaque loi doit être exprimée d'une manière qui la rende intelligible à tout le monde, et aussi succinctement qu'il est possible. Ceci exige, sans contredit, que l'on y ajoute, là où il sera nécessaire, quelques éclaircissemens ou explications pour les juges, afin qu'ils puissent comprendre et saisir d'autant plus aisément le sens et l'application de la loi.

"On ne sçauroit toutefois user de trop de circonspection à l'égard de ces éclaircissemens, parce qu'en voulant trop éclaircir la matière, il arrive aisément qu'on ne fait que l'obscurcir davantage; ce dont nous n'avons que trop d'exemples.

"Lorsque dans une loi les exceptions, limitations, modifications, ne sont point nécessaires, il vaut beaucoup mieux n'en point mettre: de pareils détails jettent dans de nouveaux détails."

About the truth and propriety of all these observations there will be, we apprehend, as little question as about the uniformity with which they have all been habitually violated in the legislation of this country.

No person acquainted with the statutes of this realm will require to be reminded of the barbarous jargon,—the chaotical confusion,—the infinite enumeration of particulars,—the tangled interlacery of matter and of diction,—the provisoes contradicting existing law, and contradicting each other, and contradicting themselves, which compose the staple materials of these documents. To the public at large who, fortunately for themselves, are less familiar with such subjects, we present the following specimen (taken at hazard) of the oratorical style, the grammatical construction, and scientifical arrangement of a modern statute. The sample is taken from a statute of a popular nature—that for regulating the trial of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament. This act is known to every person who takes any considerable part in any parliamentary election or petition, and is called after the name of Mr. Wynne, by whom it was introduced into parliament, in the ninth year of the reign of George IV. The specimen which we give is *a part* of the first section, which, after reciting that it was expedient to consolidate, and in some respects to amend and simplify, the laws relating to the subject, goes on in the following words:—

"Be it therefore enacted by the king's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the lords spiritual and temporal, and commons, in this present parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That the *said act* passed in the tenth year of the reign of his late majesty King George the Third, intituled, *An act* to regulate the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament; also *an act* passed in eleventh year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act to explain and amend an act* made in the last session of parliament, *intituled An act to* regulate the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament; also *an act* passed in the fourteenth year of the reign of his late majesty, *intituled, An act for making perpetual two acts* passed in the tenth and eleventh years of the reign of his present majesty, for regulating the trials of controverted elections, or returns of members to serve in parliament; also *so much of an act* passed in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of his late majesty, *intituled, An act to limit the duration of polls and scrutinies, and for making other regulations* touching the election of members to serve in parliament for places within England and Wales, and for Berwick-upon-Tweed, and also for removing difficulties which may arise for want of returns being made of members to serve in parliament, *as relates* to the appointment of a select committee to take into consideration the petition of any person claiming to have had a right to vote, or to *have been* entitled to *have been* declared duly elected, where no return has been made to any writ issued

[33] Instruct. ch. xix. sec. 458. [34] Ibid. sec. 451, 452.

for the electing of any member or members to serve in parliament, on or before the day on which such writ is made returnable, or within fifty-two days after the day on which such writ bears date, if such writ be issued during any session or prorogation of parliament, or where the return *be* not according to the requisition of the writ, but contains special matters only concerning the election; *also to the notices* to be given of the meeting of such committees, *and to the manner* in which the trials of such petitions are to be regulated, *and the mode* in which parties entitled to be returned may proceed against any sheriff or returning officer, in *case* a select committee shall have determined that such sheriff or returning officer had wilfully delayed or neglected, or refused to make such return; *also An act* passed in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act for the further regulation* of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, *except in so far* as the same relates *to the repeal of so much of an act* passed in the second year of the reign of his majesty King George the Second, intituled, *An act* for the more effectual preventing bribery and corruption in the election of members to serve in parliament, *as enacts* that such votes shall be deemed legal which have been so declared by the last determination in the house of commons, and that such last determination concerning any county, city, borough, or place, shall be final; also *an act* passed in the thirty-second year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act* to extend the provisions of *certain acts* of parliament made to regulate the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament; also *an act* passed in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act* to explain *so much of an act* made in the twenty-eighth year of his present majesty's reign, intituled, *An act* for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, *as relates* to the time of presenting certain renewed petitions, and taking the same into consideration; also *an act* passed in the thirty-sixth year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act* for the more effectual execution of *several acts* of parliament, made for the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament; also *An act* passed in the forty-second year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act* for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, and for expediting the proceedings relating thereto; also *An act* passed in the forty-seventh year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act to revive and make perpetual*, and *to amend*, *an act* made in the forty-second year of his present majesty, for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, and for expediting the proceedings relating thereto; also *so much of an act* passed in the forty-seventh year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act* to amend *several acts* for regulating the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, *so far as the same relate to Ireland*, *as enacts* that the order for taking into consideration any petition relative to the trial of any controverted election or return in Ireland, shall not be discharged until the expiration of twenty-eight days after such petition shall have been presented to the house of commons, by reason that *the recognisance required by an act* made in the twenty-eighth year of his late majesty's reign, intituled, *An act* for the further regulation of the trials of controverted elections or returns of members to serve in parliament, was not received by the speaker under the provisions of *the said recited act*; also *An act* passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of his late majesty, intituled, *An act* for amending and rendering more effectual the laws for the trials of controverted elections and returns of members to serve in parliament; *be* hereby repealed."

We are not so unreasonable, in any sense of that term, as to expect that any reader, not influenced by the pressure of some irresistible necessity, or by the gentler, though equally efficient, compulsion of an adequate pecuniary consideration, should persevere in wading all through this mass of chaotic legislation, completely bewildered as he must be by

> "This unintelligible hubbub wild [35],
> Of stunning sounds and voices all obscure,
> Borne through the hollow dark,"

as we verily believe that even Satan himself could scarcely "*Wynne* his way" through this "darksome desart," and would incur the risk of being

> "Quenched in this boggy Syrtis"

of references, allusions, descriptions, partitions, exceptions, and enumerations. We therefore take leave to inform him, for the gratification of his grammatical curiosity, that between the first nominative case and the verb

[35] Parad. Lost, Book ii.

with which it agrees there intervene, in the copy from which we have taken the extract, the number of one hundred lines, and of about twelve hundred and twenty words!

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of an evil so notorious and so exorbitant; and, moreover, the space to which we are of necessity confined upon the present occasion prevents the possibility of our expanding this, or, indeed, any other part of the subject, to the extent which it deserves, and which we desire.

There seems to be no great difficulty in assigning, in a general way, the causes of the multitudinous outrages upon every propriety of composition which have been perpetually committed in our legislative operations. They evidently have arisen from the defects in the composition of the legislature itself, where essential and necessary ignorance[36] forms the general rule, and accidental competency a rare and fortunate exception. One of the most unscrupulous advocates of all institutions existing in this country in his own time has the following passage upon this subject: —

"Indeed, it is perfectly amazing that there should be no other state of life, no other occupation, art, or science, in which some method of instruction is not looked upon as requisite except only the science of legislation, the noblest and most difficult of any. Apprenticeships are held necessary to almost every art, commercial or mechanical; a long course of reading and study must form the divine, the physician, and the practical professor of the laws; but every man of superior fortune thinks himself *born* a legislator."[37]

Now we are of opinion that every man of superior fortune is perfectly right in so thinking. The members of one House of Parliament are literally born legislators, and the fact of possessing a "superior fortune" is so indispensable in order to obtain the chance of admission to the other, that no possible amount or combination of talents, acquirements, and virtues will afford the smallest degree of compensation or substitution for the want of it. A candidate for the situation of a member of parliament may possess the profundity and penetration of Aristotle, or the sublime wisdom of Plato, or the exuberant and philosophic eloquence of Cicero; or he may, like Bacon, be —

"In one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully joined,"—

and "dilate his strong conception" until he has taken in the full extent of all human combinations and relations; his mind may be filled with the magnificent ideas, invigorated by the glorious intelligence, and furnished with the wonderful and almost unlimited knowledge of Burke. Let him have all this, and ten times as much more, and have the wishes of universal mankind in his favour; but let him want the "property qualification" required by the statute. He is stamped a plebeian: *Plebis erit.* But let him become "seised of or entitled to an estate of freehold or copyhold for his own life, or some greater estate either in law or equity, in lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of the clear yearly value, over and above all incumbrances and reprises, of 600*l.* a-year,"[38] &c. His capacity becomes instantly enlarged; his legislatorial aptitude unquestionable; he "savours of the realty" which he enjoys; and the very contact of the land produces as great an effect upon his powers as it did upon those of Antæus of old: —

[36] We believe that Lord Brougham stated some time ago, at Glasgow, that the ignorance of the House of Lords was absolutely incredible.

[37] Blackstone's Com. vol. i. p. 9.

[38] The law of qualification has been altered in the last session of parliament, and a qualification may now be derived from other species of property than that mentioned above.

"Hoc quoque tam vastas cumulavit munere vires
Terra sui fœtus, quod cum tetigere parentem
Jam defecta vigent renovato robore membra." [39]

The making of the laws of England has from all time been the exclusive privilege of the large owners of land, who appear to have been uniformly of opinion, that the first duty which arose out of their position was to provide for their own interests; and the second, to prevent all innovation. The landed lawgivers of the early period of our history are principally known to us by their naked selfishness, and their declared resolution to allow no alterations in the laws. It is notorious, that all attempts made in the legislature to open entails, and allow the circulation of land property, were scouted by the members; and that for so indispensable an ingredient in the prosperity of a civilised community we are indebted to the resolution of the judges, who, in the reign of Edward IV., and in the celebrated case of Taltarum, pronounced a judgment which amounts to a direct repeal of the law which the land lawgivers had repeatedly expressed their determination to maintain for ever. That the land aristocracy have, with a few exceptions, been at all times distinguished, not only for general ignorance, but for being peculiarly destitute of acquaintance with what it was their peculiar duty to know, appears to be a fact out of controversy. Let us again hearken to the testimony of their advocate, whose evidence against them was extorted by the impossibility of denying, with any decency, what was visible to the whole world; he therefore is constrained to acknowledge that "the gentlemen of England in his time were *more remarkably deficient in the knowledge of the laws and constitution of their own country than those* [*the gentlemen*] *of all Europe besides*" [40] [*were of theirs*]. He subsequently affirms that "the nobility and gentry of this country enter upon public life *without any instruction in the laws of the land, and, indeed, with hardly any opportunity of obtaining instruction.*" [41] Yet this class, thus denounced for their uniform and excessive ignorance of the laws and the constitution, have in all ages possessed the principal, and, in most ages, the almost exclusive, right of enacting the laws, and of regulating the constitution.

The consequences of such a state of affairs may be easily anticipated; and the same writer, from whom we delight to quote such sentiments upon such a subject, informs us again, that "the mischiefs that have arisen to the public from inconsiderate alterations in our laws are too obvious to be called in question, and how far they have been owing to the defective education of our senators is a point well worthy of the public attention." [42]

He returns again to the subject. "How unbecoming," says he, "must it be in a member of the legislature to vote for a new law, who is utterly ignorant of the old! What kind of interpretation can he give, who is a stranger to the text upon which he comments?" [43]

The reader will hardly believe that the same writer, from whom we have just quoted, speaking in another place of the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, has the following passage: — "Yet vast as this trust is, it can nowhere be so properly reposed as in the noble hands where our excellent constitution has placed it; and *therefore* placed it, because, from the independence of their fortune, and the dignity of their station, they are *presumed* to employ that leisure which is the consequence of both, *in attaining a more extensive knowledge of the laws than persons of inferior rank*; and because the founders of our polity relied upon that delicacy of sentiment peculiar to noble birth; which, as on the one hand it will prevent either

[39] Lucan, Phar. lib. iv. ver. 598.
[40] Blackstone's Com. vol. i. p. 4.
[41] Ib. p. 26.
[42] Ib. p. 10.
[43] Ib. p. 9.

interest or affection from interfering in questions of right, so on the other it will bind a peer in honour (an obligation which the law considers equal to another man's oath) to be master of those points upon which it is his birthright to decide. Lastly, there presides over all the other courts one great court of appeal, which is the last resort both in matters of law and equity, — a court composed of prelates, selected for their piety, and of nobles advanced to that honour for their personal merit, or deriving both honour and merit from an illustrious train of ancestors; who *are formed by their education*, (*!*) and bound upon their honour and conscience, to be skilled in the laws of their country." [44]

It is entirely beside our present purpose to enter into any disquisition concerning the distribution of political power which exists in this country. We shall therefore make at present no observations upon the propriety of continuing the legislative power in hands which *omnium assensu et confesso* are utterly incompetent to the task which they profess to perform. Taking, therefore, for granted, that this power can be nowhere more properly deposited than with those who have so long enjoyed it, and who enjoy it at present, we hope that it will not be considered unreasonable in us to complain that they have not gone elsewhere in search of that knowledge which they were devoid of themselves. They seem in this respect to have at all times acted on the principle of *ne te quæsiveris extra*. Yet the greatest of lawgivers — those even who enjoyed the highest reputation amongst their fellow-countrymen for knowledge, wisdom, and virtue — have thought it necessary to strengthen their influence in that character, by obtaining, or professing to obtain, for their institutions, the sanction of an authority still higher than their own.

Minos pretended that his laws were dictated by his father Jove. Lycurgus, before promulgating his laws, consulted the oracle of Apollo, and proclaimed his legislative injunctions as the responses of the god. Numa retired to Egeria's grotto before he announced to the Roman people the regulations which were to produce the "greatest happiness of the greatest number:" and even Mahomet sought to procure the admiration of his followers for his institutions, by describing them as being sanctioned by the angel Gabriel. The English parliament have, on the contrary, from all time, repudiated all external assistance [45], and have gone on piling up an immense heap of laws, *aliarum super alias acervatorum*, until the bulk and discordance and infinitesimal minuteness of the provisions have become a sort of national calamity. And yet, if ever there was in the world a system which required periodical and frequent revision, it was that of this country, a great portion of which consisted from the beginning (we speak of the period commencing with the Norman Conquest) in a mass of undigested particulars founded upon usage, together with such positive provisions as could not possibly co-exist with any considerable degree of refinement in society, and which therefore must be continually growing less and less applicable in the progression of time. The want of this revision, and of the generalisation which would have been its consequence, has caused the laws of this country to be for some time a compost made up of decayed feudalism and the dregs of metaphysics, with a bundle of usages, some of the most remarkable of which rested upon no better foundation than the chance dictum, if ever it *were* said, of some unknown judge, or upon principles which were abhorred by nature and scorned by common sense. Thus, from

[44] Com. Introd. p. 12.

[45] "The House of Lords passed an ordinance which was afterwards inserted in the king's writ for calling the parliament, holden at Coventry, 6 Hen. IV., to the effect that *no man of the law* should be elected a knight of the shire therein."—*Coke. Lyttleton*, sec. iii. p. 11. Har. and But. ed.

all time, at least since the introduction of the feudal law into this country, it had been a rule that if a man, being an only child, purchased an estate in fee simple, and died without issue, leaving his father and the father's brother alive, the father could not inherit the estate of his son, because, as Lord Coke says, the estate, being a *heavy thing*, must obey the impulse of gravity, and cannot, therefore, go up in a direction opposite to the centre of the earth, — "*Descendit itaque jus quasi ponderosum quid deorsum cadens et nunquam reascendit*;[46] :" and this disgusting balderdash forms the best excuse for an absurd and unnatural law, which has existed for nearly eight centuries, and which seemed, according to Coke's account of the matter, to be founded upon nothing better than a miserable jingle about a technical term and the nature of gravitation.

The descendible, or rather un*as*cendible, gravitation of Coke is, however, even outdone by the metaphysical hair splitting of Dyer, who perches a rule of law upon a sort of fork, produced by establishing a sort of cloven identity in the same individual. The reader will excuse us for giving the rule and the argument. The latter is certainly a jewel in its line.

If a joint tenant of a chattel-interest commits suicide, the right to the whole chattel becomes vested in the crown. This was decided after much solemn and subtle argument in the third year of the reign of Elizabeth. The case is reported in Plowden, 262., English edition. Sir James Hales, a judge of the Common Pleas, and his wife, were joint tenants of a term of years. Sir James "wilfully sought his own salvation" by drowning himself, and was found *felo de se*, and it was held that the term did not survive to the wife, but that Sir James's interest was forfeited to the king by the felony, and that it consequently drew the wife's interest with it. The argument of Lord Chief Justice Dyer goes to the following tune: — "The felony," says he, "is attributed to the act — ["If I drown myself wittingly," says the clown, "it argues an act,"]—which act is always done by a living man, and in his lifetime. Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he by his death? It may be answered by drowning; and who drowned him? — Sir James Hales. And when did he drown him? — In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive, caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. — ["Argal, he that is guilty of his own death, has shortened his own life."]—And then, for this offence, it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can that be done? How can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done in no other way but by diverting out of him, from the time of the act done in his lifetime, which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

Mr. Professor Christian observes that the case must have been one of notoriety in the time of Shakspeare, and that it was not improbable that he intended to ridicule the logic of the lord chief justice by the reasoning of the grave-digger in Hamlet upon the drowning of Ophelia. (*Hamlet*, act v., scene 1.) If this be so, we think it will be admitted that the humour

[46] Although it would of course be abhorrent from all physical decorum that a land estate should ascend, yet there was no objection at all to its making a horizontal movement *in obliquo*, and therefore the uncle was able to inherit the estate, though the father was not. The beauty of the theory would be incomplete without stating that, as the uncle could only be heir to the son by being heir to the father, which father was himself heir to the son, the estate *must have passed through the father*, though it could not stay with him before it reached the uncle. If the uncle died, and the father survived (the father being the uncle's heir), the estate, which could not ascend vertically from the son to the father, was allowed to drift over to him collaterally, and he had at last a chance of enjoying a property which had perhaps been originally purchased with his own money. This rule of inheritance has been abolished by an act passed in the session 3 and 4 Will. IV., c. 106.

of the poet is not half as amazing as the gravity of the judge. Instances of rules equally sage, founded upon reasons equally convincing and equally brilliant, were numerous enough.

To the same cause which we have already mentioned, namely, the want of a periodical review of the laws by persons competent to the task of improving and refining and adapting them to the existing condition of society, is to be attributed the introduction of an immense mass of fictions, which rendered it the labour of a life to understand the peculiar no meaning of the nicknames and falsehoods which were the every-day means of administering justice to the people. Before a man could sue his debtor in the Court of Exchequer, he was obliged falsely to allege that he himself was the debtor of the crown; and although this lie was the indispensable foundation of the jurisdiction of the court in the case, the court would not admit any evidence of its falsehood. In the same manner, before a man could sue his debtor in the Court of King's Bench, he was obliged to charge the debtor fictitiously with the commission of a most outrageous assault, and having by this lie brought him "within the jurisdiction" of the court, he was able, by the assistance of another usage, to sue him for the debt. These fictions in every department became so numerous as to give rise to a proposition which has been dignified with the name of "a maxim of law," but which contains one of the most monstrous assertions that ever was propounded, namely, that "falsehood composed a very proper foundation for a superstructure of justice"[47], whilst there existed contemporaneously a system of pleading in which nobody knew what he was to establish or what to resist, and in which the most trivial and almost imperceptible mistake was sufficient to countervail and subvert the whole merits of a case.[48]

It must be admitted that of late we have "reformed this in part." It is, however, necessary to "reform it altogether," and to make a permanent provision for the continual and progressive adaptation of our laws of every kind to the varying circumstances of society, instead of endeavouring to accomplish necessary operations, and obtain indispensable objects, by introducing living fictions, "under the ribs" of decayed and exanimate institutions, generating a convulsive and paralytic imitation of natural action, the knowledge and understanding of which partakes more of the nature of jugglery than of science; and which requires to be expressed in a mysterious jargon that sets the principles of grammar and of rhetoric, of propriety and of analogy, equally and totally at defiance.

For the remedy of these evils we should propose the establishment of a permanent Committee of Law and Legislation, who should possess in themselves no enacting or judicial authority, but whose duty should be to lay before the legislature, from time to time, such suggestions and information as may enable the parliament to discharge their duties with the utmost attainable degree of conformity to the theory of its character. About the composition of such a committee, we do not think that there could be any difficulty; and we believe that, if necessary, its duties could be performed by retired judges alone, without any other assistance. If the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords (the existence of which, as a tribunal of ultimate appeal, is a burlesque upon justice[49]) were to be at once and totally

[47] In fictione juris consistit equitas.

[48] In nostra lege unum comma subvertit totum placitum.—*Ruggle's Ignoramus.*

[49] It was stated within a few days, in the Court of Exchequer Chamber, that the object of constituting that court was to discourage the practice of appealing to the House of Lords. The judges present made no great secret about their opinions of the competency and utility of the supreme court of appeal. The observations upon the point were principally made by Mr. Justice Bosanquet and Mr. Baron Alderson, both of whom, we believe, were concerned in recommending

abolished, as it certainly must be within a very short time, the individuals who have retired from the office of Lord Chancellor would find the noblest employment for their leisure in contributing to rationalise the laws of their country, to which they are indebted for so noble an *otium cum dignitate* as that which they enjoy.[50] The service of the judges may be secured by allowing them to retire from the more laborious duties of the bench on full salary, at an earlier period than that fixed by the present regulation, upon the condition of their giving their assistance upon the proposed committee. It would be a matter of course that certain of the great officers of the public should, during the continuance of office, be members *ex officio*, as the lord chancellor, the speaker, the chairman of the committees in each house, with the secretary of state for the home department, and the law officers of the crown. To these could be associated a few members of the bar, distinguished, not only for a knowledge of the law, but for an acquaintance with the principles of composition.[51] There are always in the profession gentlemen of high attainments who, for many reasons, entertain no prospect, or no very immediate one, of being raised to the bench, and who would be glad, when arrived at a certain period of their career, to exchange a slight or a distant chance of judicial promotion for a certain and permanent income, to be acquired in an employment which, to such persons, would be usually agreeable and never laborious. One or two eminent members from each party in the House of Commons may be added for the purpose of facilitating the communication between the committee and the legislature, and the necessary quantity of mere manual assistance being procured, the establishment would be complete.

The first duty of such a committee would be to construct a general framework to serve, at the discretion of the legislature, as a model for the composition and arrangement of all future acts of parliament. Their next would be the formation of a complete and scientific digest of the law, as it exists in all its departments, judicial and statutory. It would thus become a work of extreme facility to decide upon the merits or necessity of any proposed alteration; and the person who undertook in either House to introduce a measure upon any subject, would be able, at the same time, to communicate the state of the law upon the point in question at the instant of the suggested alteration, instead of being, as is the case too frequently at present, entirely destitute of any adequate knowledge of the consistency of the proposed law with preceding or contemporaneous enactments or adjudications upon the same or upon collateral subjects.

If every bill brought before the legislature should be previously submitted to the inspection of the committee, two very important advantages would be obtained. The actual extent of the evil to be remedied could be ascertained upon the best authority, and the remedy would be applied in the manner best calculated to effect the amendment. Every body acquainted with the proceedings of the courts of justice is aware, that the principles of construction and interpretation there adopted have rendered wholly inoperative some of the most remarkable statutes ever passed by the legislature. Some

and preparing the statute by which the Court of Exchequer Chamber has been created, and both of whom expressly stated that the object of the act was indirectly to prevent all appeals to the House from at least the common law side of Westminster Hall. See the Report of the Proceedings of the Court in the *Times* of the 10th of January.

[50] This truly patriotic and dignified occupation appears to be followed with exemplary zeal by the retired judges of America, amongst whom the name of Story is entitled to peculiar admiration.

[51] According to a private letter from Paris, referred to in the *Times* of the 3d instant, M. Etienne seems to have been appointed reporter of the committee for the preparation of the address of the Chamber, in order that the document may be composed in conformity with the rules of grammar, against which it is said to have sinned grievously in the preceding year, when it had been drawn up by M. St. Marc Girardin. They certainly manage *these* things better in France.

parts of the statute of frauds and the statute of uses may be cited as instances of this fact. The manner of guarding against this occurrence is wholly beyond the reach of any but a professional mind, which has been enlightened by the "lucubrations of twenty years;" and although, in consequence of the uncertainty and imperfection attending all human efforts, the evil cannot always be guarded against even by the persons best qualified, yet it is perfectly certain that it cannot even be appreciated by any one else. The professional status of the members of the committee would enable them, upon all occasions, to communicate freely with their brethren of the bench in their private capacity, without any difficulty; and means may be provided for obtaining a public expression of the opinion of all the judges as to the state of the law upon any point by a proceeding in the nature of a feigned issue, whenever the subject or the occasion was of importance enough to justify such a course. The additional trouble given to the judges would be very trifling, and would be more than counterbalanced by the removal of the labour which they are now obliged to undergo in "perplexing their heads," as Lord Coke says, "in making atonement and peace by construction of law between those insensible (senseless) and discordant words, sentences, and provisoes" [52], with which modern acts of parliament are often overladen for the want of such previous assistance and advice as may be afforded through the means which we have suggested above.

Another and a most important function of the committee would be to weed out the statute-book, and to publish an edition from which every portion that was repealed or obsolete should be excluded [53]; and a similar service could be done to the country in respect of the judicial reports, by excluding from the authentic digests of the committee all cases that had been overruled by subsequent decisions, or which had been deprived of authority and utility in consequence of some subsequent provision of the legislature. It is impossible even to *anticipate*, without satisfaction, the noble simplification which may be effected by these means, combined with a progressive classification and consolidation of the law relating to each considerable subject, and the publication of an authentic and uniform practice would complete the design. We have been led to make the preceding observations in consequence of having received a volume of papers relative to the drawing up of acts of parliament, and to the means of insuring the uniformity thereof. The writer appears to have applied himself with considerable industry to the examination of the innumerable defects of those instruments, and has made many suggestions as to the best method of improving their structure. The models, however, which he proposes appear to have in some remarkable instances the very faults which he professes to avoid, and to be in opposition to some of the rules which he has himself suggested. For our own parts we are of opinion that a legislative committee, such as we have recommended, would have no great difficulty in adopting a plan for the general composition of an act of parliament, without being tied up with the strictness which has been proposed by the writer in question. Such a committee would of course accept suggestions from every quarter, and would find some useful ones in the publication or collection of Mr. Symons, who appears to be the author of the volume to which we allude. The papers do not seem to be the production of a lawyer, and the style is excessively bare, without any countervailing amount of perspicuity. The length to which our observations have already been extended prevents us however from entering at present any farther into the subject.

[52] Pref. to 2 Rep.

[53] Acts which are obsolete, expired, or virtually repealed, still retain their places in many editions of the Statutes at large.—*Pref. to Williams's Digest of the Statute Law.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

In proposing to give a series of sketches of the most marked individualities amongst the French authors of the present day, we conceive we shall be executing no useless task in first taking a general view of the *tableau*. Details are always best appreciated from a point of sight embracing the entire mass. It is a rare thing, and more so than ever in our age of cultivation and general movement, that intelligence beams forth — *proles sine matre* — suddenly, unexpectedly, inexplicably, entirely independently of the contemporary or preceding age. There is an affinity between the man and the epoch, and the exposition of the one is never complete without that of the other. Moreover, it is a thing indispensable — for those, at least, who, like ourselves, love to look at Art in the light of a mission fulfilled, of an educative act accomplished — to determine the standing of the powers and devotedness of the artist as respects his knowledge of the wants of the age and of the elements that oppose or second his labours.

A literature, a poetry — we say it without preamble — exists not at the present moment in France. Poets there are, puissant individualities there are, that make gigantic efforts to maintain, unbroken, the tradition of Literature—men who from time to time still flash on our heads the sacred flame, like lightning in the darkness, or rather who go about the world sorrowfully repeating in fine but plaintive verse, what we now proclaim in all the nakedness of criticism — barrenness and impotency. But this is not a literature. A few individuals, endowed with power and will, but lying under all the doubts and all the incoherencies of solitary inspiration, whose melody is for a small number of elect, drawing almost nothing from the people, and bestowing nothing, are insufficient to constitute a poetry — especially a poetry, national in its forms, European in its sentiment, such as is required for France and every other country, by the now incontestable tendencies of the epoch.

That which *we* term a literature implies a grand sentiment, a sentiment of the future, a sentiment common to all, writers and readers—in a word, the sentiment of the age, for every age has a sentiment that presides over its progress, and over all its important manifestations — felt, reduced to a formula, and enunciated by a chosen few, kings by intellect and the qualities of the heart — reflected, elaborated, translated under all the possible forms and every possible tone of art by the great majority of secondary writers — welcomed, admired, and loved by the greatest number of listeners and readers. It implies the acknowledged sovereignty not of a few arbitrary precepts reposing on the authority of an age or individual long extinct, but of a small number of general laws deduced from the very nature of things, of men, and of the tendencies and wants of the age. Above all, it implies a harmony or communion, habitual and active, between the poet and the public, a reciprocal inspiration proceeding from the mass to the intelligences, from the people to the writer, from the depths of society to its altitudes, and thence redescending on the entire nation, perfected, developed, and purified by Genius. Under these conditions alone can we conceive a literature for the nineteenth century. Wherever these are not met with, there are only *hommes de lettres*.

Does any thing of this exist in France at the present day?

We have not to inquire here *what* is the *social* and common sentiment whose tint should colour, in a greater or less degree, every work of art in France, and should harmonise the various labour of intelligences: but we ask, is there any? Does the literature of France pursue a design? Has it an ensign? Has it, what Byron demanded of poetry—the consciousness of a period yet in futurity? Does it teach us any thing mighty as to earth or heaven, any thing on the mysteries of our being, or the destinies of humanity?

Nothing, nothing. Save Lamennais, whose inspiration, deeply religious, popular, and prophetic, unites in their highest strength the three most essential characteristics of true poetry — save that extraordinary woman so superficially estimated, so precipitately condemned, who, by plunging into the abyss, has "plucked up" hope from the bottom — what do her poets sing? What do the writers teach who are at this moment masters of the field of literature? Despondency and scepticism. None of those expanded sympathies that breathed in the noble soul of Schiller—none of those lofty aspirations that spread an unspeakable calm over the verse of Klopstock and Wordsworth—none even of those bursts of popular indignation, so stamped with the impress of conscience, so wonder-working and full of results, that inspired the poesy of the prophets. The literature of existing France is neither religious, nor social, nor of the people. She has neither faith nor flag. Blindfold, groping, lawless, and aimless, she marches at hazard wherever she may be impelled by individual volition, by the impression of the moment, and by the present, isolated from consequents and antecedents. She oft-times speaks of religion; she prostrates herself to God, to Christ, to the churches of the middle age that she encounters in her errant course. But think not, that it may be to draw thence faith, life, and love. No; she seeks a short repose amid the pillars and "dim religious light" of the cathedral for her wearied brain: she is bathed in moisture from the working of the imagination alone — the heart is without a throb. If she murmurs a prayer it is, with Manfred, to demand *forgetfulness*. The world is a burden to her, for she knows not her path therein. Her songs are sad, not of that virtuous and sympathetic sadness that crowns, with a martyr's coronal, the souls that have suffered much and struggled much, but with that bitterness of disgust and aristocratic *ennui* that chastisingly corrodes prideful and selfish spirits; it is the bitterness of Faust and not the sadness of Christ in the Garden of Olives. At times she has a *passion* of politics, never a creed; she can reproach, but not bless. Her indignation has nothing lyrical; she never steps beyond satire — satire grim and fleshless as hatred, where each word bears the imprint of revenge, where none betrays the holy anger of outraged virtue that stigmatises baseness from respect to the ideal type of humanity. We can fancy, whilst reading, that we hear the fruitless and tardy reproaches that are bandied about in prison by accomplices in crime. Thus, when the bile is got rid of, when this temporary irritation, whose seat is not in the heart, is exhausted, nothing is left in the soul of the writer to protect it against the assault of the very vices he has just been denouncing. The author of "Iambes," Auguste Barbier, makes his peace with the corrupted society that he had anathematised, and Barthelemy prostitutes the pen that indicted "Nemesis," to the government that has paid his gambling liabilities.

As for popular poetry, such as we conceive it, it cannot flourish in this vacuum of all belief. Béranger is silent and Hégésippe Moreau is dying in a hospital.

All this is mournful, but true. We exaggerate in nothing. We know

the exceptions; and we hope to make it seen, in the sequel, that we grapple them to us with so much the more enthusiasm, that they are a guarantee for the future. But the general fact as to the poetical literature of France is, incontestably, what we have just described. And so, unable to exist in an atmosphere of doubt and moral anarchy, Poetry either completely abdicates her mission, or wanders from it wider day by day. The stars, lately so brilliant, are paling, and no new ones appear. Victor Hugo has fallen; Lamartine is falling. "Les Pensées d'Août" of M. Sainte Beuve have dejected all those who yet hoped in him. The attempts of Edgar Quinet, powerful in their sentiment, are by no means so in their form and versification. We know not if there be now a single name that promises to console us for these misfortunes. The only young man, of late years, that is, in our opinion, gifted with true poetical spirit, M. Alfred de Musset, after having scattered, in useless scintillations, the vast powers that God had endowed him with, is busy now-a-day commemorating in indifferent verse the birth of the Comte de Paris. The most pure and most conscientious perhaps among those talents that in France are seated in the high places of literature, M. Alfred de Vigny, will plead, if need be, with tears in his eyes, and with urgent devotedness, the cause of poetry, of enthusiasm, of ill-fated genius; then, hurried away by a mysterious common fatality, he himself will close the gates of futurity, and write on the pediment of the temple in which he has just worshipped — "*Despair and die.*" The last line of his work will say to the poet — "*Isolate thyself;*" in other words, destroy thy genius, thy mission, and thy soul, and leave the field free to evil, to ignorance, and to corruption (vide *Stello*).

Before this general rout, Criticism exhibited uneasiness. She threw herself headlong into the *mêlée*, summoning the fugitives to stand, first in the name of one theory, then of another. All was ineffectual, and she soon found herself overwhelmed and borne away by the mass. With some exceptions, she was compelled to feel, and to confess, in the bitterness of self-examination, her inability to probe the future. Thenceforth there remained for her but to ruminate on the past, or to avenge her defeat by likewise sowing her own share of the anarchy. She did so. Three camps were pitched. In the one, that of the Romanticist innovators, after having put forth some brilliant conceptions, but of a purely destructive tendency, they began to announce an absolute renovation of literature. They went on to the inthronization of chance and sensuousness by the principle *L'Art pour l'Art* — Art for Art's sake; and finished by prostrating the end to the form, the sentiment to the phrase. All this was done in six years, under the dictatorship of Victor Hugo, whose first edict was the preface to "Cromwell" in 1827; the second the celebrated formula — *Poetry is the glorious caprice of an individual;* the third was summed up in three words, which he printed in 1833 in the "Europe Literaire" — "Severity and grandeur in the structure, and, *that the work may be complete*, grandeur and severity in the foundation." In the other camp, that of the Eclectic innovators, it was coolly proclaimed, by M. Cousin, that the Beautiful could not be the path to the Useful or the Productive, that it could lead only to itself; that the Arts, whose true end, said they, was the expression of the Beautiful, consequently could only merit their name on condition of being useless. In the third, we know not how many academicians, denying the power of humanity and the work of *transformation*, that intelligence is called to accomplish on Nature every day, contented themselves by sullenly repeating this remnant of two thousand years of the past, that Art is only the imitation of Nature. All the three, as it will be seen, denied the idea, and

renounced all part in the imitative, condemning Poetry to drag herself at the train of the age, or of an age extinct, or of individual caprice. At this day, Romanticism is dead, Eclecticism is dead, the old Classicism is dead. Criticism is silent and abashed. The only literary periodical of any importance, the "Revue des Deux Mondes" is a collection of fragments, often excellent, but without unity, without any definite theory of criticism, without any bond of homogeneity between them. Of all this tumult of theory there remains only the pedantic croak of M. Nisard preaching a return to the *Grand Siècle* of Louis XIV.; and the question of his success depends, in our notion, on this other query, the affirmative of which we may be permitted to doubt: — Will Louis Philippe succeed in reviving the age and the society of that period? And lastly, the echo of the Satanic *feuilletonistes* raised by Jules Janin and his consorts: — *Poetry is dead, long life to Prose!* — and we shall see, by-and-bye, what kind of prose they mean.

Nothing of this is true, God be thanked. Poetry, like love and liberty, its two angels, is immortal. So long as the spirit of God shall vindicate itself in man by martyrdom or by victory, there will be business in the world for a poet. So long as the heart of woman shall be conscious of sacred pity, and the heart of man of devotedness, there will be a wreath for his brow or for his tomb. Poetry is not dead in France or elsewhere; she is musing. She has exhausted a cycle; she dreams of the future; she seeks a new path, and she will find it. But it is of interest to know, how she arrived at this period of inaction. This we shall endeavour to illustrate as concisely as possible. There may thence arise some presage for the time that has commenced.

The revolution, in France, had no poets. Poetry became action; she overthrew the Bastille, dethroned kings, and repulsed invasion. Her song ceased; to sound the *reveillée* of the people, the *Marseillaise* was already sufficient. Neither had the empire poets. Then also action had the start of words. But there was another thing: Poetry lives on liberty, and that Napoleon suppressed, to the profit of future equality. Napoleon furnished subjects for the epic; but, a conquering and absolute genius, he aimed at reserving for himself the last word as well as the first; now this could not be. The sole epic possible henceforwards is the grand epic of the people. Of this Poetry was deeply sensible, and she abandoned the emperor as soon as he ceased to represent an idea to represent merely a power. After having traversed Europe under his standards, incarnate in the Grand Army, she took refuge in the bosom of the people, in Spain, in Germany, in Calabria, and offered her protest in exile through Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand. The emperor avenged himself by forbidding her his dominions, by reducing the intelligences to one formal trim, by mustering the *savans* in rank and file, and by branding with the name of *ideologists* all those who were hardy enough to think for themselves. Political materialism invaded the whole of society. The mute endurance of the Conservative senate communicated itself to the literature. When the giant fell, there was a reaction — a reaction of liberty against the levelling of despotism, of the independence of thought against the crushing of power, of the so long-stifled craving for a creed against the inertia of materialism. Romanticism sprung from this reaction.

Poetry re-entered France, not *by*, but *with*, the Restoration. This is a distinction essential to be made by whomsoever wishes to judge impartially of that period of literature that has become extinct in our own time. *Romanticism*, some one has said, stepped out from beneath the *mantle of legitimacy*. Not so; Romanticism was in its origin a protest of liberty. It

was an out-break, without fixed end or aim, if you will, other than that of evidencing the innate independence of intelligence; but this was no servile work, and, therefore, it was that all the youth welcomed it with enthusiasm. Now, worn with time and care, we forget those days of brightness in gazing on their decline; but does disappointment authorise ingratitude?

It was a magnificent and noble burst; and there was more of poetry—will the venerators of the *Grand Siècle* pardon us this blasphemy? we speak of *ideas* and not of *forms* — there was more of poetry in the ten years that elapsed from 1820 to 1830 than there was in the age of Louis XIV. It was an impulse of youth, ingenuous, trustful, and enthusiastic, sufficient to create emotion in the breasts of even the old; and though we have seen the fruit turn to ashes on our very lips, we cannot think of it even at this hour without experiencing a similar feeling to that excited by the remembrance of our first love. Art had then its worship, its altars, and its believers — a worship of desires and aspirations vague and imperfect — altars without inscription, and on which, to say truth, were offered sacrifices to "The Unknown God;"—believers, often unreasoning, fanatic, and extravagant. But there was warm faith, zeal, and a disposition to devotedness; there was life — far preferable even in its phrenzies and wanderings to actual stagnation. The same youth who at night frequented those secret assemblies of the Carbonari from whence sprang the four martyrs of La Rochelle, next morning waged a deadly warfare in the columns of *Le Globe* against all the literary lumber, all the academic prejudices, and all the petty shackles by which mediocrity, under the guise of Aristotle and Boileau, was endeavouring to stifle the freedom of the mind. Men, then ardent, and perhaps conscientious — in whom, alas! the thirst of power has since shrivelled up the heart and withered the intellect — from the supremacy of their chairs, inoculated a numerous body of scholars with the idea and the craving for these novelties. At every instant, cheers of applause broke forth from the youthful and excited spirits that were around; and certainly if all memory have not deserted these men, those must be moments of exceeding bitterness when they compare the by-gone days with the silence and solitude they have created. Whilst, under this guidance, they were clearing the path of history — whilst, under the impulse of Scott and the example of the *Cinq Mars* of Alfred de Vigny, they began to essay the historical romance, Victor Hugo and Lamartine, *par nobile fratrum*, were inviting them to Poetry by two different routes. The latter, vague and melancholy, pure in his design and transparent in his colouring, seeking God as one heavy laden, and solitary as the nightingale; the former, bold, fiery, and subversive, launching proclamations under the form of prefaces, and subscribing himself *Hierro**, the poet of strong lights and shadows, overflowing with imagery, soaring to the noon-day sun like the eagle, and responding to all our instincts of liberty and struggle, as the other to our instincts of veneration and belief. Around these, grouped themselves, on one side, the followers of that school designated as the *visible* — Prosper Merimée, Vitet, and a long list; and on the other, those of the school called *intime*, with Sainte Beuve and Alfred de Musset at their head: the first, men of *symbol*, working in relief, and attaching themselves to the exterior face of nature; the latter, men of *idea*, exploring and analysing the interior aspect of all things. And then, on high, flitting o'er all this labour of emancipation, were those great spirts — Byron and Göethe, a potent and mysterious duality. The twofold and

* The Spanish word for *iron*.

most recent formula of an epoch thenceforward fulfilled, they shone out as two clouded stars on the avenues to the route that opened to the world a poetical futurity, into which it was forbidden to themselves to penetrate.

And yet, there was on the countenance of these young and valiant *athlètes* a certain premature sallowness — a certain imprint of destiny that cast on the soul a gloomy sadness. They themselves were sad without knowing why — an involuntary sadness lurking in every lay, and dimming the brightness of their moments of triumph. As they passed by us, presumptuous innovators as they were, with brow erect, and the standard of literary rejuvenescence flaunting before them, one felt that their lips murmured to the assembled youth the *morituri te salutant* of the Roman gladiators. Then we knew not exactly the meaning; now, we know it.

In reality, it was the mask of death. In the fever of youth they had inoculated themselves by a fatal mistake with a pestilential germ, seduced by an imagination without control, and the want of a sound historical conception of the great march of Humanity. It was the sign of a mission misconceived. The sons of liberty, they had denied their mother; or rather they had denied their faith in her, trusting their future progress to agencies defunct. Whether conscious of it or not, they were thoroughly the product of that movement given to men's minds by the Revolution, and suppressed by the empire. The age sent them forth as the apostles of general emancipation through literature; and they betrayed their commission. They misunderstood both France and the age. On the one hand they discovered a throne, and on the other an altar, and they attempted to re-elevate both. True, they were ruins, but ruins poetical from the past that brooded over them! — and the ray of the setting sun is such an illustrator of magnificence in decay. They took it for a beam of the rising light, and prostrated themselves before the ruins; they termed themselves, and believed themselves, legitimists, apostles of the right divine, and fervent Catholics.

They were not so. The spirit of the Revolution murmured within them, and from that contest sprang all their extravagancies, all their incoherencies, and all their sadness. There smouldered in them two natures that shared their literary life, and often engrossed, each the half of the same work; — their original nature, of pullers-down and men of the future; their acquired nature, as men of the past and of the Restoration: and this dualism is visible in all the productions of the school — in those of Victor Hugo especially. It prevented them all calm and all true concord: it prevented them what is far more — a real and efficacious faith; without which, henceforwards, there can be no great and enduring poetry.

They felt this themselves. Corroding doubt glided in amidst their boldest phrases and their warmest prayers. Whenever a contradiction to their literary or social theory happened to meet them — whenever a sudden flash unveiled to them the work of dissolution that threatened the recesses of the re-plastered structure they trusted in, they fell to trembling. Each of them instinctively thought of a means of escape. M. Merimée wrote for and against; he did homage to the democratic inspiration by "La Jacquerie," — to the monarchical inspiration by "La Chronique de Charles IX." Victor Hugo proclaimed Art independent of all social vicissitude; he asserted that it was dependent on Genius alone, or, in more precise terms, on the caprice of the artist. The youth, who had followed them as far as they had, in a literary sense, marched with the age, halted in astonishment on hearing these theories; they began to suspect they had been deceived in their chiefs, and desertion commenced. On a certain day a great fall was heard, as of an

avalanche. The chiefs retreated, and there was no longer any one to follow. It was in the year 1830.

The year 1830 was a fatal one. The same paving stones overturned the dynasty of Romanticism and the right divine. All the springs to which they had resorted in their simplicity were suddenly dried up. The very ruins they adored no longer existed. All was levelled: and on the levelled soil, in place of the chivalrous monarchy of St. Louis, which they had re-embellished with all their fancy, there arose an indefinable something of nameless prose, a middle class and chandler-shop royalty, a union of the counter, and the measure—too much for the most effervescing imagination. A similar feeling — we beg pardon for the comparison — to that of the disenchanted awaking of Don Quixote, was in store for the chiefs of the Romanticism of literature. Lamartine fled to the East: M. Hugo took refuge in melodrama, and sought to lose himself in poetic sensuousness: M. Sainte Beuve turned precisian, and set to work as a commentator *à la Port Royal.*

And yet there was very near them, on more elevated ground, a man more powerful than them all, more compromised with the past than them all: — Lamennais, who took a generous part, who recognised the influence of the age, and in the influence of the age the finger of God; and who enlisted himself under the flag of the people, not that it was the flag of victory, but because it was that of justice and immortal truth. Why did they not do the same?

They did it not. It is not given to all men to begin a new career after having run out the first. They then achieved "Ruy Blas," "Chûte d'un Ange," and "Les Pensées d'Aout." However, that the mission of the age might be accomplished on them, and in spite of them — that might should yield to right — *ut adimpleantur Scripturæ* — Victor Hugo, who commenced by proclaiming "that there was no poetry possible, unless from a monarchical and catholic view of things," poured out, in his dramas, the most cruel satire on courts and the habits of royalty: and M. de Lamartine is driven, in his last poem, to be, we will not say catholic, but not even christian; he is dreaming, though silent on the matter, in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, on a complete renovation, religious, social, and political.

Romanticism fell, and created an immense vacuum: this was filled on a sudden by men of *light* literature, as they name it; or, as we would term it, of *loose* literature. This is the school that reigns at present.

We have watched this school, even from the outbreak of the Romanticist insurrection, treading almost as closely on the innovations in literature, as the ape to the man. During the latter years of the Restoration, a few writers made their fame by a biting criticism on society, and by an absolute disgust at men and things. Jules Janin had written his "L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée;" M. Balzac his "Peau de Chagrin;" Eugéne Sue, God knows what. This was taken for spleen, and even — Heaven pardon us — for the irritation of a puritanical virtue wounded at beholding universal corruption. One would have said that they alone of their contemporaries saw beyond all political questions, and felt that there was, in the womb of society, a far graver evil to probe and to demonstrate. We defended the hideous nudity of their *tableaux* by the mode in which the Spartans sought to fortify their youth against drunkenness, and by the example of the aged father who carried his son to the hospital to terrify him with the consequences of libertinism. The year 1830 unmasked them. Amidst that magnificent awakening of the people, at that moment of the loftiest poetry, whilst the young writers of "Le Globe" hastened to join the artisans fighting for the liberty of the press — whilst Farcy, poor Farcy, stuffed his carbine

with the proofs of his last sheet, and met his death — these gentlemen might be seen — that is, some days after — cool, unmoved; — the same wolfishness in the eye, the same Mephistophiles' smile on the lip, pursuing, without emotion, their labour of scandal and purposeless analysis; — they might still be seen wielding in one hand a pen tainted with filth and malice, and holding out the other to that power they despised to receive from it the key of a social organism on which they poured contempt in their writings, and the alms of an employment, a pension, or a baron's cross. It began to be understood that with them it was no longer a question of what could be affected by way of remedy, — their business was to dissect and sell. They ceased to be esteemed, but did not cease to be read, and that was all they needed; they knew well that the scandal-loving public was a large one, and so they continued, and do continue, the supply. Moreover, the arena was thinned of combatants by degrees, the dead alone remained; and they rushed forth like jackals on a deserted field of the slain.

During the cholera, at Naples, the cry in the streets was, "*Have you any dead? show lights in your windows.*" This cry is a perfect summary of the whole literature of the men of whom we are speaking: they seek out the dead and put lights around. They set to work to rake out all that there is most decayed and most unclean in society, and bring it into the full blaze of day: they place a glass ostentatiously magnifying every wound they discover. With remedies they occupy themselves not. For them, every scratch is in a state of gangrene. Every meanness, every weakness, detected or only surmised, is, for them, a piece of good-luck; they dive as far as they can into the probable or possible motives of any action, with the hope of finding selfishness at the bottom; they dredge the human heart as it were a sewer; they stir the mud till the whole stream is defiled. Then, when the stock of action fails them, they take to ideas; in default of vice, they mangle virtue. There is not a single noble thought, a single large and generous sentiment, that they have not tried to render ridiculous, either by attacking it directly, by exaggerating it into travestie, or by investing with its attributes some simple and foolish personage. One avails himself of the conceptions of the intelligence that has devoted its existence to the inquiry after good; he fastens on a false step, and exhibits it as the final result of long study and conscientious meditation; or, better for his purpose, he halts at some verbal novelties, mutilates the expression of a system, tacks together some shreds of phrases gathered here and there, and boldly declares — "Here is Genius." Another puts before us a member of the Temperance Society who gets tipsy at table, or a philanthropist that invites to crime by rendering a prison an agreeable retreat; this one tells us — "Here is Virtue." A third shows us a hypocritical negro, a homicide, an incendiary, receiving the Monthyon prize; or, perhaps, an atheist by practice and theory, doing evil from system, fascinating innocence with his glance, tainting it with his breath, urging it towards the precipice, mocking at it, and then obtaining that rank in society, that admiration and sympathy, which should be the lot of virtue alone. All this coolly, without contrast, without indignation; — we fancy ourselves transported to the *Herenküche* of Faust, so much of materialism is there in the atmosphere we seem to inhale during the perusal.

Again, we repeat, in nothing do we exaggerate. Read — not Jules Janin, a sort of agreeable literary lounging chair, at bottom culpable, merely as substituting wit for sentiment, grace for dignity, words for ideas, — but the principal works emanating from Balzac, Eugène Sue, Leon

Gozlan, and Soulié — or, rather, read them not, and be contented with these few lines of the manifesto of the school: —

"Called to reproduce the literature of the eighteenth century . . . . . the literature of the nineteenth could not do otherwise than reproduce certain of its vices, not with a holy horror that was unfelt, but with all the simplicity and all the freedom of an epoch that re-instates another epoch, that does its best in the way of apology, pardoning the corruptness for the sake of the courage, and the vices for the sake of the wit. . . . . As a general proposition, there is nothing immoral in the arts, not even the secret museum at Naples. Wherever there is any thing of art, the form excuses the intent."

This appeared in the "Revue de Paris," from the pen of Jules Janin, on the 20th September, 1834: the publications of the school are but a commentary.

Our language is severe, but hardly enough so. All compromise, silence even, in respect to this school, seems to us a kind of crime; and we are astonished, we are compelled to avow it, at the terms observed towards it by those of the French authors who comprehend the sanctity of the duties belonging to Literature. They should wage with it a deadly, continuous, and inexorable warfare. These men have done, and do every day, an incalculable injury to France. They have unpoeticised virtue, dammed up enthusiasm, laboured with their whole might to disenchant hearts yet virgin, scotched all strong faith, corrupted young imaginations, promoted unbelief and selfishness to the rank of a dogma, and given birth to two-thirds of the moral anarchy that is even now impending over the nation in its path of progression. We know not how many self-slaughtered spirits are now cursing their lawless productions; but we do know that after having taught that virtue serves only to create dupes, and that the work of God was radically bad, they are themselves deprived of all right to condemn suicide.

And is this all? Is all the literature of France of the present day no other than base and immoral? Is all hope dead? God be thanked, that we dare not say so. Literature itself is not exhausted in France; it is but a phase of literature: another will arise; and many individuals, whom we shall perhaps have occasion to speak of hereafter, are already occupied in clearing its path. But we must first establish the present existing position, before pointing to the brightness of a better period now just dawning on the horizon.

The present position is bad; but so is every epoch of transition. The literature of France is evidently at that epoch. Romanticism, which the critics have so ill appreciated, because each of them has judged of it from one alone of its aspects, though it possess ten, has been — almost like the rising of 1830 — a protest in favour of the liberty of literature rather than a revolution. It tore down the *ordonnances* signed "Boileau," and countersigned by the Academy. It broke up the empire of all the conventional precepts by which literary eunuchs disputed the fecundity of genius, and imprisoned it within the circle of a particular school. It annihilated the *coup-d'-état* that had been in force against national European poetry since the time of Louis XIV. By affirming the right of inquiry inherent in intelligence, and the right of inspiration inherent in each epoch, it re-opened the obstructed path of futurity. If it have not entered therein, if it have abused its liberty to stray in a thousand eccentric wanderings, or even to retrograde, it is, that, like 1830, it had but the capability of all reactions — to pull down, and not to build up; to dissever, and not to associate. But

the reaction was legitimate, and its results will be lasting. Thanks to its agency the ground is cleared; the only care is that it be built on.

The existing state is a consequence, not of want of power, but of want of unity, of want of organic belief, of a vivifying principle, of an end succinctly planned out. So long as this void remains unfilled, Literature and Poetry cannot be re-born. And this work of harmony, of *unification*, can be achieved only by Philosophy, and History, that furnishes the former with materials. France is conscious of this; and whilst the literature of Poetry, which has formed the only topic of the present article, is day by day passing off, Philosophy and the science of History have taken the initiative, and promise to prepare a new basis for literature, a new source of inspiration for Poetry. To these two branches of intellectual development, and not to Literature, must we address ourselves at the present time, to learn something as to the hereafter of France; from thence also will issue the new literature. We know, and we shall endeavour to make them known to our readers, entire schools, whose works are not yet appreciated with us, who, without producing a single romance, a single work of imagination, are yet, in our opinion, building up that literary futurity which France awaits. And there is such a being, Lamennais for example, who, without having written a single verse in his life, does more for Poetry than is done by all the pretended poets that inundate the Parisian press with fifty volumes of verse per year.

Finally, there is nothing in what we have said that ought to astonish us. We have been too much accustomed to regard Philosophy and Literature as entirely distinct, and without reciprocal influence; we have often looked with disdain on poor Criticism, which, after all, when well done, is but Philosophy applied to Literature. But there are moments in the life of a people when a source of Poetry is exhausted — when a stratum of corruption intervenes — when anarchy is busy with intelligence and spirit, in which Genius requires, for its revelation, that a public be first formed, a people of believers and friends. In the Genesis of epochs, we have elsewhere said, even as in the scriptural Genesis, the Creator sheds his light on the face of the deep, long ere he sets the glorious sun in the midst of the firmament.

M. COMTE'S SYSTEM OF POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

Cours de Philosophie Positive: Par M. Auguste Comte. Paris. Tom. I. 1830. Tom. II. 1835. Tom. III. 1838.

Amidst the diversities of English and foreign habits and ideas, few are more striking than the position which science occupies in the public estimation, the light in which its professed cultivators are regarded, and the degree in which public interest is excited in contemplating their labours, or more especially in listening to their expositions and following their courses of public instruction. In England, if the high celebrity of a Davy or a Faraday has been able occasionally to attract crowds to the theatre of an institution, it has been almost entirely owing to the curious and brilliant experimental exhibitions which they have given, or to the popular illustrations of some of the more elementary notions of physical truth which their lectures have afforded; and even such displays commonly retain their interest but for a brief period. The celebrity of the most profound philosopher is in the public estimation equally shared with the most superficial pretender who can plausibly descant on some popular novelty of experiment, or vindicate

the loftier title to fame which is conferred by predicting the changes of the weather.

The French capital has presented numerous instances of a very opposite character. The position in society which the eminent professors of science hold, and the degree of public attention which their *séances* and lectures excite among the fashionable circles, are very striking and characteristic. Many of the most illustrious *savans* have been able to collect around them brilliant audiences, if not to follow all their profound speculations, yet to applaud their discoveries and theories, and at least to pay homage to scientific genius. Of such cases a remarkable one is now presented in the instance of M. Comte, and his elaborate course of lectures on "Positive Philosophy," delivered in Paris, and since given to the world in print.

M. Auguste Comte holds the situation of one of the "*répétiteurs*" in the "*Ecole Polytechnique*," and enjoys a considerable reputation in mathematical and mechanical science. For ten years previously to 1826 he had been incessantly engaged, in the intervals of his public duties, in the prosecution of these researches, the fruits of which have been now presented to the world. In 1826 he appeared before the Parisian philosophers by commencing a course of lectures to develope his views. This course was interrupted by a severe illness soon after its commencement: it had, however, been patronised by the first scientific men in France; and on the resumption of the lectures in 1829 the audience included Fourier, Blainville, Poinsot, and Navier, besides many other distinguished professors of science.

Finding his views highly approved by these eminent personages, the author resolved on trying their reception with a more public audience; and accordingly in the next year came forward at the Royal Athenæum of Paris with a repetition of the course (slightly abridged) before a numerous assemblage of the science, literature, and fashion of the metropolis. To such an auditory were developed the profound generalisations which constitute the author's system, in upwards of sixty lectures wholly occupied with topics of abstract science, demanding a considerable knowledge of mathematics on the part of the audience, and totally unaided by any sort of popular illustration, and unsupported by the exhibition of experiments. The first volume appeared in 1830: but political changes put a stop to the publication for some time: the second, however, appeared in 1835; the third in 1838; and a fourth is yet to follow. The work has obtained a high reputation in France, not less from the profound views of the actual principles of science which it conveys, than from the close relation in which they are placed with the general history of the development of the human mind, the progress of intellectual civilisation, and the most important of all topics — the moral and religious considerations which are involved. It is, perhaps, in this last respect that public attention is most likely to be drawn towards such a system. This doubtless was one material cause of its attraction in France; and in England we think it very likely that in this point of view the work may chiefly excite notice, though probably not with any particular feeling of approbation. If we look at the general tone of English sentiment, we are not prepared to argue a very favourable reception to any extensive and new philosophical system. An author who should come forward with pretensions of so very wide a nature as to include the whole scheme of human knowledge, discussed on new principles, and, in many respects, setting aside old prepossessions, would be very likely to be set down at once as a mere charlatan, and his whole system as little more than a piece of specious sophistry; a mystification of plain and sound science under newly invented names and distinctions, in a way which is at best but mere

quackery. And if all this were found to be associated with an undisguised hostility to religion, the entire rejection of the whole in public estimation would follow; it would be mentioned only in condemnation, or passed by in silent neglect.

Such is what we believe would most probably be the reception by the English public of a work of similar pretensions to that now before us, unless some peculiarly powerful circumstances had effected somewhat of a turn in the current of general opinion on such subjects. We believe that, at the present day, some change of this sort may be detected. In the present instance the subject certainly has attracted some degree of attention. The eminence and soundness of the author's attainments in science, and (for the most part) the absence of assumption in his manner, secure him from the charge of quackery; while the luminous method in which the principles of his system are unfolded, and the force of sound argument by which he substantiates them, for the most part, in a scientific point of view, must ensure his work from peremptory and contemptuous rejection with those who have any pretensions to the character of educated and thinking persons. All this renders it, then, the more necessary to expose those portions of the system which really involve what is objectionable; and we shall rely upon our readers' discernment, in allowing us, for a brief space, to direct towards the actual nature of these somewhat abtruse topics that attention which their real importance demands.

The term "positive philosophy" is new to English ears: it will be necessary to explain wherein the distinction consists. It may be asked, is it meant to apply to a particular class of *subjects*, or to something in the *nature* of the *reasoning* employed? It, in fact, includes a distinction of each kind. It refers to the kind and quality of the investigation, and includes all the range of subjects to which that particular kind of investigation has been applied. The "positive" character has been given to a considerable range of sciences, and the aggregate of the subjects so discussed constitute the course of "positive philosophy." Now this "positive" character is explained by M. Comte as equivalent to that which is conferred on any science, by following strictly the inductive method to establish its first principles and general laws, and the deductive processes of applied mathematics to lead to the prediction of consequences. But it is essential that these methods be used solely, exclusively, and independently of all other considerations, which might in any way influence or modify our views. Thus it implies the total absence of all gratuitous theorizing, of all prepossession or prejudice, especially of all subjection to the dominion of metaphysical subtleties, and of moral or religious authority; all which are essentially destructive to the conclusiveness and independence of real "positive" physical science.

In all this it is evident (and the distinction is important) that the influence of theological and metaphysical conceptions here spoken of is intended to apply solely to the *methods* by which we investigate the truths of science, and to the kind of *evidence* by which they are substantiated. As to any *inferences* which we may afterwards *deduce* from such scientific truths, these are in no way affected by the remark or included in the argument. A science which is strictly "positive" in its own nature may yet be made the foundation of further conclusions of a "metaphysical" or of a "theological" nature. But these form no part of the *principles* of the science, which *must* be wholly independent of them, or it ceases to have the character of true science. This, indeed, would seem sufficiently manifest if we merely observe that to *assume* such considerations in establishing the science itself

would be merely to involve the argument in a "*petitio principii*," when we attempt to *deduce* them from that science. That all branches of science have gone through such stages, more or less marked, will be manifest to all who are in any measure acquainted with the history of its progress; and that this results from the very constitution of the human mind, and the condition in which the first attempts at scientific inquiry necessarily stood, will be no less evident on the slightest reflection.

Now, in tracing the history of the different branches of science, M. Comte has announced the discovery of a great law immediately connected with the distinction thus explained. The "positive" is the perfect state of any science: but to attain to this every science not only has gone through, but must go through, preliminary states of imperfection: and of these the author distinguishes two necessarily antecedent to the "positive," which he terms the "theological" and the "metaphysical." But we cannot better present the nature of these distinctions to our readers than in the author's own words:—

"Dans l'état théologique, l'esprit humain dirigeant essentiellement ses recherches vers la nature intime des êtres, les causes premières et finales de tous les effets qui le frappent, en un mot, vers les connaissances absolues, se représente les phénomènes comme produits par l'action directe et continue d'agens surnaturels plus ou moins nombreux, dont l'intervention arbitraire explique toutes les anomalies apparentes de l'univers.

"Dans l'état métaphysique, qui n'est au fond qu'une simple modification générale du premier, les agens surnaturels sont remplacés par des forces abstraits, véritables entités (abstractions personnifiées) inhérentes aux divers êtres du monde, et conçues comme capable d'engendrer par elles-mêmes tous les phénomènes observés, dont l'explication consiste alors à assigner pour chacun l'entité correspondante.

"Enfin, dans l'état positif, l'esprit humain reconnaissant l'impossibilité d'obtenir des notions absolues, renonce à chercher l'origine et la destination de l'univers, et à connaître les causes intimes des phénomènes, pour s'attacher uniquement à découvrir par l'usage bien combiné du raisonnement et de l'observation leurs lois effectives, c'est-à-dire, leurs relations invariables de succession et de similitude. L'explication des faits réduite alors à ses termes réels n'est plus désormais que la liaison établie entre les divers phénomènes particuliers, et quelques faits généraux dont les progrès de la science tendent de plus en plus à diminuer le nombre."—Tom. i. p. 4.

This extract, short as it is, may yet suffice to put the reader in possession of the grand essential principle of M. Comte's system. If he follow out these remarks by such reflexions and illustrations as cannot fail to present themselves to any one moderately acquainted with the leading truths of science, he will readily perceive the force and importance of such a discussion as that presented in the subsequent lectures of M. Comte. In the compass of an article like the present, it would of course be impossible for us to attempt even an outline of the rich and varied illustrations, with which the author elucidates his principles. He traces them out in their widely ramified relations, not only to science considered as an abstract study, but as included in a *liberal course of education*, a point of view in which we earnestly wish our limits would allow us to follow him, convinced as we are of its extreme importance in reference to the state of instruction at the present time as pursued in this country. We must content ourselves by referring our readers to tom i. p. 40.

We have already observed, that the distribution of science into these different stages has been pursued in immediate connection with the laws of the progress of the human mind: and in illustrating them with so much force and precision, M. Comte has conferred a vast obligation on the whole body of those who are either engaged in the cultivation of science, or even interested in following its results. He has discussed, for the most part, with nice and discriminating accuracy, the boundaries of each department and the subordination (or "hierarchy" as he terms it), in which they stand related

to each other, depending on the necessity for the previous possession of the truths of one, before we can advance to the conclusions of the next. The author's idea in this respect bears a close analogy to that of Bacon; and in fact he may without exaggeration be described as doing that for the science of the present day which Bacon did for that of his own age; — with only this difference, that with the great father of inductive science, the work consisted almost wholly in anticipations and schemes for the *future* progress of discovery; while with the philosopher of the present day, the grand object is to trace and systematise the accessions hitherto made, as affording the surest indications by which to determine the future course of science. And to the grand principles laid down by his illustrious predecessor, the views established by M. Comte afford the most striking confirmation — a confirmation at once powerfully attesting the solidity of Bacon's speculations, and establishing the title of the French philosopher to be one of his most worthy successors.

As at once the shortest and most perspicuous method, we present our readers with an *abridgement* of M. Comte's analytical scheme of the range and subdivisions of

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

- **Science of Quantity.**
  - **Mathematics**
    - The calculus
      - Direct functions.
      - Inverse functions.
      - Variations.
      - Finite differences.
    - Geometry
      - Geometry in general.
      - Geometry of the ancients.
      - Analytical geometry.
      - Theory of lines.
      - Theory of surfaces.
    - Rational mechanics
      - Statics.
      - Dynamics.
      - General mechanical theorems.
- **Science of Unorganised Bodies.**
  - **Astronomy**
    - Geometrical astronomy
      - Astronomy of observation.
      - Motion of the earth.
      - Laws of Kepler.
    - Mechanical astronomy
      - Law of Gravitation.
      - Application to the motions of the heavens.
    - Positive cosmogony.
  - **Physics**
    - Barology.
    - Thermology
      - Experimental.
      - Mathematical.
    - Acoustics.
    - Optics.
    - Electrology.
  - **Chemistry**
    - Inorganic
      - General view.
      - Definite proportions.
      - Electro-chemistry.
    - Organic.
- **Science of Organised Bodies.**
  - **Physiology**
    - Structure of living bodies.
    - Classification of living bodies.
    - Vegetable physiology.
    - Animal physiology
      - Ancient theories.
      - Positive theory.
    - Physiology of intellect and affections
  - **Social physics***
    - General structure of human society.
    - Law of developement of the human species.
    - Progress of civilisation
      - Theological epoch
        - Fetichism.
        - Polytheism.
        - Monotheism.
      - Metaphysical epoch.
      - Positive epoch.

* This last portion is not yet published, but is to constitute the fourth volume.

By this synopsis it will be seen at once what branches are actually included, and what in the present state of our knowledge the author regards as excluded from a participation in the title of *positive* science. He has devoted a long lecture to the explanation of this arrangement; to the general ground of that arrangement we have already referred. But notwithstanding its general soundness of principle, we are inclined to think that, as an absolute scheme of the whole range of science, it is defective. To a logical, or exhaustive, division and distribution of the various branches it does not pretend.* The reasons for the omission of some important branches, and what may appear an undue exaltation of others, is to be sought in the alleged position which those branches respectively have attained in the progressive stages of theological, metaphysical, and positive. But it appears to us that in one or two points it is materially defective, even upon the author's own principles.

We shall allude very briefly to *two* omissions which principally strike us; the first is the undulatory theory of light. This the author refers to as being yet in the *metaphysical* state, and hence excludes it. The reason for this is, that in this theory there is supposed the existence of a singularly subtile and elastic ethereal fluid, diffused through all space and all bodies, which is a metaphysical idea according to M. Comte. Now to us the fact appears to be this; — mathematicians have succeeded in tracing nearly all the laws of the phenomena of light as the results of certain dynamical laws, which express the propagation of vibratory motion among a number of physical points or molecules distributed through space: this, *for the sake of a name*, is called *ether*: no sound mathematical inquirer means any thing more by it; but such vibratory *motions* really exist. It thus appears to us, that this theory belongs as properly to the class of positive sciences, as that of gravitation or of sound. That it is as yet *incomplete* is no more argument against its admission, than in the corresponding cases of the theory of definite proportions, or of heat, which are ranked by M. Comte among the positive sciences.

The other yet more glaring omission which we have to notice, is *the science of geology*; and this is the more remarkable, as there are perhaps few branches which would have afforded the author a more perfect and striking confirmation of his own principle: no science has, in so extremely marked a manner, gone through the progressive changes which he insists upon; and this is the more conspicuous from the rapidity with which it has been accomplished, and this mainly within our own times. It may be useful to notice these stages. Half a century ago, geology as a science did not exist; the only notions which prevailed of cosmogony, or of changes on the earth's surface, were confined to the letter of the Mosaic creation and deluge. To these succeeded views, more or less modified, of former worlds destroyed, of successive stages or eras of creation, of universal convulsions and cataclysms, as the causes of the facts which began to be reluctantly admitted, however mystified.

It has not been until absolutely at the present day, that these unphilosophical modes of speculation have been wholly banished from the science: perhaps even now they have not been entirely relinquished by some of the older geologists. But it was almost the undivided honour of Mr. Lyell, to have been the first totally and resolutely to cast aside every vestige of the

* On the subject of comprehensive classification of the sciences, we strongly recommend to the perusal of our readers a most able pamphlet, entitled "Remarks on Classification," &c. &c. by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-Chancellor of the University of London. C. Knight. 1838.

trammels in which the *methods* of geology had been so long confined, and to recur unhesitatingly to the *sole* aid of simple induction, and the analogies of known and existing causes in the rigid investigation of the phenomena. Thus geology, after passing with unexampled rapidity from the *theological* through the *metaphysical* state, has now arrived at its final form of complete *positiveness*.

That all this should not have been recognised by M. Comte, is what we know not how to account for, unless on the supposition, that notwithstanding his manifest high philosophical appreciation of a vast range of science, there may yet be some branches, from comparative want of acquaintance with which he falls into the common fault of undervaluing or misconceiving. However this may be, it is remarkable that he devotes a lecture to what he terms "rational cosmogony," which is in fact nothing else than the nebular hypothesis of La Place, which he has followed out by a bold and ingenious theory of his own, connecting it with the origin of the orbital, as well as rotatory motions of the planets (tom. ii. p. 351.). To this the subject of rational and positive geology would have formed the most natural sequel.

In introducing to his readers the general subject of physics, M. Comte presents some admirable remarks on the *methods* to be adopted in physical researches. Among these his "Théorie Fundamentale des Hypothèses" holds a conspicuous place (tom. ii. p. 433.). In this important discussion, the author enlarges upon the nature of the *inductive method*, and shows, with his usual ability and distinctness, that "hypotheses," so far from being any thing really at variance with the strict method of induction, are an essential auxiliary and indispensable aid for the successful prosecution of true science, provided they be framed on strictly philosophic grounds. This truth (much as it has been misunderstood and even denied by many philosophical writers), thus strenuously upheld upon purely scientific principles by M. Comte, is in fact no other than that which has been recently contended for on quite different grounds, as being in fact the essential part of the process of induction when analysed by the rules of systematic *logic*, while the guide to such hypothesis must be simply *analogy*. We cannot here enter further on such a topic; but those readers who may be interested in it are referred for full information to Archbishop Whateley's "Logic," pp. 207. 228., and Professor Powell's "Connexion of Natural and Divine Truth," sect. i. p. 25. *et seq.*

Before proceeding to the consideration of the bearings of M. Comte's system on the most important of all topics, we must premise a few remarks of a more general character.

The subject of *natural theology*, the applications of the knowledge of nature to afford evidences of the being and attributes of a Deity, has been abundantly discussed of late. The whole question of final causes has received the fullest illustration which the increased resources of modern physical discovery could bestow. Yet notwithstanding we cannot disguise our opinion that the discussion has still not been generally cleared from several serious defects. The real argument has by most writers not been placed on what seems to us its true basis, and thus not exhibited with all the force it might possess: — more especially left open (by the faulty mode of treating it) to objections on the part of sceptics, for which they could have no plea, were the friends of religion content to rest their arguments on the sole substantial and amply-sufficient ground which the independent truths of physical induction supply.

The generality of writers on natural theology have dwelt principally on certain classes of facts in the natural world, in which we perceive, or fancy we perceive, some *practical end* answered, whose importance we recognise. They then point out the existence and excellence of the natural means adapted to that end, and accumulating numbers of such instances from different detached portions of science, principally from natural history and physiology, break forth into eloquent declamation and strains of elevated devotion on the sublime topics thus suggested, — the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Supreme Being. Not unfrequently, too, they mix up in these arguments a reference to the authority of the Bible as the true foundation of natural theology, and even as a guide to scientific truth. And, on the other hand, running into the mazes of metaphysics, they bewilder themselves and their readers with a jargon of proximate causes, efficient causes, and final causes, and finally hold forth this medley of natural science, scriptural truth, and metaphysical abstractions, as the substantial evidence of natural theology. Now in the state of knowledge and opinion which at present commonly prevails in what is called "the religious world," all this may appear to present nothing exceptionable. And if the believer only seeks the indulgence of religious *meditation* on these topics, the inconsistent and vague nature of the *arguments* attended to will not be regarded as of any moment, even if perceived. But the legitimate province of *natural theology* is a strict and philosophical *analysis* of the actual *evidences* of those great truths which are the foundation of all religion whatever. Here it is that most writers on the subject have been defective. Such discussions as those to which we have just referred, however eloquent, however just in their conclusions, however conducive to minister to piety, offer little which can really stand the scrutiny of philosophical inquiry. The mixing up of religious considerations, *assumed* as true, with the very arguments whose special object is to *prove* them true, involves the whole argument in a vicious circle. And what is the consequence? When the more strictly logical inquirer approaches the subject *thus treated* by its advocates, will he not most naturally infer that it is really incapable of better evidence, and perceiving the manifest fallacies of its defenders, attribute those defects to the nature of the subject itself, and fancy himself warranted in a rejection of it altogether?

In truth, it must be allowed, that the confused and illogical method in which too many writers have delivered the evidences of natural theology, has afforded no small triumph to the enemies of religion; and in no instance more so than in what has been termed the doctrine of "*final causes.*" It is far from our intention here to go into the metaphysics of the question. We will merely observe that we hope, for the sake of truth, a better apprehension of the real nature of this important part of the great argument is beginning to prevail; and as at once an exemplification of this, and as furnishing the most perspicuous view of what appears to us the real nature of the case, we shall not apologise for here recommending to the notice of our readers a work (which we have, indeed, before referred to) in which the subject is discussed in considerable detail — "The Connection of Natural and Divine Truth," by Professor Powell. London, 1838.

We have dwelt, perhaps, our readers may think, too much on these somewhat abstruse topics, but our excuse, we hope, will be found in the all-important nature of the subject, and in the immediate bearing which these remarks will be found to have on a most prominent portion of the work of M. Comte. His remarks connected with the doctrine of final causes, espe-

cially in reference to astronomy, have exposed him to the charge of atheism; and we shall now proceed to a brief review of those remarks as the best mode of exhibiting, we will not say their emptiness and futility, but as evincing how completely a philosopher of confessedly the highest talent in mathematical and physical science, may be led into the most palpable fallacies (how far by prejudice we will not judge), but certainly in a great degree, by the confusion in which the whole subject of final causes and the arguments connected with them seems to have presented itself to his mind.

"Pour les ésprits étrangers à l'étude des corps célestes, quoique souvent très-éclairé d'ailleurs sur d'autres parties de la philosophie naturelle, l'astronomie a encore la réputation d'être une science éminemment réligieuse, comme si le fameux verset, 'Cœli enarrant gloriam Dei,' avait conservé tout sa valeur."—Tom. ii. p. 36.

Here let us first observe, before we proceed, that if by an "eminently religious science" the author means to convey any distinct meaning, it can only refer to the *inferences* which may be deduced from the study of astronomy, or the reflections which may arise out of it, and not to the *actual science itself.* A science, as such, is a mere abstract matter of intellectual contemplation, and can neither be "religious" nor the contrary; and as to the deductions we may make, or the reflexions in which we may indulge upon the study of any science, that must depend more upon our own turn of thought, than upon any thing in the mere naked truths which the science brings before us; so, in the present instance, it is difficult to understand how any particular advance in the disclosure of astronomical truths can affect the sublimity of the reflexion in the words of the Psalmist here quoted, or cause a diminution, as the author expresses it, in their value. We shall not so much as notice the absurd and flippant remark with which he follows out the above reflexion in a note, but proceed to his next remark, which has something more of a show of argument in it.

"Il est cependant certain, ainsi je l'ai établi, que toute science réelle est en opposition radicale et nécessaire avec toute théologie; et ce caractère est plus prononcé en astronomie que partout ailleurs, précisément parceque l'astronomie est, pour ainsi dire, plus *science* qu'aucune autre suivant la comparaison indiquée ci-dessus."—Ib.

Now here we beg to observe, that, to our apprehension, the author has established in his previous lectures no such thing as that "every real science is thus essentially opposed to all theology." What he *has* established is a very different thing, which nothing but the most blinded prejudice, or the most deliberate misrepresentation could confound with this, viz., that all real science, to be so called, is, and must be, thoroughly divested of all theological views, ideas, and assumptions in its *evidence and method of investigation.* It must stand simply and independently on its own ground of strict inductive conclusion, unwarped by any theological prepossessions — unaided by any theological sanctions: thus, and thus only, it can attain a real character of substantial, scientific truth. This is quite a different thing from affirming or showing any such contradiction to theology in the *conclusions* which may be deduced from a science so established; and, moreover, it is precisely from its being thus *independently* established in the first instance, that we are able, logically, to *infer* from it any of those sublime considerations which make it subservient to the evidences of natural theology.

But the author proceeds: —

"Aucune (science) n'a porté de plus terribles coups à la doctrine des causes finales,

généralement regardée par les modernes comme la base indispensable de tous les systèmes religieux, quoiqu'elle n'en ait été en réalité qu'une conséquence."

Here the author is running headlong into the dangerous abyss of metaphysics, against which he, in other places, is so anxious to guard us. The unfortunate term, "final cause," is the source of all the perplexity in too many discussions of this nature; and so far we will say in candour for M. Comte, that in the hopeless puzzle in which the meaning of the term has been involved, he may find some justification in being severe upon those who have argued upon the notion in a way any thing but really serviceable to the cause of rational religion. Understood (if understood at all), or at least talked of, and discussed, as final causes have been, by many writers on natural theology, the correctness of the author's remark, that they are really the *consequences* rather than the *foundations* of religious systems, has been fully substantiated; nay, more, the subject has even been put in this light by theological writers themselves — who have in no instance more signally exposed religious evidence to fair cavils than by refusing to reason rigidly upon the bare truths which science offers, and perpetually insisting on mixing up religious truths with them; as if they would attempt to secure the *foundation* of a building by clamping it up — to the *roof*.

But let us proceed to look at these "terrible blows" which astronomy has thus inflicted on the doctrine of final causes.

"La seule connaissance du mouvement de la terre a dû détruire le premier fondement réel de cette doctrine, l'idée de l'univers subordonné à la terre, et par suite à l'homme."— Ib. p. 37.

This is the first of these "terrible blows," — this the notion which M. Comte entertains of the nature of final causes! a doctrine essentially implying the subordination of the universe to the earth and to man. That such an idea was entertained under the dominion of the Ptolemaic system is no doubt true, and that it was dispelled the moment the subordinate position of the earth was established is equally true: but to suppose this the essential principle of "final causes," or even in any way an exemplification of the doctrine, merely shows how totally the author is at sea upon such a subject. Astronomy proves the motion of the earth; — the motion of the earth destroys the subordination of the universe to man: — ergo, final causes are destroyed, and all theology overthrown! Such is M. Comte's logic. But we will not condemn him on a single instance; we will proceed to his next case, of the discomfiture of final causes: —

"D'ailleurs, l'exacte exploration de notre système solaire ne pouvait manquer de faire essentiellement disparaître cette admiration aveugle et illimitée qu'inspirait l'ordre général de la nature, en montrant de la manière la plus sensible, et sous un très-grand nombre de rapports divers, que les élémens de ce système n'étaient certainement point disposés de la manière la plus avantageuse, et que la science permettait de concevoir aisément un meilleur arrangement."— Ib.

Now, without entering upon the nice calculations by which physical astronomers have deduced what would be the results, as to the motion, &c. of the planets, had certain primary laws of the system been different from what they are; — and without discussing, whether any apparent simplicity which might be gained by such an arrangement would really have been attended by any sort of substantial advantage, or what, indeed, in such a case, is to determine the *advantageous* nature of the result at all; — we will merely ask, in what way can the calculation of a supposed *better* arrangement

detract from the *absolute goodness* of that which actually prevails? And further, whether apparently more or less advantageous, how can the question affect in any way the essential fact of the *existence* of recondite harmony in the actual *adjustment* of the laws of the system, which on all sound principles of reasoning is the sole true sense of final causes; or, in other words, the indications of design, the evidence of moral causation. According to M. Comte's logic, a common watch presents *no* indications of *design*, *because* it is not a perfect chronometer!

To crown the whole, however, —

"Enfin sur un dernier point de vue encore plus capital, par le dévélopement de la vraie mécanique céleste depuis Newton, toute philosophie théologique, même la plus perfectionnée, a été désormais privée de son principal office intellectuel, l'ordre le plus régulier étant dès lors conçu comme nécessairement établi et maintenu, dans notre monde, et même dans l'univers entier, par la simple pesanteur mutuelle de ses diverses parties."

Now it is precisely the establishment of this one grand principle to which all the invariable laws of our system are traced by the Newtonian philosophy, which has supplied the highest and most satisfactory argument of adjustment, design, and mind, to natural theology.

As to the "intellectual office of theological philosophy," of which the author speaks, it has evidently nothing in common with such conclusions. Perhaps, however, the author is here simply alluding to the distinction he had before laid down with so much clearness, and means only to censure the *introduction* of *theological* considerations into *philosophy*. If so, we entirely agree with him, as we before said: but we rather suspect his ideas have here borrowed a considerable share of the confusion in which those of his theological opponents have too commonly been involved.

The author then proceeds to take, as an example, the law of what is termed "the Stability of the Solar System:" this, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, is a great principle in physical astronomy, which has been fully substantiated by the researches of Laplace and others, and consists in this; — that all the slight durations or "perturbations" (as they are called) in the movements of the planets, arising from their mutual attractions one on another, (which of course are perpetually varying according to their *relative* positions in the orbits,) are, from the nature of the case, necessarily confined within certain limits, which they cannot exceed; and when they approach them, return again, and go through another similar cycle of changes; and so on perpetually.

M. Comte then refers to this truth, as having been considered an eminent instance in support of final causes: —

"Cette grande notion," he observes (ib. p. 38.), "présentée sous l'aspect convenable, pouvait sans doute devenir aisément la base d'une suite des déclamations éloquentes, ayant une imposante apparence de solidité. Et néanmoins une constitution aussi essentielle à l'existence continue des espèces animales est une simple conséquence nécessaire, d'après les lois mécaniques du monde, de quelques circonstances caractéristiques de notre système solaire," &c.

Here the supposed final cause is, the preservation of living beings, or the rendering the planets habitable. And this the author contends is illusory, *because* this "stability of the system" is the result of certain conditions in the nature and distances of the planets: and, moreover, it does not hold good with respect to comets which are presumed uninhabited: — a maze of reasoning which we in vain endeavour to thread.

When, however, we look at the question, under the more just and comprehensive view of *order and adjustment, as the indications of mind*, who does not perceive how immensely this very circumstance, that the "stability" is the result of other conditions of the system, adds to the force of those indications.

We have here gone through (perhaps in more detail than may be agreeable to all our readers) the whole material part of M. Comte's inferences, in opposition to the doctrine of "Final Causes," or what we would rather term the evidences of Order and Design. We have thought it desirable to enter thus into the subject, because there is, about the author's mode of stating it, somewhat of an imposing tone of philosophical authority, which, in conjunction with the prevailing confusion of ideas on the subject, may really, in many minds, lead to serious misconceptions, and the adoption of ideas at once as much at variance with all true philosophy as they are with rational faith. To those who have studied carefully the real foundations of natural theology, such sophistry will appear in its actual emptiness. But we believe it to be a maxim, as sound as it is important, that *the strength of irreligion lies in the ignorance of religion.* Natural science ministers *proof* to those great truths which are the essential ground-work of all belief. But for this very reason it must be *independent* of them: — for this very reason it must be in itself wholly divested of any thing of a theological character; and must assume its true and strictly "positive" character.

M. Comte has, we repeat, in our opinion, done most essential service to true science by insisting so powerfully on this distinctive characteristic: and therein, however unconsciously, has conduced to the stability of the evidences of sacred truth; against which his superficial cavils and sneers are really powerless. But the advocates of Divine truth, in the present times, must bestir themselves to present its evidences in that more strict and pure form which the advance of positive philosophy requires: and the cultivators of science must be careful in following up the rules so ably expounded by M. Comte, not to fall into his errors, and go out of their way to degrade philosophy, by making it a vehicle for cavils against religion.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;*

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. III.— *Othello.*

It will have been observed that many of these rudimentary characters, across whose unsettled superficies perhaps only one far gleam of flickering light has been shed from the shrine of their author's genius, do nevertheless frequently reflect and re-act upon the main characters of the *Dramatis Personæ;* bringing them out under new aspects, or enhancing their previous known qualities and peculiarities. As examples of this we may mention Leah, with reference to Shylock; and the nebulous characters which flicker round the belted globe of Falstaff's wit, — glimmer in his zodiac, and fall into his absorbing sun. The present tragedy, also, contains several of these humble satellites and reflectors, which will nevertheless be found to bring out into strong relief certain points and parts of the characters of the chief actors, which were previously obscure, perhaps invisible. Slight, therefore, as is the filament whereby they hold their being, they are not to be considered as mere overflowings of their author's imagination; but, for the most part, as tending, whether directly or indirectly, to elucidate individualities, and give an atmosphere of general truth to the whole.

Those with which we have to begin are the merest sketches in themselves, yet indicative of serious things — deep policies and skill in dealing with mankind, great address, a subtle-pointed tongue, and ceaseless perseverance. We allude to the "three great ones" of the city, who doffed their caps in personal suit to Othello, in order to prevail upon him to make Iago his lieutenant. What could have induced them to do this? Iago was a man of no family or wealth — a mere soldier of fortune, who followed Othello "for necessity of present life." What then but the consummate tact of this man of evil genius, acting upon the several peculiarities of less acute natures, could have caused three persons of consequence in Venice to exert their influence, and humble themselves to ask a favour for his service.

It is understood by everybody that Michael Cassio was not a married

* As we hold ourselves in some degree responsible for the title of this series of Papers on Shakspeare, which has been in part adopted by the author at our suggestion, we feel it necessary to observe that, although the term "Undeveloped" appears on the whole to be the most comprehensive and appropriate that, perhaps, could have been chosen, yet it is occasionally liable to exceptions: for example, the "lord with the pouncet box" is a portrait painted with such minute care, that the lineaments are perfectly brought out; and the "fool-suckler" and "small-beer chronicler" (described by Iago) is an instance of the complete portraiture of a most complex and anomalous character. But if the design be understood to include all those shadowy trains of Being that are suggested in allusive passages throughout the dialogue, and never appear upon the stage, or, appearing, never speak — the Voiceless and Invisible Characters of Shakspeare's Plays — the title, which in all cases is a matter difficult of determination, will sufficiently convey to the reader the purport of these curious, and, we hope we may be permitted to say, beautiful studies of an unexplored world of dramatic Poetry.

The value of these Papers, as throwing a strong light upon the Plays of Shakspeare from a new point, and, indeed, discovering to us some springs of Truth in the drama of Nature that had hitherto not been sufficiently considered, is universally recognised, and has led to some conjectures concerning the authorship which we feel ourselves bound to set at rest. These essays are written by R. H. Horne, Esq., the author of "Cosmo de Medici" and "The Death of Marlowe." Such subjects demanded the enthusiasm and power of one who, like Mr. Horne, had himself excelled in the Art which their investigation unfolds. — Eds.

man. He was a rather wild sort of handsome young bachelor-officer, who had a jealous mistress named Bianca, but no "proper" wife. Yet the thing is actually said in the first scene of the play: —

> "*Iago.* And what was he?
> Forsooth a great arithmetician,
> One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
> A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
> That never set a squadron," &c.

Did Shakspeare alter his mind as he proceeded, and forget to alter this passage; or is it a misprint in all the early copies? The difficulty, as the text stands, is not lessened by the probability that Iago was himself a Florentine (see Act III. Sc. I.) and "had a fair wife" of questionable marital theories. It is requisite to take great liberties with the text to make such a reading intelligible in that place. The acting copies, of course, settle the matter with their accustomed facility; and professing the most grandiloquent admiration and the profoundest veneration for Shakspeare, just cut away or alter any passage they think proper. Whoever, therefore, the "fellow" might really be who was thus "almost damned in a fair wife," the honest reading of the original text certainly gives her to Cassio; albeit the poet divorced them in the progress of his plot, and gave the lady (as it would seem) to Iago, and furnished Cassio with a jealous mistress instead. This speculation as to the ante-natal and artistical history of Emilia is curious, and no less temeritous, because it requires that she should be traced back to her origin in the author's brain, where she was first conceived as the wife of Cassio. It is also curious, and no less interesting, that the first time they appear together on the stage, Cassio kisses her, with an apology to Iago.

The next of these characters that occurs in the tragedy (though we do not always take them in the regular order of their occurrence) is the gondolier who took Desdemona to the Moor, when she fled from her father's house. It is quite evident that he could not have been a common gondolier, or one chosen by her at the moment. Othello was prepared to receive and secrete her awhile, until they were married; he therefore knew of her intention to leave her home that night, and would certainly have gone for her himself, whatever reasons there were against it, unless he could have found some one on whose fidelity, skill, and courage he could firmly rely for the safety of so precious a charge. It is difficult not to believe that Othello went secretly in the gondola to bring her away, but the text rather gives us to understand otherwise, and that she was "transported *to* the Moor" by a certain gondolier.

Othello alludes to his ancestors, and distinctly claims to have royal blood in his veins. This is no more than might have been expected. There is something so lofty and severely noble in the character of Othello, that we might have easily conjectured, without any such authority or hint, that some of his ancestors had sat like spirits of night, with starry crowns, upon high pyramidal thrones "of Ormus or of Ind," or had raised a swarthy arm, before which a locust-like host of Arabians fell prostrate to hear its bidding. The father of Othello, however, is a more tangible character. The characters, both of Othello's father and mother, are brought very near to us, through the medium of a sorceress, who found means to infuse the darkest spells into the mind of the latter, by an influence which, if we grant the premises (as of course her circumstances of birth made it certain she would regard with profound and trembling belief), was perfectly natural in its effect.

"*Othello.* That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give:
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wived,
To give it her."

Othello evidently inherited much of his mother's superstition, although the active and mixed circumstances of his life had lulled, or kept in abeyance, such notions, until suddenly developed by his passion. No sooner is he possessed with the idea, than he enhances and aggravates it to himself as though to give him fresh cause for lashing himself into fury. In doing this we hear of another preternatural power, and then his imagination loses all government and dashes off into gross absurdities, probably never set down even in the magic chronicles of his parents.

"*Othello.* Take heed on 't!
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To lose 't, or give 't away, were *such perdition*
As *nothing else* could match."

It is plain that his passion invents this extreme value and surpassing punishment, because he believes she has given it to Cassio. Poor Desdemona had never heard before of the perilous value of this present: she might well ask if it could possibly be of such supernatural importance.

"*Desdemona.* Is 't possible?
"*Othello.* 'T is true; there 's magic in the web of it:
A Sybil, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work.
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in *mummy*, which the skilful
Conserved of *maidens' hearts!*
"*Desdemona.* Indeed! is 't true?"

No wonder she doubted it: Othello was a changed being. His passion at this moment had transformed him, or rather cast back the elements of his nature into the time and circumstances of his ancestors and parents, upon whose wild imaginations and fiery blood the dark incantations of this awful sybil, with her two hundred years of age, had wrought so potently. How unlike to the habitual character of the high-minded and self-possessed Othello does the utterance of the gross barbarian superstition, about the mummy of maidens' hearts, render him! But at this instant, his own life and practice are compromised, and he flames in all the pagod state of his benighted ancestors.

An amusing instance occurs in one of the early scenes, of the universal interest Shakspeare took in every body and every thing that, by the most remote or indirect means, happened to flit across the imagination of any one of his interlocutors. When no longer a doubt can exist as to the fleet of the Ottomites bearing down upon Cyprus, the following hurried dialogue occurs: —

"*Duke.* 'T is certain then, for Cyprus.— Marcus Lucchesé,
Is he *not here* in town?
"*First Senator.* He 's now in Florence.
"*Duke.* Write from us to him; *post — post-haste — dispatch!*"

This profound statesman — this successful admiral — this great engineer — this consummate political economist — this influential foreign diplomatist — this loan-lending capitalist — or whatever this Marcus Lucchesé might have been — about whose absence at so critical a time the Duke suddenly falls into such a state of excitement, — this wonderful personage never once appears, and is never mentioned again. But though not in the least degree necessary to the developement of the tragedy (so far as we can see, — though seeing further might, for aught we can tell, have shown us that had he been present Iago might have been apprehended on "given" grounds, and hanged), this personage evidently held an important position in the mind of the Duke. Though the Duke's mind, like Marcus Lucchesé, is little or nothing to Othello, still they were both something to nature. This is one of the reasons why Shakspeare's works are like the world.

The Duke's son is mentioned. In order to show his respect and regard for old Brabantio, who cries aloud of his loss and injury, the Duke says, that even if his own son prove to be the offender —

> "The bloody book of law
> You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
> After *your own sense*."

This permission given to an enraged old man to interpret the law his own way, not only conveys a very bad opinion of the Duke's justice, as well as governing temper, but leads to the opinion that the said son was by no means a very great favourite with his father. The daughter of the Duke originates, however, a more lively and definitive interest, and a novel speculation. After Othello has told the story of his eventful life, and the origin and progress of the feelings he excited in Desdemona, the Duke exclaims, —

> "I think this tale would win my daughter too!"

Supposing this had been the case, the subsequent fortunes and fate of Othello and Desdemona would have been totally changed. In the first place, the Duke — notwithstanding what he says upon impulse, the case not applying to himself except as a passing idea — might have had Othello privately seized and strangled in one of the dungeons beneath his palace. Then Iago (who had discovered the assassination,) induces Cassio (who has married Desdemona) to create an insurrection in the army, in order to revenge the murder of their renowned general. The palace is attacked and taken. The body of Othello is found in the dungeon, together with that of the Duke's daughter, lying by his side, who has just died, having poisoned herself. Iago betrays Cassio to the Duke, with an ultimate view to be made general of the forces. Cassio is seized, but the Duke being haunted night and day with the ghastly faces of the Moor and his daughter, goes mad, and kills Iago in one of his paroxysms, mistaking him for some horrible creature of his own diseased imagination. The Duke, being placed under restraint, bursts from his chamber, and dies in the dungeon where the bodies of his daughter and Othello were found; and Cassio and Desdemona become Duke and Duchess of Venice.

The character, so comprehensively outlined, and, though painted of "distemper," so glossed over with deceptive varnish by the cynical Iago, must not be omitted. He gives all the qualities such a fine balance, and adjusts each perfection to such a finished point of propriety with the whole, that we are not at all surprised he should deduce the inactivity of body and mind, as a result of the aggregate.

"*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish — and yet said '*Now I may;*'
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her *wrong stay*, and her *displeasure fly;*
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and ne'er look behind;
She was a wight — if ever such wight were ——
"*Desdemona.* To do what?
"*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

Now, that this is a "most lame and impotent conclusion," with reference to what the imagination might well anticipate from such specious premises, may be too true; but, to the understanding, the result of all these neutralised forces could excite no surprise by its imbecility. The unfortunate fool-suckler appears, nevertheless, to be very unkindly treated by this philosophy; and when we add to the occupation her other duty in keeping a diary of the weekly changes in sourness, acridity, mouldiness, and bad odour of such a rascally compound as small beer, one can but feel glad to perceive that such a character is anomalous, and a pure invention of malicious hilarity. It can hardly be said to exist, except as an exaggeration of a very small class. The perfection of the negations, negatives the fact itself.

It is worthy of remark, that although Iago possesses a quick fancy, and considerable powers of invention, the foregoing creation of sourness and bitterness out of a deceptive assemblage of sweets, and of domestic inanity out of apparent excellence, is the only instance of his indulging his vein. No other ideal character ever flies incontinently from the play of his imagination, as is the case with the majority of characters in Shakspeare, who possess good animal spirits. He has no passing allusions to kindred or friends; no memories of past days. He seems to walk alone among mankind. The reason is, that Iago is a being without any sympathies. He only thinks that he may act for his own advantage, to the injury of others. He is strictly a practical man; and though he often thinks fallaciously, and (consciously) without any certain grounds, he yet determines to act upon his thought, — partly from personal motives, — partly from the love of mischief, — and partly from the excitement derived from a splenetic contempt of dangerous consequences.

An idea is thrown out of Othello having a brother, who was killed in battle by his side, while defended in vain by his arm; and a supposititious twin-brother is also open to speculation. The sailing-master, or pilot, who brought Othello safe through the storm, in which his vessel got a worse buffetting than the rest, is mentioned with grateful care that his merits should not be overlooked. These things show a sympathy with humanity.

"*Othello.* Pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the Master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect."

Act II. Sc. I.

With what contempt must Iago have thought of all this goodness. The pilot seems to have been detained ashore, and hospitably treated by Othello, who entrusts him with important state papers, when he is about to return to Venice.

"*Othello.* Those letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate."

ACT III. Sc. I.

It would be a most interesting portrait — were any such extant — of the Venetian lady who would have made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and barefooted, in order to obtain a kiss from the lips of one she loved, but who was insensible both to her beauty and affection. In the same scene in which this is mentioned, we discover Desdemona's mother, together with a poor, sad-singing girl, and her false lover. But they all form an essential part of the pathos of the scene, and must be taken in a general view of its entire emotions.

One of the most exquisitely pathetic and highly finished scenes in this great tragedy (omitted in all the acting copies, as in representation), and one of the most consummate proofs of Shakspeare's profound knowledge of the inward workings of the creatures he had called into being, from their first step in life even unto the threshold of the grave, — is the scene between Desdemona and Emilia, while the latter is assisting in loosening her attire before she goes to her convulsive death-bed. Amidst the indifferent and almost unconscious directions concerning her night-dress and her wedding-sheets, — indifferent, because they are only things of this world, with which she feels she has well nigh done; — amidst the one sad, passing effort to rally her wandering soul, and her heart, sinking down with every minute, by trying to converse on ordinary matters — objects pleasing to look upon, and qualities to admire; — amidst the irresistible ingress of a strong *sense* of that despairing philosophy which teaches the fallaciousness of hope, and the fond foolishness of our minds (thus showing how a young heart, hitherto ever happy, which had thought but little, now on a sudden, by stress of anguish and the deep pulses of ending time, arrives at the ultimate despondencies of a long life, worn with constant disappointment, and sceptical of the use of existence); and amidst the drowsy languor, not of sleep, but of coming eternity, and a yearning resignation to the fate, whose breath is already upon her soul; — in this last extremity of over-wrought and passive emotion, the sweet of all humanity gently gushes forth in sympathetic memory of the sufferings of another. Poor Barbara and her song, full to overflowing of hopeless tenderness, and the desolate beauty that rises up to heaven with the appealing effluence of every broken heart; — poor Barbara with her mad lover, — called "mad" by Desdemona, because "he did forsake her," — she is not much thought of — nor, perhaps, generally known. Yet her sad fate may be remembered with that of Ophelia — her song with the songs of all those who have died for love.

"*Emil.* I would, you had never seen him!
"*Desde.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,— have grace and favour in them.
"*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.
"*Desde.* *All's one. Good Father! how foolish are our minds!*
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.
"*Emil.* Come, come; you talk.
"*Desde.* My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara:*
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of "willow"—
An old thing, 'twas; but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind. I 've much ado,
But to go hang my head all on one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—*Pr'ythee dispatch!*

"*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?
"*Desde.* No; unpin me here.
This Ludovico is a proper man.
"*Emil.* A very handsome man.
"*Desde.* He speaks well.
"*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
"*Desde.* (*singing*). *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore tree,*
Sing all a green willow!
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow! willow! willow!
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow! willow!
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;
Sing willow! willow!
[Lay by these.] *Willow! willow!* [Pr'ythee, hie thee! — he 'll come anon.]
Sing all a green willow shall be my garland!
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve ——
Nay, that 's not next — hark! who is it that knocks?
"*Emil.* It is the wind."

No! it is the bloody Othello! —the abused, misguided, friend-betrayed, but still the blood-bereaving, murderous Othello! With glaring eyes — with mouth, as of a wild beast raging in parched thirst, and fingers that clutch the poniard, and are ready to be tangled in the knot-twisted hair, moist with horror,— he comes! — comes to destroy the loving and the innocent, —justified by passion only, in the abstract judgment of our passionate imaginations.

The scene of Desdemona's death is harrowing to every thought and feeling. How do the frightful deeds of war, the combats of gladiators, the duels of the aggrieved, sink into mere physical energies and shudders, when compared with the remorseless murder, by an infuriate husband's hand, of a most loving and gentle being, who has not the strength to resist the sanguinary law he has taken into his own purblind execution (himself, it is an hundred to one, more criminal in the very respect wherein he conceives her so guilty), and who is certain to fall a victim, through her bodily inequality, be her mind, or *her* "cause," as strong as possible in nature.

But what, then, was the predominant and passionate "cause" in Othello's soul? Did the despotic influence of his Eastern blood propel him, being exasperated, to some vague notion of the several relations of master and slave? Was it a more modern idea of the outrage of marital legalities and rights over his female "property?" did he murder his wife because he believed she loved Cassio? and was his hand nerved by a deadly revenge, his cause being the maddened vanity of mere jealousy? Certainly not: these things show small and common beside the vast passion and anguish that filled Othello's breast. But that one, to whom he had devoted his soul, in the fixed assurance that she was the paragon of all that was fair in nature, should, in a few weeks, in the very ripeness of his joy, prove to be all that was gross in nature and foul in art, — whose affection had appeared to be so strong, that unsolicited it did bestow itself, — and yet it was all a lie, to use him for a means and blind, by and behind which she could the better carry on her intercourse with another, and this other his most trusted friend; — these feelings, added to the "extreme perplexity" of her most innocent, and therefore, maddening face, — these were the "causes" why Othello destroyed her. His deep love for her nothing could erase, or even injure, beyond the moment of rage. He could not bear the abstract idea of murdering so sweet a creature — her in whom he had "garnered up his heart." He contemplates her death as a severe and necessary act of justice, "else she 'll

betray more men." He would on no account injure her beyond the corporeal tenement of beauty, whereby she had abused and frightfully deformed the supreme idea of perfection with which she had possessed and enchanted him to rapture. He "would not kill her soul;" he would have her live again, and for ever — but not here.

The convulsive reaction of Othello's mind on discovering that all his passion, and its casuistry, had been founded upon a delusion — while the consequences were beyond recal — is so extreme as to be of brief duration. His very heart and spirit both sink back into the past. He makes a thrust at Iago, but is not sorry to have missed his blow, and is glad to find himself disarmed. He feels death too sweet and simple a consummation for so wicked and complex a thing as Iago. He returns to where he had "garnered up his heart," and again he is with his murdered love. His hand — he believes so, though he is confused with the dreadful dreaminess of the thought — had destroyed her — yes, he had done it. He compares himself to Herod, who slew Mariamne from jealousy: —

> "*Othello.* Like the base Judæan, threw a pearl away,
> Richer than all his tribe."

He does not make this comparison on account of the mere jealousy; he was "not easily jealous; but, being wrought upon, perplexed in the extreme." The association in his feelings is that of the *cruelty* of Herod; and instantly, the cruel thought melts him to the very soul, and his eyes

> "Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gums."

These tears afford some "medicine" to his anguish, and he feels it. His heavy and half-suffocated heart is relieved — and with relief comes strength. His renovated strength he instantly turns upon himself. The idea of Herod's cruelty is not enough for the sense of his self-reproach and self-abasement; there must be self-revenge, which is justice. He feels that Othello has acted like a *malignant infidel:* — in imagination he again grasps the throat of the malignant Turkish "dog" who "beat a *Venetian*, and traduced the state;" and, in his last moments yet once more the lofty-minded Othello, he stabs to the core of his own base crime, through the memory of that unbeliever's baseness.

The Sketches and Suggestions of character in this tragedy are the following: —

Three Great Ones.
Cassio's Wife.
The Gondolier.
Othello's Ancestors.
Othello's Father.
Othello's Mother.
Marcus Lucchesé.
The Duke's Son.
The Duke's Daughter.
The Fool-suckler.
The Pilot.
The Egyptian.
The Sybil.
Othello's Brothers.
Desdemona's Mother.
Poor Barbara.
Barbara's Lover.
The Lady in Venice.
The Turk, &c.

THE SOCRATIC IRONY.

Καὶ αὐτὸς ἔφασκον ταῦτα πρὸς αὐτούς· οἱδὲ εἰρωνείαν ᾤοντο τὸ πρᾶγμα εἶναι.—"I told them so myself; but they supposed that the whole matter was mere Irony."

The man knows nothing whatever, being equally and utterly ignorant on all subjects; moreover it is impossible to believe a word he says, or to tell whether he be in jest or in earnest; perhaps it may rather be said that he is never in earnest! There is no office so trifling, no employment so humble, which would be accessible, in the present wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, refined or unrefined age, to a candidate, who had no other recommendation than the description, that was accounted the most admirable and excellent in the wise or unwise, learned or unlearned, refined or unrefined age of Pericles, and in his renowned city of Athens. The fullest attestation of constant, universal ignorance, and of perpetual, undeviating falsehood, would not conciliate regard, or provoke envy; it would serve only to secure neglect and contempt for one, of whom it might be truly affirmed, that he knows nothing, and never speaks what he thinks. Yet such was the character of the wisest of the wise — of the best of the good men of antiquity. Who was the wisest man? Solomon. Who was the most ignorant? Socrates. Who was the least veracious, and the most insincere?

Pater Sophorum, magnus ille Socrates.

The son of a stone-cutter and a midwife, a man of humble station, scanty fortune, and mean aspect, came to be highly esteemed on account of his natural talents and extensive acquirements. His reputation accords with the ordinary course of events; the well-born and the wealthy possess certain advantages, which aid them in the pursuit of knowledge and of fame, and they are often retarded by the favours of fortune; on the other hand, a person of low origin and indigent is at once urged forward, and held back, by his meanness and poverty; consequently the success of the rich or of the poor aspirant is seldom surprising in the eyes of those, who form a right estimate of difficulties and facilities. Inasmuch as it is necessary, that some one should be first amongst the first, as well as amongst the last, it is easy to conceive, that some one philosopher must, or may be preferred to the rest; but it is hard rightly to understand the reasons and grounds of preference. The pre-eminence of Socrates is well known and generally acknowledged; to bring together proofs and illustrations from the writings of historians and of philosophers, would be only to do again what has been done already and often: one argument, however, of his transcendant greatness, to which no common authority was ascribed in his own time, merits more consideration and notice, than it has hitherto received. The priestess of Apollo at Delphi returned for answer to Chærepho, who consulted the god on this subject, the celebrated response, which conferred a distinction at once so glorious and so invidious: —

Ἀνδρῶν ἁπάντων Σωκράτης σοφώτατος.

"Of all mankind Socrates is the wisest."

And it would not, perhaps, be wholly unprofitable to discourse, or to speculate, concerning this very remarkable oracle, and to speak of men, who were styled θεσπέσιοι, and who had been the subjects of prophecy, of oracles,

and divine predictions; about whom the gods themselves had spoken; but it is necessary to look another way, towards the Socratic Ignorance and the Socratic Irony, to the peculiar causes of recognised superiority. Socrates knew nothing whatever, being equally and utterly ignorant on all subjects; moreover it was impossible to believe a word he said, or to tell, whether he were in jest, or in earnest; perhaps it might rather be said, that he was never in earnest. If this character were literally and exactly true, it would paint a porter, a lighterman, a labourer, too despicable by far to be employed by any prudent master about the coarsest offices of manual occupation. It is evident, therefore, that it did not refer to the son of Sophroniscus and Phænarete, in his private and insignificant capacity, as a humble citizen of Athens, of the ward of Alopece. Notwithstanding his ignorance, he knew enough to perform the ordinary business of life, to the trifling extent in which he engaged in it, sufficiently well; and notwithstanding his disingenuousness, he might be implicitly believed and trusted in the small transactions, in which he embarked. He was conversant in the denominations of money, and he had no misgivings, no doubts, or scepticism, as to the bearings of the streets, the names of his acquaintances, and the like. Whenever he gave a small order to a tradesman it might be executed with safety; he really desired that the firewood, the flour, the flannel, which he ordered, should be sent to his lodgings; no hoax was intended, no fraud designed. In these minute matters he was ever in earnest and sincere. But it was far otherwise, we are told, in his public and most exalted station, as master and prince of the philosophers; when he treated for the purchase of some pounds of bread, an affair in which a brother freeman, a master baker, was alone interested to the extent of a few pence, he was quite serious; but the wisest of mankind jested, dissembled, feigned, and deceived, from first to last, in discoursing of eternal verities of perpetual concernment to the whole human race. To cheat a baker is a venial offence, which may be expiated in one hour, provided that one hour be spent in the stocks; but if there be a bad pleasantry, a thoroughly ill-natured joke, which is sport to one, and death to all the rest, it is, that he, who has been set above all men as the wisest, by divine authority and sanction, should mislead his disciples and hearers in those things, which it greatly behoves them to understand rightly. What weight or duration of punishment is adequate to the most heinous offence? If any were really led astray by the habitual simulation and dissimulation of the king of philosophers, he would seem to be less reprehensible, had he only been such a person as the literal apprehension of his character would make him, — namely, one not to be trusted or believed in buying and selling, but tricky and dishonest in mundane affairs, like a common rogue or thief. We are not permitted to believe, that any were so led astray or deceived; how hard, then, is it to seize the force and meaning of the Socratic Irony! The Socratic Ignorance is less incomprehensible, to a certain extent at least. The assertion, that the wisest of men knew nothing, although at first it may seem startling and paradoxical, appears, upon further reflection, generous and noble. How much the doctrine exalts our notion of knowledge! What encouragement does it afford the student; it is the best assurance, that his beloved studies will never fail him; that after years upon years of unwearied application he will still be far, very far from the end of his pleasant journey; that of him, who seeks only, that he may seek again, the occupation will never be gone! To attain fully to the Socratic Ignorance is to be as wise as Socrates himself, — a result rather to be earnestly desired than confidently anticipated. Some progress, however, towards the acqui-

sition of a general conception of its nature and properties may certainly be effected by the careful and continued perusal of the precious writings of the divine Plato. In order that he may venture to say, that he is ignorant of its contents, it is necessary for a student to read a work throughout very diligently, from the beginning to the end, twelve times at the least. It is the sentence of a rabbi; and whoever sought to explain the Socratic Ignorance, and was conversant with rabbinical literature, might draw many illustrations, and might derive much aid from these hidden stores. For it was truly remarked many ages ago of a learned Jew, either Plato talks after Philo, or Philo after Plato; and continually, for many ages, have the Jewish doctors been wet, often very wet, with the Socratic discourses:—

> "*Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet*
> *Sermonibus, te negliget horridus.*"

After the third reading, says the rabbi, you just begin to feel your ignorance a little, to catch faint glimpses of it, and to discern something, which you do not quite understand; the gradual development of negative knowledge is the consequence of each successive perusal; and after the twelfth, if the reader be in truth a man of competent learning, good abilities, and strenuous industry, he understands what there is in the book, that he does not understand; and is now in a fit state to begin to study his author with delight and advantage. To follow the erudite Hebrew, step by step, in his careful and minute dissection and demonstration of the anatomy of ignorance, and of its exterior integument, and hard, thick, and tough outer-shell and husk, the unconsciousness and ignorance of ignorance, would perhaps be instructive, but it would divert the attention from another subject. In order to comprehend the difficulty of mastering thoroughly any science, or department of knowledge, it is sufficient for the present purpose to have suggested to the mind, by way of illustration, a sketch and outline of the valuation of the amount and extent of the difficulty of understanding a single book drawn by the pen of a critic, whose natural position had a peculiar tendency to augment the inborn subtlety of Eastern wit. The doctors and scholars of the Jewish nation having been occupied for more than three thousand years in expounding a written code of laws, have attained to a degree of refinement, penetration, and acuteness in the nice arts of exposition, interpretation, and construction, which astonishes even a reader not unacquainted with the marvellous ingenuity and astuteness of the expounders of the text of the civil law. If the difficulty of rightly understanding books may be gathered from the lessons of rabbinical teachers, we must frequent the school of Socrates and ponder over the Socratic writings with a Jewish patience, and especially the golden pages of Plato, to glean so much of the Socratic Ignorance, as is scattered over them. To strive to learn ignorance is a generous ambition; and every occasion is a happy one which brings us nearer to the wise men of antiquity. "Many are possessed and actuated by a divine spirit derived to them through others, in the same manner, as it is reported of the Delphian priestess, that when she approaches the sacred tripod, where a chasm in the earth, they say, respires some vapour, which fills her with enthusiasm, she is immediately by that more than human power made pregnant, and is there upon the spot delivered of oracles, such as the particular nature of the inspiration generates. So from the great genius residing in the ancients, through them, as through some sacred openings, certain emanations issuing forth pass into the souls of their admirers, by which many, who of themselves but little

feel the force of Phœbus, swell with the expansive virtue of these great and exalted spirits."

Not only will the blessed vicinity of elevated genius, as he who wrote with sublimity concerning sublimity teaches, fashion, and inform us for honourable efforts and for a condign success; but it will enable us also to discern the best amidst the good, so that should a writer spring up once more in our time not inferior to the bright luminaries of former days, we should be qualified to recognise the illustrious stranger, to entertain him with a convenient hospitality, and to encourage him to lay aside all reserve and every disguise, and to appear in his real character, by our ready acceptance of him for such a personage. It is by a glorious exaltation of the soul, that the understanding is gradually brought to fix the limits of knowledge so far apart, to conceive knowledge itself, as being so high, so profound, so wide, so comprehensive, and at the same time so minute, so exact, so precise, that it is hard, or rather impossible, in the sense of the intellectual sense, when thus uplifted and so far raised, duly and fully to know any thing whatever. We are able, indeed, from our own resources, by assiduous meditation and earnest attention, to compass a general, but yet not a vague, or unsatisfactory, notion of one of the grand characteristics of the sovereign of the Grecian philosophers, the Socratic Ignorance; but with respect to the other, and more remarkable peculiarity, the Socratic Irony, the more painful and patient our investigations, the more inevitably do they lead to disappointment. In seeking to understand the nature of that famous mode of speech, in which the meaning was contrary, contradictory, or opposite to the words, we illustrate the other cardinal principle only; we look for the Irony, and we find the Ignorance. The dialogues of Plato are the great mart of this commodity, we are informed, and truly; for wonderful, most wonderful indeed, and altogether astonishing is the supply, in unwearied plenty and unbounded variety; we find in them dissimulation of every kind, unless peradventure we seek the Socratic; that alone is wanting. In these dialogues the soul of the reader revolves continually in a circle and cycle of delight; being married to his book, he desires no other; to end is to begin again, as surely as to commence is to finish; he is happy and contented with his author alone, unless he shall deem some acquaintance with the Socratic Irony an indispensable condition and ingredient of his felicity, and then the new-born wish will trouble his former contentment. The Irony of Plato was not that, which Socrates used, because we cannot find a vestige of it in the more faithful portrait drawn by Xenophon of the emperor and autocrat of all philosophy.

It has been asserted, so unspotted was the reputation of the last-named writer, so eminent his fidelity, that he actually took notes in short-hand of the conversation of his master. He was a disciple of Socrates, whose discourses he took down in short-hand (such is the signification which interpreters usually ascribe to the word ὑποσημειωσάμενος), and first made them public under the title of *Memorabilia*, remarkable sayings. Καὶ τουντεῦθεν ἀκροατὴς Σωκράτους ἦν· καὶ πρῶτος ὑποσημειωσάμενος τὰ λεγόμενα, εἰς ἀνθρώπους ἤγαγεν, ἀπομνημονεύματα ἐπιγράψας. The exquisite scenes portrayed by the vivid pencil of Plato are not less notorious on account of the rich figments and embellishments of the learned and inventive author, than the modest narrative of the rival biographer for its simple and scrupulous veracity. History has preserved the testimony of Socrates himself, touching the fictions, the inaccuracy, and infidelity of Plato. "Good God! how many things has he said of me, and made me say, which I never said or did!" was the well-known exclamation; an observation so well known,

indeed, and so often repeated, that it would be unnecessary to cite it again, but that the full force of this denial and disavowal is not perhaps always justly apprehended. Not only did Socrates use a strong expression, κατεψεύδετο, "what lies did he tell," but the occasion, which provoked it, is also very remarkable. Φασὶ δὲ καὶ Σωκράτην ἀκούσαντα τὸν Λύσιν ἀναγινώσκοντος Πλάτωνος, Ἡράκλεις, εἰπεῖν, ὡς πολλά μου κατεψεύδεθ' ὁ νεανίσκος, οὐκ ὀλίγα γὰρ, ὧν οὐκ εἴρηκε Σωκράτης, γέγραφεν ἀνήρ. "It is reported that Socrates, on hearing Plato read aloud the dialogue, which is inscribed Lysis, exclaimed, 'Good God! what a parcel of lies did that young man tell about me!' For the man has written not a few things which Socrates never said." The short and elegant dialogue concerning Friendship, is in truth not much unlike the plainness, and direct and artless candour of the Socrates of Xenophon; if then the comparatively simple Lysis could so far excite the chief and president of ethical philosophers, as to tempt the master to deny his disciple with an oath, how utterly dissimilar, how strangely dissonant and abhorrent, both in matter and manner, from the divine type and theme, were the scarcely less divine, but more Platonic, copy and variations, which the more fanciful and artful dialogues present. It is probable, therefore, that there is the same relation or proportion between the Socratic Irony and the Platonic, as exists between the natural, actual Socrates of the son of Gryllus, and the ideal, imaginary Socrates of the son of Aristo. But what was the genuine Socratic Irony? Irony, εἰρωνεία, *quæ diversum ei quod dicit, intellectum petit*, is, as it is commonly understood, a cool, cutting, bitter, biting, stinging sarcasm, uttered "*ad concitandum odium*," in which it is usually very effective, for it grates so harshly on the ear, that it is able to set on edge the teeth of the meekest man. The great master of rhetoric affirms — "We are offended also with those, who we perceive are mocking us, when we thought we were discoursing seriously with them, for irony has this property, that it is exceedingly contemptuous;" καταφρονητικὸν γὰρ ἡ εἰρωνεία. To pass at once from Aristotle to a very different but famous writer, in a popular and most influential treatise on Education, Mr. Locke, amongst other traits of Spartan discipline, directs — "In the little harms children suffer from knocks and falls, they should not be pitied for falling, but bid to do so again; which, besides that it stops their crying, is a better way to cure their heedlessness than knocks and blows, and to prevent their tumbling another time, than either chiding or bemoaning them." The cold-blooded irrision is more painful, even to an infant, than a smart stripe; nevertheless he does not cry under the infliction, because he perceives from the frigid sneer, that the sources of compassion are dried up. The invitation to try again, which the calm Locke would prescribe as the proper address towards a servant, who broke a plate, must surely be more annoying than a volley of oaths, and although less indecorous, far more symptomatic of abiding anger at the fracture of china and the breach of the peace and of quietness. Quintilian, in discoursing of irony, inquires, whether it be a trope or a figure, and decides, that if it be short the former, if long the latter; for irony, he says, may be continued for a long time, even for the term of a man's life, as in the case of Socrates, whose whole life was one perpetual irony: "*tum etiam vita universa ironiam habere videtur, qualis est vita Socratis. Num ideo dictus* εἴρων, *id est agens imperitum, et admirator aliorum tanquam sapientium.*" The renowned rhetorician mingles precepts with examples, the first of which is drawn from the orations of Cicero, who says to Catiline, "You then took yourself off to your companion, that excellent man, Marcellus;" *a quo repudiatus, ad sodalem tuum, virum optimum, M. Marcellum demigrasti.* Here the whole irony, he observes, is compre-

hended in two words, — two bitter words, and selected and uttered in a bitter spirit, more cutting than if he had said, as the great Tully was quite capable of saying, and accordingly he greatly delighted and dealt largely in irony in its ordinary acceptation; more cutting by far, than if he had spoken out and said plainly, "to that brother traitor, that murderous ruffian, that finished scoundrel, that cowardly and despicable villain;" consequently he chose rather to convey all this vituperation, and much besides, in the two words "excellent man." Another example is taken from the Æneid: —

> "*Meque timoris*
> *Argue tu Drance, quando tot cædis acervos*
> *Teucrorum tua dextra dedit,*"

from a furious speech delivered by an impetuous character under circumstances of extreme provocation. In short, wrathful pleaders seeking to indulge their own irritated feelings, to gratify their exasperated clients, and to vex and harass their opponents, delight in this trope, or figure, in the use and abuse of which political partisans also love to indulge; and all writers and speakers indeed, to whom it is pleasant, or profitable, to be, or to appear angry; to whom hatred and all evil passions yield fruit, or flowers. Consequently it is utterly incredible, that irony of this kind was grateful to the meekest, the mildest, the most benevolent of the professors of meekness, of mildness and of benevolence — the philosophers; and when the amiable Quintilian asserts, that the whole life of Socrates was one perpetual irony, it ts impossible that he should mean irony of that kind, of which alone he and the other rhetoricians furnish examples, but of some other and very different kind, that was unknown to him, or which he did not choose to explain; some bland, soothing, winning, insinuating, humane, lovely form and scheme of speech, that even in the days of the Spanish critic and his patron Galba was disused, or wholly lost. We cannot believe, that the life of Socrates was spent in uttering such ill-natured taunts, as the instances, which are commonly put forward to illustrate the figure, that formed, it is said, the entire substance of all his discourses; on the contrary, we have no reason to suppose, that he ever forgot himself, and departed so far from the surpassing sweetness of his temper and character, as to throw out a single spiteful, sneering, satirical remark: we cannot believe him to have been once ironical, as we now understand the word, much less can we believe, that he was constantly such. Aristotle discourses, as he is wont, of the golden peripatetic mean in ethics, of the due measure of self-estimation, which lies between arrogance on the one hand, and irony on the other, being equally distant from each extreme. The arrogant, boastful, or vain-glorious man, affects and attributes to himself and magnifies whatever is honourable and commendable, whether he really possesses it, or not, or only in a small degree: but an ironical person, on the contrary, either altogether denies that he has, or strives to lessen the importance of, such advantages, as he actually possesses. Ὁ δὲ εἴρων ἀνάπαλιν ἀρνεῖσθαι τὰ ὑπάρχοντα, ἢ ἐλάττω ποιεῖν. "The ironical, who dissemble and represent their own advantages as being less than they really are, are more polite and agreeable than the vain-glorious; for they do not appear to have any interested views, and are not fatiguing or importunate; and such persons are especially disposed to deny and to extenuate whatever tends to their own honour and glory, as Socrates used to do. If, however, this ironical dissimulation be carried to an excess, it becomes a kind of arrogance and vain-glorious boasting. But persons who use irony with moderation, and do not dissemble ironically about matters that are plain and palpable, appear to be polite and agreeable." In a

treatise on morals Aristotle necessarily confines his attention to the morality and ethical theory of irony, and does not treat of the mode of using it practically: he tells us shortly, that the method of Socrates was polite and agreeable. How much is it to be regretted, that the grand master of the peripatetic philosophy, who has comprehended in his voluminous, but condensed, writings, nearly the whole of the knowledge of his age, physical, metaphysical, critical, moral, and political, did not esteem the Socratic Irony worthy of a minute, exact, and searching analysis and an ample exposition. From his preceptor, Plato, and from many, who had often listened to the wisest of all men with delight and admiration, Aristotle had duly received the tradition and description of this celebrated manner of speech, of which the renowned professor and inventor had so recently been put to silence. Our curiosity, moreover, is somewhat stimulated by an apparent contradiction in the statement of the philosopher. In his Ethics he says the irony of Socrates was "polite and agreeable;" but in his Rhetoric, in a passage before referred to, he observes, irony is "offensive and exceedingly contemptuous." It should seem, that the Socratic Irony was tacitly excepted from this censure. Yet we may infer, that in his heart he did not altogether approve of any dissimulation or irony, even the most innocent, urbane, and festive, but would rather adhere to a direct, inflexible, and punctilious veracity; and perhaps the implied disapprobation of the pupil's pupil stimulates our curiosity the more. For he says in another place—"As to the true, the person, who observes the mean, is called true, and the mean itself the truth; and feigning, or simulation, if it tend to make the subject of discourse greater, is called arrogance, and the person, who has that quality, arrogant or boastful; if to make it less, the quality is called irony or dissimulation, and the person ironical." And in other passages of the same treatise on Ethics, Aristotle speaks of irony as being opposed to the just peripatetic mean, in which alone truth and virtue are to be found, and as being, therefore, to a certain extent, reprehensible; but he acknowledges, that irony is less strongly opposed to truth and less blameable than the contrary extreme of boastful arrogance: ἀντιχεῖσθαι δ' ὁ ἀλαζὼν φαίνεται τῷ ἀληθευτικῷ· χείρων γάρ. It is worthy of notice that the word εἴρων is used in a bad sense, and as a term of reproach, in the Clouds of Aristophanes, in the same verse with the word ἀλαζών, "an effeminate person, a dissembler, a slippery fellow, a boaster." Μάσθλης, εἴρων, γλοιὸς, ἀλαζών. It is a clever thing, doubtless, and a wise one also, to learn of Aristotle to dance upon the tight rope; to form a moral habit of passing in safety along a line, narrow, difficult, slippery, and through exceeding tension argute, which is the happy and just mean between the two perilous extremes, a fall towards the right on the one hand, and a fall towards the left on the other. But it were sweeter and better far to penetrate with Socrates a vast forest of ethical philosophy, wherein the intellect might repose calmly under the boundless contiguity of instructive amending pleasantry; a forest of how many gigantic trees, of how many huge branches, of how many quivering, countless leaves; and with as many moral precepts, as leaves, and under each leaf lurked an exhilarating jest. If it be conceded, that of mere human teachers Aristotle is in every department of science supreme, yet it cannot be denied that he is only as a child in comparison with divine men, with the superhuman Plato, and especially with Plato's master, whose merits, we are told, still further, and by a far wider interval, advanced beyond the limits prescribed to ordinary mortals.

Indeed it is a grievous thing, that tradition has not handed down to us any authentic examples of the genuine Socratic discipline; that time has not preserved the true form and pattern of that powerful and fine-edged

tool, the Socratic Irony. Impelled by a strong sense of solid utility, or, perhaps, by a liberal curiosity only, we anxiously search in every corner of that valuable repository, storehouse, and museum of Grecian literature, the miscellaneous and elegant compositions of Cicero; and we find frequent mention of Socrates and of his irony. If the several passages do not increase our perplexity, they certainly do not relieve our ignorance. The mode of speech, concerning which we eagerly inquire, is frequently commended in general terms, as in one example of many: "*Sed, uti ferunt, qui melius hæc norunt, Socratem opinor in hac Ironia, dissimulantiaque longe lepore et humanitate omnibus præstitisse: genus est perelegans, et cum gravitate salsum, cumque oratoriis dictionibus, tum urbanis sermonibus accommodatum.*" Such criticism is vague and unsatisfactory, and not more instructive than historical facts thus briefly conveyed: — "*perfectam prudentiam soli Socrati oraculum Delphicum adjudicavit.*" Not only are the descriptions of the Socratic Irony vague and general, but they certainly appear to be — let the word be used with the pardon and peace of so great a man — erroneous; and to be tainted with the mistake which has already been shortly noticed. The instances of the occurrence of this misconception — and such it must surely be — are numerous; it is enough to cite one of them. "*Tum ille, ego, inquit, Ironiam illam, quam in Socrate dicunt fuisse, quâ ille in Platonis, Xenophontis, et Æschinis libris utitur, facetam et elegantem puto. Est enim et minimè inepti hominis, et ejusdem item faceti, cum de sapientiâ disceptatur, hanc sibi ipsum detrahere, eis tribuere illudentem, qui eam sibi arrogant. Ut apud Platonem Socrates in cœlum effert laudibus Protagoram, Hippiam, Prodicum, Gorgiam, cæteros, se autem omnium rerum inscium fingit et rudem; decet hoc nescio quomodo illum: nec Epicuro, qui id reprehendit, assentior.*" The irrision of his opponents, and especially the sophists in dialectics and dialogue by Socrates, as it is exhibited by Plato, with which Cicero is so much delighted, and which must captivate every reader of taste and learning, is, indeed, admirable, astonishing, and so to say, miraculous; but inasmuch as it is commonly most exceedingly satirical, and must have been extremely offensive to the objects of it, and to their pupils, friends, and adherents, it is surely contrary to the duty of our allegiance and affection towards the sovereignty of the king and despot of the philosophers to accept, as genuine samples of his peculiar talent, the splendid specimens of the genius and originality of his divine disciple. Yet it is not to be denied, that, notwithstanding the reputation of his singular and unequalled benevolence, there is direct testimony of the fact, that his contemporaries were occasionally annoyed and exasperated by the exercise of his marvellous powers of refutation. Diogenes Laertius tells us, that the oracle, which conferred upon him the supremacy in wisdom, stirred up against him much envy and ill-will; and moreover, he was disliked because he had proved clearly some to be ignorant and incompetent persons, who entertained a very exalted opinion of themselves. Ἀφ' οὗ δὴ καὶ ἐφθονήθη μάλιστα· καὶ δὴ καὶ ὅτι διήλεγχε τοὺς μεγαλοφρονοῦντας ἐφ' ἑαυτοῖς, ὡς ἀνοήτους, καθάπερ ἀμέλει καὶ τὸν Ἄνυτον· ὡς καὶ ἐν τῷ Πλάτωνός ἐστι Μένωνι. There is much that is strange, contradictory, and unintelligible in the accounts of Socrates. Perhaps no portion of ancient history presents more formidable difficulties than the narrative of his life; but the concluding words of the passage last quoted may possibly solve the paradox, so far at least as to show how to a great practical philanthropist of rare humanity discredit and unpopularity might be attached by reason of a sarcastic and derisory form of dissimulation and confutation, which was ascribed to him, as it appears from the words of the witness himself, if rightly interpreted, incorrectly and unjustly. Laertius states that Socrates was disliked, because he had proved clearly some to be

ignorant and incompetent persons, who thought very highly of themselves, and particularly Anytus; and this man not being able to endure the derision of Socrates, first incited Aristophanes against him, and then persuaded Melitus to accuse him of impiety. His words are—"as for example, Anytus in particular, as he is also in the Meno of Plato." Καθάπερ ἀμέλει καὶ τὸν Ἄνυτον· ὡς καὶ ἐν τῷ Πλάτωνός ἐστι Μένωνι. In the tentative dialogue concerning virtue, inscribed Meno, Anytus is introduced as an interlocutor, and is represented as being interrogated by Socrates, and as being dissatisfied with the examination; it might be that he had reason to be offended at the libellous representation, but the disciple, most probably, not the master, was the real author of the libel. It would be unfair, indeed, to blame Socrates for what he might utter at the suggestion of Lucian, Lyttelton, Landor, or any other inventor of imaginary conversations; nor was it in truth more equitable to punish the defendant on the prosecution of Anytus for discourses held by the mouthpiece of the learned Plato, and of which Pythagoras had really as large a share as Socrates.

"*Pythagoram, Anytique reum, doctumque Platonem.*

If, indeed, the inconsiderate attempt of the eloquent scholar to display his wit, or his malice, at the expense of Anytus, actually provoked the accusation, and cost the life of his master, the results of his rashness were deplorable and remarkable, but the tale is not by any means incredible. For if a cutting sarcasm ascribed to a person, who never uttered it, were to reach the ears of a sensitive man having power to injure, it might easily happen in the present times, or in any times, that being too angry to ascertain, whether the alleged author was really the author, he might inflict a heavy and irreparable injury upon an unoffending party. It is probable that Socrates was altogether ignorant of the fatal dialogue inscribed Meno, and of its contents: it appears, that he only knew that intituled Lysis, because he chanced to hear it read in public. It is possible that he might be acquainted with many things, which Plato puts into his mouth, and that he might disapprove of some of them in a greater, or a less degree, totally, or in part; nevertheless, since his character and principles were generally understood in Athens and throughout Greece, he might deem it wholly unnecessary to disavow what he might well suppose could not be seriously attributed to him, the inventive and fanciful turn of Plato's writings being moreover universally estimated. Besides, some indulgence was due, perhaps, even to the excesses of a pupil, whose language was acknowledged to be such, that if Jupiter himself were to speak Greek, he would adopt precisely the same diction, and in whose compositions every other excellence was found not less perfect and divine, than the style itself. The benevolence of Socrates to the one, appeared as malevolence to the other; and the forbearance of a good-natured preceptor towards his disciple was accounted by his irritated accuser the malignity of an ill-natured satirist. Of the many strange, contradictory, and unintelligible matters, with which the history of Socrates abounds, no portion is more difficult,—the descriptions of the Socratic Irony, the most peculiar and illustrious of divers famous faculties, being alone excepted,—than the narrative of his prosecution, trial, and punishment. The more attentively we consider it, the more entirely and inextricably are we perplexed, especially if we seek in that labyrinth to find a clew, which may conduct us to a just apprehension of the far-famed Irony. The indictment is short, but it is not precise, or distinct; Socrates is guilty of a capital offence for this, that he does not account as gods, those whom the state so accounts; but introduces other new deities: and also for that

he corrupts the youth. The charges as alleged seem mainly to rest in the mind, and in the intention, and the compassing of the imagination; it would be less undetermined and unsatisfactory, if some open acts, two at the least under each division of the first charge, were set out in the act of accusation. Criminal acts of disrespect committed against the established religion of the country; and acts manifestly denoting a design, and proving an attempt, to introduce new deities; the first charge ought to have been defined and explained in each branch by allegations, that might be supported, or repelled by evidence. And the second vague, wide, loose imputation of corrupting the youth plainly requires to be brought within the reach of testimony, in order to be proved, or disproved, by representing what young men had been corrupted, in what manner, by what deleterious instructions, at what time, in what place, and with other the like circumstances of certainty. From the apologies, or speeches written on behalf of the accused, but not delivered, now extant, little can be gathered as to the real nature of the accusation, for they are rather philosophical than forensic; it is deeply to be deplored that the oration of Lysias has not been preserved, not only on account of the matchless, the celestial beauty, which penetrates and pervades the compositions of this orator, but because having been rejected as rather forensic than philosophical, it was probably replete with the information, that we look for in vain elsewhere. The speeches of the three prosecutors would doubtless explain the character of their accusation, but these have disappeared long ago, and almost all memory and tradition of the contents. The scanty notice, which survives, serves only, like the other materials for this passage of history, to augment our perplexity. Anytus, the chief accuser, prosecuted, we are told, on behalf of the trades, and the civic or political — the word is ambiguous — parties. If the accusation was of a political character, as most accusations were at Athens, we may desire to understand its nature and the details, but we cannot be surprised at its existence, however groundless it might be. The suggestion of the trades and the civic bodies sounds business-like and earnest, and denotes municipal inquiries and corporation reforms, at which, even if they were conducted with honesty and impartiality, all who wax fat in antiquated abuses, might with show and colour of probability be offended: but what bone of contention could there be between the worthy citizens and Socrates? how had he come in collision with the Guildhall, or the Mansion-house? Here darkness, dense and universal, covers our eyes! The second prosecutor, Lycon, accused the philosopher on behalf of the orators; and Melitus, the junior, for the poets; all of whom Socrates used to flout and twit: οὺς ἅπαντας Σωκράτης διέσυρε.

A suspicion will steal into the breasts even of the least suspicious, on considering the interests, which were represented by the two last-named prosecutors, that there was no serious design against the life of Socrates; that the fierce spirit of literary rivalry sought only to lower his pride, to humble him by a course of law, and possibly to get rid of him for a time, by means of a temporary exile from Athens. Is it probable that Lycon and Melitus, and their clients, the orators and poets, could desire or would call down a heavier punishment? Authors have been angry, very angry, with their critics in our days; we all remember the Edinburgh Review, for example, when it was well conducted, and worth reading, whilst smart sayings still sparkled in its pages, the occasional coruscations of northern lights, or more usually the reflections of southern brightness against a dark northern sky; how wrathful were the victims of sharp jests and keen remarks; but nobody, not even that noble bard, whose boyish

indignation glowed the hottest, and who would willingly have swept away the whole critical body by dint of pistols, had they desired it; — nobody hinted such a thing, as an indictment for a capital felony against the offending witlings. In truth, our souls are sorely troubled with a most grievous perplexity, when we contemplate attentively the strange story of the death of Socrates, as it is half told by what remains of the one-sided testimony of his admirers and sectaries. We are sometimes almost tempted to conclude that he chose to be tried, he chose to be found guilty, he chose to be capitally condemned, he chose to be sent to prison, he chose to remain there, and he chose to be executed. The accusation was a charge of heresy and schism,—a rare one in those days, but which in after ages became more common, — of wilful and culpable error in theological matters, and of a vicious and reprehensible course of education and instruction, with reference probably to theology. The tribunal which decided upon the grave and difficult question of orthodoxy, was not a college of pontiffs, or augurs; not a council, or synod of prelates; not a consistory of clerks, of learned and reverend divines, of monks and inquisitors, Dominicans, or Benedictines, — but the citizens, or burgesses, of the good town of Athens, in common hall assembled, pursuant to notice; or rather such of the commonalty, as were too idle to be more actively and more profitably employed, and too ignorant to know, that they were unfit for the task. The proceedings of the holy office have never been accounted very admirable; they certainly would not be more satisfactory, or less tyrannical, if the dark functions of the Inquisition were placed in the dirty hands of a body of freemen, or of the constituency of a metropolitan borough. The ponderous volumes of the canonists show, that their praxis differed in two important respects from that of the Athenian people: first, their patients were required to answer, not a vague and general imputation of irreligion, but articles containing the heresies propounded against the party specifically and precisely; and, secondly, the extreme penalty of a cruel law was only inflicted upon a lapsed heretic, — that is to say, upon a person, who, having been formerly convicted of heterodoxy and censured, had relapsed into the irregularities previously condemned, and had been a second time found guilty. The large amount of the majority — two hundred and eight-one votes — of itself demonstrates, that the prince and lord of philosophers fell by the verdict and sentence of a senseless rabble. Forasmuch as the disastrous results, and the whole inconvenience of being subjected to such a decision, might have been readily avoided by a short trip by land, or by sea, and by a brief absence, the wretched rout repented of their folly and wickedness, as soon as repentance was unavailing, it raises wonder, that the defendant, the most prudent of mankind, did not eloigne himself, and withdraw from the jurisdiction of the inquisitorial mob. When the philosopher determined to surrender himself, and to abide the event of an unjust trial, it is surprising, that he did not think fit to avail himself of the resources of forensic art; or, at least, to shape his conduct and demeanour so that he might as little as possible displease those, whom he was content to have for his judges. On this part of the subject the opinion of Cicero is valuable. He expressly asserts, that Socrates was condemned on account of his haughty carriage towards the court, and because he refused to adopt the measures suitable and necessary for his defence. When Socrates, he says, who was the wisest of men, and lived ever purely and irreproachably, spoke on his own behalf on a capital accusation, he did not appear like a suppliant, or a defendant, but as if he were the lord and master of his judges. Moreover, when that most eloquent orator offered him a written speech to be used in his defence,

he said it was well written and well adapted for the purpose, eloquent, and befitting an orator; but he would not use it, because it was not bold and manly. Therefore he was condemned. "*Vetus ille Socrates, qui, quum omnium sapientissimus esset, sanctissimèque vixisset, ita in judicio capitis pro se ipse dixit, ut non supplex aut reus, sed magister aut dominus videretur esse judicum. Quin etiam quum ei scriptam orationem disertissimus orator Lysias attulisset, quam, si ei videretur, edisceret, ut ea pro se in judicio uteretur, non invitus legit, et commodé scriptam esse dixit, et disertam et oratoriam videri, fortem et virilem non videri. Ergo ille quoque damnatus est.*"

Not only on the trial, but on the estimation of the punishment, when it was deliberated what penalty, or sentence, should be awarded, the same lordly and masterly tone was preserved, the deportment of the sage culprit, according to the reports of the proceedings, which now remain, was equally contumacious. Yet the philosopher did not go far enough in his contempt; he forebore to touch upon the real defect in their jurisdiction. "You do not understand the question, O Judges! you are quite incapable of understanding it, and utterly incompetent to try it!" To advance to that point would be to take a bold and manly line of defence indeed; to stop short of it, and yet to incur the odiousness of contumacy, is an unintelligible course of conduct; and how many passages are unintelligible in the apologies and other legends of the precious death and martyrdom of the patient suffering prince of philosophers. "I told them so myself; but they supposed that the whole matter was mere Irony." The witty Lucian, always touching the weak point with a light jest, commonly touches it to the quick; the complaint, which he puts into the mouth of Socrates, haunts with distrust the reader, as he peruses the Socratic writings; he knows not what he ought to believe. Having chosen to submit to a trial, which it would have been easy to have avoided; having provoked the judges to find him guilty, and having further provoked them to sentence him to death, he chose to undergo the sentence, although the doors of the prison would have been opened to him. The respect for the laws, which every good man ought to feel, is proposed as a motive to remain in prison, and to await death; but if it be a duty to reverence the laws, it is also a duty to revere those, who administer the laws: he alone is lord and master of the judges, who is lord and master of the laws. In the narrative of the death of Socrates, as the story is told us, there are passages concerning which it is hard to determine, whether they are serious, or jocular. Who can expound in a satisfactory manner his last words — "We owe a cock to Æsculapius." Were these also ironical? And what was the Socratic Irony? To protract the discourse would be superfluous, for it is impossible by any repetition of words, or iteration of arguments, either to give a just utterance to the profound sense of entire admiration, which the golden reliques of antiquity inspire for the character and memory of Socrates, or to represent by a fit description the vast perplexedness, wherewith a painful and minute examination of the monuments and memorials of his grandeur entangles and embarrasses the mind. When the curiously diligent student shall have read twelve times carefully and attentively, according to the direction of the learned rabbi, whatever the wise of past ages have written touching their master and monarch, and time has spared, if he have penetration he will probably perceive, and if he have candour he will acknowledge, that with respect to the Socratic Irony at least he has arrived at the state of deep, dark, and Socratic Ignorance.

PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

Among the many monuments of past ages which remain to us, those of the most remote period and indefinite design are often rightly referrible to the amusements of the people, rather than to the religion, laws, and the art military to which their origin is very generally attributed by the learned. The *useful* struggles vainly with time, but that eater-up of all things breaks his teeth on the *agreeable*. If one stone of the Birs Nimroud yet clings to another, it is only to point out the folly of those ambitious labourers who gravely sought to raise a tower whose top should reach to heaven; but the very trees of the hanging gardens, which were constructed for the pleasure of an individual, are extant, after the long lapse of many ages. Thus the city of the Euphrates itself bears witness to the perdurable vitality of that which is done in the name of delight, and to the perishableness of the mighty works of the wise. We are not persuaded that the pyramids were unconnected with pleasure; they are evidently the mere bones of a body which has lost the form and the flesh; and, however grave their presently-apparent purpose, as the keepers of kingly carcasses may be, the walls of their chambers were never decorated with emblematical devices and pictorial histories, without reference to a more agreeable application even of their internal space. These, and the tombs of the Etruscans, show that the delight of the departed, at least, was consulted in such labours of the living. In these memorialia of very ancient superstitions we see no trace of a belief in eternal punishments. The "delicted spirit" is never once represented "as bathing in fiery floods," or resident "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," but, on the contrary, the eternal essence appears to have enjoyed in the Egyptian and Etruscan imagination an everlasting elysium. The bull and the beetle, the ibis and the winged circle, guard the one, and the panther and the pampinus protect and shelter the other. The lotus of the Egyptian Isis, and the thyrsus of the Etruscan Bacchus, are the budding rod and the magic wand that melt rocks into perennial fountains, and call down manna showers as a heavenly dew, renewed for ever, in the verdant fields of the dead. It is not clear that the druidical stones and avenues had not to do with amusements, at least, in conjunction with religious services. Temples were reared for the admiration of men and for the delight of deities. Roads and bridges, constructed for public utility, have perished,— save where the social pleasures to which they continued to minister have succeeded in preserving them; — while amphitheatres, and aqueducts, and baths, serving to the gratifications of sense, appear imperishable even in their ruins. The most striking monuments of ancient manners, even in the all-recording Homer and the minutely descriptive Virgil, are their accounts of the funeral games — those grand links between the living and the dead, which prove how intimately connected in the ancient mind were the spiritual and bodily states. The occupations and amusements of the blessed differed in degree, but not in kind, from those of the still struggling wayfarer in this world. The great difference was supposed to be in the increase o.

amusements and diminution of labour; and this comforting belief not only pervaded the ancient world, but has extended itself among the Mexicans of South and the numerous Indian tribes of North America, whose "happy hunting-grounds" are the valhalla of the nations of northern Europe. It may appear paradoxical to seek for amusements in the tomb, but Denon, and Champollion, and Rossellini, and Wilkinson have shown, that not merely the buried majesty of Egypt, in its habits as it lived, but that most inexplicable theocracy to which the kings of Egypt were but subject ministers — those slave-nobles and that tyrant-people, whose memory is an enigma more recondite than that of their own sphinx, *live* — strange images of life — in those receptacles of death. In the Egyptian necropolis all the business and amusements of life are vividly represented for the solace of the spirit of the dead; while in the tombs of the Etruscans — where lights for ever burned, where treasures of immense value were stored up, and where all the arts and elegances of a tasteful and inventive people were lavished in dedicatory homage to the manes of their ancestors — the statues of the dead assumed the attitudes of the living; not like the recumbent effigies of the Gothic churches, but, as seen in the specimens lately purchased for the British Museum, half-robed, and armed with the strigil, as at the bath, or reclining on the Scimpodion, as at the festive board, attentive, excited, and observant of the paintings that surround them, and which generally represent the interchange of goblets, the crowning of the wine-vase, the dance, the public show, the arena, the gymnasium, and the games.* Some regard the newly-yoked chariot, as if it would still delight them, *curriculo pulverem Olympicum collegisse;* others gaze stedfastly on the symposion, where *mutua inter se læti convivia curant;* and the living-stone representative of the dead worthy appears to envy the painted shadow, those *veteris pocula massici*, which are poured out in libations in his own honour. In the very spirit of the old song of James V., —

> "He would be first at his ain lykewau'k,
> And help to drink his ain dirgie."

Love of amusement, therefore, is a leading principle of the human mind, which, like the "hope" of the poet, "travels through, nor quits us when we die." If, then, we would form a just estimate of national manners, let us look into popular amusements; for the great mistake of the generality of observers is, their tendency to regard and record every thing as serious; having no humour themselves nor capacity to perceive it in others. Hence the pompous trifling that crowds our books of travels! hence the grave inanities that pass for subtle speculations on national customs, and their effects in working out varieties of national character.

How is the progress of civilisation marked by the prevalent amusements of the given time? Nearly all that remain to us of the British period are funereal urns, beneath such barrows or tumuli as formed the centre of the area in which among the Greeks and Romans the funeral games were celebrated, and such recollections of religious observances as may be traced so high are all mingled with the mirthful and the holiday rites, — the amusements, which retained their grasp on the mind long after the religious doctrines they illustrated had sunk into oblivion. Of the Roman period, roads and camps, and walls and fosses, and towns and

* Heureuse peuple! qui emportait encore au déla du trèpas les illusions de la vie; les morts, chez, eux, ne renonciaent pas à l'amour, ni a la joie; ils démandaient des cheveux, des fleutis et du vin. Notre siècle des enchante tous.

temples, and votive altars and monumental stones are rife, and are duly valued by the educated mind; but the period of the year we have just passed over proves that traditions and legends of the frolic festivals of the heathen youth, the rites of Liber and Alma Ceres, had impressed imperishably the universal memory, and still dwell with those who never heard the names they ignorantly honour. The sullen and the gloomy traits of the Roman polytheism have left few traces even in our superstitions; but the light, the sportive, the amusing features remain; the nymphs and dryades, the fauns and satyrs, have become owfs, and fairies, and brownies, and the great Arcadian Pan has dwindled to the "lubberfiend," who drains the cream-bowl as the set reward of his nightlong drudgery.

But what were the theatres and amphitheatres—the tragedy, comedy, naumachia, agonalia, the chariot race, the foot race, or other sports of the ancients, with the parsley crown or the palm they brought the winner, compared with the native old sports and amusements of Saxon or Norman England — of England at all periods? "*Merry* old England," in the modern, as well as in the ancient sense of the word. How often do we still find, in the hilly parts of our country, regularly formed terraces, rising in series over the wide plain, evidently constructed for purposes similar, but long antecedent, to the gemotes, and folkmotes, and waponschaws, and wapentakes of the Saxon! How often do we still discover well-defined traces of the levelled circle, surrounded by walls and ditches, and overlooked by rising heights, natural and artificial, evidently intended for the general purposes of exhibition, although invariably attributed by the hard-hearted archæologist to purposes of offensive or defensive warfare! Within those verdant circles, and beneath those terraced hills, how many hearts have beat with the high ambition of conquering in other contests than those of war — although fighting must be a very pretty amusement too, and to its entertaining qualities doubtless owes its permanent hold on the affections. Around those arenæ have beat also the hearts of admiring spectators with all the varying passions that our nature knows; — for these, like the love of amusement, survive all changes of the still-revolving world; they are inherent in our breasts, and, as *we* feel them, so did our remotest ancestry, however affected by the changeful incidents and accidents of variegated life.

The sports of the field owe little to time or clime; the tiger-hunt in the jungles of the Ganges, where the elephant-borne palanquin is the luxurious hunter's seat; the boar-hunt, among the sugared boles of the Savannah; the chase of the moose-deer in the prairies, and of the racoon, in the forests of the far west, excite the same sensation, slightly modified, which tempted the wolf-hunter in our ancient glades, and still inspires the fox-hunter among our well-fenced plains, and over cultivated hills. The pleasure of the pursuit, the delights of danger, the glory of excelling, and the natural impulse of the animal part of our nature, are the hunter's stimuli; as in the moral world a set of kindred feelings excite to emulation, and spur on the weary step to climb

"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

It is the pursuit and not the prize that lends its charms to the chase. In the fields of honourable ambition, of literary effort, of artistic endeavour, of political struggle, of moral progress, how often are the ends as worthless as the head and horns of the deer, the scalp of the wolf, or the brush of the fox! In the mind of the falconer, the fisherman, the fowler, the archer, or the deer-stalker, on the other hand, how often are the thoughts elevated

above his occupation as far as heaven from earth! How thought the pious Henry and the good Duke Humphrey?

"But what a point, my lord, your falcon made;
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!—
—My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar."

Auceps, as old Izaak Walton paints him, says, with the true spirit, —

"In the air my troops of hawks soar up on high, and, when they are lost in the sight of men, then they attend upon and converse with the gods. * * * She makes her nimble pinions cut the fluid air, and so makes her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers; and, in her glorious career, looks with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at."

For the angler's piety let old I. Chalkhill speak: —

"Oh! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 't is beloved by many:
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

* * * *

We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour,
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
Making earth our pillow.
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

Cornelius Agrippa* reminds us that the Licinii, the Murenæ, the Sergii, the Oratæ, and other noble Roman families, took their names from the strange fishes which they naturalised in the seas and lakes of Italy. "I marvayle," he says, "that hunting is commended of Plato, the prince of philosophers." He is compelled to ascribe the invention of fowling to Ulysses, and reluctantly confesses that in his own day these exercises were so much esteemed, that, setting aside all liberal studies, they "are the first beginning and proceedings of nobility, and by the meanes of them men aspire to the highest degree of nobilitie: and, in our time, the life of kings and princes, and (which is more to be lamented) the religion of abbottes, bishops, and other prelates of the churche, *is nothing els but hunting:* wherein they do chiefly occupie themselves, and show their worthinesse."

The melancholy Jaques could moralise the spectacle of the wounded stag into a thousand similes as interesting and impressive as the lesson taught us in the fall of a Wolsey. All field sports, if rightly used, should elevate, and not debase the mind. Their practice is consistent with the

* "Englished by J. San, Gent." and "imprinted" in black letter by Henrie eBynnman, dwelling in Knight-ryder Streete, at the signe of the Mermayde. Anno 1575.

highest talent, and there is no more aspiring, adventurous, or assiduous hunter of our day than the Duke of Wellington. The obsolete "squire" of the last century was an instance only of the abuse from which the use of manly exercises has been too much decried. He who makes any delight his occupation debases it and himself. Our object is to show that in all ages amusements have been regarded as the necessary refection of the mind and body, and were not considered hurtful to the soul or spirit: — "where virtue is, these are most virtuous."

Home amusements vary with the clime and the period. In the day when every man was his own miller, the quern supplied at once domestic occupation and amusement for the nobler sex, while the fair spouse, reversing the lesson of the birds, lightened his labour with a cheerful song, herself plying with equal assiduity the loom or the needle. Among the higher classes, while the lords sought the balneum or gymnasium, the ladies superintended their maidens in the weaving or enriching of the woof, lending, ever and anon, a not unwilling hand. Here was a mental as well as a manual occupation; for the classic story or the rich landscape grew beneath the eye, the needle took the place of the style, and the pieces of the tapestry became historical volumes, delightfully instructive to the inquiring youth, whose early education was wisely entrusted to the mother's care.

It argues a high state of civilisation when both sexes feel the desire and are allowed the liberty to enjoy the same amusements, and a still higher elevation when, at the common charge, extensive buildings are erected, and artists educated and set apart, for the purposes of general amusement. *Now*, when the sports of the field are hunting and shooting only, and the out-of-door exercises are robust and exhilarating; while yachting is not, nor rowing; while the balloon is folded up and laid away; while Vauxhall is closed; while the Hippodrome, at Notting-hill, is a mere ground for exercise; and the Stadium, at Cremorne-house, sinks back into a pleasant villa; while the Zoological Gardens, on either side of the river, invite no visitors; while even the tepid baths tempt us not to swim; while football, golf, cricket, bowls, and the summer amusements, give way to sliding, skating, curling, and the energetic exercises of the ice-time, household amusements are at a premium: and, notwithstanding the variety of means that minister to pleasure in this gay metropolis, there are those who, like the ancient emperor, would give the value of a diadem to procure a new delight.

The drama, the highest attainable point of popular and rational amusement, appears lately to have resumed, or we might say, without much impropriety, to have assumed, for the first time, its right place among us. When we open the edition of the "Tempest," as it was played and published by John Kemble, and find that it begins with this question —

"Miranda, where's your sister?"

we need only contrast this with the performance of the same play at Covent Garden now, to feel that actors and audience have made a sure step in advance; since they are capable of rejecting the ribaldry of Dryden, and the trash of Davenant, and the pompous fribbling of John Kemble, and rejoice to drink again from the wholesome fountain of the unadulterated Shakspeare.

"Miranda, where's your sister?"

Could any other four words be contrived by human ingenuity so completely to

confound all just notions of the character to which, and of the scene wherein, this question was asked? The enchanted isle of Prospero, and the poetry of Shakspeare, converted into Mr. Johnson's parlour, and the prose of Mrs. Heidelberg! If we had gained nothing more from the new arrangement than this restoration, it would have conferred an obligation on the age, equivalent to a certificate of character, or a diploma of qualification; for it must be observed that Miranda's "sister" had been thus affectionately inquired after at every representation of the "Tempest" during the last century, and this, too, in England, among the countrymen of Shakspeare.

Next in the order of public amusements to the "well-conducted stage," as Milton loved it, are the poetry, the music, and the painting which it combines, but which may be enjoyed separately, with greater relish, in the closet, at the concert, and in the collections of art. If Poetry be fast falling asleep, Music appears to have aroused herself of late. A just estimate of foreign artists, and a higher appreciation of the works of deceased native composers, combine to this effect, which will be stimulated powerfully, if neither by the Royal Academy of Music, nor the established concerts, yet by such associations as the Choral Society, at Exeter Hall, such lecturers as the Gresham professor, and such a periodical as the "Musical World" has proved itself during the last few months, and as it promises to prove hereafter under its present management. Our public provision for the gratification of a taste for the Fine Arts is not small; the National Gallery, if ill adapted to its design, is at least a step to improvement; and the Angerstein collection (of which no satisfactory account has yet found its way to the public) is the nucleus, at least, of a collection, such as may, if the nation please, deserve the name of national. The Dulwich Gallery presents many very valuable pictures to the public, at the mere expense of a little exertion. The British Institution, in Pall Mall, exhibits twice in the year its selection from the galleries of the great, and its specimens of living ability; and the pictures in the British Museum, if properly arranged, or perhaps if weeded, and the flowers transferred to the National Gallery, would greatly extend the national means of enjoyment in this department. The Royal Academy, like the British Institution, demands a fee for its exhibitions, but it displays the best works of our sculptors and painters in their newest garb, and, though not without partiality, institutes an advantageous comparison among contending claimants. If this could be managed without the existing unfairness, we should value it more; but, even with its cost and its discourtesy, the academy in its public exhibitions aids in the enlightenment of the public mind, by opening the public eye, and stimulating the public judgment. The Society of British Artists, in Suffolk-street, and the two Societies of Painters in Water Colours, bring their share to the general stock of public improvement and entertainment; and all these are acted upon very favourably by the Art-Union, and the Society for the Encouragement of British Art, formed within the last two years. The individual merits of our greatest living painters have been so analyzed in our pages, and the operation of their works on the public mind so fairly estimated, that with these general observations we may dismiss the subject, remarking, however, that we have found the *studio* and the *atelier* of the sculptor and the painter of ready access to ardent amateurs and candid critics, while associations among the artists themselves excite and sustain an urbanity of manner, a general love of art, and a liberal spirit of mutual appreciation, which is beginning to distinguish them from other classes of the community. Private schools, also, have been founded that present peculiar advantages to the

student: we may instance the new experiment in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, the models for which are supplied by the successors of Sarti, late of Dean-street, Soho, and of which Don Angel de Villalobos is the zealous and estimable director. In the sense of schools combined with amusement may be considered the several scientific and artistical associations, with their libraries, museums, and conversaziones. If they are generally confined to the gentlemen, and not, in the right sense of the word, "public," yet their combined effect on the public taste is too important to be omitted from our estimate. We must now come to exhibitions of somewhat humbler pretensions, but more directly *en rapport* with our subject.

During the late holiday season, we believe the Diorama, in the Regent's Park, and the Panorama at Leicester-square, were both closed; and the dioramic exhibition at the Strand Theatre, in illustration of the Bible, was discontinued in consequence, as we have heard, of a clause in the lease, which empowered Mr. Burford to prevent any such exhibitions at that theatre; neither Babylon, therefore, nor the Basilica of St. Paul, with its miraculous ruin effected in sight of the spectator, nor the Bay of Islands, were open to the holiday gaze; but masquerades and concerts *à la musard*, and the Colosseum balls, alternated with the pantomimes. It is true that M. Tardivel brought back to the Egyptian Hall the Bayadères, whom an alarm of fire lately frightened out of it into the street in their costumes so ill adapted to a promenade at such a season; and there the old Homeric bard and his associated tabouret and pipe raise their strange harmony, modulated to the measures of the Indian dance. It was to little purpose, however, that Devanee blew his antique pipe, or Ramgaun beat the clashing cymbals to mark the time of his animating song, and to "stir up," as old Lady Huntingdon would have said, the spirit of the dancers. Amany pantomimes, in vain, the Hindoo widow's inducement to death, and in vain the little Ramalangan salutes the Rajah, the long arms extending, and the fingers working like the tail of a rattle-snake, the toes delving into the carpet, and the well-defined limbs quivering beneath the fair-proportioned form, neither music nor motion could charm away the soul-subduing cold, and the poor priestesses of Pondicherry pine over the charcoal fire, and muse on M. Tardivel and his speculation. It was a painful sight, and gave strange notions of the Zenana and the Temple, but we should prefer to witness such exertions in more genial weather.

Above the Bayadères, and also in the Egyptian Hall, is exhibited the celebrated model of the Battle of Waterloo, which, when seen to advantage, under artificial light, and through a magnifying medium, is an exhibition worthy of its subject. The work of an officer, it may be regarded as an elaborate professional study of the scene, and in artistical execution it can hardly be surpassed. From the minuteness of the figures, the first feeling of the spectator is disappointment, which, on a closer inspection, passes into curiosity, and by dint of long looking we become capable of distinguishing and identifying every object — of perceiving the parts in relation to the whole, and of actually realising the field of battle, and every several section of the force engaged.* Life-like dolls of larger size are prepared for the grown babes about town by Madame Tussaud, in her gallery at Baker-street, Portman-square, where the Coronation of Victoria, a grand group of figures,

* A pamphlet in circulation claiming for this admirable exhibition a place in connection with the intended monument to Wellington. It will at least supply hints for the decorative sculpture of the base.

flourishing in cotton velvet, and glittering in glass foil, vies in interest with the form of Fieschi, in the act of firing the infernal machine. The *chêf-d'œuvre* of wax work, the celebrated anatomical model, is no longer exhibited. Madame Tussaud's figures might be improved if, as Young Rapid suggests, they could be made to "keep moving;" but even this perfection is attained in the exhibition of Grace Darling at the Egyptian Hall, and at the Mechanical Exhibition of Signor Somebody, in Windmill-street, near which is the exquisite exhibition of tapestry, so long known as Miss Linwood's, and so generally admired as to render comment superfluous. Not only at Baker-street Bazaar, but at the Pantechnicon, the Pantheon, and even at the Old Soho Bazaar are to be seen such curiosities in arts as make bazaaring a favourite amusement, improving vastly on the Oriental markets, from which we borrow the word. The Cosmorama, in Regent-street, has added a bazaar to its attractions. In Grosvenor-place is the well arranged Gothic Armoury of the Messrs. Pratt, which, when lighted up, as it is two nights in the week, is one of the most interesting exhibitions in London, and should be visited before the Armoury at the Tower.

But the grand distinction between the tastes of the present and of any past period, with respect to public amusements in this metropolis, is marked, partly by the rush of visitors to the Museum, and the class of such visitors, but still more by the encouragement afforded to two undertakings of an entirely different character from all that have preceded them: we allude to the Gallery of Practical Science in Adelaide-street, and the Polytechnic Institution, in Cavendish-square. These undertakings, and the patronage extended to them by the public, exhibit most clearly the practical character of our period, the tendency to inquire into, and the generally diffused capacity to understand, the processes of practical science. It is only through repeated visits that the value of these places of instructive amusement can be fairly appreciated; but a carefully conducted and well-digested inspection of each, with some interval of repose, to those who have leisure to take the microscope, and the lecture, and the diving-bell, and the inspection of mechanical apparatus, on several days, the benefits will be considerable. It will be found that a law of mechanics, or a principle of natural philosophy, may be impressed pleasantly and fixed permanently in the mind of the young during each such visit, and, being received as an amusement, will, with the tenacity of its nature, cling to the mind, and be reproduced, perhaps, when least expected, and applied to profitable purposes. We have said that the true test of national taste is the quality of the popular amusements. Than these exhibitions no amusements are more popular, especially among the rising generation; the crowning character of our time and nation then is decidedly scientific, and to this prevailing character the caterers of instruction and amusement will most successfully appeal.

THE PRESS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The daily papers of France from 1787 till 1798 offer a mine of precious information to the historian of that gloomy era. It is in their columns alone that he can expect to find the proximate causes of every popular outbreak against the authority of the unfortunate Louis XVI.—the explanation of every tumult in the National Convention—the motives of every comprehensive massacre or proscription. The influence which Marat and Hebert exercised over the populace of Paris during the reign of terror is well known. The *Publiciste Parisien* of the former, and the *Père Duchèsne* of the latter, rivalled the tocsin in promoting the work of insurrection. Is the *Père Duchèsne* angry this morning? was the first question of the Parisian citizen in those good old revolutionary times, when about to gird himself for the business of the day. If such was the case, and it rarely happened that the *Père Duchèsne* was in good humour, unless when there had been a good many heads chopped off the day before, the citizen became wroth too. He repaired to his club, and denounced some aristocrat or other, or joined in organising an insurrectionary movement for a future occasion. When the republican armies were struggling too at the frontier against combined Europe, the journals of Paris proved powerful allies to the central government. Whole bales of the *Père Duchèsne* were forwarded to the soldiers with more regularity than pay or clothing. The leading articles were commented upon over the camp-fires, and contributed greatly to that enthusiasm which rendered the armies of the Republic ultimately victorious over all her enemies.

The moderate parties had their organs as well as the mountain or revolutionary faction. Brissot, Condorcet, Roland, and the other Girondist leaders, were all journalists. Camille Desmoulins founded, after his expulsion from the Jacobin club, the *Vieux Cordelier*, in which he bewailed in eloquent terms the woes of his country. But these were few in comparison with the multitude of papers arrayed on the opposite side. There was hardly a leading conventionalist, or a fiery Jacobin, but had an organ of his own, in which he denounced war against the king, the aristocracy, and clergy, and, when these were overthrown, against his own colleagues. After looking over the incendiary columns of such papers as *The Journal of the Mountain—The Aristocracy Chained and Muzzled—The Echo of the Palais Royal—The Journal of the Jacobins*, we turn without horror, and almost without surprise, to the wholesale proscriptions of the Girondist party—the *fusillades* of Lyons—the *noyades* of Nantes—and even the massacre of the 2nd September. The one is but the necessary consequence of the other. It is usual for modern writers to represent the excesses of this lamentable period as the exclusive work of one or two satanic characters: they place Robespierre, Danton, and Marat on a sort of pedestal, and make them rule alone over the revolutionary chaos. Nothing can be more absurd than this: there was a power at work in those times which none of the personages in question could control. The moment they attempted it, their influence and popularity disappeared as if by enchantment, and they themselves became victims in turn. Why were the Girondists hunted through the forests like wild beasts? because they were too moderate. Why was Danton, whose tocsin voice gave the signal for the massacres of September, handed over to

the revolutionary tribunal? because he faltered. Camille Desmoulins met with a similar fate and for the same reason. Even Robespierre himself might have gone on for many years longer, had he not manifested a tendency towards the paths of order and moderation. The party who triumphed over Robespierre saw, with a secret terror, that he was on the eve of calling his own colleagues of the convention to a severe account for the atrocities which they had committed during their missions to the different departments: that Robespierre would have done so had he lived, seems pretty certain.

The following extracts from *The Moniteur* of 1793-94 are submitted to the consideration of those, who maintain that the revolutionary excesses were the sole and unaided work of a few demagogues :—

" Bourdon de l'Oise, a member of the Convention, denounces Deutzel, one of his colleagues, for having confined the commander of the battalion of the Corrèze in an iron cage, only three feet wide."

" Andrew Dumont, in mission at Amiens, writes to the Convention that he has spread his wide net, and caught for the guillotine a quantity of aristocratic game." [Andrew Dumont was a wag? but what a wag!!]

" The services rendered in the department of the Lower Rhine by the citizen representatives, St. Just and Lebas, are cited by the reporter as models worthy of imitation. These two patriots terminate their letter with the following words — ' Ten millions have been levied on the rich, and all the aristocrats, including the king of Prussia's bankers, guillotined.' "

" Letter from the representative Delcombe, in mission at Strasburg, announcing that the guillotine is working bravely. The Convention applaud! The aristocrats and the moderate are disappearing fast. We are pressing the enemy close, and shall force them to drink the Rhine, or jump across it."

" Hebrart, the orator of a deputation from Cantal, informs the Convention that a central army of *sans culottes* has been formed in that department. The moderate, the rich, the egotists, and aristocrats are all undergoing the pruning process of the guillotine, according to the maxim of Solon, *Whoever is not with us is against us.*"

" Hebert denounces the calumnies of the royalists against the patriots, and demands that every effort be made in order to annihilate the whole race of the Capets. Monmoro thinks, that there is cause for fear as long as there exists a single priest. Robespierre cannot believe that the punishment of Capet's despicable sister will intimidate the enemies of the republic more than that of Capet himself and his criminal partner. As for the priests, it is not their dress that ought to excite apprehensions, but the new mask which several among them have assumed; he affirms, that there are persons seeking to allure the patriots into extravagant measures, men who want to attack fanaticism by a fanaticism of another kind, — to convert, by a scandalous process, the solemn homages due to truth into the most ridiculous farces — to attach the bells of folly to the very sceptre of philosophy, and make a sort of religion of atheism itself. He maintains that atheism is essentially aristocratical, while the idea of a Supreme Being watching over oppressed innocence, and punishing triumphant guilt, is thoroughly democratic."

When the speeches from which the above extracts are taken were made public, Robespierre was himself denounced by several of his Jacobin associates, and among the rest by bishop Massieu, whom the Convention had sent on a mission (not a spiritual one!) to Vitry le François. Massieu ascended the rostrum and harangued the people in the followings terms.

" Priests are all monsters of the most odious description; I know them well, better perhaps than any other, having been their colonel for a long time."

" Woe be to you all if you do not wage a war of extermination against fanaticism."

" Robespierre himself will be called to a severe account by the patriots for the fanatical speech delivered by him in the Jacobin club on the first of Frimaire."

When Bishop Massieu had finished his pithy harangue, he joined the crowd, who were parading an ass through the town with a skeleton on its back, dressed in pontifical robes. Having amused himself in this manner for a while, he led the populace to the cathedral, and broke or carried off

all the consecrated vases. The other ornaments were collected and burnt by his order in the principal square. The following day he recounted these exploits to his colleagues of the Convention, who declared by an almost unanimous vote that bishop Massieu had deserved well of his country.

It would be easy to multiply extracts of this kind. The journals of the time are filled with them, and it is curious to see the encomiums which they bestow on the patriotism, energy, and republican zeal of such maniacs as the orator alluded to. The only sure mode of acquiring popularity was to surpass if possible Marat and Hebert in violence. These two monsters were for a long while the models that every conventionalist affected to imitate; not that their characters were to the taste of all, but because it was only by carrying the hatred of royalty and aristocracy to a higher pitch, and manifesting it in an extravagant manner, that the politicians of the time could hope to avoid becoming victims themselves. So easy it was to arouse the suspicions of the tyrant populace.

In the introductory article of the *Vieux Cordelier* by Camille Desmoulins, we find the following passage, which gives perhaps a more correct idea of the French Revolution than all that has been since written on that subject.

"Our enemies have no other resource than that to which the Roman senate had recourse in order to effect the ruin of the Gracchi. Seeing that all their other batteries had failed, they instructed one of the tribunes to stand up every time Gracchus proposed a measure, and make a more popular motion still, with a greater degree of vehemence if possible, in order to destroy principles and patriotism, by principles and patriotism carried to excess."

Since Thiers and Mignet published their histories of the French Revolution, a taste has sprung up in France for the journals and pamphlets of that period. Buchez and Leroux have given some curious extracts in their parliamentary history, but they appear to have never consulted many of the more popular papers. The truth is, it is now hard to form a complete collection of all the revolutionary publications. Several were proscribed with the parties whose views they professed to advocate; others only circulated in the departments, and that too by stealth, as their subscribers, if detected, were instantly handed over to the *homme rouge* of the guillotine. It was not more dangerous for a Roman of the empire to be found with a purple garment in his possession, than for a citizen of the French Republic to admit into his abode certain proscribed papers. We met some time ago in one of the provinces of France with a valuable collection of revolutionary journals, among which we noticed a number of *La Feuille du Jour* with the following significant hint, written in red characters, at the head of the first column: *Citoyen, veux tu continuer ton abounement, l'ancien redacteur vient d'être raccourci!* Citizen, wilt thou continue thy subscription, the late editor has just been shortened, *i. e.* guillotined!! It was usual with parties in those times, the moment they triumphed, to seize upon the presses and other printing materials of the vanquished, which they generally distributed among the journals *bien pensans*, or of their own opinion. Thus for instance, when on the night of the 10th of August, 1792, the insurgent commune of Paris declared that the public safety required that all the powers of the state should be vested in its own hands, it fulminated the following edict against the adverse portion of the press.

"Resolved, that the *poisoners* of public opinion, including the editors of the different journals, shall be arrested, and their presses and characters distributed among the patriotic printers, who are to be called for that purpose.

"The assembly appoint likewise commissioners, who are to repair to the Post Office and seize all the aristocratic papers, such as *The Journal Royaliste — The Ami du Roi — The Gazette Universelle — The Indicateur — The Mercure de France — The Journal de la Cour*

et de la Ville — The Feuille du Jour, etc.' Procès verbal of the commune of Paris, sitting of the 12th of August, 1792."

Several of these papers continued nevertheless to appear, but under new names. One of them adopted for a motto the following line

"Incedo per ignes suppositos cineri doloso."

On the 18th of Fructidor, the 5th year of the Republic, the Directory issued the following proclamation:

"Orders are hereby given to the executors of the mandates of justice, to arrest and conduct to the prison of La Force, the editors and printers of the *Courier des Departmens,— The Courier Universel,— The Journal de Perlet,— The Eclair,— The Messager du Soir,— The Mercure Universel,— The Quotidienne,— The Censeur des Journaux,—The Auditeur National,— The Gazette Françoise,— The Gazette Universelle,—The Veridique,—The Postillon des Armées,—The Precurseur,—The Journal Général,—The Accusateur Public,—The Journal des Elections,—The Grondeur,—The Journal des Colonies,—The Journal des Spectacles,—The Dejeuner,—The Thé,—The Memorial,—The Annales Universelles,—The Miroir,—The Spectacles Politiques,— The Acts des Apôtres et des Martyrs,— The Aurore,*— and *the Etoile,*— all guilty of having conspired against the internal and external repose of the Republic."

All the presidents of the National Convention were, with one or tw exceptions, journalists. Of the sixty-three who attained that honour, eighteen were guillotined, three committed suicide, eight were transported, six imprisoned for life, four became mad and died at Bicêtre, twenty-two were declared outlaws; and there were only two who escaped without a castigation of some kind. If we extend this synoptical *tableau* to the entire press, we shall find its proportions pretty exact. There perished, from 1789 till 1797, at least one half of the political writers of Paris. Should a martyrology of the press ever be drawn up, this period will enrich it with an ample harvest of names.

It is rendering a service to the philosopher, as well as to the historian, to point out the leading revolutionary publications of France, and give a few specimens of the style of such as exercised any marked influence on the march of events.

1°.— *The Acts des Apôtres, par Pelletier, Champcenetz, Lauraguais, Rivarol, Regnier, and others;* begun in 1789; suppressed in 1791 by the king's order.

Motto — "Liberté, gaité, democratie royale."

The first number is dated the year of liberty 0., and entitled "The Acts of the Apostles, beginning with the Day of the Dead, and ending with the Day of Putrefaction." The entire collection forms ten volumes in 8vo. comprising 311 numbers.

"Only four months ago Louis Capet reigned over 24,000,000 of subjects, to day he is the only subject of 24,000,000 of kings. It remains to be seen how this nation of potentates will establish the limits of so many empires, and how the single subject will obey all his sovereigns."

2°.— *Actions Heroiques, par Leonard Bourdon et Thibaudeau;* begun the 1st October, 1791; suppressed the 10th of August, 1792; issued 237 numbers. The numbers of the first seven months are very rare.

"I shall embrace, in a few lines, the entire operations of the new national assembly. It made its debût on the theatre of the menage the 1st of October, 1791, the third year of the revolt. It verified its powers in two days, insulted the king, the national guard, and the public; it overturned the ministry, and voted itself the sum of 150,000 francs. . . . . The assembly has renounced the titles of honourable and honoured. It is gratifying at least to see that it does itself justice. . . . . Our revolutionists are proud of having succeeded in rendering it the interest of Europe that they should be hanged."

3°.— *The Aristocracy Chained and Muzzled by the People.* It would be superfluous to give extracts from this paper; its title alone speaks volumes.

4°. — *The Defender of the Constitution*, by Maximilian Robespierre, founded the 1st of June, 1792. From the 10th of August, 1792, till it ceased in 1793, it bore the title of Letters from Maximilian Robespierre to his Constituents. This paper, as its title announces, was edited according to conservative principles, which, strange to say, were those professed by Robespierre throughout his whole career: a proof, if proof were wanting, that conservatives may be very energetic in their own way.

"It is the constitution that I purpose to defend, — the constitution under its present form. If asked, why I defend with so much zeal what I have often pronounced to be defective, I answer that I opposed in my capacity of member of the Constituante every clause proscribed by the public opinion to-day; but since the constitutional act was cemented by the nation, I have thought myself under the obligation of limiting my demands to its faithful execution alone."

A tory of the most orthodox species could hardly say more than this!

5°. — *Dejeuner Patriotique du Peuple*, in 8vo., from the 20th January to the 3d of April, 1791, in all seventy numbers.

"A proclamation is announced, defending, in the name of the department of Paris, public meetings, and warning the evil-disposed that the days of anarchy are over, that the laws have resumed their empire, and that we are at length going to enjoy our great conquest, Liberty!"

"The mayor of Beauvois was hanged yesterday. Should any one meet with his body in its present exalted state, he is requested to strip off the official badge, and return the latter to the municipality, whose turn is soon to come."

6°. — *Echo of the Palais Royal.*

Motto — "In nova fert animus."

"A ferocious animal of the most dangerous description has been discovered within the last few days near the Louvre. The naturalists say, that it is the same as that which the ancients denominated *ministry*. Its voice is alluring, its gait crooked, every thing it takes is converted into poison. Its face, although attractive, inspires a secret dread. It strives to lull its victims asleep, and no sooner sees them off their guard, than it devours them. It has committed dreadful ravages of late. Many attempts have been made to dispatch the monster, but no sooner does it perceive an assailant, than it runs for shelter to the Louvre, where the respect due to the king assures it an inviolable asylum. It is rumoured that a venerable matron, with an antique costume, favours it secretly. Her name is *aristocracy*. She holds in her hand a scroll of parchment, on which the word *conspiracy* is written."

7°. — *Journal of the Presse par Babœuf*, from the 17th September, 1794, till April, 1796.

"All is over. Terror has become the watchword of our tyrants. We are no longer free to speak; we are no longer free to read; we are no longer free to write; we are no longer free even to think.

"We are no longer allowed to say we suffer; we are no longer allowed to say that we live under the rule of the most horrible tyranny.

"We are not allowed to express our pain when our hangmen tear our members with pincers, and banquet upon our writhing bodies; we are not allowed to supplicate these savages for less atrocious tortures, for less refinement in the variety of our torments, for a death less cruel and slow.

"We are not allowed to exclaim, that the legislation of Constantinople is mercy itself compared with the ordinances of our sovereign senators.

"We are not allowed to manifest a wish to have Draco for our governor, rather than our present irresponsible masters.

"We are commanded to let the government starve, plunder, chain, and torture the people, without exhaling our indignation in even one murmur.

"We are commanded to praise, to admire, to bless this oppression, and proclaim aloud that nothing ever existed half so admirable or beautiful.

"We are commanded to bow down before the atrocious code of 1795, and call it a holy and venerable law; and we are commanded in the same breath to blaspheme the sacred and sublime pact of 1793, and call it atrocious.

" Are we near growing tired of so many vexations? Since there are no limits where we can conceive our tyrants will stop of themselves, shall we not ask ourselves what are the limits which we are resolved not to let them pass."

8°. — *Journal de la Savonette Republicaine*, for the use of the ignorant deputies, and such as purpose betraying their country, in 8vo. 1792, 1793, eighteen numbers.

Motto — " We shall pursue them, the scoundrels! We shall pursue them!"

9°. — *Journal des Amis, par Claude Fauchet*, bishop of Calvados, in 8vo. from the 1st of January till the 15th June, 1793, two volumes. This journal, now very rare, began with the terrible struggle between the Girondists and the Mountain party. None throws more light over the events of this epoch. Its author was himself a Girondist.

" The old world is drawing near its close; it is on the eve of dissolution. A second chaos is to precede the new creation. The elements of social nature must come into conflict, and war violently against each other, in order to give birth to the true society. It is universal war which is going to produce universal peace. It is the entire dissolution of morals which is about to create the virtue of nations. It is general woe which is going to necessitate general happiness.

" We have reached the most terrible crisis of humanity. I thought that philosophy, which had prepared it, would have been able to soften it, and render less painful this second travail of nature; but philosophy, whose name is on every lip, has not yet extended her empire to the heart. Every where its want is felt, but no where is its reality to be found. Nothing is more opposed to philosophy than those domineering and legislative heads, that do not possess even the elements of morals, or the principles of common sense. With materialism, what can we expect but the morality of brutes? With irreligion we can have nothing but dissociability itself. With habitual irreflection we have an utter incapacity for forming a permanent code, for creating a regular administration. With passions that know no restraint, we have wars without a remedy. Thus do we touch the extremity of human things.

" Look round you; contemplate, if you can, those men who style themselves the friends of wisdom, and start back with horror. They are monsters of an unbridled violence — of infamous morals; an insatiable thirst of power possesses them; they hunger for every species of tyranny, and thirst for every crime. These are the fathers of liberty! Yes, they are! They shall bring it forth by the necessity which they have placed humanity under, of producing it, in order to exterminate this last despotism of licence and impiety, which aspires to the place of the worst despotism of courts and superstitions. No! cannibal tyrants of opinion, you will not devour — devour to the root the reason and liberty of mankind. Man will soon see that this *ogrerie*, which impels him to tear his fellow man, and to trample under foot every virtue, is your work. He will summon fraternal religion, the gospel of equality, the God of sweet morals, to the assistance of humanity in distress. From her ruins humanity shall spring forth again. Then shall you be confounded by her holy majesty, and annihilated by the sight of her happiness."

10°. — *Publiciste Parisien.* — *Ami du Peuple, par Marat.*

The Provost de Beaumond accuses Malsherbes, the defender of Louis XVI., of sundry unpatriotic acts. Marat, to whom the accusation is addressed, undertakes his defence. The following passage proves that, even in the bosom of Marat, there existed noble principles.

" Citizen, you are wrong. I cannot despise or blame Malsherbes, who has given proofs of his courage in volunteering his services as defender of the dethroned despot. He is infinitely less despicable in my estimation, than the pusillanimous Target, who has the audacity to style himself a republican, after having long crawled at the feet, and profited by the profusions of a master, whom he now abandons in the most dastardly manner. [Target, requested by Louis XVI. to undertake his defence, had refused.] I admire courage even in a malefactor; I prefer a thousand times the audacious villain, to the hypocrite who broods over his base projects in secret. Moreover, the one is infinitely more dangerous than the other. The bold oppressor soon excites the oppressed against himself; but the cowardly traitor *does not let them see their destruction until it is accomplished.*"

Portrait of Marat, by Marat himself, from the *Ami du Peuple.*

"My readers will excuse me if I speak to them to-day of myself: it is neither self-love nor fatuity, but the desire of being more useful to the Republic that impels me to it. Why should it be imputed to me as a crime to show what I am in reality, when the foes of liberty are incessantly backbiting me, and representing me as a fool, an enthusiast, or as an anthrophage, a tiger thirsting for blood, a monster that breathes nothing but carnage, and all this, that my name may inspire horror, and prevent any good that I should attempt to effect.

"Born with a sensitive heart, a fiery imagination, and a character hot, frank, and persevering — with a straightforward mind, prone to yield to every exalted passion, particularly the love of glory, I have never done any thing that could alter or destroy these gifts of nature, but have, on the contrary, cultivated them with the utmost care.

"By an extraordinary chance I have had the advantage of a good education in my father's house, thus escaping from all the vicious habits of childhood, that enervate and degrade man, so that I attained the age of virility without having ever once abandoned myself to the impetus of my passions. At the age of twenty-one I was still pure, although I had for a long time before addicted myself to study and meditation.

"The only passion which had taken possession of my soul was the love of glory; but this was only as yet a fire that burnt in secret.

"It is from nature that I have inherited the temper of my soul; but for the development of my character I am indebted to my mother. My father never wished to see me become any thing else than a man of letters.

"This respectable woman, whose loss I still deplore, cultivated my first years; she alone nourished in my bosom philanthropy, the love of glory and justice, — precious sentiments, which soon became the all-absorbing passions of my life. I was her instrument in distributing alms to the distressed; and the tone of interest with which she addressed them communicated itself to me.

"The love of man is the basis of the love of justice, for the idea of what is just is no less the produce of instinct than of reason. Before I had attained my eighth year my moral feelings were developed. At that age I could not bear to see any one harshly treated: the sight of a cruel action filled me with indignation; and the spectacle of an injustice made my heart bound like a personal insult.

"In my extreme youth my constitution was very weak; I therefore avoided childish plays, and was neither giddy nor petulant. Submissive and studious, my masters could obtain any thing from me by mildness. I never was chastised but once, and the resentment for so unjust a humiliation made so powerful an impression on my mind, that no intreaties could induce me to return to my tutor; I remained two whole days without food; I was then eleven years old; the firmness of my character may be judged from this trait alone. My parents, unable to overcome my scruples, and thinking their authority compromised, shut me up in a solitary room. My indignation almost suffocated me. I opened the window, and threw myself into the street. Fortunately the casement was not high; still I was much hurt by the fall, and bear to this day a *souvenir* thereof, in a scar on my forehead.

"The frivolous persons who reproach me with being *headstrong*, will learn from this that I was so at an early period; but what they will hesitate to believe is, that I burned from my very infancy with a love of glory: this passion, although its object has often changed during my life, has never abandoned me for a moment. In my fifth year I had a fancy for the profession of a schoolmaster; in my fifteenth I should have liked to have been a professor; an author at eighteen; a creating genius at twenty; as to-day my whole ambition is to sacrifice myself for my country.

"Such I was made by nature and the instructions of my childhood; circumstances and my own reflections have done the rest.

"I was serious at the age of fifteen, an observer at eighteen, and a philosopher at twenty-one. When ten years old I had contracted the habits of a studious life: study has since become for me a necessity, even in my moments of sickness; and my purest pleasures I have found in meditation in those moments when the soul contemplates with admiration the magnificence of nature; or when, falling back upon itself, it seems to listen in silence — to weigh in the balance of happiness the vanity of human greatness — to pierce the mists of futurity — to follow man beyond the grave, and concentrate an anxious curiosity on his eternal destiny.

"With the exception of the few years I consecrated to the active cares of the medical profession, I have spent twenty-five in retreat, wholly occupied with reading the best works of science and literature, with studying nature, and making many profound investigations. I think I have passed in review all the combinations of the human mind, — in morals, philosophy, and politics, — with a view of extracting what appeared to me to be the best results. I have composed eight volumes of metaphysical, anatomical, and physical, re-

searches upon man; twenty of discoveries in the different branches of physics. Several of these were published long ago, the remainder are in manuscript. In the recess of my study I have always entertained a sincere desire of being useful to humanity — a holy respect for truth. It is this last sentiment which has alone decided me, with regard to the choice of the matters I have occupied myself with, and made me reject on every occasion such subjects as did not authorise a well-founded expectation that I should obtain great and practical results, and move alone in my sphere; for I never could prevail upon myself to enter upon a path that had been already trodden, nor to owe the discovery even of truth to the hints of other writers.

"Were I to judge from the unworthy persecutions which I have suffered, for more than ten years, at the hands of the Royal Academy of Sciences, my vanity would tell me that my aim is attained. I have been exposed to this treatment for no other reason than because the assembly alluded to saw that my discoveries on light were in direct opposition to its labours for the last century; and that I had a strong repugnance to become one of its members. As the Delambert, the Caritat, the Lerai, the Meunier, the Lalandes, the Laplace, the Mouges, the Cousins, the Lavoisier, and the other quacks of this scientific body, wanted to reign alone, and as they had at their exclusive disposal every trumpet of literary fame, the public will believe me when I say that they succeeded in depreciating my discoveries all over Europe — in exciting against me every learned society — in excluding me from all access to the journals, to such a point, that I could not even announce the titles of my works, but was under the necessity of borrowing a name, in order to cheat them into a laudatory notice of some of my productions.*

"I had been groaning for five years beneath this cowardly oppression, when the convocation of the states-general announced the revolution. I instantly perceived the turn which things were likely to take. I began to breathe with freedom, in the hope of seeing humanity avenged, and contributing to break its chains, as well as my own.

"This seemed for a long while but a dream. A severe sickness threatened me with the tomb for its conclusion. Unwilling to quit life without doing something for the cause of liberty, I composed *The Offering to my Country*, on a bed of sickness. This little work had great success: it was crowned by the patriotic society of the *Cave;* and the pleasure I felt in consequence contributed not a little to my recovery.

"Restored to health, I turned my undivided attention to the means of serving most effectually the cause of liberty.

"I soon felt indignant at the bad faith of Necker, and his criminal efforts to render the double representation illusive, and arrest the progress of that reforming spirit, which he had himself excited.

"It was not long before I felt indignant, likewise, at the want of zeal of the deputies of the people, and the lukewarmness of their efforts against the privileged orders, that aimed at dissolving the states-general.

"Fearing lest they should be deficient in wisdom or in means, I published my plan of the constitution after six weeks' conference with those who then passed for zealous patriots, such as Chapelier, Sieyes, Rabaud, Duport, Barnave, &c.; but I soon discovered that their apparent nullity was owing to other causes than a want of knowledge — that it was far more necessary, in a word, to cure their vices than their errors. This could not be done without a daily paper, in which I might speak the language of austere truth, putting legislators in mind of principles, — unmasking pickpockets, prevaricators, traitors, — revealing every plot, pointing out every hidden snare, and sounding the tocsin at the approach of danger.

"I therefore commenced the '*Friend of the People*.' The success of this paper is known, as well as the terrible blows which it has inflicted upon the enemies of the revolution, and the cruel persecutions to which it has exposed its author.

"No sooner had I fixed my eyes upon the national assembly, than I saw that, composed as it was, with the enemies of liberty in a majority, there was no possibility of its ever effecting the triumph of the holy cause of freedom. I therefore demonstrated the necessity of excluding the nobles, the prelates, the sinecurists, the *robins*, the bankers, the creatures of the court, and the wranglers of the bar. Seeing them engaged in plotting secretly to stop the working of the constitution, and watching for a pretext to destroy it altogether, unless in moments of danger, when they were frightened into an appearance of honesty, I have constantly pointed out the necessity of purging the national senate by a comprehensive proscription of all these public enemies. If driven to despair by the spectacle of their odious attempts — of their hydra-like plots, springing up from one another, — of the murder and massacre of so many patriots whom they had butchered — indignation has at length torn from me the melancholy truth, that there can be no freedom, no surety, no peace, until these base machinators are cut off from the number of the living; it was when their death seemed to me the only way to consolidate the Republic. This truth has been

* Thus my Remarks on the Optics of Newton, which I published in 1785, under a pseudonyme, were warmly commended by Voltaire.

felt so well by every nation that has broken its chains, that all have commenced their revolutions by immolating the enemies of freedom.

"Since the day on which I first took up the pen to defend my country, my opinions have not been once grappled with by a single adversary. Oh, no! it was far easier to assail my character in a multitude of atrocious libels, as they are in the habit of doing every day of their lives. Those which the government have published with a view of counterbalancing the influence of my paper and defaming my honour would alone more than fill the cathedral of Nôtre-Dame. And what result have they produced? Why, they have only served to enrich libellists and booksellers. For my own part I am able to affirm, that they have not deprived me of a single shade of my popularity, nor weaned from me, in the slightest degree, the esteem of such as read and understand my writings.

"I know, indeed, that my writings are any thing but calculated to tranquillise the enemies of my country. There is nothing so dreaded by pickpockets and traitors as their being unmasked. Therefore are the wretches who have sworn my destruction innumerable, disguising their low and resentful passions under the cloak of philanthropy and respect for the laws: these vomit forth against me from morning till noon a thousand atrocious calumnies. The only calumnies of theirs that have yet found dupes are, that I am of a fiery temperament, a bilious fool, a sanguinary monster, or a hired ruffian. These I should not have stooped to refute were it not for some of my colleagues of the Convention, who, deceived by such selfish scoundrels with regard to my true character, looked to me for a victorious exculpation of my conduct.

"To the well-meaning among my colleagues who have thus been led into error, I shall say, read the works I published at the beginning of the revolution, such as *The Offering to my Country — my Plan of the Constitution — my Code of Criminal Legislation*, and the first hundred numbers of *The Friend of the People* — read these, and then say what writings renowned for wisdom and philanthropy can compete with them for prudence, circumspection, and moderation, for the ardent love they breathe for my country, for liberty, and justice.

"'Oh,' but my accusers will say, 'you have demanded the heads of traitors and conspirators!' Did I ever denounce these ruffians to the vengeance of the people, save when they were allowed to brave with impunity the axe of justice, our ministers only plotting how they might swindle them off unscathed. A great crime indeed to ask for five hundred criminal heads to save as many thousands of guilty ones! Is not the smallness of the number in itself a trait of wisdom and moderation?

"I am called a hired ruffian, I who could have gained millions had I only sold my silence, and who am at this very moment in a state of want and misery. I have lost by the Revolution my profession, the remnant of my patrimony; and all the fortune that I have still remaining is a debt of two thousand francs, imposed upon me by swindlers, in whose probity I had confided, and who, having abused my name, decamped, leaving me responsible for their villainy.

"I have unfolded my most secret thoughts to such among my colleagues as seemed desirous of knowing — knowing me for what I really am, in order to join me in my mission for the good of the people, too long forgotten amidst the cruel dissensions that distract the Convention. In order to effect a reconciliation I am ready to go any length compatible with the public safety, with the rights and interests of the nation. All I ask for in return is a corresponding degree of honesty and sincerity. Let my adversaries but say the word, and I am ready to concert with them the means of consolidating the liberty, the peace and happiness of the nation. I am quite willing to lay down the censor's scourge and take up in exchange the rule of the legislator. But let them reflect upon what they are about to do. If their object be to abuse my confidence and chain down my pen, their triumph will not be of long duration. I shall not hesitate to brand them with the mark of opprobrium, and make them my first victims; for never will Marat consent to betray the cause of the people."

Such as love to detect mortified vanity or disappointed ambition at the bottom of those motives that urge on revolutionary characters in their headlong courses, will not be astonished at the tone of bitterness with which Marat dwells on the hardships he had to undergo at the hands of the Royal Academy. His works, we mean those he published on subjects connected with the natural sciences, merited, it must be admitted, a better reception; nor can we read them without feeling that the historians of the French Revolution, who represent Marat as a maniac utterly devoid of talent, are grossly mistaken in their appreciation of his literary qualifications. His first work was a little treatise in English, now very rare, entitled "The Chains of Slavery." It appeared in Edinburgh, while Marat was studying medicine

in that city; his pecuniary resources being limited to what he derived from a few pupils whom he instructed in the French tongue. This work contains the theory of those political principles which Marat lived to carry into practice: but as Marat had not then foreseen the numerous difficulties which the most acute theorists meet with when they grapple with the realities of things, nor, consequently, provided his universal panacea — the guillotine, his system is not one jot more unpalateable than those which have been so often expounded by the friends of uncontrolled democracy, from Rousseau down to the Abbé de Lamennais.

In 1785 Marat returned to Paris, and was soon after appointed to the situation of surgeon to the Guards of the Count d'Artois. Although his writings had failed in obtaining the approbation of the Royal Academy, probably from the dogmatical and imperious tone in which they were conceived, he acquired many friends among the leading literary characters of the time. Among these was Brissot, the Girondist leader, whom Marat ultimately denounced to the people as "a statesman;" Roland, afterwards Minister of the Interior, and the peculiar object of Marat's hatred; Condorcet, Camille Desmoulins, and others. Their conversation and example are supposed to have weaned Marat's thoughts from the studies in which he was then engaged, and turned them towards those great social questions which were beginning to engross the thoughts of the literary characters of France. Hardly had the States-general been convened, when he seemed metamorphosed all of a sudden into a fiery demagogue. Abandoning his profession, and flinging aside his mathematical instruments, he devoted his whole attention to the popular clubs, and to the exposition in the "Ami du Peuple" of those sanguinary principles which the populace followed up with so much vigour a short time after.

It was not long before Marat's proceedings drew down the vengeance of the Court. His paper was proscribed, and he himself hotly pursued by the police. Neither of these circumstances, however, prevented the "Friend of the People" from appearing with the same regularity as before. There were always printers to be found who were bold enough to brave the constituted authorities; and Marat, in his subterranean asylum, seemed every day to acquire a new degree of fanatical energy. To the fervour of his previous political faith a new impulse was now added, by the idea that he was himself the victim of a tyrannical persecution; and this circumstance alone sufficed to make him the idol of the populace. Alas! The torrent must have been strong indeed, when the descendants of the Richelieus, the Crillons, the Montmorencys, — when even the most intrepid generals of the republic — the Mirandas, the Westermans, the Dumouriers, who had faced death in a hundred battles, were forced to bow the neck before Marat, or fly their country, or suffer themselves to be led unresistingly to the scaffold, amidst a herd of obscure malefactors. This lamentable period had not, however, yet arrived. Marat was still struggling for his own personal safety. His friends, in the mean time, were not idle. The insurrections that preceded that of the 10th of August reduced the royal authority to less than a shadow, leaving it optional for the demagogues to remain in or emerge from their dark abodes. Marat hesitated not to profit by the turn which things had taken. He presented himself before the famous Commune of Paris and claimed a place among its members, in his quality of the author of the "Friend of the People." The title was judged sufficient, and Marat was admitted without the formality of an election. His nomination to the Convention soon followed. He was returned by the citizens of Paris in company with Robespierre, Danton, and Collot d'Her-

bois. In the hands of the Mountain party Marat proved a formidable instrument. Madame Roland calls him in her Memoirs a mad dog, whom Danton was in the habit of letting loose against his personal foes, and whom he inspired with all his rabid notions. This is not exactly true. Although Marat acted in unison with Robespierre and Danton, it is truer to say that he led them than that he was led by them. One of the great political levers of those times was a generic or party term, which implied an unpopular meaning, and which when affixed to any class marked it out to the vengeance of the mob. Marat's inventive powers were, indeed, in this respect unequalled. He had always a name in readiness for his less imaginative *confrères*. The epithets *Aristocrats*, *Federalists*, *Girondists*, *Brissotins*, *the Moderate*, *the Statesmen*, were successively applied by him to the antagonists of the Mountain party, we know with what success. But it is time to see what Marat really was as a legislator and publicist. A few extracts from what he terms himself his *most lively compositions* will suffice for this purpose: —

Speech delivered by Marat in the National Assembly, the 25th September, 1792, as reported by himself in the "Publiciste Parisien."

"Gentlemen,

"I may boast of having a great number of personal enemies in this assembly—(*Here the three fourths of the assembly started up and exclaimed*, '*Yes, we are all your enemies,— all!*' Violent rumour for several minutes, and profound silence on my part until order was in some degree restored)—I may boast of having a number of personal enemies in this assembly; well, all I ask for at their hands is a little decency. It is not with clamours, menaces, or insults, that you can convince the man whom you accuse that he is culpable; neither is it by vociferating 'Down with him!' against a defender of the people that you will substantiate the charges that may be brought forward against him.

"I thank the hand that has secretly evoked in the midst of this assembly an empty phantom to frighten the timid, to disunite the good citizens, and bring into discredit the deputies of Paris. I thank my persecutors for having afforded me an opportunity for unfolding to you the most secret recesses of my soul.

"There are persons who dare to assert, that the deputation of Paris aspire to a dictatorship — to a triumvirate or *tribunate*. So absurd an accusation can only borrow a shadow of probability from the fact of my being a member of the said deputation. Hear me, then, Gentlemen, while I assert, in the most solemn manner, that my colleagues, particularly Danton and Robespierre, have constantly repelled every idea of such an authority. I have even had more than one lance to break with them on this very subject.

"I believe I am the only writer in France, since the Revolution, who proposed a dictator, a military tribune, or a triumvirate, as the only effectual method to crush conspirators and traitors. If this opinion be found reprehensible, I alone am to blame; if it be found criminal, it is on my head that the vengeance of the nation ought to fall. I offer myself as a willing victim, but before you strike deign to hear my views on this subject: I expressed them in writings published by myself, under my own name, nearly three years ago. It is only to-day that an attempt is made, for the first time, to metamorphose them into crimes of high treason.

"Is it possible that what I have proclaimed before the world, and submitted to the appreciation of my readers should be stigmatised as criminal? No, that cannot be! Were my views false, they amounted, at most, but to so many errors; were they extravagant, it only followed that their author was a dreamer — a fanatic. Traitors conceal themselves in the dark when they set about organising their plots: never has a conspirator proclaimed his designs on the house-tops; but I have submitted all my opinions to the public frankly and honestly. If dangerous, they should have been proscribed by solid arguments, and not by those vain anathemas which my enemies have hurled against my person. It was an odd way of destroying their pernicious influence to brandish over their author's head the scimitar of tyranny.

"But to come at once to the point: what, Gentlemen, do you reproach me with? At a time when the eternal treachery of a perfidious Court and its creatures, — at a time when the incessant plots of the enemies of our Revolution, — at a time when the sanguinary machinations of the instruments of tyranny threatened to destroy our rising liberties — who among you, Gentlemen, could blame me, if, in the paroxysm of my despair, I invoked upon their criminal heads the vengeance of the people? Who among you would dare to impute to me as a crime my having counselled the only way that was then left to save the good citizens?

"Without being in the least influenced by my voice, the people had the good sense to see of themselves that there was no other resource left; they, therefore, tried it more than once, with the view of counteracting the efforts that were making to effect their destruction.

"The sanguinary executions of the 14th July, 6th October, and 2d September have saved our country. Alas! what a pity that they were not directed by some vigorous and skilful hand. Dreading these terrible impulses of an unbridled multitude, and distracted at seeing the axe fall promiscuously on all the culprits, confounding the humble delinquents with the proud and hardened villains, — anxious to see it descend alone on the heads of the principal *contre-revolutionaires*, I sought to submit these terrible movements to the wisdom of a chief, at once a pure patriot and profound statesman, who having singled out the principal traitors might have cut off, at one stroke, the thread of so many machinations, and thus consolidated, without a great effusion of blood, our young liberties.

"Had this salutary measure been adopted immediately after the taking of the Bastille, what a multitude of disasters we would have been spared! Had the heads of only five hundred arch traitors been chopped off then, 100,000 patriots would not have been butchered since; 100,000 more would not be threatened to-day with the same fate; nor the state rent by factions, and a prey to anarchy, famine, and civil war, while the barbarous hordes of a multitude of combined despots are hovering round our frontiers ready to pounce upon us.

"Whoever is capable of reflection will feel the justice and utility of the measures I prescribed; but you, citizen legislators, if you have not attained the same philosophical elevation, nor are as advanced in this respect as myself, so much the worse for yourselves. An ocean of blood will one day convince you of your error, and make you deplore, with bitterness, your present fatal apathy.

"Permit me, before I conclude, to add one word concerning myself. There are people brazen enough to accuse me of ambitious and selfish views, but I shall not stoop to repel such an inculpation. Let such as may be tempted to listen to it but look at my public conduct. Had I set a price only on my silence, I might have been wallowing in wealth, and here I am in a state of glorious misery. I never asked for place nor pension. To serve my country I have braved want, danger, and sufferings. I have been tracked every day of my life by legions of assassins. For three whole years I have condemned myself to a subterraneous existence, with rats and owls for my only companions. I pleaded the cause of freedom with my head on the block. Speak, then, dastardly calumniators, and say if that be the conduct of a selfish or an ambitious man."

When Marat delivered the above speech the rupture between the Mountain party to which he belonged and the Girondists, or as he jeeringly called them *the Statesmen*, was complete. The latter disposed of the majority in the Convention, were in possession of the executive authority, had the army at their command, or, at least, the generals, and yet they were unable to put down Marat, who did not let a single day pass without pointing out their leading members to the knife of the assassin. Their weakness may be traced to two causes—the want of a guard to protect them from the populace of the Faubourgs which the demagogues wielded at will, and their strange oversight in not having the tribunes of the Convention against the Jacobin emissaries, whose vociferations drowned the voices of their orators and damped their energies. The Girondists subsequently attempted to obtain for the assembly the protection of a *garde départementale*; but before the bill passed an insurrection was got up, which drove them from the Convention for ever. We shall conclude our notice of Marat's writings with the following extract from the "Publiciste Parisien," written a short time before the proscription of the Girondist party: —

"'The Statesmen' are the worst and most formidable enemies we have. They are almost wholly composed of the rotten members of the *Constituante* and *legislative* assemblies. They not only give their protection openly to all the *Contre-revolutionaires*, but are themselves in a flagrant state of *counter-revolution*. What have not these scoundrels done within the last few months to save the tyrant (Louis XVI.), re-establish royalty, and rekindle the flames of civil war.

"Indulgence for these miscreants becomes barbarity towards the people. We must either annihilate them, or be annihilated by them. Whither, then, does your system of *moderantism* lead but to the ruin of our country? Is it possible that you do not feel, since the death of the tyrant, that your only path to safety is that which leads across the odious carcasses of your multitudinous enemies?

"Rouse, then, and shake off your apathy. Unite with the ardent patriots of the Mountain, and advance against the criminal faction, or your own ruin will atone for your moderation and timidity."

We come now to a writer whose name, notwithstanding the lamentable events with which it is associated, is never pronounced without respect and veneration. Camille Desmoulins, to whom we allude, was one of the most ardent promoters of the work of insurrection in the French capital. It was he who headed the first and most justifiable of the popular movements of 1789, 90, and 91, that which led to the destruction of the Bastille. On the evening of the 19th July, 1789, a report reached Paris that Necker, the idol of the people, had been banished by the Court of Versailles. The Palais Royal, then the political forum of the French capital, became instantly thronged with students and citizens, all engaged in commenting upon the important event which had just occurred. Suddenly a young man broke through the crowd, and bounded upon a table in the midst of the garden, from which he addressed the people in the following terms:—"Citizens, you know the nation have demanded that Necker should be maintained in office, and a monument erected in his honour. Well! he has been banished—yes, banished for life from the country which he alone was capable of saving. Now that they have struck this blow, your tyrants will stop at nothing. What do I say? Are they not plotting for this very night a St. Bartholomew of the patriots? To arms, then—to arms! Let each of us hoist a green cockade, the colour of hope, and march against our oppressors." Hardly had Desmoulins pronounced these words when every tree in the garden was divested of its leaves, the spectators having transferred them to their hats. The shops of the armourers were then plundered of their contents, as well as the public arsenals; and the second morning after this event, 100,000 men, armed with guns, pikes, and bayonets, were seen advancing upon the Bastille.

Although the influence which Camille Desmoulins exercised on the above occasion was wholly unconnected with his character as a writer, he had, nevertheless, acquired already a sort of fame by two periodical publications —"La France Libre," and "Le Procureur Général de la Lanterne." Were our object to enumerate the causes of the Revolution, we could demonstrate that the fall of the Bastille was not a thing wholly unpremeditated. Desmoulins, who gave the signal, was in direct communication with Mirabeau, and one or two of the leading members of the States-general, from whom he derived his literary inspirations. We have seen letters addressed to him by Mirabeau about this period, in which the Bastille is alluded to in terms of the most significant kind. Be this as it may, the principles of Mirabeau were not long to Desmoulins's taste. The former never intended that the movement of which he was the apostle should extend farther than a constitutional government, similar to that of Great Britain; the latter aimed, from the very beginning, at a republican form of government. Between the republicanism of Camille Desmoulins and that of Marat and Hebert there was, however, as wide a difference, as between the ideas of the latter and the constitutional notions of Mirabeau. Marat and Hebert meant by a republic the preponderance and sway of the mob; they hated, moreover, with a truly Spartan zeal, all the refinements of civilisation. Desmoulins, on the contrary, was fond of the arts, was no foe to the luxuries of modern civilisation, and studied to frame his commonwealth after an Athenian rather than a Lacedæmonian model.

When the democratic party triumphed on the 10th of August, 1792, Camille Desmoulins became the secretary of Danton, whom the omnipotent

voice of the clubs of Paris raised from a state of factious misery to the department of Justice. He was returned to the Convention some time after by the electors of the capital, and took his place among the more ardent spirits of the *Mountain*. For a long time Desmoulins followed submissively in the wake of Robespierre, who had formerly been his class-fellow in the college of Louis le Grand, the great nursery of the revolutionary characters of that period. But when the Reign of Terror was proclaimed all over France, — when the prisons were thronged, and the guillotines reeked with the blood of her best citizens, the generous instincts of Desmoulins's nature rose against this new tyranny. He boldly undertook the defence of the suffering and oppressed in a work, which for eloquence and pathos surpasses all the other monuments of the French Revolution. The "Vieux Cordelier" was tolerated for a time by the infamous committee of public safety, so great was the respect which even Desmoulins's enemies entertained for his character. Had he not wounded the literary pride of Robespierre, it is even probable that he would have survived his colleagues of the Convention. An article of Desmoulins's having been denounced in the Jacobin club by Hebert, who demanded that its author should be expelled from the society, Robespierre spoke in his defence, but admitted that the article was counter-revolutionary, and merited to be burnt by the hand of the executioner. "To burn," exclaimed Desmoulins, forgetful of the danger to which he was exposing himself — "to burn is not to answer." Robespierre, irritated at the remark, joined with his accusers. Desmoulins was arrested soon after with Danton, and Fabre d'Eglantine, and hurried off to the prison of the Luxembourg. On his arrival, the prisoners, who amounted at that time to more than 1500 in the Luxembourg alone, all ran to receive him, and gave him every mark of their esteem and sympathy; even the Royalists, Girondists, and all the others whose principles he had so long combated. He was guillotined with his two companions on the 5th April, 1794. His wife, whom he adored, met with the same fate a few days after, leaving an only son, who died in exile in 1815.

The following extract from the fourth number of the "Vieux Cordelier" is offered as a *pièce justificative* of our eulogy of Camille Desmoulins's character and writings: —

"O my dearly beloved fellow-citizens, are we so far degraded as to prostrate ourselves before such divinities as are offered to our homage? No. liberty, that liberty which descended from above, is not a nymph of the Opera, nor a Phrygian bonnet, nor a dirty shirt and rags: liberty is happiness, reason, equality — it is justice, the declaration of our rights and our sublime constitution! Would you have me to recognise her, to fall down at her feet, to shed all my blood for her? Set at liberty the two hundred thousand citizens whom you call *suspects*, for in our declaration of rights there is no house of suspicion, there are only houses of detention. And do not fancy that such a measure as that which I propose would be fatal to the Republic; far from this, it would be the most revolutionary measure you ever adopted. You want to exterminate all your enemies by the guillotine! But was ever madness comparable to that? Can you exterminate one by the scaffold without making yourselves ten enemies among his relations or friends? Do you think there is danger to be apprehended from the women, the old men, the sick, the egotists, and the stragglers of the Revolution, whom you detain in bondage? Of all your enemies the cowards and invalids alone remain among you; the brave and the energetic have all emigrated; they have fallen at Lyons or in *La Vendée*; their *leavings* are not even worthy of your resentment. Those *feuillans*, bankers, and shopkeepers, whom you keep in prison since the beginning of the great duel between the monarchy and the republic, can only be compared to the population of Rome, whose indifference, during the combat between Vitellius and Vespasian, is thus described by Tacitus: — "While the action lasted the Romans gathered round the combatants like curious spectators; and, as they were wont to do in the amphitheatre, they applauded one while these, another while those, according as chance seemed to favour either party; and when any portion of the combatants happened to lose ground and retreat, they dragged them from the houses and gave them up to the enemy. On one

side nothing was seen but dead and wounded men; on the other, theatres crowded with spectators, and inns filled with banqueters.'

"Have we not in the foregoing passage a perfect portrait of our *moderate*, our *chapelains*, our signers of the famous petition of the eight and the twenty thousand, and of that intermediate multitude between the Jacobins and Coblentz who cry out according as the scale of victory descends — 'Long live Lafayette and his white horse!' or who bear in triumph the bust of Marat? It seems that the citizens of Paris bear as close a resemblance to those of Rome in the time of Vitellius, as those of Rome resembled the citizens of Athens contemporary with Plato, for whom the philosopher refused to prescribe any thing in his republic, 'their nature impelling them to a servile submission to the government and the stronger party.' While we were shedding our blood in the Carrousel and the Champs de Mars, the Palais Royal exhibited its shepherdesses and its Arcadia. Beside the axe of the guillotine even while falling upon the necks of royalty, the guillotine of Punchinello was also in progress, and shared the attention of the public. It was not love for the republic, but curiosity that attracted every day such a concourse of spectators to the place of the Revolution. They all wanted to see the new play which was only to have one representation. . . . . There is one truth which cannot fail to strike my readers. Although Pitt, seeing the necessity we were under of shedding blood in order to ensure our triumph, has changed his batteries all of a sudden, and, taking advantage of our situation, has done his utmost to give to our liberty the attitude of tyranny, and turn against us the reason and humanity of the eighteenth century, that is to say, the very arms with which we vanquished despotism;—although Pitt, feeling himself, since the great victory which the Mountain obtained on the twentieth of January, too weak to prevent freedom from establishing itself in France, by combating it openly, has adopted its costume and language, as the only way left for rendering it odious and destroying it entirely; — although, in accordance with this plan, he has secretly instructed all his agents and all the aristocrats to hoist the Phrygian bonnet, to exchange the pantaloon for the short breeches, and metamorphose themselves into furious patriots; — although the patriot Pitt, become a Jacobin, has in his orders to the invisible army he maintains among us prescribed that they should demand with the Marquis de Montant *five hundred heads in the bosom of the Convention*, and that the army of the Rhine *should exterminate their fellow-citizens, the garrison of Mayence*, or, in the language of a certain petition, that *nine hundred thousand heads should be chopped off*, or, with a certain attorney-general, *that the one half of the French people should be* EMBASTILLED as *suspect*, or, with a certain motion lately made in the Convention, *that under each of those innumerable prisons there should be placed barrels of powder, and beside them a permanent faggot*; — although Pitt has tried these and other schemes, which it would be too tedious to enumerate, I shall continue to raise my humble voice in behalf of my proscribed countrymen. To Pitt and all his fellows I shall say, 'Your efforts are vain as long as you attack the Mountain from the *marais* or the *coté droit*. We of the Mountain can only be taken by the enemy seizing upon the heights, and establishing themselves on the summit as in a redoubt, or, in other terms, by gaining the voices of the multitude ever rash and inconstant — by making motions more popular still than those of the Old Cordeliers, and raising up warmer patriots than we, and greater prophets than Marat.' Pitt is well aware of this truth. It is he who lately sent to the bar of the Convention two deputations with addresses of such a kind that even the inhabitants of the upper regions of the Mountain are moderate when compared to them. Fortunately for us Marat was there—Marat, who by his subterranean life and his indefatigable labours, is looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of patriotism, and whose titles are so universally admitted, that the people will always think that beyond what Marat proposes there can only be madness and folly, and that beyond his motions we must write as the geographers of antiquity did on the verge of their maps, 'Here cities and habitations are no longer to be found: there is nothing but deserts and savages, oceans of ice and volcanoes.' Marat instantly perceived the purport of the petitions, and had their authors driven from the bar."

The following affecting and beautiful composition is the third and last letter of Camille Desmoulins to his wife, written a few days before his execution: —

"Prison of the Luxembourg, 1st April, 1794.

"A bountiful sleep has suspended my torments. We are free when we sleep; we have not the consciousness of our captivity; Heaven has had pity on me. Only a moment ago I saw you in a dream; I embraced you, the little Horace, and Daronne each in turn, but our little one had lost an eye from a humour which had broke out upon it; and the grief I felt for this accident awakened me. My dungeon rose around me anew: daylight was beginning to break upon me. Unable to see you — to hear you any longer (for you and your mother were speaking to me), I got up to enjoy at least the consolation of conversing with you upon paper; but as I opened my window, the consciousness of my loneliness, the frightful bars, the locks and bolts that interpose between us, overcame my firmness—I burst out into tears,

or rather I sobbed aloud in my living tomb, 'Lucille! Lucille! O, my beloved Lucille, where are you?'..... Yesterday evening I felt the same sensations, and my heart was cleft in twain when I saw your mother in the garden. My first impulse was to fling myself on my knees against the bars, to implore her compassion with joined hands — her compassion, alas! She groans, I am sure, at the bottom of her heart. I could read her grief yesterday in the frequent application of her pocket-handkerchief, and in the promptitude with which she let fall her veil. When you come again to see me*, let her approach a little nearer with yourself, in order that I may be the better able to distinguish your features. I fancy this can be done without danger. My glass is not good; I wish you could procure me one similar to that which I had six months ago. But, my beloved Lucille, in the name of our mutual fondness, I conjure you to send me your portrait: let your painter have pity on me, who only suffer for having too much pity for others. Let him give you two sittings every day till it is done. In the horror of my prison, it will be a holiday for me — a day of delicious intoxication, to receive your portrait; in the meantime, send me some of your hair in order that I may place them close to my heart. My beloved Lucille, I am just as foolish as in the time of our early loves, when I could have prostrated myself before whomsoever I saw leaving your house, after conversing with you. When the citizen who brought me your letter, yesterday, returned, 'Well,' said I to him, 'have you seen her?' just as I used to say to the abbé Landreville: and I surprised myself looking at him, as though there remained something of you on his garments or his person. He is a charitable soul, since he delivered you my letter without effacing a single line. I shall see him, it appears, twice a-day — the morning and evening. This messenger of our grief is becoming as dear to me as was formerly the messenger of our joys. I have discovered a cleft in the wall of my apartment. I have applied my ear to it, and heard moans. Hazarding a few words, I distinguished the voice of a sick man in pain: he asked me my name; I told it him. 'Gracious Heaven!' he exclaimed, falling back upon his bed, from which he had raised himself. The voice struck me as being that of Fabre d'Eglantine! 'Yes, I am Fabre,' he said; 'but thou here! the counter-revolution is then accomplished! We dare not, nevertheless, speak to each other, lest our enemies should envy us this feeble consolation, and guard us, still more narrowly, in a worse part of the prison.' There is a chimney in his room, and mine would be tolerable, were it possible for a dungeon to be so; but, my beloved, you know not what it is to be excluded from all commerce with one's fellows, without even the formality of a preliminary interrogation — without receiving a single journal. It is to live and to die at one and the same time; it is to exist for no other purpose than to feel you are in a coffin! It has been often said, that innocence is calm, courageous: — ah! my beloved Lucille, my innocence, is often weak, weak like that of a husband — of a father — of a son! Were it but Pitt or Cobourg who treated me with such barbarity! but my colleagues! but Robespierre! who signed the order for my detention! but the Republic, after all I have done for her! this is the reward I receive for all my virtues and sacrifices! I saw, when I first entered this abode of sighs, Herault Léchelles, Simon, Ferroux, Chaumette, Antonelle: they are all better off than I am; they are not, at least, in close confinement. It is I who have exposed myself for the last five years to so much hatred, and to so many perils for the republic — I, who have remained poor in the midst of the Revolution — I, who have no other forgiveness to ask save thine, my beloved Lucille, and who have obtained it from thy heart that, notwithstanding my errors, knew how to appreciate my own: it is I who have been thrown into a dungeon, like the basest conspirator, by men who called themselves my friends, who styled themselves republicans. Socrates drank his hemlock, but they allowed him to see, in his prison, his friends and his wife.

"What an accumulation of woes in the single circumstance of my being separated from thee! The greatest criminal would be too severely punished were he torn from thee otherwise than by death, which would only cause a momentary consciousness of the pain of such a separation: but a guilty man could not have been thy husband; nor would you have loved me had you not known me to breathe for the happiness of my fellow-citizens alone! ..... I hear my name called ..... The commissaries of the revolutionary tribunal have just interrogated me. The only question they asked me was, whether I had conspired against the state! What a mockery! What an insult to the purest republicanism. I see the fate that awaits me. Adieu, my Lucille! my beloved Lucille! my angel! bid your father farewell in my name. You behold in me a living, and I hope an immortal example of the baseness and ingratitude of man. My last moments will not dishonour thee. Thou seest my fears were founded, and my forebodings but too true. I wedded a wife of celestial virtue; I have been a good husband — a good son — I should have been a good father, too. I am esteemed and regretted by every true republican, — by all whose hearts bound at the words, virtue and liberty. I die in my thirty-fourth year, but it is a phenomenon that I should have traversed, for the last five years, all the precipices of the Revolution without falling into them; and that I am still alive. I lean my head calmly on the pillow of my too

* Desmoulins's wife and mother-in-law were in the habit of placing themselves under his window, and conversing with him by signs, from the beginning of his captivity.

numerous writings, but which breathe, all of them, the same philanthropy — the same desire to render my countrymen happy and free, and which the axe of tyranny will not destroy. I now see that power is too much for human weakness; that it renders us all drunk; and that we all exclaim, with the despot of old, 'Tyranny is a handsome epitaph.' But weep not, afflicted widow, the epitaph of thy poor Camille is more glorious! it is that of Brutus and Caton, the tyrannicides. Oh! my beloved Lucille, I was born to write poetry — to defend the unfortunate — to render thee happy — to form with thy mother, my father, and a few friends of our choice, a little Otaiti. I had dreamt a republic which mankind would have adored. I never could believe that man was so ferocious and unjust. How could I think that one or two *saillies** in my writings against colleagues who had provoked me would efface the memory of my former services? I cannot but feel that I die the victim of this jest, and of my friendship for Danton. I thank my assassins for putting me to death in company with Danton and Philippeaux; and since my colleagues are base enough to abandon us, and hearken to calumnies without foundation, I shall tell them that we die the victims of our courage in unmasking traitors, and of our love for truth. We may console ourselves with the belief that we perish the last of the true republicans. Forgive me, my beloved Lucille, if I have lost sight of you for a moment. Notwithstanding my doom, I believe that there is a Supreme Being. My blood will atone for my errors, and for those weaknesses inseparable from humanity. The good features of my nature, — my virtues, my love for liberty, — will find their recompense above. I shall see thee again one day, Lucille! Sensible as I am by nature, I have reason to rejoice at the approach of death, which delivers me from the spectacle of so many crimes. Farewell, my soul, my divinity upon earth, farewell! Farewell, father and child! I feel the coast of life flying before me; I still behold my Lucille! I see her that I love and cherish. My Lucille, my fettered arms embrace thee, and my severed head turns still to thee its last dying glances! Adieu! — Adieu!"

When the above letter was written there were in the prisons of Paris alone 6681 souls!!!

DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

EXCERPTA FROM A PRIVATE JOURNAL KEPT BY MR. NICOLAS WITSEN, BURGOMASTER OF AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1689, DURING HIS RESIDENCE IN LONDON AS MEMBER OF A DEPUTATION FROM THE STATES OF HOLLAND, AND SUBSEQUENTLY AS AMBASSADOR AT THE BRITISH COURT.

[*We are enabled by the kindness of a Correspondent to lay before our readers a translation of the following curious document. We give the introduction in our Correspondent's own words, and have only to add that the authenticity of the Journal is unimpeachable.*]

It has been the concurrent opinion of all who read the history of Holland with more than common attention, that our judicious historian, Wagenaar, has been particularly successful in relating the events connected with the great revolution which took place in England in the year 1688, and terminated in the elevation of William the Third, Prince of Orange, to the throne of that kingdom.

The fullness and accuracy of the account which he has given of the occurrences of that important period may be chiefly attributed to the information he derived from two very interesting documents, to which he was fortunate enough to have access, viz.: —

1st. The notes taken by Burgomaster Nicholas Witsen, of Amsterdam, in his own handwriting, and called by him "A relation of every Thing that happened to me during my Journey to England in the Year 1688."

2ndly. A private journal, kept by him of all the occurrences relating to the deputation and subsequent embassy to England in the year 1689; in which, ac-

* Desmoulins alludes to a sarcasm which he had directed against St. Just. In a letter to General Dillon, he observed: "Just look at St. Just. His gait and demeanour announce that he considers his head as the corner-stone of the Republic, for he carries it upon his shoulders with the same respect as if it were a holy sacrament." "Let Desmoulins look to himself," cried St. Just, when he read the letter, "I shall make him carry his head yet like St. Denys — in his hand."

cording to his own declaration, he committed to paper every thing that occurred while it was fresh in his memory, with the same scrupulous regard to truth as if he were called upon to attest it by a solemn oath.

Both these documents are repeatedly referred to by Wagenaar, in the sixtieth and sixty-first books of his history, and the friends of historical research have long been desirous to see the whole of these interesting records.

In the year 1817, I had reason to hope that I should have an opportunity of inspecting the papers of the learned and patriotic magistrate and statesman De Witsen, a considerable collection of which were preserved, till within these few years, in three chests; and I then flattered myself that I should find those interesting documents; but I was disappointed in my hopes, and I was assured soon after, that all those writings had been lost. Not long ago, however, some extracts of them fell into my hands, which had been taken in April and May of the year 1756, by Mr. Johannes Stael, pensionary of the city of Amsterdam, who had been intrusted with the original manuscript by the secretary, Mr. Nicholas Witsen, a nephew of the ambassador.

I shall only add that I copied them literally, omitting only the figures which indicated the numbers of the paragraphs, as also of the pages and of the columns on each; the former amounting to 185 and the pages to 225, with four columns on each.

It was inscribed, "A private Journal relating to the Deputation and subsequent Embassy in England, in the Year 1689, at which I assisted.

(Signed) N. WITSEN."

Here follow the extracts above alluded to, in the order in which they were copied.

In the beginning of the month of January, 1689, his highness requested that three deputies might be sent to England, pointing out as members of the deputation, Messrs. Witsen, Van Odÿk (William Count of Nassau, Lord of Odÿk), and Dÿkveld (Everhard Van Weede, Lord of Dÿkveld). Witsen was with difficulty prevailed upon. The deputies arrived at Harwich, after having experienced a violent storm at sea.

On the 18th of January, they had a conference with his highness, who inquired, "What do they say now in Amsterdam? Are they pleased now that you advised me to this undertaking? Did they expect it would turn out so well?" Shortly after he added, "Now they cry 'Hosannah!' here; perhaps they will soon cry 'Crucify him.'"

Witsen put the prince in mind of this observation on the 11th of February, when things went cross in the convention.

When King James returned to Whitehall, his highness sent him an intimation to withdraw. The king was asleep when the messenger arrived, and he complained much of being disturbed. Captain Wik led him away. He trusted the Dutch more than his own soldiers.

In the palace at Whitehall he had an index in his apartment communicating with a weathercock on the roof, so that he could always see whether the wind was fair for the prince before he landed.

The English lords begin already to complain that the prince is not sufficiently conversable and familiar, contrary to the custom of English monarchs; likewise that he does not spend money enough. Mordaunt and others requested Witsen to exhort the prince on this head.

Dÿkveld had arranged every thing for the expedition during his former embassy; and in January likewise he exerted himself very zealously to get the prince raised to the throne.

On the 23d his highness corrected the letters from the deputies to their high mightinesses.

The prince related that, when he landed in the west, more than fifty women fell at his feet, supplicating him to deliver the chancellor into their hands, because he had caused their husbands to be hung on account of Monmouth's rebellion.

Witsen visited the apartment in which the prince of Wales was said to have been born; and he observed that there were several private doors in it, communicating with secret staircases.

At the prince's desire, Odyk got a resolution carried through in Holland, to have deputies from the admiralties sent over to England, in order to treat concerning the number of ships which were to join the fleet, contrary to the opinion of Witsen, who thought that De Wildt was quite competent to manage that affair alone.

The prince observed facetiously to Witsen, that, when he used the term "we," he did not know whether he meant England or Holland, as the sovereign authority in England had at this time been vested in him *pro interim*.

In a pasquil which was spread about London, it was said that the prince strove to restore in England the liberties and rights, which he treated with very little respect in Holland; and that, though a presbyterian in his heart, he wished to protect the bishops.

Witsen urged the prince, on several occasions, to get the Act of Navigation repealed; but his highness lent a deaf ear to this.

When the Spanish ambassador's hotel was plundered, after the prince was landed, the French ambassador saved his by drinking the prince's health, and throwing money to be scrambled for by the populace.

Witsen complains that time hangs heavy on his hands in England, as he is no courtier, does not understand the language, and finds that he is of little use there. He soon discovered that he had been appointed with no other view than to make a display before the people of England of the perfect unanimity which prevailed between the prince and the city of Amsterdam.

When King James was caught endeavouring to make his escape, he laughed at the people's taking a short man for Father Peters, as the latter was a very large man. This was related by an eyewitness.

The prince observed to Witsen, that it depended greatly upon the city of Amsterdam whether the war could be carried on for two or three years. When King James was arrested, a stout dark-looking fellow carried him on shore from the small vessel; and, upon somebody calling out to this man not to let him fall, he answered, "Never fear, I could carry him and the Pope together." His majesty, who was taken for a priest, was searched to his very shirt, and was robbed of every thing about him.

When he was at Rochester, he inquired, through a third and fourth hand, whether it was the prince's intention to detain him and to keep him in custody. The prince had at first given directions to this effect; but he afterwards sent orders, through Mr. Schaap to connive at his escape. A report having reached King James's ears that the prince had appointed four judges, he became greatly alarmed, recollecting his father's fate; and he immediately fled from Rochester. No judges, however, had been appointed.

On the 1st of February the convention met, and printed notes were distributed at the entrance of the hall where the members assembled, recommending certain resolutions to be adopted.

A part of the English soldiery having been cashiered by the prince, they became so discontented, that they drank openly to the confusion of his highness.

King James was highly displeased with Van Citters, on account of the false assurances he had repeatedly given him of the favourable sentiments entertained towards him both by the States and the prince.

During the meeting of the convention, the prince remained perfectly quiet, without attempting to influence the members by promises or otherwise, as many persons expected he would do.

When king James returned to London after his first escape, the bells were rung, and the people called out God bless the king. Witsen was of opinion, that this was what induced the prince to get him out of the way.

Captain Matthews, having formerly been admitted a burger of Amsterdam by Witsen, called upon him, on the 3d of February, to thank him.

Burnet remarked at table, that Dykveld deserved to have a monument erected to him in England for the services he had rendered to the state.

Witsen expresses his surprise, that every body in England knew of his having been intrusted by the prince with the secret of his expedition.

On the 11th, the prince had a private interview with Dÿkveld, who immediately after went and conferred with the lords of the convention: the prince, however, makes no demand hitherto, nor does he promise or threaten any thing, but his friends are active. He advises Witsen not to make any mention, in his letters to Holland, of the differences in the convention.

The House of Commons is desirous to raise the prince to the throne, — the House of Lords wish him to be appointed regent, and the princess to be queen. Some wish to recall James, others to establish a republic, which it is thought would infallibly take place if the prince were named regent.

The populace having risen at the instigation of lord Lovelace, sent in a petition, desiring that the prince might be declared king; his highness prohibits all popular tumult.

Witsen and the others represent to the prince on the 17th that tar is not an article of contraband, and therefore that a certain French vessel in the Scilly Islands cannot be legally detained on that pretext. This made the prince very angry: such an opinion, he said, was absurd; and he expressed his surprise that Witsen knew no better; but, he added, "seamen know nothing of politics." This cut Witsen to the quick.

One of the lords asked Witsen whether the prince could sign any thing as stadtholder of Holland after he had been raised to the throne of England. Witsen answered, that he still retained the former dignity, which the other considered rather derogatory in a king of England.

Some of the lords are desirous of retaining Dÿkveld in England, and naturalising him.

Witsen now discovers, that the correspondence which had been carried on with England, consisted of two branches, viz., one for the deliverance of the kingdom, and the other relating to the crown, the knowledge of the latter having been withheld from several of the leading men.

Ferguson, who had resided long in Amsterdam, called upon Witsen, and, in the course of conversation he related, that the sheriff of that city had always given him notice privately when he had orders to arrest him; he added, that king James had offered him pardon, and a large sum of money, if he would desert his party, but that he had always refused to comply.

On the 19th every thing was prepared for the coronation, but a solemn engagement for the maintenance of the laws was required of the prince, which Bentinck, it was said, positively refused. This created suspicion and discontent. Application was made to Witsen to speak to the prince, and to give him better counsel; but he writes "I shall take care not to interfere, as I well know how punctilious he is." Dÿkveld however spoke to the prince on the subject, and he soon after consented to it.

Witsen is informed that an apartment was preparing for Bentinck at Whitehall, with a door opening into the king's cabinet.

Every thing that had occurred in Amsterdam relating to the election of the schepens (aldermen) was known in London, as also how every member of the vroedschap (common council) had voted. Witsen was the object of much raillery at table on this account, but the king was displeased at it, of which Bentinck informed Witsen.

On the 24th, Witsen congratulates the king, wishing him the wisdom of Solomon, the good fortune of David, and the years of Methusalah.

On the 25th, King William desires that the deputies may be appointed ambassadors extraordinary. Witsen, whose residence in England was attended with much vexation, and who spoke French imperfectly, was very averse to this; it was however carried into effect afterwards.

Satirical ballads were sung about the streets, "The Butterboxes have sent us a King."

King William read his first speech to the parliament, though he had been accustomed in Holland to make very long speeches extempore.

On the 1st of March, a beggar, to whom Witsen gave a piece of money with the effigy of the pretended prince of Wales on it, returned it, saying, "That 's bad coin, God bless king William;" and the ambassador was obliged to give him

another piece in lieu of it. Witsen found that the king lost his temper when he met with the least opposition.

On an occasion when some Englishmen were extolling the king highly for what he had done, he answered, that the states had done much more, as they had put to hazard their lives and fortunes, and ought therefore now to be assisted.

It is worthy of notice that the throne was declared vacant by a majority of three votes only in the House of Lords.

On the 11th the king asserts that advices have reached him of a secret understanding with the French, which was suspected to exist in Holland, and that burgomaster Appelman, of Amsterdam, was implicated in it. Bentinck observed to Witsen on the same day, that matters could not go on in this way in Amsterdam; that it would not do to be friends by halves: he likewise refused to inform him who had been appointed alderman there. Witsen now remarked that Bentinck had long corresponded with the court, and had continually written to Fagel in cypher.

The English lords complain of Bentinck, whom they accuse of carrying every thing through by violence, treating them with contempt, and being difficult of access. Some of them observed that the nation objected greatly to the king's having a favourite.

The king proposes to Witsen to take a trip to Holland, in order to keep the disposition of the Amsterdammers in the right track. Witsen neither said yes nor no, but merely answered, in general terms, that his services were always at his majesty's disposal. Van Hekeren had expressed, in a letter to Dÿkveld, his earnest desire that Witsen might be sent back; and it was from hence that the proposal originated.

On the 13th, De Wildt, secretary of the admiralty at Amsterdam, endeavoured to prevail upon Witsen to use his influence with the king, in order that both men and money might be sent to Holland, without which matters could not go on properly there, as some people would probably turn their attention towards France, if favourable conditions were offered in that quarter. Witsen answered, that he had already applied to the king on the subject, but in vain.

The king expressed his sincerest good will towards the state, and even declared that he would abandon every thing in England, and leave matters to take their own course there, rather than see our country ruined.

Much jealousy was excited by the province of Zealand's having obtained, probably through Van Odÿk's influence, the largest share of the money sent over by the king.

On the 18th, application was made to the king on the subject of certain treaties to be concluded: he promises to appoint commissioners.

The king assures Witsen that the schepens of Amsterdam had been elected by him, although the nomination had not been referred directly to him, as he thought it ought to have been; but he had passed over two gentlemen, strongly recommended by Witsen, and whose names had been marked for election. Their high mightinesses had now appointed Witsen and four others ambassadors extraordinary, and commissioned them to urge the king to break with France and to support the States.

It is publicly asserted that most of those who invited the prince over, entertained no idea of raising him to the throne, and that they would have held back if they had at all imagined that this was the object in view. It must, however, be acknowledged that the prince never made any demand whatever.

The queen declared to one of the ladies at court, that she looked back with regret to the peaceful life she had led in Holland — that her best days were past — that she was not at liberty here, and could not please those around her; she shed tears when she said this.

On the 24th, the ambassadors addressed the king in favour of the Piedmontese. They afterwards repeated their application, but in vain.

A mutiny has broke out in the regiment which first joined the king in the west.

On the other side of the Thames, within a musket shot of Whitehall, they will not pray in the churches otherwise than for William and Mary, our governors.

The king has lost eighty thousand adherents in London alone, by his proposal for an union between the episcopalians and presbyterians.

On Good Friday their majesties refused to wash the feet of twelve poor men and twelve poor women, according to custom; it was accordingly done by the bishop of London, but this occasioned some murmuring.

The king dined that day with Bentinck and the ambassadors, though it was a fast day; but he said, that he neither would nor could keep the fast.

The king intends to raise Bentinck to an earldom, and then he can wear a gold coronet on his head at the coronation.

It was through Dykveld's exertions that the princess was raised to the throne as well as the prince, though very active endeavours had been made in a certain quarter (probably by Bentinck) to elect the prince alone.

Van Oyen, lord of Engelenburg, was appointed one of the ambassadors extraordinary through the intervention of Witsen, and he became the spokesman of the embassy, because Witsen thought himself unfit for the office, on account both of his diffidence and of his imperfect knowledge of the French language.

Witsen conferred with Nottingham on the subject of commercial arrangements, but he soon discovered that no advantages were to be expected by us from the English.

He complains of the detention of so many Dutch ships in France, in consequence of his not having dared to divulge the secret of the expedition to England, with which he was well acquainted.

A conference was held between the ambassadors and the royal commissioners concerning the union of the Dutch and English fleets; the point of precedence in councils of war gave rise to much wrangling. Witsen insisted strongly on alternate votes.

On the 18th he received a letter from Hop, the ambassador at Vienna, stating that the emperor would not acknowledge king William, unless he broke with France and entered into an alliance with him.

On the 25th, Witsen conversed with the king, at Hampton Court, where he was very kindly received by him. He assured his majesty that the inhabitants of Amsterdam were ready to risk their lives and fortunes in a war against France. The king asked him whether he had seen the farce of the coronation, and what he thought of these foolish old popish ceremonies.

Several members of parliament desire him to prevail upon the magistrates of Amsterdam to sell them the arms belonging to the city, as there was a great scarcity of arms in the kingdom.

None of the foreign powers had hitherto returned any answer to the letters addressed to them by the king, announcing his accession to the throne.

Bentinck refuses to apply to the king on the subject of the dispute concerning the point of precedence in the council of war; he says that it is all nonsense. The king urged Temple's son to continue in the office of secretary to the militia, but he refused this, and immediately went and drowned himself; leaving a note addressed to the king, in which he stated that he had quitted the world because an office was forced upon him which he was incapable of filling. According to intelligence from Holland, some of the States maintained that it was not yet the time to urge in England the point of free trade, but that it should be deferred till the kingdom was settled. The members of the Dutch government (Witsen writes) seem to be daily more timid, so that they dare not venture to take any step without the approbation of the king our stadtholder. The members of the Dutch admiralty, who came over to England for the conclusion of the treaty, returned home, leaving the work unfinished; in order (Witsen thought) to avoid the odium of the dispute about precedence in the councils of war: — "They are people," he adds, "who assume a great deal of consequence." "Many very unpleasant circumstances occur to me here," says Witsen (alluding probably to Dykveld), "and I possess very little credit or influence with the king."

[*To be concluded in our next Number.*]

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

IRELAND AND LORD NORMANBY.

"And sure Ireland is yet a most sweet and beautiful country as any is under heaven, being stored throughout with many goodly rivers, replenished with all sorts of fish most abundantly, sprinkled with many very sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas that will carry even shippes upon their waters; adorned with goodly woods, even fit for building of houses and shippes so commodiously, as that, if some princes in the world had them, they would soone hope to be lords of all the seas, and, ere long, of all the world; also full of very good ports and havens opening upon England, as inviting us to come unto them, to see what excellent commodities that country can afford; besides, the soyle itselfe most fertile, fit to yeeld all kinde of fruit that shall be committed thereunto. And lastly, the heavens most milde and temperate, though somewhat more moist than the parts towards the east."—SPENSER.

THE condition of Ireland from the commencement of her connection with this country has been such as might almost be considered by a Manichean as furnishing an answer to the whole science of natural theology. The continued infliction of every variety and gradation of human calamity upon a whole population for several hundreds of years, may almost excite a doubt concerning the benevolence of the Divinity; whilst the quantity of misery which has been during that period extracted out of materials which are elsewhere considered as indispensable elements in the production of happiness, might almost be regarded as the result of the direct and uninterrupted agency of the very genius of evil. That a country should possess near a hundred harbours capable of containing all the fleets in the world, whilst several of them scarcely ever beheld a ship, and that she should be almost destitute of commerce, whilst occupying the most favourable commercial position upon the face of the globe, — that a population inflamed with valour, even to exuberance, should be retained in a state of continual servitude,—that inhabiting a country proverbially fertile, and a climate celebrated for its genial and salutary qualities, they should yet be so uniformly destitute of the lowest necessaries of life as to experience no other variety of provision than that which is exhibited by different degrees of destitution, and should look upon the mortal ravages of a periodical pestilence as sometimes a blessing, and never an anomaly,—that a people celebrated for the remote antiquity of their connection with the country in which they existed, should for hundreds of years be designated and treated as intruders into their own possessions, and as aliens in the land of their own nativity, — that a people animated by all varieties of domestic and social affections to a degree of intensity scarcely imagined elsewhere, should for centuries have worn out their miserable existence in mutual destruction, or in blind and fruitless attempts to destroy the power which treated them as the objects of uninterrupted oppression, spoliation, and massacre, —that such a community, so possessing the elements of power and felicity, should for hundreds of years present an exhibition of weakness and of misery unparalleled and almost unimaginable,—that there should at all exist upon the face of the earth a community so circumstanced, is an event which may "give pause" to a superficial observer, and induce him to admit a momentary doubt concerning the goodness of that all-powerful Being who governs the world.

About the human causation of these calamities, there will be very little doubt in the minds of those who are acquainted with the history of the

connection between Ireland and this country. The position of the islands renders it evident that they were intended by nature to be associated together in some form of political combination — amicable alliance, federal connection, or incorporate union; and it is impossible to form an adequate conception of the advantages which would have resulted to both countries, if this connection had been originally formed upon principles involving any ordinary degree of justice and reason upon the part of the stronger power. It pleased the wisdom of our ancestors to determine, however, that it was more honourable to purloin a patch of territory by fraud, than to win the hearts of a whole people by justice and benevolence; and that it was the duty and ought to be the policy of the government of England, to keep one portion of its subjects in a state of fierce, uninstructed, destitute, and desperate hostility, lest the remainder should lose the gratification arising from the consciousness of their own superiority in these several respects: and the consequence of so diabolical a system has been, as all the world is aware, a continued series of misery, unparalleled in the whole history of mankind either in duration or degree.

For the greatest part of this multitudinous evil we consider England to be responsible; and, without entering into minute details concerning particulars which must distract and oppress the attention of the reader, we believe that we can very easily establish the truth of the charge in a general manner, and upon testimony unobnoxious to any degree of objection — by a mere glance along the history of the two countries from the inauspicious commencement of their connection down to the present moment.

When it pleased Henry the Second to take advantage of the dissensions which prevailed amongst the Irish chieftains, and to seize like a worthy neighbour that favourable opportunity of attacking and oppressing a people that had never done him or his subjects any species of injury, but who had, on the contrary, upon several occasions rendered them gratuitous and signal services of the most important character, he associated himself, naturally enough, with the most profligate party to the Irish dispute, and took under his patronage a tyrant who had been expelled by his own subjects for the infamy of his character and conduct. The utmost extent, however, to which the English monarch was able to introduce his authority did not comprehend more than one twentieth of the country, as he was only able to establish some English followers in a circuit called the Pale, which was very little different from a fortified camp in a hostile country. The body which occupied this precinct, although totally incapable of conquering the native population, were abundantly sufficient for the purpose of tormenting them; and being supported by a powerful external force, introduced into the Irish community by their position and their operations a degree of complication and confusion which not only obstructed the natural course of improvement and civilisation in the Hibernian people, but made a sort of provision for the inevitable continuance of civil war, as an avowed and established method of "carrying on the government of the country," and maintaining the English interest in Ireland.

The English government, which had neither the power to subjugate the native Irish population by force, nor the wisdom to conciliate them by humanity and justice, were guilty of the most monstrous combination of absurdity and iniquity that has ever been presented to the world. They designated and treated as enemies and intruders an ancient people who resided upon their own territory, and whom the English having invaded were neither able to conquer or to civilise; and those despotic, but impotent invaders, beheld with gratification the ferocity, the ignorance, and the destitution of a hostile people, whom they might, by the exercise of any

moderate degree of humanity and common sense, have converted into submissive, prosperous, and intelligent subjects. It is unnecessary to go into any details in reference to matters of such general notoriety; and the history of Ireland is, besides, made up of the continual reproduction of identical miseries, and becomes disgusting even from the very uniformity of the calamity. All the attempts of the aboriginal population to emerge from the horrible condition to which they had been reduced were continually frustrated upon grounds the most iniquitous or most futile. By successive operations their property was confiscated to an amount which, according to Lord Clare, was equal to the whole superficial extent of the country. The property so seized was granted to several successive sets of adventurers from England; upon whom it was, in every instance, imposed as a condition that they should not allow any of the natives of the country to occupy or to cultivate the lands which had belonged to themselves and their ancestors. Their trade was deliberately and openly destroyed by the government, for the alleged advantage of England! And the cup of their misery was finally filled to overflowing by the introduction of a penal code, which not only inflicted ineffable horrors upon its victims for adhering to the religion of their forefathers, but which was so constructed that it was eminently calculated to extinguish every sentiment and every feeling of human nature itself. At last this horrible conflict seemed to approach to a conclusion. The civilized world began to regard with indignation the conduct of a powerful kingdom, which deliberately bent all its efforts towards the purpose of keeping a large and powerful portion of its own community in barbarism, servitude, and destitution; and the continued services which that people had rendered even to the power by which they were oppressed began to excite some sentiments of compunction in their favour. For the first time since the commencement of the connection they were admitted into the classification of subjects, after several centuries of exclusion; and the further and natural progress of enlightenment and humanity at last, though after a dreadful struggle and a long interval, effected the removal of all their disabilities and disqualifications of a civil and political nature. It was, however, impossible that all the evils which had been the inevitable consequence of centuries of barbarous government should vanish at once before a law which merely created a title of eligibility to offices of honour and emolument.

"In longum tamen ævum
Manserunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris."

The individuals who were compelled to admit their fellow-subjects to a formal equality with themselves, immediately directed their efforts to the object of preventing the equality from ever becoming any thing more than formal; and the passing of the Emancipation Act accordingly generated a new contention between the same parties, in which controversy the question was whether that celebrated act was to remain upon the statute book a dead letter and a barren courtesy, or was to be followed by the real admission of the class, for whose benefit it professed to be intended, into a participation of the general honours and advantages of the state, in proportion to their personal deserts, and upon an equality with the rest of their fellow-citizens. The struggle upon such a question could not, in the circumstances of the case, be of any very long duration: after a few concussions and dislocations of the cabinet, the advocates of a practical ascendancy and monopoly gave way before their more liberal antagonists; and upon Lord Melbourne's restoration to office, it was generally understood that the provisions of the Emancipation Act were to be effectuated with sincerity and impartiality.

It was the peculiar felicity of Ireland that Lord Mulgrave was, at that juncture, deputed to carry into effect in that country the new system,—there how new! — of governing the whole population upon the broad principles of general justice, without any regard to the interests of a faction, which for centuries, in different combinations and different disguises, and under different designations, religious and political, had exercised the privilege of spoiling and oppressing the remainder of the community, and who now considered themselves as possessing a sort of vested interest in the privilege. The obstacles which Lord Mulgrave had to encounter in entering upon this course of justice and humanity, were certainly very formidable. Besides the rancorous opposition of the class to which we have alluded, there existed in the composition and structure of the community which he was called upon to govern, a mass of evils which rendered discontent, dissension, and disturbance almost a matter of necessity. The practical exclusion of all Roman Catholics, as well as every liberal Protestant, from every place of profit or of honour, had left the Emancipation Act a mere nullity, and generated a considerable degree of dissatisfaction amongst the upper classes. The material comforts of the lower population had been altogether neglected, and their condition at that period, according to the universal and concurrent testimony of all authorities of every party, is one of wretchedness unparalleled in any other civilized community in the world. The hereditary horrors of the tythe system were aggravated by some temporary causes, — the process of depopulating whole districts and turning the inhabitants loose upon the world, without food, raiment, or shelter was proceeding with a most horrible regularity, — and the peasantry and small farmers, finding that sentence of death had been pronounced against them by the proprietors of the soil, were exasperated to phrensy. The administration of justice was tainted at the very source. The power possessed, in the first place, by the sheriffs of packing the panels, and in the next by the crown solicitors of setting aside any liberal or popular individual, who, notwithstanding that precaution, may happen to be called upon the jury, was always exercised against the unfortunate prisoners, who, very justly, looked upon their trials to be in general a mere mockery of justice; and it was even very generally believed that a majority of the judges were animated towards the population by feelings of a very unjudicial character. In such circumstances the people universally considered the law itself as an enemy and an oppressor, and entered into a universal combination to defeat its operations by passive resistance or open defiance.

For these numerous and appalling evils Lord Mulgrave found a remedy in his own sincerity, integrity, and justice, in his excellent judgment, in his high and indomitable courage, personal and moral, and in the generous reliance which he placed upon the character of a people who have ever been distinguished for the depth and ardour of their gratitude, and who have been represented by the highest authority as loving equal and impartial justice more than any other nation upon the face of the earth. In entering upon his administration he formed a resolution (from which he never after, we believe, deviated in a single instance), and which was never to admit a member of any secret and exclusive society to any employment or office, whether of honour, emolument, or confidence, where the assent of the Lord Lieutenant was necessary to the validity of the appointment. The class affected by this resolve included all deputy lieutenants, high sheriffs, justices, rural and municipal, together with police officers and others, which we have not time to enumerate. Every candidate for any of the above-mentioned offices was obliged to clear his character before admission, and the rule was carried into effect with as much unflinching impartiality in the highest places as in the lowest.

Mr. Robert Deane was elected mayor of Cork. In answer to a communication from the government, he avowed that he was the master of an Orange lodge, and very valiantly expressed his determination to continue in that amiable and patriotic situation. Lord Mulgrave struck out his name, and directed that most respectable corporation to elect another president. They showed a great deal of rhetorical valour, but very speedily did as they were directed.

Mr. Smith of Annesbrook was nominated by Lord Dunsany to be one of the deputy-lieutenants for the county of Meath. The fact of Mr. Smith's being an Orangeman was a matter of general notoriety. Lord Dunsany was asked if the common report upon the subject was correct, and his Lordship answered that he did not know. But every body else did, and so did Lord Mulgrave, and he accordingly rejected the nomination. The decision with which these operations were performed showed the votaries of intrigue and corruption what manner of man it was with whom they had to deal, and we believe that few, if any other, experiments were made upon the firmness and consistency of the new Lord-lieutenant. His conduct in reference to the first list of sheriffs which was presented for his approbation, was equally decisive and equally conclusive. The list, which was made out by the judges, and represented their political opinions, contained no names but those of decided Tories, and several members of the Orange body. Every person who was unable or unwilling to deny his connection with the Orange party was put aside, and eleven gentlemen, whose names were not at all upon the list, were brought forward by the Lord Lieutenant upon his own responsibility for the service of the public.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable advantage conferred by Lord Mulgrave upon the cause of public order in Ireland, was the suppression of what were called in that country "faction-fights," the existence of which tended in a most eminent degree to barbarise the combatants, whilst they violated the public peace and security to a most dreadful extent. The feudal principles of clanship, which in different degrees of development constituted the sole, though slovenly, bond of society throughout the whole extension of the Celtic and Teutonic races, appears to have existed in its most distracting forms and relations, and from the earliest period, in Ireland. The distribution of power, and the division of property, were such as to render a state of internal warfare almost a matter of necessity: the infinite subdivisions of authority obliged the smallest fragments of the community to rely upon themselves alone for the redress of the wrongs to which they might be exposed, or the repudiation of the liabilities to which they might be subject; and factious feuds became almost as numerous as individual families. It is true that this barbarous condition of society (if society it could be called) was also the original state of every other community in Europe. Particular circumstances, however, in Ireland increased the bitterness of even family quarrels, and likewise aggravated the rancorous ferocity of civil strife. Yet even here, as elsewhere, the natural progress of society had gradually abolished, among all but the lowest classes of the community, the savage usage of making personal violence a substitute for the administration of justice; and the very dregs of the poison would ultimately and long since have been exuded from the body of the kingdom if the upper classes — the sole depositaries at the time of political and judicial power — had not taken up the notion that their own security depended upon the distraction, barbarism, and ferocity which prevailed amongst the bulk of the population. Furious with the hatred which, according to a great authority, was the necessary result of

the consciousness of their own iniquities and oppressions; inflated with the pride of English descent or connexion; inflamed with the unextinguishable fire of religious hostility, and animated by a very natural desire to divert the public attention from a system of robbery and oppression which constituted in a manner their daily vocation, and which, even for the drollery and impudence of it, we believe to have been without a parallel; being, moreover, without knowledge and refinement, and having the means of extracting a rich produce of corruption out of the crimes which they encouraged — in such circumstances the Anglo-Hibernian gentry addicted themselves to the business of barbarising the Irish population with a diabolical fervour, exceeding in degree the highest amount of zeal ever entertained by the sublimest philanthropist for the improvement of mankind: and as one of the most obvious means of attaining all the respectable objects above enumerated, they, with some few exceptions, and notwithstanding some sham pretences to the contrary, universally encouraged those faction-fights by which that country has been so eminently disgraced, and which for the savage character of the actual conflict and the gratuitous and idiotical fury of the combatants, may be safely designated as ranking beneath the most disgusting species of warfare ever adopted by the most barbarous of those communities, which pretend not to any degree of civilisation. Let it not be supposed that any part of this picture is coloured beyond the similitude of nature. We speak what we know. Let us present one or two instances from the repository of our own personal experience.

Being present at a fair in our early youth we were astonished, and not a little terrified, upon seeing in the middle of the day (about twelve or one o'clock) that all persons having any business in the place were suddenly seized with a panic terror, and fled in every direction, driving away their cattle, and endeavouring to carry off their commodities of every kind. This tumult was produced by the entrance of two factions, who, coming from different directions, took possession of the town, and being armed with scythes, swords, bludgeons, &c., immediately addressed themselves to the business of mutual murder. Each of these factions was attended by a separate set of magistrates, who formed a sort of ambulatory tribunal for the purpose of ministering to the legal exigencies of the particular set of ruffians upon whom they waited. The magistrates of each party received the charges of their own party against the other, and subsequently put in motion every engine of influence and corruption at the ensuing assizes to protect their friends and distress their enemies. In return for services so valuable, the population thus hounded on against each other, came in vast numbers at the appropriate seasons, and gratuitously cut down and saved the turf, hay, and corn of their magisterial friends, who were able, in consequence of this system of mutual accommodation, to pass through the year without expending sixpence upon agricultural labour. In the same county a faction fight occurred upon the banks of a river which falls into the Atlantic; and as, according to our recollection, some thirty individuals perished on land or in the water, the engagement may, perhaps, be as considerable as some which are said to have occurred upon the banks of the Xanthus or the Simœis. The factions in question had periodically met for mutual destruction at certain times in every year for about a century, yet the whole population were ignorant of the cause of the origin or continuance of this deadly strife. We were informed by a respectable resident that, upon one occasion, he saw a gentleman, who was one of the members for the county, actually place himself at the head of one of the factions, with a club in his hand, and lead them on against their adversaries. We happened to dine about the same time in company with some of the gentry of the neighbour-

hood, and recollect, that in the nakedest manner they expressed their satisfaction at such a scene as that which had occurred, which they designated as being the only safe condition of society for the upper classes. We have frequently heard magistrates remark with dislike and suspicion the tranquillity of the country, which deprived them of the numerous conveniences which they derived from the existence of turbulence, and which, above all, induced them to apprehend that the lower population at such intervals of peace were making observations upon the conduct of their superiors — of

> "Those who the rising morn invidious mark,
> And hate the light because their deeds are dark."

We even recollect the case of one justice, who having some reason to apprehend that an intended riot would not be persevered in, actually addressed the factions from a window, and gave them an undertaking, that he as a magistrate would prevent the constables and military from interfering with the proposed battle. This worthy guardian of the peace has, along with several similar characters, been expelled from the commission by the Marquis of Normanby. It would be easy to multiply examples of similar conduct in toleration of a system of brutality, which rendered every locality where it prevailed almost uninhabitable for that cause alone. We have not, however, time or space to enter into any further particulars at present.

It is a fact of significant meaning, that no previous Lord Lieutenant had ever attempted to suppress those fights, which were a disgrace not only to Ireland, but to the whole empire where such savage and brutal scenes could be exhibited. Lord Normanby, acting in this with the same zeal and sincerity which animates him on every other occasion, adopted such vigorous and judicious measures for the suppression of this barbarism, that there is scarcely, if at all, a single vestige now left of it in any part of the country.

We have been induced to throw out the foregoing observations in consequence of the proceedings which took place in the House of Lords on the 21st instant, upon the occasion of the Earl of Roden's attack upon the administration of the Marquis of Normanby.

The motion of the noble earl was in substance for a select committee to inquire into the state of Ireland from 1835 inclusive to the present time, in respect of the crimes and outrages which had rendered life and property insecure in that part of the empire; and the declared object of his address to the House was, as he himself stated, to prove that "crime had never, by any former government, been suffered to go forward to the extent to which it had been under the government of Lord Normanby."

Now, in what manner, we take leave to ask, would any mortal suppose that such a proposition was to be naturally and satisfactorily proved? To us there appears only one way in the world of doing it — namely, by producing clear and authentic statements relating to fixed periods of time before the assumption of the government by Lord Normanby, and during his administration; by then calculating the amount of crime committed *before* his appointment and that which occurred *during* his government; and lastly by showing, through the simple juxtaposition of the final results, that the balance in this horrible summation was against the administration of the noble marquis. Did the Earl of Roden pursue this course, and make this calculation, or make any calculation or comparison at all? *Nil horum.* He attempted no comparative calculation of any kind — that is to say, he did not even *attempt* to prove his proposition in the only way in which it is conceivable that it could be proved. Instead of this, and as

evidence of the impunity conceded by Lord Normanby to criminals in Ireland, he stated cases in which the criminals had been actually convicted, cases in which the criminals were upon their trials at the instant when he was addressing the house, and cases which had occurred so recently, that there had scarcely been time even for the apprehension of the offenders — the statement altogether, professing to be founded *only* upon private communications from magistrates, who had, through apprehension of personal danger, desired that their names should be concealed from the house and the public, and whose information, therefore, in respect to every body in the world, except Lord Roden himself, must be taken as anonymous. We have no disposition to disparage the testimony of witnesses whose names and characters are totally unknown; but if the accuracy of the general statement, which has been made upon their authority*, be in any considerable degree open to the objections which lie against some particular parts of it, the whole accusation is certainly entitled to very little weight with the public. We shall give one or two instances of the extraordinary want of accuracy in this accusation, which has been brought forward with so much pomp and vehemence. The noble earl stated that ten murders had been committed upon Lord Lorton's estates in Longford, between January, 1837, and May, 1835, — at which period, by the way, Lord Normanby had not arrived in Ireland at all, he having been, according to our recollection, sworn in about the middle of June. In reference to these murders, Lord Roden stated that there had only been one prosecution. "Now," says Lord Normanby, "to show the absolute want of common information which marked the speech of the noble earl (which want was of course the fault of his correspondents), he, Lord Normanby, could state that there was not a single Protestant murdered during those last two years on Lord Lorton's estate, that persons were not actually convicted of the offence, or now on their trials for it." It is impossible for us, upon the present occasion, to enter into any extensive details, to show "the absolute want of common information" which characterises other parts of the speech of the noble earl. We cannot, however, help mentioning the case of Mr. Reynolds, an officer of the coast-guard blockade, who lost his life in December last, in the island of Achill, where he was stationed. Since this melancholy event, it has been constantly represented in such a way as must have induced a belief that Mr. Reynolds was the victim of some popish conspiracy, and that his death was the result of his having given some particular evidence before a committee of the House of Lords. In mentioning the case in the late debate, Lord Roden intimated that the death of Mr. Reynolds was the consequence of the want of due protection from the government. He stated that applications for assistance had been transmitted

* The magistrates of Ireland have at all times been distinguished either for their negligence in the suppression of outrages, or for the active, positive, and open encouragement which they have given to violations of the law; and their magisterial fortitude has always, as upon the present occasion, been pretty nearly upon a level with their other merits. This fact is perfectly notorious, and appears throughout every period of Irish history, upon the testimony of men of all parties. In his speech upon the Riot Act, January 31. 1787, the Attorney-General Fitzgibbon, afterwards Earl of Clare, said that "*the criminal neglect and insufficiency of the magistrates throughout the disturbed districts constituted a principal cause of the diffusion of the disturbances;*" and their delinquency has been incomparably greater in modern times than at any former period. Yet these men and their friends make the air to resound with their lamentations at the appointment of stipendiary magistrates, who punish outrage without hesitation or apprehension, and are not afraid to be known as the vindicators of the law. We think it quite clear that a magistrate who dreads the mention of his name in public as the author of information about the existence of outrages, would faint at the very suggestion of proceeding to take active measures for the suppression or punishment of the outrages themselves. How such persons can pretend to retain a commission for the preservation of the peace we cannot imagine; and we are equally incapable of conceiving what possible advantage can accrue to the public from allowing such persons to remain in such a situation.

by the Rev. Mr. Nangle to Lord John Russell on the 30th of October, and to Lord Morpeth upon the 30th of November last; that no answer had been given to such applications until the 24th of February, in the present year; and that even that answer had been forced from the government by the noble earl's own notice of a motion for the production of the correspondence; which notice had been given upon the 7th of February preceding. His lordship then went on to say: —

"Thus it was evident that if he, Lord Roden, had not moved for the production of the correspondence, Mr. Nangle would have received no answer at all. But what had been the consequence?" [of not returning a timely answer to Mr. Nangle.] "What had taken place in the island of Achill in the mean time? Why, *that Mr. Reynolds, who had given evidence before their Lordships' Committee,* HAD BEEN MURDERED." This speech was delivered on the 21st instant, and on the very same day Patrick Lavelle, who had caused the death of Mr. Reynolds, was, with Ann Lavelle, indicted for the murder of that gentleman at the assizes for the county of Mayo.

The following is a short extract from the report of the trial: —

"Bridget Morgan, being sworn, stated that the deceased, who was an officer of the coast-guard, came with the prisoners home one night shortly before he died; after some time he took hold of the male prisoner, and asked him to go outside the house to save his (deceased's) life. Prisoner replied that it was very far (late) in the night, and that the police were convenient (adjacent), and he therefore refused to go. Deceased then went out, and *hasped or fastened the door outside.* Prisoner *called to him not to do so, but deceased did not mind him; replying, however, that he would soon make him come out, and no thanks to him.* Deceased very soon returned, *bringing a sword with him.* Prisoner *had barred the door inside, but deceased forced it in;* and when he entered he said that prisoner had a mind to have him killed. Prisoner said he should not like that any one should harm him. Witness was spinning, and, *on looking round, saw deceased in the act of striking prisoner with the sword. Prisoner was defending himself, and holding up his arm,* and he struck deceased a blow with a tongs which he snatched from the table. Deceased and prisoner fell together on a bed which was in the room, in which a child was asleep. Prisoner's wife cried out that the child was killed. Prisoner only struck deceased *once with the tongs,* but gave him several blows with his fist. *Deceased also struck prisoner with his fist.*

"Court: Gentlemen concerned for the Crown, can you ask for a conviction in this case?

"Mr. French: We have another witness, and we had better produce him.

"Michael Lawler was then sworn. He corroborated the statement of the former witness in every particular, and added that *when prisoner and deceased fell together on the bed, deceased was uppermost, and still had the sword in his hand trying to strike the prisoner with it, and prisoner had a hold of it trying to avoid the blows.*

"Court: Mr. French, do you think this witness has made the case more clear for the Crown?

"Mr. French: No, my lord, but *we have deceased's dying declaration.*

"*Mr. Baker, on behalf of the next of kin,* stated that he *would consider it a waste of public time to carry the case any further.* The learned judge told the jury it would be unnecessary for him to trouble them with any observation, further than to say that *he considered there was no evidence whatsoever to convict the prisoners, or either of them,* and the jury accordingly acquitted them."

It thus appears, from a judicial inquiry conducted under the auspices and direction of the "next and most faithful friends" of the deceased, that Mr. Reynolds not only was not murdered from any motive connected with his religion, or his testimony before the House of Lords, but that he was not murdered at all; and that he lost his life in a sudden and unpremeditated scuffle with a man whose house, he, Reynolds, according to the evidence, burglariously broke open at the dead of night, and whom, according to the same testimony, Mr. Reynolds would probably have killed, without any sort or degree of provocation, if the man in his own defence had not killed Mr. Reynolds. In this state of facts, the judge, the jury, the counsel for the crown, and the counsel for the friends of the deceased, all

unanimously arrived at the conclusion, which, indeed, was quite irresistible, that the conduct of Lavelle was entirely justified by the circumstances of the case, and the necessity of self-defence.

After these specimens of the "total want of common information" which characterises some of the most remarkable parts of the statement of the noble earl, will it be considered unreasonable in us to recommend the public to suspend their judgments as to the remainder of the cases until the conclusion of the assizes, or the reports of the persons engaged in the administration of justice shall furnish some further and authentic information upon the subject?* We may as well mention, before leaving this part of the case, that Mr. Barrington, the crown solicitor, and the highest authority in existence upon every part of the subject, has given, by anticipation, the most direct negative to more than one part of the speech of the noble earl. In a letter which Mr. Barrington transmitted to Lord Normanby from Cork, at the close of the Munster circuit, and which his lordship read in the course of his speech on Lord Roden's motion, he states that the five counties which compose the province of Munster are perfectly free from agrarian disturbance, with the exception of a part of Limerick; that the offenders in that district had been brought to trial at the assizes just ended; that there was the fullest attendance of witnesses in every case; and that a conviction was obtained in each. He concludes by stating that the circuit afforded upon the whole the most satisfactory evidence of *the improved condition of the country, and of the increasing confidence of the people in the administration of justice.* The same gentleman has stated in another document, that in the whole time during which he has been connected with the crown prosecutions in that country, a period extending to between twenty and thirty years, he has never known a single instance of a person having been murdered on account of his religion.

But although Lord Roden did not even *attempt* to prove the affirmative of his own proposition, Lord Normanby undertook to establish the negative, which he accomplished in a manner that left not the smallest possible doubt about the case. The proposition which had been *stated* by the noble earl (but which, as we have already observed, he made not the smallest attempt to *prove*) was that crime had been allowed by the Marquis of Normanby to proceed to an extent to which it had never been allowed to go by any former government. In sustaining the negative of this question, Lord Normanby showed in the most unanswerable manner by the authentic returns of the statistics of crime during several periods, first, that crime, during his own administration, was absolutely diminished both in the amount of the offences and in the atrocity of their character; secondly, that he had exercised a greater degree of activity and severity than any of his predecessors in bringing offenders to justice — a proposition rendered evident by the fact that there were a greater number of committals out of a given number of offenders in his time than at any previous period; and thirdly, that there was a greater number of convictions out of a given number of committals in his time than at any time before. These questions being purely arithmetical, the mere exhibition of the figures put an end to the possibility of cavil or doubt. The other parts of the speech were equally triumphant, and it presented upon the whole as complete a specimen of a *réponse sans replique* as ever was delivered within the walls of parliament or without. Indeed no *attempt* was made to reply to it; and even the Duke of Wellington

* As a further instance of the propriety of this recommendation, we may mention that an account has arrived in town this morning (25th March) of the execution of another person for the murder of one of Lord Lorton's tenants.

declared expressly, that not only he himself made no imputation upon Lord Normanby, but that Lord Roden intended none, although that noble lord expressed it to be the object of his speech to show that Lord Normanby had neglected his duty in not grappling with crime, and had allowed it to proceed to an extent to which it had never been allowed to proceed by any of his predecessors. If then the proposition of Lord Roden had been moved as a resolution, could a majority of the House of Lords—could Lord Roden himself have voted for the affirmative? Impossible. The question was a mere matter of comparative numbers. All the evidence was upon the negative side: there was not a tittle of any thing professing to be evidence upon the other. No House nor any individual could have ventured after that debate to affirm that the amount of crime in Ireland, from 1835 to 1839, was greater than at any antecedent period, as the contradictory proposition had been proved beyond controversy by Lord Normanby's address.

Why, then, did the Earl of Roden, instead of calling upon the House to affirm his own proposition, only move for a committee to inquire into the state of crime from 1835 to 1839? *Quia dolosus versatur in generalibus*; because such a motion admitted of any quantity of vague, unauthenticated, and general assertions; because the motion, whilst professing to produce an inquiry into the state of crime in Ireland from 1835 to 1839, was really brought forward for another and a very different object; because the real objection to Lord Normanby is, not that he has not grappled with crime (which even the Lord Lieutenant of Tipperary, in the present as in the former debate, acknowledged him to have done to a greater degree than any of his predecessors), but that determining, with a dignified sincerity, that his government should be a real truth, and not a hollow assemblage of false and contradictory professions, he excluded from place and emolument under his administration the members of *every* illegal confederacy without any distinction, and gave a cordial and manly co-operation to the legislature and the crown in suppressing a combination which was the common enemy of both; because, being called to the glorious mission of administering impartial justice to an ancient people, who for generations had endured every imaginable variety and refinement of cruelty, oppression, and spoliation, he performed, without flinching, the noble duties which he had undertaken, irrespectively of every faction, and uninfluenced by any other consideration than the welfare of the whole community at large; because he has exhibited the statue of justice to the Irish people, not "clothed in the Gorgon terrors" of an Orange administration, but expressing that combination of severity, gentleness, and wisdom, which form the natural and appropriate characteristics of the Divinity; because, believing "mercy to be better than sacrifice," he has tried for once the effect of lenity upon a people of warm sentiments and kindly feelings, and has ascertained by the experiment that for the first time in their history the population have a confidence in the administration of justice; and because he has not only thereby become for ever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people, but has established amongst them a precedent of humanity and impartiality, which no future viceroy will venture to depart from, even under the sanction of a majority of five members of the House of Lords, unless he is ready to incur the peril of consequences too awful to be specified. These are the real grounds of objection to the Marquis of Normanby's administration, and not the pretence (even denied by those who put it forward) of his not having grappled with crime.

The real object of the motion is to transfer the executive government of Ireland to a committee of the House of Lords, and to attempt, through the corrupt and clandestine management of the executive, to re-establish that

ascendancy which has been abolished by the legislature, and once more to place Ireland under the "sweet influences" of Orange domination. We believe, however, that this manœuvre will be defeated. Lord John Russell gave notice in the House of Commons upon the night after the decision of the House of Lords, that in the first week after the recess and on the earliest possible day, he should take the sense of the House upon the question of the government of Ireland; adding that no person could proceed to carry on the government of that part of the kingdom, without knowing whether it was the desire of the House of Commons that the principles according to which the administration of Ireland had been conducted since 1835 should be still adhered to, or should now be abandoned; and whether the House would approve of Lord Ebrington's following the example of Lord Normanby in the maintenance and execution of the laws in that part of the empire. Lord John Russell stated, that Lord Ebrington would be happy, on receiving the approbation of that House, to proceed to the government of Ireland, but that if *other principles* should be maintained and adopted in that House, there was nothing left for the present administration but to surrender into other hands the government of the country. It is quite evident, that the question involved in the coming conflict is one of the most serious nature, and that to Ireland especially it presents probabilities and consequences of the most tremendous character. To suppose that the people of that country will tamely submit upon any authority to be replunged into the ineffable horrors of a system from which they have but just emerged after centuries of calamity, of oppression, confiscation, and massacre — to imagine that a population of eight millions, who ten years ago extorted political and civil liberty from the greatest warrior upon the earth, and who now ask nothing but the continuance of that equal and impartial justice which they received for the first time in their history from the viceroy to whom the exercise of mercy is imputed as a crime — to imagine that such a population will submit to be subjected once more to those horrors, the very statement of which is more shocking than the actual endurance of ordinary calamities — to imagine this, or any thing like it, is certainly to form an expectation the most remote that can be conceived from any possibility of existence. Let it not be supposed that we exaggerate the probable consequences to Ireland of the present ministry being obliged to retire from office in the present ominous crisis. They would be succeeded, as a matter of course, by the Tories; and, as a matter equally of course, Ireland would be given up as a spoil to the champions, by whom a victory so destructive of all the best interests of the empire should have been achieved. The principles and practices of that party are branded upon the history of Ireland, in characters too horrible for reminiscence; and the monarch and the legislature have lately expressed their estimate of them in a manner which is fresh in the public recollection. We shall therefore not think it necessary to go any farther into this subject than by stating the sentiments expressed upon one or two occasions by Lord Roden himself, who would be substantially the governor of Ireland under a ministry of the Tories. At a meeting held at a place called Rathfryland, in the year 1832, for the purpose of attempting to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill, Lord Roden took the chair, after having travelled seventeen miles for the purpose. At that meeting, a Mr. Crommelin, a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Down, and, we believe, a district grand-master of the Orangemen, — *dum fortuna fuit*, — pledged himself, if it should be desirable, to "drive the Papists out of the land."

He went on to say that the boast was not a vain one; that he was satisfied

that the thing could be done, as the Orangemen were three millions and the Papists only five; and that if he had been aware that Lord Roden was to preside, he would have had a body of, at least, 60,000 Orangemen to bid him welcome. Lord Roden upon that occasion made, according to the accounts, no attempt to express any dissent from these minatory calculations, but, on the contrary, at the close of the proceedings, recommended the multitude to treasure up in their hearts the excellent advice and cheering assurances which they had received; and at a great meeting of the Protestants of Ireland, which was held at the Mansion House in Dublin, ten days afterwards, he expressed his exultation at the display of physical force which had justified Mr. Crommelin in boasting that the party to which he belonged were willing and able to "drive the Papists into the sea." "It is gratifying," said the noble lord, "to think, and, oh! it was gratifying to see at the meeting in the North, to which I have alluded, that we have with us the Protestant *sinew and strength of the country*," — that strength and sinew upon which Mr. Crommelin relied for effecting the little clearance which he seemed so anxious to accomplish. That no mitigation has since that time taken place in his lordship's sentiments appears plainly enough in the very speech which he delivered upon the late occasion. Speaking of the clergy of the Roman Catholic persuasion in Ireland, he says, "They direct all things, as if invested with unlimited authority. They dictate to the rulers of the land, and send members to Parliament, who must, in return, obey their dictates. They watch over even the private conduct of Protestants, and know all their proceedings and domestic secrets by the agency of the confessional. The Protestants court them from fear, and contribute to their exactions. *There can be no security for the country, nor no hope for its civilization and prosperity,* TILL THIS ORDER IS PUT DOWN — DELENDA EST CARTHAGO."

If ever there was an unequivocal declaration of "war to the knife," we think that such a declaration is contained in the passage which we have just quoted. Whether the contemplated victims of this projected *deletion* will allow their adversaries to obtain possession of a power which is to be applied to such a purpose, must in a considerable degree depend upon themselves; and if they really enjoy the influence which is attributed to them by Lord Roden, we know no way in which they can so legitimately exercise it as for the purpose of their own preservation. One thing seems perfectly clear, namely, that the success of the Orange party in the House of Commons would probably conduct us, and at no distant period, to the dismemberment of the realm, and that the continuance of the present ministry in office has now become essential to the maintenance of the integrity of the empire. We fervently hope that advantage will be taken of the crisis to establish a clear and cordial co-operation between the several members of the liberal party, and that minor differences will be merged in the presence of the overwhelming questions which have been so rapidly, perhaps ruinously, precipitated into discussion.

We cannot conclude without earnestly recommending that the Irish people will avail themselves of the occasion to assemble and present Lord Normanby with a *universal* testimony of their confidence and attachment, and that effectual measures will be taken to transmit to future generations such a memorial of his government as shall be worthy of the services which he has rendered to Ireland, and of the gratitude and admiration with which his memory must be revered in that country to the latest posterity.

PATHOLOGY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Elements of the Pathology of the Human Mind. By Thomas Mayo, M.D. F.R.S. &c. John Murray, London. 1838.

An Essay on the Relation of the Theory of Morals to Insanity. By T. Mayo, M.D. B. Fellowes, London. 1834.

The necessity of accurate investigation into the phenomena of mind, as the basis of all judicious modes of treatment in mental disease, would seem to be so obvious a proposition, that it might be supposed to stand in no need of elucidation. Yet, plain as it is, we know hardly any equally simple truth which, in its full sense and grave importance, is so little understood or so utterly disregarded. It is universally admitted that insanity, whether considered in its physical or metaphysical phases, or in its complex diagnoses, is, as yet, but imperfectly understood; that those who have most carefully studied its manifestations, have made but small progress towards their generalisation; that great and peculiar difficulties embarrass every step of the inquiry; that the subject is of a nature to be approached with extraordinary caution; and that patient habits of observation and considerable experience are essential to the formation of safe and correct views. We believe it may be assumed, that these points are universally admitted, and that no individual, taken singly from the mass of society, would venture to controvert them. That, however, which individuals would shrink from asserting, is sometimes unconsciously asserted by communities, through those vague feelings and prejudices that gradually work themselves into the channels of public opinion.

What is Insanity? The question will be answered when we shall be enabled to answer another—What is Mind? The first is inclosed in the second, like some of the spherical puzzles of the Chinese. The most profound metaphysicians have not been able to agree upon the attributes and operations of mind; yet loose opinions respecting insanity are constantly launched upon the world with a confidence that must astonish those who have given serious consideration to the subject. While, on the one hand, the mystery of mind is confessed by the students of philosophy, we see upon the other a chaos of crude speculations amongst the multitude, who have only glanced over its surface, and imagine they have penetrated its depths. Whichever way we look at insanity—whether we take our stand on the narrow ground of confirmed knowledge, or on the vast field of bold conjecture and popular superstition—we perceive the imperative necessity of sustaining and encouraging the spirit of scientific inquiry. Society has emerged from the barbarous darkness of past ages, and undergone a remarkable transition in its views and feelings concerning the insane. But it is a transition in sentiment rather than an actual progress in knowledge. The nervous sympathy, the timid jealousy, the anxious tenderness which are now universally exhibited towards the melancholy objects of the medical philosopher's care, while they are in the highest degree honourable to society at large, and afford a sure guarantee that public opinion runs at last in the right channels, involve some fallacies of exuberant and perhaps dangerous enthusiasm. When Pinel originated the phrase which has since

passed into familiar use, and which, for the sake of its benignant and softening influence, it is not desirable to disturb, that the insane ought to be placed under a "government of love," he completely represented the image of a popular notion, wanting in precision, illusory in practice, fervid, generous, and vague. Pinel meant a government of kindness, adaptive, mild, persuasive, and judicious. He idealised these attributes into a passionate term, which is too mystical in such an application to convey a clear expression of his meaning, but which was admirably calculated to project popular sensibility beyond the point attained by science. The world stood in need of such an impulse at the time.

In former ages the insane were cast out from society as lost or infected beings. The coercion, however, to which they were subjected, was not so much the result of inhumanity as of ignorance, acted upon by a species of inexplicable fanaticism. The source and progress of the malady were unknown; and remedial measures, if they were ever thought of, were administered without judgment and without effect. But this grand error purified itself; and although our knowledge of insanity has not advanced in proportion to the sentiment of tenderness towards the insane, we have arrived at a clear recognition of the sacred claims of mental calamity. If we have not yet explored the strange courses of the disordered faculties, we have at least found the entrances that lead to them. We know the great characteristics and the general tendencies of the disease. The spirit of civilisation, that enhances the blessings of the most limited degrees of knowledge, imparts an increased value to our acquisitions, and enables us to employ them with an utility beyond their actual scope. The insane, in this age, are no more likely to be treated with cruelty, than the philosopher who announces a curious theory is to be thrown into prison, or the inventor of a new art to be led to the stake. If we do not know how to treat all the forms of insanity, we know that none of them should be treated with harshness.

But the progress we have made in the science of mind, while it increases our responsibility, exposes us at the same time to a multitude of errors. It is one of the conditions of imperfect knowledge, that it shall work by experiments and theories; that it shall invent instruments for assisting its researches; and that it shall supply, by speculation and inference, those deficiencies which it labours to remove by established truths. Thus, in the treatises on insanity, we find a variety of definitions and classifications, ingenious hypotheses, and formal assumptions, conveying different interpretations of the same thing, and asserting as true one day, what is proved to be false the next; deducing universal laws from particular facts; or, by miscellaneous and inaccurate estimates, including special exceptions in general rules. Every attempt to form a synthesis from incomplete proofs, must always involve similar mistakes and fallacies; and that which was wanted above all other contributions to this department of inquiry, was such a view of the whole subject, as should reduce the results of past investigation into a perspicuous and tangible form, freed from loose reasoning and conjectural theories, and exhibiting, by a logical process, such a distribution of elementary principles, as might be made the solid base of all future operations.

In some investigations, ascertained facts conduct us to the formation of principles; in others, we are guided by principles to the discovery of facts. The investigation of mind in reference to insanity, partakes of both these descriptions. Without a large body of facts to enable us to compare the phenomena of derangement, we cannot venture to deduce general laws; and

without elementary principles as to the nature of mind itself, we should not know how to proceed in the collection and classification of phenomena.

Unfortunately for the interests of science, the statistics of insanity have been either wholly neglected, or worse, imperfectly, capriciously, and irregularly registered. We are not in possession of any returns sufficiently comprehensive, or arranged with the requisite accuracy, to enable us to form a complete theory of causes and results. The causes of insanity still remain undeveloped, except on such general grounds as are of slight avail for practical purposes; and as we have no means of ascertaining to any considerable extent the proportion of recoveries to the number of cases, the duration of treatment in each particular description of case, or the proportion of mortality similarly distributed, we unavoidably frame our conclusions under the consciousness that we may be compelled to modify, if not to abandon them, when we shall have access to more extensive data. Medical statistics, useful in all other maladies, are indispensable in insanity. M. Esquirol, *medecin-en-chef* to the Royal Asylum at Charenton, observes, that the sciences founded on observation can be promoted only by statistics. "What is experience," he observes, "but the observation of facts repeated often, and entrusted to the memory? But the memory is sometimes treacherous; statistics register the facts, and forget nothing. Before a physician makes a *prognosis*, he has mentally calculated a probability, and revolved a problem in statistics; in other words, he has observed the same symptoms ten, thirty, an hundred times in similar circumstances, whence he draws a conclusion. Every other mental combination deceives the practitioner. If medicine had not neglected this instrument, this means of progress, it would possess a greater number of positive truths, and stand less liable to the accusation of being a science of unfixed principles, vague and conjectural."

The whole information that has been collected in England towards the statistics of insanity, is comprised in a few parliamentary returns from county asylums and other establishments, and such isolated tables as have been drawn up by individuals from their own personal observation. A few general facts may be deduced from these returns, such as that the rate of recovery diminishes with age, and that it diminishes with tolerable uniformity thirty-three per cent every ten years, and that the tendency to recovery increases during the first nine months, and then declines rapidly. But these results, and others of a similar kind, although they are probably true on the main, are founded on data too limited to admit of being considered conclusive. In France great efforts have been made, and are making, to procure regular periodical tables of observation; and the highest credit is due to M. Esquirol, for the energy he has displayed in promoting an object, the utility of which he has always insisted upon.

Much more, however, must be accomplished than the statistics of France, or England, or both, before we can hope to discover all the laws of this subtle and mysterious disease. Into this, as into every other inquiry affecting the social, moral, and intellectual condition of mankind, a variety of considerations will be found to enter, that are not contemplated or included in statistical returns. It is essential to the attainment of ultimate accuracy and completeness, that returns should be procured from different countries for the purpose of comparison, that the relative effects of local causes should be ascertained, and that an investigation should be instituted into the contradictory results produced in different places under circumstances apparently similar. We know how deeply the happiness and morals (another name for happiness) of men are affected by civil, political, and religious institutions;

how much the spirit of independence and courage, or slavishness and cowardice depend upon the temper and administration of laws and forms of government; and how the characteristics of communities are fashioned and strengthened by national and peculiar habits, by climate, and not unfrequently by regimen. If all these influences are found to act visibly upon men, producing certain consequences with almost invariable regularity, it cannot be doubted that an extensive comparison of the statistics of insanity, derived from nations widely contrasted in all these particulars of government, civil institutions, customs, climate, and regimen, would lead to inferences, the nature and future consequences of which we cannot at present even dimly conjecture. Some approach towards this grand field of observation must be made, before we can disperse the mist that hangs over this disease, or arrive at modes of treatment that shall insure a greater degree of success with a greater degree of certainty than has been hitherto attained. But this will be the work of indefinite time — the labour of scattered philanthropists and men of science at distant intervals — the issue of accumulated materials gathered with toil and difficulty, and finally reduced to a shape of permanent instruction by such men as the author of the "Pathology of the Human Mind."

In the meanwhile all that can be done to enlighten the community upon a subject that presents so many temptations to rash conjecture and plausible theory, is to clear off the clouds of speculation by which it has been too long obscured; to discard the fantastic hypotheses upon which some of our writers have ventured to make a variety of subdivisions, absurd in phraseology and ridiculously delusive in practice; and, proceeding carefully step by step, to trace insanity by the lights of vigilant experience alone, generalising its manifestations with philosophical acuteness, and offering upon the whole, not a definition, which at best would be deceptive, but an exposition of the forms in which insanity is usually developed. Such is the aim of the work before us; a luminous treatise, brief in compass, but like some of the memorable treatises of antiquity, containing the germs of many volumes.

It is necessary to introduce our notice of this publication, by observing that Dr. Mayo treats the subject differently from all former medical or ethical writers. He enters upon a systematic inquiry into the philosophy of mind in relation to mental diseases, and the conduct of life, upon which such diseases must be presumed to have an intimate dependence. The treatise, therefore, while it describes the gradual course and general characteristics of insanity, proposes an object of still higher interest — the correction of the tendency to derangement in its incipient stages, through the self-controlling influences of mental philosophy. This important agency may have been discerned by previous writers, but it has never before been so explicitly delineated, or rendered so completely tributary to the great problem of insanity. It is, in truth, the pervading spirit of Dr. Mayo's book — the predominant and final impression the work is calculated to make.

About five years ago there appeared an "Essay on the Relation of the Theory of Morals to Insanity," in which a new light was cast upon a form of mental disease, which was not ordinarily classed under the generic head of insanity; and which indeed had never been considered in its simple form (unaccompanied by other circumstances) as a legitimate object of restraint. That essay was a production so remarkable in many respects, as much on account of the views it suggested as those it contained, that a further and fuller exposition was naturally expected from the author by the readers of the pilot brochure, which indicated the course his inquiring and thoughtful mind was about to traverse. Dr. Mayo has not disappointed that expecta-

tion. His work, entitled "Elements of the Pathology of the Human Mind," followed the essay at a distance of four years. The fruit of deep meditation, it reveals the whole of his opinions; and as it embraces the substance of the essay, somewhat modified by more matured consideration, it will be unnecessary to refer farther to the latter, in the observations we shall have to make upon the subject.

All morbid conditions of the human constitution are, like the human constitution itself, of a mixed nature, mind and body acting and re-acting, and producing certain ultimate results according to circumstances; but in all cases the primary disease is represented by the predominant phenomena. Thus, although a liver complaint exercises an evident influence upon the powers of thought, fancy, invention, &c. yet we do not hesitate to assign the malady to the body, because the bodily symptoms preponderate; and in the same way, when we find a person in apparently good bodily health, giving way to false notions of things, mistaking his own position and the position of others, we know that the mind is the seat of the malady. Entering upon an investigation into the elements of mental pathology, Dr. Mayo limits his inquiry to those diseases in which mental symptoms predominate; and this preliminary explanation naturally brings us to the consideration of those morbid states which constitute mental disease. Dr. Mayo divides them into two classes: —

First, where some property essential to mind in its normal state is perverted, which he terms insanity, or madness.

Second, where some such property is abolished, or has been congenitally deficient. This class separates itself under two heads: 1. Brutality, signifying the absence of the moral faculty; 2. Imbecility, or intellectual deficiency.

By the statement of this general division it will be perceived that Dr. Mayo rejects the jargon which numerous writers have endeavoured to introduce into treatises on insanity,— a jargon of terms which are not only illusory in fact, but generally ludicrous in expression, from the mock scientific formality with which they are paraded. The refined deductions and minute classifications affected by such writers, must be considered as the result of superficial or imperfect observation, unless we are to ascribe them to a spirit of *charlatanerie*, which, of course, must be expected to show itself upon this, as upon other subjects. The division adopted by Dr. Mayo is as accurate and as complete as the present state of our knowledge will bear; and until we have obtained a more extensive basis of facts, it is not desirable, nor can it, for any practical purposes, be useful to venture out of these safe and intelligible generalisations. Speaking of an objection which was taken to the "vagueness" of the term "bilious temperament," which vagueness, he truly observes, is inherent in the subject itself, Dr. Mayo, in a note to the volume before us, says, that "mathematical statements allow of a perfect definiteness, because we permit ourselves in their case to employ a process of abstraction, which disencumbers our view of all that is not definite; but when this is attempted, and it is too often attempted in medical description, we obtain a dry affirmation of phenomena, which neither represents the disease which we have to cure, nor the remedy which we have to employ, nor the person whom we have to treat." These observations, just in reference to every department of medical science, are especially applicable to insanity.

We will follow the order laid down by the author, and proceed to the consideration of those morbid states included in the first class.

Judiciously preferring description to definition, Dr. Mayo conveys his

view of what insanity is by tracing the progress of the most characteristic phenomena, according to the succession they generally observe. Taking regret — which refers with melancholy feelings to the past — as an instance of one of those mental affections upon which such a state frequently ensues, he observes that the first indication is that of dwelling upon the subject of grief, a voluntary indulgence in the brooding sorrow; to this succeeds a painful sensibility, and violent efforts to shake off its influence. These efforts are resisted by the morbid feeling and the force of habit; and in the struggle, the hepatic and gastric system becomes deranged, and re-acts with mysterious power upon the mind: the result is that the will, endeavouring in vain to combat these conspiring agencies, gradually sinks overpowered. This state Dr. Mayo terms *moral* incoherency. By this time the disease begins to manifest itself in a variety of inconsequential acts, which are perhaps treated merely as eccentricities, and the afflicted person is suffered, from a mistaken tenderness, to drop into the next stage, when the existence of insanity is admitted, but often, observes our author, too late for the prevention of some of its most unfortunate results.

Symptoms of delirium, or incoherency of *thought*, now supervene. The dominion of the will is at an end, and the moral impulses of the individual cease to be subjected to any controlling or directing influence. The power of choice no longer enables him to reject or select with any ulterior design; there is no connection between his actions and any distinct purposes previously contemplated; he acts and talks like a man in a dream, betraying a succession of impulses without motive, consistency, or aim. This suspension of the power of the will over the associating principle, shows us in part the source of that disorder of thought, that unregulated energy, and wandering tendency, which are observable in the insane; but as Dr. Mayo assumes this suspension of the will as the essential distinction of insanity, it is necessary to enter into an explanation of the mode in which he describes it as operating.

It is a common practice in moments of idleness to build what the French call *chateaux en Espagne* — to indulge in reveries — to create a fanciful train of images, and follow them out to some ulterior conclusion. As the process advances, the fantastic materials begin to take a real existence in the imagination, and converting a cloud into a field of battle, a city, or a landscape, and assigning different attributes to its fleeting forms and shades, the mind gradually falls into a train of reasoning derived from the illusion it has thus set up. Suppose, says Dr. Mayo, a total inability to rouse ourselves out of this deception, and we have a state such as our experience tells us is nearly identical with the insane state.

But this illustration does not include the whole condition of the will in the state of insanity. It only shows the inability of the will to master an influence that has already set in. In order, however, to render Dr. Mayo's view of the subject perfectly clear, it is of some importance to give it in his own words. After having observed that much of his reasoning on this point, flows similarly to that by which Mr. Dugald Stewart explains the operations of sleep and dreaming, he proceeds: —

"These states have, in truth, always appeared to me to possess a striking affinity to that of the insane, with this important difference, that there is a constant readiness in the mind to be roused out of the sleeping or dreaming state, but no such readiness to emerge out of insanity, when once incurred. And again, that in sleep every voluntary action is suspended, whereas in madness the will acts with considerable force, though in a more limited extent than in the sane state. Thus in a sane state we are conscious that we can in some degree will a train of thought, as well as a consequent line of action; but the insane person to all appearance has only the latter or practical will. Thus his actions are ungovernably violent;

the decisions from which they flow, unstable and uncertain; over *them* he has no power of choice. In the first case, then, will is efficient on human conduct in two respects; in the latter case only in one. When an effort has been resolved on in the chaotic chamber of the insane man's brain, he can will its being carried into effect; but the preceding process which determines what that effort shall be, takes place independently of his volition.

"If then we compare in these points the phenomena of madness, of sleep, and of a man's ordinary state, they may be described in the following manner: — In the last of the three cases we have the train of successive thoughts influencing indeed the will, but also influenced and moulded by a process of will, and finally occasioning such conduct as suits the decisions thus arrived at. In the insane state we find the will active *only* in executing the decisions of the associating principle; we observe no such reaction, no such power of controlling that principle, as exists in the sane state of the waking mind. As far as we can trace the operations of mind into the sleeping state, the power of will seems then suspended equally in regulating the course of our thoughts, and executing the decisions to which they lead."

The distinctions drawn between the three states are conceived with great subtlety; and although we are disposed to question the exactness of the description, we admit the existence of points of difference equivalent in value to those that are here brought under consideration. We admit that in sleep the power of the will is suspended; that in the sane mind it exercises its full functions; and that in insanity it ceases to maintain a healthy influence. But our view of the unsoundness of volition in insanity, while it brings us to the same conclusion, in effect, as that at which Dr. Mayo has arrived, conducts us to it by a different route.

We cannot understand that operation of the mind by which the will — a dominant and controlling power — is supposed to *execute* the decisions of the associating principle; by which a function, essentially legislative, is converted into the agent of some unknown authority that has usurped its place. If the elementary or legitimate power of the will be thus abrogated, it involves an apparent inconsistency to suppose that it comes into operation in the ensuing action, or result, to perform a secondary and ministerial part.

Again: Dr. Mayo assumes that the will, excluded from the council of the thoughts, has power only in carrying into effect the course of action upon which they have resolved. "When an effort," he observes, "has been resolved on in the chaotic chamber of the insane man's brain, he can will its being carried into effect; but the preceding process which determines what that effort shall be, takes place independently of his volition." This passage states the whole hypothesis so clearly, that it brings us at once upon the main point at issue. The "preceding process," which is here stated to take place independently of volition, we hold to be in itself an act of volition. The power of *willing* clearly belongs to him who, by any process whatever, has arrived at a decision. If this be not the case, by what test are we to distinguish those decisions which, according to this theory, are acts of volition from those decisions which are not acts of volition? By their moral fitness? their agreement with previous trains of reasoning? their adaptation to proposed objects? It may be easily shown that no such test exists, or can in the nature of things be applied.

The decisions of the will take place under an endless variety of circumstances, and present an infinite diversity of considerations. If a man resolve to do any thing contrary to his judgment — presuming him to have weighed his resolution, and acknowledged to himself its absurdity or criminality — he may be said to be as nearly as possible in the situation of the individual, who is described by Dr. Mayo as having no power over the process which determines his resolution. We are supposing the most extreme case, — that of a man whose decision is a violation of moral fitness, who is conscious of its unreasonableness, and yet who carries it into effect. In such a case

— if it be admitted that the formation of the resolution is an act of volition — the inference is, that the will, instead of being set aside, is in reality predominant over the judgment. The power of education, of good habits, and practical experience, in its influence over the conduct of life, need not be enforced. In proportion as this power is strong or feeble, the will is disciplined or left to its own course. Take two children of equal capacity — educate the one, and suffer the other to remain uneducated; when they grow up to manhood, volition in the former will be found to be subdued within the restraints of moral and social duties and obligations — in the latter it will be ungovernable: in the one case it will be guided by a just appreciation of the bearings and relations of things — in the other it will be the slave of passions, appetites, and temporary excitements. The incorrectness, either in logic or morals, of the conclusion which a man forms, may be admitted as evidence of the weakness of his judgment, or the want of judgment, but cannot, agreeably to our conception of the subject, be assumed as a result arrived at independently of his will. A man resolves to commit a robbery — the resolution is an operation of his will, vanquishing his reason. Carry the illustration farther, into the dim mental operations of insanity, and it is the same case exhibited in greater intensity. The difference is in degree, not in kind — the will being still present, but developed in greater force over the struggling reason. To will a thing indicates a power of choice, not a power of discriminating in the selection between right and wrong: this power includes the power of rejection. To will *not* to do a thing, is as complete an act of the will as to will its accomplishment. The will is negative as well as affirmative. To determine not to do what we ought to do, is as obvious an exercise of volition, as to will to do it. The insane man, who refuses nourishment, or who commits violence upon himself or upon others, performs an act of the will: he does not form such determinations independently of the will, but independently of the authority that is wanted to guide the will to prefer right to wrong.

We know not upon what grounds a conclusion formed in the mind can be assumed to have taken place independently of volition, except on the grounds of its being contrary to reason, injurious, untenable, &c. The character of the conclusion itself, then, must be taken as offering the only means of deciding, whether it is the work of the will, or of that previous process which supersedes the will. But here a new difficulty meets us. Men form false and wicked conclusions every day; and there are a multitude of ways of accounting for them, — such as ignorance, prejudice, malice, and want of judgment. Where are we to draw the line? At what point of this variegated progress of error and obstinacy are we to divide the operations of the will from the previous process? Where shall we begin? If the conclusion itself is to be the test, Francia, the dictator of Paraguay, who has formed conclusions that come as completely within this classification as the resolves of Thom or Martin, is deficient in volition in its primary sense. That he is insane is sufficiently probable, but that he possesses an indomitable will in all its original elementary strength is, we think, hardly to be denied. The insane man who resolves to kill another, is Francia placed in different circumstances, and labouring under different impressions. The act, the resolution, is unquestionably an evidence of insanity — presuming it of course to be destitute of motive, a pure abstract incoherency. But volition is there beyond all doubt: the duration of its influence, and the power of its direction, lead us into other inquiries which appear to contain the solution of the problem.

Dr. Mayo furnishes us with the most complete clue to these inquiries, in

his description of the operations of the will in sane persons. "There," he says, "we have the train of successive thoughts influencing indeed the will, but also influenced and moulded by a process of will, and finally occasioning such conduct as suits the decisions thus arrived at." In this case, as in the case of insanity, we find the thoughts influencing the will; and the difference drawn by our author is, that the will in the latter case exercises no reaction upon the thoughts. Had this view of the mental process been somewhat differently stated, we should have hesitated to dissent from it. But as we cannot regard the decision arrived at by the thoughts otherwise than as an operation of volition, we doubt the accuracy of the statement, that the thoughts are uninfluenced by the will. We confess we should be disposed to say that the will was omnipotent in insanity, were we not checked by the consideration, that as it acts for the most part without plan or purpose, its ascendency can neither be permanent nor consistent; and that, having once resolved, it has no power to draw back the mind from the consequences that follow. This infirmity of the will ultimately reconciles us to Dr. Mayo's treatment of the question; but it is the absence of the faculty of regulating the will, and the want of a reacting power in the will itself, rather than its execution of decisions, in which it has had no part, that seem to us to exhibit the real state of the insane. We apprehend that we must look beyond the will for some power above it; which, for convenience, may be designated reason, to give a firm and right direction to the will, if we would seek for the original source of mental calamity. The want of that power by which the will is guided and regulated in some men, may reduce and enfeeble it; or, in other circumstances, abandon it to the wildest excesses. But it is not necessary to the argument, nor is it very obvious, that therefore the will should be extinguished.

We have daily evidences before us of the different degrees of power of volition existing in different persons, and in the same person upon different subjects, as they happen to affect his passions or his interests. The will is not uniformly powerful in any individual; it is plastic or unimpressionable according to circumstances. The soundest mind, unquestionably, is that mind in which the will responds upon all occasions with unswerving integrity to fixed principles. According as it declines from this high standard, it approaches nearer and nearer to the state of insanity; and hence, waiving the considerations of that regulating influence to which we have referred, and confining the description to volition as it thus becomes affected, we are led to a final agreement with this able writer, when he observes that he regards "the disorder of the will as the mental element of insanity." His general answer to the question, What is insanity? relieves the inquiry of all the difficulties that arise in its progress: —

> "I answer, that it is a morbid state, to which those persons are subject, in whom the power of volition is feeble, when they are placed under the influence of certain mental and physical causes, which I shall next endeavour to enumerate."

The feebleness of the will is evident in its want of power to dispel the delusions that have been allowed to supervene upon the mind — its want of that reaction upon the thoughts which is necessary to preserve consistency of conduct. This inability, in truth, is all that need be contended for; and, although in subscribing to this part of Dr. Mayo's theory, and dissenting from the previous part, we recognise the will in operation in the first stage of the mental process, instead of placing it solely in the second, the final result to which we are led is precisely the same. We only ascend

one step higher for the arbitrary operation over which the will exercises no influence. There is the primal defect in the false perception, the admission of false notions, and the painful train of incongruous conceptions that overpower the judgment. The conclusions derived from these have the consent of the will, rendered dizzy by the paralysis of the directing power, and are perhaps heightened and inflamed by it. The feebleness of the will to resist, is happily designated as the "mental element of insanity."

Applying this condition of the will to the morbid states of mind, we readily perceive how insanity is induced, and how it advances as the power of volition recedes. But it is necessary to pursue the investigation yet farther, to ascertain the states which are most likely to be thus affected. In this branch of the investigation, we are shown those conditions of mind which are causative of insanity; and in tracing them through their incipient stages, we find the moral philosophy of prevention illustrated and developed. It is in this division of the subject that Dr. Mayo unites with profound metaphysical acuteness, that practical view of human conduct, without which treatises on insanity are mere waste paper to the bulk of the community. The public at large can derive no benefit from speculative essays on mind, or from medical lectures on the nervous sympathies. What was wanted was a work that should exhibit, as clearly as science and observation combined can exhibit, the approaches of insanity, the dangerous habits by which they are invited, the unconscious processes by which the disease is nourished, and the modes — a corollary from the whole — by which, taken in the spring, the hope of averting it may be reasonably entertained. This *desideratum* is supplied in the work before us with conciseness and perspicuity.

Dividing the influences which modify and direct the operations of the mind under two heads — the moral and the intellectual — Dr. Mayo proceeds to examine them separately. The moral influences being understood to have reference to our tendencies, to like and dislike, choose and reject, &c. and the intellectual, as appertaining to the recognition of truth and falsehood, of the real and the unreal, we have before us in these divisions the emotive and the thinking departments of the mind; the former involving obedience to reason, and the latter the exercise of reason.

The emotive properties of the mind are, for the purposes of the inquiry, next arranged in two classes, — active principles, which imply an exercise of the will, and passive states or conditions of mind, which, although capable of influencing the will, do not *imply* any exercise of it. Dr. Mayo traces to the latter class the moral causes and preventives of insanity. Thus it is not, he observes, to the love of power or riches that insanity can be directly traced, but to the regretfulness, the despondency, or the timidity, some one of which qualities will be found in the character in which the disease breaks out. The active principles may give occasion to these passive states, but they are not, themselves, causative of insanity. From this point the author proceeds to describe the gradual progress of the several states embraced in this division: regretfulness, in reference to the past; deficiency of hope in reference to the future; fearfulness, the various modifications of which are examined in detail; the moral faculty, which Dr. Mayo regards, we think judiciously, under this head, and which he treats elaborately, exemplifying as he goes on the operation of selfishness and kindliness; and finally sympathy, in which he considers the insane to be peculiarly deficient. It must be apparent, without entering into the delineation of these passive states (which Dr. Mayo describes with remarkable felicity) that excessive indulgence in any of them is calculated to expose the mind to the insidious inroads

of disease. If we are assailed, observes our author, by any of these influences, we are dangerously situated *quoad* insanity, whatever may be the vigour or the feebleness of those elements in our characters which lead to active pursuits.

One of the most striking points thrown out in the examination of these passive states of the mind — the recipients of insanity — is that which relates to the deficiency of sympathy on the part of the insane. The fact has frequently been observed before in confirmed insanity, but never, we believe, so strongly insisted on as an early type of the approaching malady. Dr. Mayo observes, that it would appear either that the *predisposed* are peculiarly deficient in this principle, or that insanity tends to weaken its efficacy. This opinion is founded on the following facts: —

"First, there is invariably a diminished state of those natural affections which require sympathy for their full development, and these are the kindly ones; while, on the other hand, most persons retain their full capacity for the evolution of hatred, anger, and uncharitableness — properties which require no assistance from sympathy.

"Secondly, that the supposition affords a practical diagnostic in insanity. In many persons thus situated, in whom, at the time at which the inquiry is made, the reasoning powers are in a clear and sound state, and whose emotions are at the time flowing evenly and quietly, we are enabled to detect disease, by observing that the patient is not going along, or sympathising with us, or, indeed, with any one extrinsic to himself. Perhaps his conversation can only be characterised as morbid, by its remarkable want of relation to all that is passing in the minds of the by-standers. In this point, indeed, the insane are remarkably contrasted with the inebriated, whom, in many respects, they greatly resemble. Persons in the latter state overflow with sympathy, and carry it to a ridiculous and maudlin extent."

Another remarkable and trance-like phase of humanity, which is ordinarily called double-consciousness, is also described. Dr. Mayo does not distinctly include this under the head of insanity, but regards it as one of those "more obscure and dubious topics, out of which light may at some future time be shed upon this mysterious subject." We are aware that some very contradictory opinions prevail amongst the members of the medical profession, as to whether this state of double-consciousness ought to be considered as an evidence of insanity; and in the present condition of our knowledge, perhaps we have no right to decide the question. But it must at the same time be remarked, that in the present condition of our knowledge, it is impossible to assign it to any other cause. The following is Dr. Mayo's description of the phenomena: —

"There is a morbid state of the human mind admitted by pathologists, under which the patient lives in alternate stages, as it were of two different beings, in regard to the sequence of his thoughts, and the operations of his intellectual and moral properties. The one is easily recognised as his normal state. It exhibits the ordinary phenomena of his character and habits. In the other he appears to have undergone a remarkable change. He has forgotten things and persons, or views them in perfectly new lights. The current of his thoughts verges on delirium, in rapidity and excitation. Sometimes there appears in him more force and vivacity of intellect in his paroxysmal state, than was observable in his original character. From each of these states he drops suddenly into the other, and he has no clear recollection in the one of subjects which had interested him in the other. This morbid state, to which the name double-consciousness is usually given, has a considerable affinity to the intermittent form of madness; so much so, that it seems not unreasonable to suspect that their laws of causation may have some common points. Now, unless the system of Mesmerism, which has recently been brought before the British public, be a system of simulation and collusion, we have here also a form of double-consciousness, which those who have seen the experiment made during the spring of 1838, at a London hospital, will admit to have exhibited this affinity in a high degree; *and this form of double-consciousness is voluntarily brought about by external agency.* On the principles which regulate this agency, I have nothing to say."

Some of our readers may recollect a case of this description, which occurred in London a few years ago, in which the person affected had his

alternate days of natural and morbid existence, which he called his Good and Evil Days. On the former, he was in perfect possession of his judgment, and acted and felt like other men; on the latter, he was the victim of the most horrible illusions, which preyed upon him with overmastering power; and this went on with regularity every second day for a considerable period. It must be admitted that the intermittent sanity rendered it an exceedingly difficult case to deal with; but on the other hand the intermittent phantasies, filling the mind of the unfortunate being with the most terrible images of despair, might in the ordinary course of things have been expected to shake his reason in the end. The result of this extraordinary case was suicide on one of the Evil Days.

The same course of reasoning that has been applied to the moral influences will be found to apply, even with greater force, to the intellectual. An adequate development of active moral principles is requisite to health: activity of the intellectual principles is not only necessary to health, but preventive of disease. But there is this important difference between the neglect of them, that the pause from intellectual pursuits is enjoyment — rest; while the pause from moral emotions is langour — ennui. Connected with this view of the use and abuse of the faculties, we have a new agent drawn in, startling by the novel employment assigned to it, and no less by the singular propriety of its application. This agent is the imagination. That imagination influences both the intellectual and moral powers of the mind is admitted; but, observes our author, the connection of this property with the emotive department of the mind, has received a much more careful scrutiny and discussion, than that which it holds with our intellectual powers. We will not stop to contest this point, but hasten to Dr. Mayo's account of its relation to the latter: —

"The connection of the imagination with the intellectual faculties is twofold. First, it affords illustrations, by which the processes of thought are cleared up. Secondly, it (often) affords body and substance, as it were, to the thoughts themselves. This end it accomplishes partially, by single terms, or wholly, by obtaining from its storehouse of imagery the materials, by means of which the entire view may be evolved, and presented to the judgment."

As an illustration of the latter effect, Dr. Mayo cites Mr. Whewell's description of some characteristic points of Sir Humphrey Davy and Mr. Faraday: —

"All great steps in science, says Mr. Whewell, require a peculiar vividness and distinctness of thought in the discoverer. Both Davy and Faraday possessed this vividness of mind; and it was in consequence of this endowment that Davy's lectures upon chemistry, and Faraday's upon almost every subject of physical philosophy, were of the most brilliant and captivating character. In discovering the nature of voltaic action, the essential intellectual requisite was to have a clear conception of that which Faraday expressed by the remarkable phrase, *an axis of power having equal and opposite forces;* and the distinctness of this idea in Faraday's mind shines forth in every part of his writings. Thus, he says, the force which determines the decomposition of a body is *in* the body, not *in* the poles; but for the most part he can only convey this fundamental idea by illustration."

In this very admirable example of that "vividness" of thought, which levies contributions on the imagination for the service of science, it may with some confidence be added, that all great truths in the natural and physical sciences, that have taken a strong hold upon mankind, have been conveyed in forms of expression similarly striking, and, so to speak, imaginative. Indeed, the very language of such sciences is for the most part a language of emblems, full of remote analogies and contrasts, and the very reverse of literal. If one of the functions of imagination be to select qualities

from different objects and combine them into the ideal, so in these sciences we find a nearly similar process adopted in the creation of names and terms, in the composition of which an attempt is made to combine a representation of several properties of the objects they are intended to designate. The botanist or the chemist could supply innumerable instances of the figurative media thus employed. The utility of the imagination, therefore, not only in illustrating established truths, but in furnishing happy forms for expressing new truths, may be considered to be decided by the unimpeachable authority of universal usage. Let us now see how this property, in connection with the intellectual powers, influences mental disease.

"In so far, continues Dr. Mayo, as our supposition is well-founded, that the operations of the intellect are calculated to prevent mental disease, in the same degree must that faculty be valuable which extends our capacity for such operations. That the operations, which we have described as introduced by the imagination into discursive processes, must *lighten*, as well as promote these processes, is also very obvious. Simple change in the *nature* of an exertion can obviate fatigue, and repair power. But here we find not only a *new*, but a *less laborious* process introduced."

Here, then, we have the imagination coming to the help of the intellectual powers, and enabling them to continue that exercise which is necessary to health and preventive of disease: but its connection with the emotive department is attended by very different results. There we have nothing analogous to the interplay of reason and imagination; and the feelings, instead of being subdued or appeased by the influence of the new agent, are excited to an intensity in the last degree injurious. The office of the imagination in such cases is to enhance the evils upon which the mind dwells, to deepen the gloom, to fill the void with shadows, and to quicken the fearful tendency to despair.

Having conducted the inquiry through these preliminary considerations, we will follow our author to his development of the disease itself. We need not devote much space to this part of the subject, which, although it is luminously treated in this work, yet cannot afford much room for novelty of discussion. We have hitherto been regarding the mental phenomena of an attack of insanity; for practical purposes, Dr. Mayo divides the disease thus characterised into three stages:—

"In the first stage the deviation from soundness of mind regards moral conduct.

"In the second stage the moral incoherency continues; but intellectual incoherency or delirium has also taken place.

"In the third stage, recovery from the above states is proceeding, or the patient is gradually passing into a chronic state of moral and intellectual perversion."

The first of these stages presents, in a heightened condition, all the moral defects or excesses already noticed: the extent of the sufferings of the individual lose all proportion to their causes; he entertains extravagant surmises and suspicions; his kindliness gives way to intense selfishness; and the sequence of his actions becomes incongruous and inconsistent. It is at this stage that the physical phenomena of insanity, viewed in reference to the temperament of the sufferer, are best understood.

The second stage, which Dr. Mayo designates the stage of development, is characterised by the discovery of inconsequential thought, marking the gradual derangement of the intellectual powers. False perceptions begin to be betrayed, and delirium sets in.

The third stage differs from the second in intensity rather than kind. If the patient be sinking into chronic insanity, the flood of his thoughts abates by degrees; if he be tending towards recovery, he is gradually in-

duced to doubt the justness of his perceptions, until at last he regains his powers.

These outlines cannot be too highly commended for their simplicity and clearness. Relieved from the dogmas that usually strew such inquiries with perpetual doubts, and from that affected nomenclature which has no other effect than that of increasing the obscurity, Dr. Mayo's descriptions are as intelligible to the non-professional reader, as they are valuable to the scientific student.

The relation of suicide to insanity, and of phrenology to the science of mind, to which separate chapters are devoted, well worthy of attentive perusal, we are compelled to pass over, in the desire to complete, within a reasonable compass, the review of the elements of the subject to which these chapters contribute valuable illustrations rather than necessary features. We must also, with reluctance, omit an analysis of the chapters dedicated to the mental and medical treatment of insanity, in which the disease is practically considered in both points of view, the moral and intellectual preventives pointed out, and the remedies exhibited throughout all the stages of the disease. These chapters are full of important matter, the result of careful observation, and evidently of extensive experience,— wanting which, such suggestions would be deficient in comprehensiveness and authority.

The next division of the general subject is that which comes under the head of *Deficiency* of a mental property, as Insanity comes under the head of *Perversion*. This division, as we have already indicated, is again divided into Brutality and Idiocy. We will follow these in the order in which we find them.

Brutality — a designation adopted from Aristotle, but not the more characteristic or commendable on that account — is that form of disease which deviates farther from the normal state than insanity, and amounts to the original deficiency or abolition of the moral sense. What Swift says of Lord Wharton seems to describe the characteristics of this revolting malady with sufficient accuracy: "He is without the sense of shame or glory, as some men are without the sense of smelling; and therefore a good name to him is no more than a precious ointment would be to these." Men of this description who betray an incapacity for moral distinctions, who violate moral obligations, and who yet do not exhibit any of those false perceptions or intellectual incoherencies which belong to insanity, form a class amongst themselves: persons, to use the words of Dr. Mayo, destitute of the moral faculty, and also vicious in their propensities. How is this class of individuals to be treated? The question is full of embarrassments and perplexities.

"In regard to the principles," says Dr. Mayo, "on which this morbid condition may be treated, the law, it may be observed, greedily takes advantage of its co-existence with insanity, whenever this occurs, and it readily does occur, to control the unsound habit of mind, but has not hitherto been able to grasp it in its own form. Although, in truth, the state which we term brutality spreads as wide devastation as insanity would, if insanity were left uncontrolled, and is, according to the above view, equally a disease of the mind."

In the former essay, already alluded to, which Dr. Mayo published on this subject, he brought forward the state of brutality as a form of insanity; but subsequent consideration has induced him to abandon that classification as loose and unphilosophical. We are not quite satisfied that his former view was incorrect. Our definitions and legal expositions of insanity are not so conclusive of the question as to preclude us from requiring legal safeguards against new shapes of misery and evil. That brutality is a disease of the *moral* faculty, Dr. Mayo has succeeded in establishing; and

it remains yet to be considered, whether this disease does not, of necessity, involve a disability of the *intellectual* powers? Can that man be said to be capable of reasoning justly, who is destitute of the moral sense? There may be no flaw in the process and chain of argumentation — the form may be correct — but if this great defect prevail over his thoughts, as it must, will it not always conduct him with certainty to results as injurious to himself and to society, as those which the insane arrive at only upon impulse and incidentally? The subject at all events demands a larger measure of consideration than we can now bestow upon it; and in the meanwhile the case of Lord Ferrers, referred to by Dr. Mayo, will serve as a hinge for the debate. After alluding to the disgraceful scenes which take place at our public offices, where a father is sometimes heard soliciting the infliction of an ignominious punishment for his son, having no other mode of obviating the deficiency of principle than the *penal* inflictions of the law, our author proceeds,—

"But it is yet more painful, that the offender should be allowed to wander on through crimes and inflicted misery, until he reach this goal. An instance of such a termination to the course of the brutal person is afforded by the unhappy Lord Ferrers. That nobleman was not *insane* in any customary use of the word; his intellectual faculties were good; and they were directed by a powerful will towards definite objects; neither did he exhibit that moral incoherency, which we have described amongst the earliest phenomena of the insane state. The business-like talents, indeed, which he displayed in his own defence, indisposed his judges to allow him the advantage of *that* plea. But his brutality made him unfit for *social* existence: the laws of this country did not reach him as a subject for confinement. Therefore he was hanged. This procedure was unavoidable under the circumstances of the case, and in the present state of our laws; but it constitutes a painful fact, considering that education at present affords no prevention to such criminality."

In this case, at least, we have an instance of an indomitable will acting upon the intellectual powers with surprising effect for the worst of purposes — purposes as averse to the reasoning of a sound judgment, as they were repugnant to the moral sense.

The last form of malady that comes under this head, may be briefly disposed of in the language of the author: — Idiocy, or imbecility, is analogous to brutality, as it implies a deficiency or abolition of natural properties. In this respect it bears the same relation to the understanding which brutality bears to the heart. This familiar form of calamity requires no further elucidation.

We have exhibited the prominent features of this able work in mere outlines. The author has condensed his views with so much skill, that it would be impossible to convey the substantial arguments and illustrations he employs by any mode of abbreviation or analysis in a much shorter compass than the book itself occupies. If, however, we have succeeded in extracting the essence, we shall have accomplished as much as we proposed. But to those who are interested in such investigations — and who is not? — we recommend a careful perusal of the thoughtful volume itself. No review, however carefully executed, can render that advice superfluous.

LAMENNAIS.

On a certain day in the year 1815, a young foreigner of timid bearing and bashful mien presented himself at the London residence of Mrs. Jerningham, the sister-in-law of Lord Stafford. He came, recommended by some one, to solicit the modest place of preceptor. This step was dictated by pressing necessity; his dress bespoke extreme poverty. Without even asking him to be seated, the lady addressed him a few brief inquiries, and then dismissed him on the ground, *qu'elle lui trouvait l'air trop bête.* — This was M. Lamennais.

Nine years afterwards, in June 1824, a priest famous for works, of which 40,000 copies had been rapidly disposed of — famous for an uncompromising war against the spirit of revolution, and in favour of authority spiritual and temporal, sustained with an eloquence equal, and with a profoundness of logic and erudition far superior to that of Bossuet — his lofty brow, beaming with faith and hope — travelled from France to Rome to hold a personal conference with Leo XII. He found in the chamber of the pontiff (its only decorations) a picture of the Virgin and a portrait of himself. Leo XII. welcomed him with admiration and confidence. The Cardinal Lambruschini, now secretary of state, was, at his instigation, appointed apostolic nuncio to France. On all sides there was a chorus of praises and gratitude that troubled not the head of the priest, but that made his heart beat joyously in the thought that good times for the church in danger were again coming on, and that Rome perchance, moved by his glowing words, was about to rise at a single bound to the loftiness of a grand social mission, such as his soul had conceived, such as the epoch, exhausted and purposeless, was demanding. This priest was M. Lamennais.

Eight years had rolled on, and the same priest was journeying to Rome a second time, but sad and pensive, with two companions who were soon to abandon him, but who then shared his faith, his labours, and the accusations which had suddenly sprung up against him, and which were past his understanding. In explanation of his intentions, he went to present a justification of his works to that power whose past he venerated, that had blessed his cradle, and for which he had combated during twenty years of his life. In the pureness of his conscience, and under the influence of one of those noble illusions that evidence alone can destroy — often destroying at the same time one-half of the soul — he went to essay a last effort for the relief of this fallen power, and to infuse into its withered veins a drop of the life-blood of humanity. Notes from Austria, Prussia, and Russia preceded him; they demanded of the pope a formal condemnation of the doctrine of this audacious commentator on St. Paul, who maintained, that where the spirit of God is, there should liberty reign also. The Jesuits backed these notes by their unseen machinations. The Cardinal Lambruschini, the same to whom he had opened the path to the hierarchy, intrigued against him. Gregory XVI. received him coldly, and then only on condition that he offered not a single word on the subject that had brought him to Rome. A long memorial which he presented obtained no answer, perhaps was not even read. Saturated with the bitterness of grief, having sounded the ancient edifice stone by stone, and every where found the dust and frailty of ruin, this priest departed. He cast a long and regretful look on

that cupola of St. Peter's, that was no longer the sanctuary of God's word. With a heart afflicted, as though he had been assisting at the funeral ceremonies of a being whom he had loved with all his might, he traversed that vast and desert Campagna which may be called a striking image of the solitude that day by day increases around the papal chair. But he carried his faith with him across the desert, and his faith saved him. He knew that the purpose of God is eternal, and that the apostolic mission may change its organs and their paths, but that it is to continue in the world until the last day of that world. He knew that a power passing away is a power in transmission, and that a creed decayed is a creed which undergoes transformation. In place of despairing, he set himself to consider what new life was about to spring out from the old body. He turned his eagle glance from the eminences of the world to its base, looking every where for the signs that should herald this other power, whose revelation could not be tardy. He awaited in meditation and prayer, till some sudden inspiration should make manifest to him where the spirit of God had chosen its temple. On a certain day, whilst Rome and absolute royalty believed this man conquered, he arose as one constrained; his voice, already so powerful, had gained an indefinable elevation, as of the olden prophets — a certain religious solemnity, that bore the impress of a truth long and painfully sought, and at length discovered. He discoursed not; he prophesied. He preached God, the people, liberty, and love. He declared the powers of the day fallen, and called on the nations to tear from their hands the insignia of a mission which they had failed to comprehend. He denounced all that he had hitherto defended; he advocated all that he had so lately inveighed against. Since then he has not changed, and he will change no more.

There was in this a great lesson to learn. In this struggle, in a holy and devoted spirit, between the recollection of the past and the presentiment of the future — in this unequal, tempestuous, and often wavering, but in the end, progressive and ascendant march in the search of truth, of a powerful and conscientious intelligence — in this unexpected conclusion, contrary in appearance to twenty years of past exertion, and going suddenly to set a religious sanction on all that the purblind instinct of inferior spirits had been pursuing for half a century — there was, we say, on the one hand, a rare psychological phenomenon to study, and on the other, a bright augury to draw, a confirmation of the lately installed dogma of the people, or, if it be preferred, of the sovereignty of nations. With a few exceptions, the lesson was unheeded. When they saw this mighty individuality, whose energies might be supposed to have been exhausted in a long career brilliantly carried out to the end, thus lift himself like a giant between a world in decay and a world in infancy — when they saw him casting away from him his whole past existence at one spring, bounding over the abyss that separates the tomb from the cradle, throwing himself with renovated youth into the territory of the future — friends and enemies recoiled for a moment aghast, and he created around him, as it were, a vast circumference of silence and solitude. The former abandoned him in their hearts, perhaps making it his crime that his was more penetratingly bold than them all; the latter continued to regard him with a sort of distrust, in hatred of his past existence. The partisans of papal Catholicism, as soon as they had recovered from their stupor, hurled upon him every species of insult and calumny. They forgot the immense distance dividing the changes effected by the march of thought, and those resulting from mere lust of power, and judged M. Lamennais as they might judge M. Thiers or M. Lerminier. They explained this sudden illumination of a fervent and

active spirit as the mere irritation of self-conceit, just as the labours of Luther were explained to be a venal and selfish jealousy of a monk; they asserted, as it was asserted of Luther, that a cardinal's hat would have prevented the revolt. These men would not have comprehended St. Paul in the journey to Damascus: even in this country, M. Lamennais has not been properly appreciated. Prejudice has travestied his political convictions; and but a little while since we saw this man, all mildness and charity, who cries like a child at the symphonies of Beethoven, — who gives to the poor his last *franc*,—who tends the smallest little flower, protects the insect, and turns from his path for the ant — saying, "Should not all enjoy the light, that has been created for all" * — we have seen this man transformed, by one of our reviews, into a creature of blood, into a preacher of anarchy. Moreover, each of his publications has been judged separately as a work of art or of politics; never, that we are aware of, has this vast and fertile intelligence been estimated as a whole.

It is time that this should be done. M. Lamennais occupies a rank so elevated as a philosopher, as a writer, and in France, as a political power, his progress is so intimately allied to that of the age, that for those even who conceive nothing of the good there is in studying the spectacle of virtuous genius, it must be of considerable importance to know the proper estimate of a man who has such great, and who, one day or other, will have still greater, influence on France and the rising generation of Europe.

We pretend not to do this here: if we had the courage to undertake it, we should have to follow step by step throughout his different works, the progress of the great principle of M. Lamennais, the thread that, in some sort, knits together aspirations apparently the most divergent. Above all, we should have to show that his theory of the philosophy of common sense, or of tradition considered as a principle of certitude, must by logical necessity inevitably lead him, sooner or later, to the social principle of the people, the sole depositary and continuator of tradition. We hold, that under all the circumstances of detail — looking also in great part to the influence of events ever most potent on minds of poetical excitability, as was that of the Abbé — there appears a wonderful unity that will render his change the less unexpected. But this task cannot be confined to the limits of some half dozen fugitive pages. We do but trace here a sketch hardly sufficient to provoke a deeper attention to our subject, and to indicate the point of view that alone can lead, in our opinion, to a just and useful estimate. A detailed examination of the political creed and the religious tendency of M. Lamennais would carry us too far.

Felicité Lamennais, as he himself signs his name, was born in 1782 at Saint Malo, in that Brittany that has given to France Pelagius, Abelard, and Descartes: some years before, the same city witnessed the birth of Chateaubriand. He lost his mother whilst still a child. The Revolution destroyed a large fortune amassed by his father in commercial pursuits, depriving the son at the same time of the means of a regular education. The boy having thus escaped the routine of college grew up, under the eye of God, free and without a master, passing his days between the library — where an old uncle often shut him up, putting in his hands Horace and Tacitus, the first Latin books that he read — and the measureless ocean that beat against the dark and naked rocks of Brittany, a wave of eternal poetry. His intellect developed itself lofty and independent in loneliness, and in the absence of all

* These words are preserved in the "Etudes sur l'Abbé J. De Lamennais," by M. Edmond Robinet (1835), the friend and conscientious admirer of the Abbé. We have made use of this interesting little book for the facts that were not furnished us by our own personal knowledge.

formal system. His imagination, fed by the contemplation of nature in her grander and severer aspect, was early alive to religious feeling. "Thus," says M. Robinet, "he still recounts, with a kind of dread, the sensation of pride that possessed him, when one day, in his ninth year, finding himself on the ramparts of his native city during a fearful storm, he overheard the wretched nonsense uttered by the assembled crowd on the appearance of the sea and its topping waves. These reflections excited in him deep commiseration, and he turned away shrugging his shoulders, and bearing with him, child as he was, that sentiment of the infinite then revealed to his mind."

Behind this youthful spirit thus expanding to the storm, there rolled another sea, not less terrible and sublime. This was the sea of the Revolution, that was pitilessly and ceaselessly dashing against a Past which had established the unity of France, but which, impotent for aught else, was now impeding the future. It inundated, it almost submerged a soil whose fruits were absorbed by noxious castes and parasitical dignities, in order that the land might re-appear, like Egypt after the overflowing of the Nile, renovated in its sources of production, and ready for a new cultivation. But like all violent impulses, passing beyond the limit that had been assigned, it broke to pieces that tradition which, in fact, it desired to continue: the more radically and summarily to finish with certain old and exhausted *formulæ* — itself a work of Providence — it aimed a deadly thrust at belief, the eternally progressive source of all transitory *formulæ*. Amidst this reactionary tumult, on a soil quivering under such a weight of ruin, it was natural that doubt should for an instant glance his icy wing on this young intelligence that, all solitary, was training itself to think by a mass of reading, without choice and without order. All strong minds, moreover, have begun by doubting. Doubt, then, came over this young soul; but it had to do with a rude antagonist, and it passed over it like shadows on the water that leave no trace. After a short struggle, young Lamennais found himself face to face with the empire, his mind intent on unity, and his heart rejoicing in its faith. This was in 1804.

What the empire was to religion is well known. It pretended to protect it; but it was the protection of the powerful that stifles liberty. The priesthood, education, almost all was in its hands. Religious worship was a branch of the public administration, and nothing more. Thus much as to the government: as to the people, indifference had succeeded to negation. How could religion be recognised in a clergy subsidised, abject, and servile? Between the triumph of material force on the one hand, and indifference on the other, Lamennais had soon chosen his route. His first struggle was against the grave, pressing, and undoubted ill. The time was not ripe for him to launch out towards a new sphere. M. Lamennais linked himself to the ancients. He was Catholic and Roman; that is to say, at bottom he was for the sovereignty of belief and for the triumph of moral force. *Forms* — though then unconscious of it himself — were for him but the guarantee of the *idea*. "Reflexions sur l' Etat de l'Eglise en France," his first work, appeared in 1808, the year of the Spanish insurrection. A voice from religion and a voice from the people thus simultaneous, were a presage of the characters that would signalise the new epoch. This publication was nothing more than a violent and *ultra* attack on the destructive manifestations of the eighteenth century, and an appeal to the clergy to revive a belief in things unseen, and to render themselves worthy of being its organ. There was nothing in this that could offend the powers that were; yet, — as if they divined the genius that would one day make itself the man of the people, —

the imperial police was alarmed: the book was seized. Four years afterwards there appeared a second work, "Sur l' Institution des Evêques," the joint production of himself and his eldest brother Jean. Two years after Napoleon fell. Lamennais went to Paris, and resided there in poverty till the return from Elba. Having in the meantime written certain invectives against the fallen emperor, things that he would not write at the present day, he left France and went to London: he remained there seven months in obscurity and distress. He returned to France after Waterloo, and some time after withdrew into Brittany: there, in his thirty-fourth year, at Rennes, in 1816, he was invested with the priestly office. In 1817, the first volume of the "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion" made its appearance. His first experience commenced!

His first experience and his first illusion! The revolution persecuted religion; the empire debased it by making it something entirely secondary to politics; the restoration announced itself as desirous of reinstating it. Reposing on the theory of the *right divine*, and the Catholic principle of authority, its interests were in fact identical with those of the church. Every where else, at that moment, there was opposition: opposition in the masses, whose instinct, always vague but always in the truth, perceived that life was no longer there, and that at the most there was but stuff enough for a pitiful patching and refacing: opposition in the thinkers, who nearly all belonged to pure rationalism, or to the experimental school: opposition in the ranks of *liberalism*, who, comprehending nothing either of progression or of the epoch, hugged themselves in a peculiar system of politics, whose sole principle was that of pulling to pieces, and whose spirit belonged to the carping and superficial school of Voltaire. Still trembling at the excesses of the Revolution — shocked at this cold indifference, worse than all the errors that menaced more and more to benumb the heart of the nation — finding the politics of the school of liberty hostile to belief, and without a glimmering of the future in their horizon, M. Lamennais was led to build his hopes upon power. He flattered himself with a dream of the restored monarchy taking religion by the hand, destroying the anarchy of intellect, and re-establishing a wide and prolific unity. Under the influence of this vision of alliance, chimerical in its very basis, the "Essai sur l'Indifférence" was conceived; the other volumes of which appeared successively in 1820 and 1824. The political parts of this work were false, unjust, violent; the philosophical, although powerful, incomplete. We feel less disposed to extenuate what there is of ill in this work than any other; but difference of opinion ought not to blind us to what there is of good. The Essay made a great stir at the time, and not without reason, owing not merely to its unquestionable eloquence, but moreover to the utterance which it afforded to an actual want, which had been already poetically hinted at, but never so clearly, so logically laid down: this want was the necessity of re-establishing tradition as a source of truth; the necessity of breaking the impassive circle which rationalism and materialism had, each aiding each, surrounded the mind with, and to march onwards under the double impulse of faith and conscience in humanity. It was in this, whether he himself was conscious of it, that the author of the "Essai" rendered such service to mankind; and it now begins to be appreciated. He invested tradition, without which there is no true philosophy, with its rights; he breathed the breath of life into philosophy itself, by thus bringing it into contact with the social movement, from which it more and more tended to isolate itself. Led astray by his political views, he was not then himself aware of the extent of his principles; at least he

looked upon tradition in a narrow and groundless point of view: but he re-opened the way, and this is enough to attach a philosophic importance to the work: the restitution of a vital element to the progress of intelligence was its essential characteristic; the manner of developing it was in some sort a matter of detail, which must sooner or later wear itself out, as in this instance it has worn itself out. Beyond this one could perceive already, in looking attentively through the work, that the fetters which bound the genius of the author to a false position, were not so solid as they appeared at first sight. One could perceive that he rather fraternised with royalty, from its apparent guarantee of stability, than for its intrinsic merit. Indeed, one might sometimes feel that the alliance weighed him down, and there was already something menacing in the manner in which he inveighed against power, for its want of energy—a something of that republican sternness, which gave presage from afar of "Les Paroles d'un Croyant," and the further development of which that power itself fostered. Partly from that mistrust inherent in all governments merely temporal, partly from the peculiarity of its position, the restoration which did nothing for the people, did little more for religion: the church was enslaved, as it was under the empire. "The bishops were not free to hold official communication either among themselves or with the Holy See," write the editors of the "Avenir," in a *memoir* addressed to Gregory XVI.; "and every Catholic priest was liable to a punishment which might extend even to banishment, if he had dared to correspond with Rome. Provincial councils, diocesan synods, ecclesiastical tribunals, the conservators of discipline, no longer existed. The council of state was the sole judge in matters of contention relative to religion or conscience. Education was confined to a body of the laity, from whence the clergy were excluded; the spiritual direction of seminaries was circumscribed; and even that instruction, in the most essential points, subject to the direction of the civil authority; the system of the evangelic councils under a common rule interdicted by law, or only allowed by an authorisation always revocable, and accorded almost exclusively to a few congregations of women. In a word, all that which is the very life of religion was enervated or destroyed by the continuance of the laws formed under the empire. No one is unacquainted with the two celebrated ordonnances of the 16th of June, 1828, which *de facto* submitted all ecclesiastical schools to the control of the civil authorities; they limited the number of young men to whom it would be permitted, by study and prayer, to prepare themselves for the service of God; they required them to wear a particular costume on their arriving at a certain age; they desired that the masters—masters previously approved by government—should swear never to belong to any congregation not recognised by the state." And such was the restoration which it has latterly been the fashion to encircle with a halo of religious piety and Catholic fervour: it enslaved the church, which it pretended to adore; it sapped religion to its foundation by its hypocritical alliance, by fixing on its shoulders the responsibility of all its political acts obnoxious to the country. This double evil early developed itself to M. de Lamennais, at the moment he believed that the remedy might be found in a change of men. Engaged on the ministerial press, at first on "Le Conservateur," of which M. de Chateaubriand was then proprietor, then in the "Drapeau Blanc," and afterwards in the "Memorial Catholique," he nevertheless always bore himself independently towards power: he opposed the minister Villele, as he had before opposed the minister Decazes.* He gradually estranged

* During the time he was engaged on the "Conservateur," Mr. Fievee said, with a naïveté not common, "Messrs. De Chateaubriand and De Villele only look after the ministers; Messrs. De

himself from the royal cause, and attached himself almost exclusively to that of religion. His dissatisfaction manifested itself more openly in 1825, in his work, "La Religion considérée dans ses Rapports avec l'Ordre Civil et Politique," which involved him in a government prosecution, and he was condemned in a fine of thirty-six francs; afterwards in 1829, in another work, "Des Progrès de la Revolution et de la Guerre contre l'Eglise," he took upon him to plead the cause of religious independence against the government. Then came 1830. A monarchy springing out of the sceptical and purely reactionary opposition of fifteen years, could not be more religious than the restoration had been. To organise power with decision — to fix it firmly upon the base of material interests, thereby evading moral wants — this in unison with the parliamentary tendencies and personal character of its chief, formed the programme of the citizen royalty. From the first it had neither belief, nor principles, nor heart; it denied all — people as well as priesthood. With one hand it repulsed the former, with the other it continued to the latter the system of subjugation which the last possessor of the throne had bequeathed with it. The empire, the restoration, the citizen monarchy, weighed then equally in the scale with M. de Lamennais. In other parts of the Continent it was even worse. In Italy, in Russia, in Austria, every where the people were shamefully and cruelly oppressed, and religion debased into an instrument of power and of injustice. The experience was now complete — the illusion destroyed for ever. M. Lamennais burst with indignation the ties which so long had trammelled his virtuous and deep-loving spirit: he took act and part with the people. Another power remained to try — a power, great from its past greatness, based still upon the moral force of the *word*, rather than on material force, and professing to represent the holy feeling of him who had most loved the people. To this he addressed himself, and called upon it to save the world: he appealed from the kings to the pope — from the lying protectors of the church to the church herself; and so commenced his second period — his second experience — his second illusion. It was not to last so long as the other!

We know many who have placed M. de Lamennais, merely in the ranks of those writers, so abundant in these times, who welcome victory, no matter whence it come; these neither know M. de Lamennais personally, nor can have studied his works. M. de Lamennais is one of those men, formed rather in the mould of martyrs than that of minions of popularity: his welcome is to truth alone: we have already pointed out the tracks of his onward march in his books anterior to 1830. To advance, be it borne in mind, is not to change — it is to *live;* and it is the essence of the life of genius to assimilate to itself a portion of all the grand manifestations of social life. The insurrection of July, although, in our opinion, it was at bottom a protest in favour of conquests already in operation, and which were menaced with destruction, rather than an attempt at farther conquest, yet gave birth, as all great popular commotions do, to demonstrations, proving that a new life was forming itself in the bosom of the people; proving, that while there existed in the masses an insurmountable antipathy to all belief, incompatible with their freedom of progression, there existed no hostility to belief itself as a principle. In France three days of popular sovereignty were exercised, arms in hand, without one instance of disorder, without one act of crime. Indignation was hurled upon religion only when associated with Carlism; when isolated, it throughout received respect:

Bonald and De Lamennais after the satisfaction of their consciences; as for me, I only look after the money."—*Etudes*, &c.

novel opinions of religion were hailed with interest, for the moment even with an enthusiasm, which revealed the intense craving which prevailed to bind in unity souls worn out with individualism and doubt. In other parts of the Continent, the Polish, the Belgian, the Swiss, the Italian movements, all by the people, were all without excess or anarchy: in some even a lively sentiment of religion associated itself spontaneously with the national feeling. Truly in all these revelations of the popular principle, in this prophetic trembling which ran throughout the earth, there was something of the finger of God; and they must be beings deprived of heart and intelligence, who can look upon them in the light simply of suppressed outbursts. M. de Lamennais viewed them far differently. "We are living at this period," he says somewhere, "in one of those epochs wherein every thing tends to renovate itself, to pass from one state into another state; let none remain in doubt of this. Never did there exist presentiment more lively, conviction more universal: it is only that some of us are fearful, others full of hope, because, accordingly as they gaze forward on the future, or backward on the past, they gaze upon life or they gaze upon death. But I reiterate it, all believe in an approaching change, in a total revolution, being about to take place throughout the world: hence it must accomplish itself. In vain may they attempt to retain what has been, to remount the stream of time, or to perpetuate the chaos of society as it is — it is impossible. There exists in the very constitution of things a sovereign necessity, fatal, irrevocable, superior to all power. What matters the petty arms stretched forth to arrest the progress of the human race? What can they do? An irresistible power urges on the people: whatever be done, thither they will go, whither they ought to go; nothing shall arrest them on the march of ages, for it is by this march that, nearer and nearer, ever advancing man prepares himself for eternity." The mission of the people thus acknowledged, their tendency towards order and justice once recognised, why should the church refuse to regulate, by presiding over this work of Providence among the millions? Why should not that Rome, which twice already, under the Cæsars and under the popes, has evolved an idea of unity throughout the world, put forth a third dispensation, more vast in its aim, more mighty in its results? Why should not the priest, himself one of the people, bless and sanctify, the cross of the martyrs in his hand, the holy crusade of the oppressed, on their pilgrimage towards that liberty, equality, and love, which God has ordained for all mankind? M. de Lamennais girds up his loins to the work with all the ardour which a great principle creates in a great mind. He exhorted the clergy to an abandonment of that pittance which, at the disposal of government, made a part of the budget and fettered their liberty. In September, 1830, he established "L'Avenir," a daily journal, of which the characteristics may be summed up in the two words which served for motto, *Dieu et Liberté* — God and Liberty. At the same time he founded "A General Agency for the Defence of Religious Liberty." In the former he sought unremittingly, with some distinguished collaborateurs, for that doctrine which may be defined in these, his own, words, "To batter to the earth the reign of force, and to substitute for it the reign of justice and of charity, and thus to realise among the members of the great human family, individuals and people, the unity in which each, living the life of all, participates in the common good of all, under conditions more favourable to the development of this common good: such is the tendency of the Gospel." By the latter he established an association for the purposes of exacting redress of all acts militating against the liberty of the ecclesiastical minister, of upholding all establishments for instruction, primary,

secondary, and superior, against all the arbitrary acts outraging the liberty of education, of maintaining the right belonging to all Frenchmen, of uniting themselves to pray, to study, or to obtain any other legitimate end, equally advantageous to the cause of religion, of the poor, and of civilisation. At a later period he proposed the formation of a union "between all those who, despite the massacre of the Poles, the dismemberment of Belgium, and the conduct of the governments who miscall themselves liberal, still hope for the liberty of the nations and are ready to work for it." His efforts astonished and animated. Under the influence of his powerful words local associations were formed, provincial journals were established, advocating the same principles, and schools were founded. And that nothing might be wanting of what God awards to the just here below — the praise of the good — the persecution of the wicked — the government became alarmed: — it several times seized the "Avenir," and dragged its conductor before the bar of the courts.*

But it lay not in the persecution of power to overcome M. de Lamennais; a far more overwhelming trial was in preparation for him — this was the destruction of his noble and pious dream, by the conviction that his Titanic effort to call forth the breath of life from the Rome of the popes was too late; — Rome was a tomb! the papacy a corpse! This corpse, galvanised by diplomacy, was roused up to curse the audacious priest, who attempted to recall it to a gospel long, long forgotten. The old man of the Vatican had long, long ceased to be more than a bad *king* among other kings. The *pope*, as a power, had destroyed itself from the day when it lost cognisance of progressive humanity: and now, at the very time M. de Lamennais invited him to raise the flag of Christ and of liberty, this *king* called upon Austria to tear down this banner in his own states; at the very time M. de Lamennais planted the hopes of Christ upon the temporary tomb of Polish liberty, this *king* cursed this liberty, and exchanged with Russia the brief to the Polish bishops, for the promise of a body of troops for the purpose of protecting him from any possible attack. At the very time that a subscription in favour of the poor Irish, amounting to 80,000 francs, was being forwarded from the office of the "Avenir," orders were issuing from the chambers of the Vatican, which caused Cesene and Forli to run with the blood of women and unarmed men. True to its position, the Roman hierarchy organised among the faithful an unmitigating persecution against the generous attempt of M. de Lamennais. In many dioceses they refused to ordain young men who had a leaning towards the doctrines of the "Avenir:" they suspended professors and curates. Self-styled religious journals vied with each other in heaping abuse and calumny on the votaries of God and of Liberty; and rumours of papal condemnation began to get abroad, when M. Lamennais, loyal and devoted to the last, immediately suspended the "Avenir," and, accompanied by two of his collaborateurs, departed for Rome, to clear up his doubts, and lay before Gregory XVI. the doctrines he professed. We must refer to his "Affaires de Rome," a calm dispassionate *exposé* of this period, for the manner in which the three pilgrims were received — the inefficacy of all their efforts — their departure — the "Encyclique" of August 15th, 1832 — the resignation with which the "Avenir" was immediately suppressed, and the "General Agency" dissolved—and still the untiring persistance with which the court of Rome tried to tear a declaration of submission, absolute, unlimited, as regarded temporal matters as well as spiritual,

* The articles in the "Avenir," from the pen of M. de Lamennais, have been published, together with some other writings, in an octavo volume, by Delloye, Paris, under the title of "Troisièmes Mélanges."

from M. Lamennais — the artifices which were put in practice * — the moral torture which they inflicted on this man, only guilty of having thought that Catholic Rome might still be capable of working good. They succeeded: M. Lamennais, in an instant of weakness, signed at Paris, the 2d December, 1833, what they required of him, a complete adhesion to the doctrines of the "Encyclique;" and, borne down with grief, retired to his solitude at La Chenaye, some two leagues from Denan.

And so his second experience was accomplished — his last illusion dissipated. How many young and ardent souls have we not seen succumb to the first! How many powerful minds, on whom the ray of holy truth has shone, have not, upon their first deception, defiled the flower of faith and hope in the slough of scepticism, or the stagnant waters of despair and inaction! Only fifty-one years old, and M. Lamennais had already twice drained the cup of life to the dregs, and had found nought at the bottom but bitterness, disenchantment, and powerlessness. Twice had he recommenced his toilsome course, and ever had he found himself deceived, shattered, wearied out at its close. Nevertheless — perhaps an unrivalled example — he did not despair. The soul of a giant is encloistered in that little figure, in that meagre and feeble frame, which seems to be sustained solely by its own determined will. God has placed upon his Napoleon-like brow the symbol of a great mission; and that brow, furrowed by the royal papal thunders, which had bent for a moment, not under them, but under the weight of the Divine idea, raised itself again serene, glowing with the flush of early youth, and crowned with the glory of the future. Discouragement is only disappointed egotism.

The thoughts which suggested themselves to this fiery soul during these days of trial, and which have saved it, are so energetically expressed in the work, "Affaires de Rome," by M. Lamennais himself, — they appear to us so excellent and so invigorating to souls discouraged by evil days — that we cannot resist citing them here at length: —

"Indifference, inertness, an easiness of temperament above all fear, paralysing fear, these are the motives which deaden or corrupt the feeble conscience of the many of mankind, who go hither and thither, stammering in their own fond security, 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' (Jerem. vi. 14.) They fear exertion, they fear the struggle, they fear all but that which is to be feared. I tell you there is an eye, whose glance is hurled from above as a malediction upon these recreants. Wherefore think they they were born? God placed not man on this earth to enjoy it as his finite country, to while away his days in indolent slumbers. Time lapses not on like the light zephyr, which as it floats over his brow caresses and refreshes it; it is as a wind which now glows and now again freezes — a tempest which hurls along the frail bark, under the gloom of a dreary sky, amid the rocks. He must arise and watch; he must put his hand to the oar, and damp his brow with the sweat thereof; he must do violence to his nature; he must tame down his will to that immutable order of things, which incessantly hurls him too and fro in woe and weal. There is a duty, an intense duty, imposed upon him even in his cradle, which grows with his growth, and is demanded from him even to his grave — a duty which he owes to his brethren as well as to himself; which he owes to his country, to humanity in general, and above all to the Church — the Church which, rightly understood, is but the seat of an universal family — the great city wherein Christ, king, and at the same time high-priest, sits ruler over worlds, calling the free from all points of the universe, to unite themselves under the eternal laws of intelligence and love.

"And since he addresses himself to all, and we all are soldiers enrolled in the mighty war here below, of good and of evil, order and disorder, of light and of darkness; since there are given powers to all, and all are desired, nay, strictly commanded, by the supreme chief of the society whereof we form the elect, we also, obscure Christians though we be, we also will lay down ours, will dedicate them to it, however feeble those powers may be.

"Was not the humble offering of the poor shepherds received by the God, who for our

* This book does not however contain an account of all of them. We give one fact as a specimen: the Bishop of Rennes published a *confidential* letter, torn from the elder brother of M. Lamennais, in which he declared he should separate from him.

sakes came into the world, with equal love as the riches of the regal Magi? No! no! our tongue shall not be dumb while a sentence of death is uttered over the earth, and devastates it; we will not remain statue-like and enshrouded on the banks of the torrent which saps the foundations of the temple, day by day detaches some stone from it, and rolls them confused among the ruins of all which is made to pass away, of all which is but for a time;—the peasant's hut—the lordly palace—the kingly throne! Let those who have eternal things at heart rise with us! Let those who love God and man with all their heart, with all their soul, with all their might, and to whom all besides is as nothing, join their voice to our voice, their arm to our arm! Wherefore complain, if others act not with us? Wherefore? Is it therefore a cause that we should wear out our hearts in sterile tears? Faith calls for works, not tears; it calls for self-devotedness, self-sacrifice, because it is that which saved us all,—*he* alone; it calls for Christians who can look down upon the world from on high and meet its toils and troubles unshrinkingly—for Christians who are ready to cry, 'We will die for it!' and, above all, for Christians who are ready to say, 'We will live for it!' for he who dies has but a personal triumph, and the triumph which man should seek, is not that of himself alone, but that of the cause in which he is engaged."

The cause of M. Lamennais was henceforth that of us. He had a second time gazed upon the Infinite, of whom a first image had appeared to him when, a child of nine years old, he contemplated the tempestuous ocean from the ramparts of his native town: it was that of humanity, herself the progressive interpreter of the law of God, considered after the manner of Pascal as one and the same man in a state of continuous existence, ever learning, and taking the initiative of his movements, sometimes from individuals, sometimes from the masses, according to the time and the nature of the events in accomplishment; but always from age to age, from trial to trial, and in virtue of its own life, ascending in the scale of perfection towards the comprehension of his end, and his duties towards the possible realisation of the Divine ideal which is within her: it was that of the people, the universality of citizens far superior to all power, the universality of believers far superior to any pope, firm when all else is tottering, ameliorating itself when all else is deteriorating, owing its health to itself, and possessing in its own bosom the germ of a future truly religious, truly social; while all that is not of it, whether individuals or castes, do but cling to a past, which, sooner or later, will crush them under its ruins. From that day a third period commenced for M. de Lamennais: the priest of the Roman church became a priest of the Universal church. The first expression—effusion perhaps we should rather say—of this new life was that magnificent lyric, entitled, "Paroles d'un Croyant," in which the three immortal sisters, Religion, Poetry, and Charity, walk hand in hand with such touching harmony, which Gregory XVI., in his "Encyclique" of the 7th of July, 1834, designated as *libellum . . . . mole quidem exiguum, pravitate tamen ingentem*; but which all languages have a version of, all people have taken to their hearts, and all the oppressed welcomed as a consolation and a promise.

We must here conclude: the space which we have assigned ourselves would not permit us to take into consideration the "Affaires de Rome," "Le Livre du Peuple," or the articles which appeared in "Le Monde," since collected under the title of "Politique à l'Usage du Peuple," all productions subsequent to the "Paroles d'un Croyant," and which all testify a farther progress in the career which M. Lamennais, in concert with the age, from henceforth pursues. The opportunity of congratulating him and appreciating his advance in this his third period will not be wanting to us. M. de Lamennais is at this time employed on a work in several volumes, in which he intends to lay his heart open, in which he will give to the world the result of the reflections of his whole life; it is from that a judgment must be formed of him. At present our only object has been to point out his line of march, without entering

into the details of it. We would draw attention to the unheeded link which knits his past life with his present; to show, as far as the compass of a few pages admits, that this man who has been accused, without having been read, of irrational and inexplicable change, has in reality never had but one sole and sacred thought—the welfare of the people by the means of belief, before his eyes; that he has but changed the instrument to attain its realisation, as each instrument that he chose failed him in the work, and from its age and corruption broke in his hands; and, in fine, to impress the important lesson which results to us all from this multiple life, which comprehends in itself the experience of a whole age. Even had we to expect nothing more from M. Lamennais, the services he has already rendered our epoch would be enough to secure him a place for ever in the gratitude of all good men. He has, if we may so say, devoted himself for us. He has explored the way for us, teaching us where an abyss lurks hidden with flowers, where a hollow is concealed under a superficial scurf of life. Power, Papacy, he has tasted of all: he has forced the one to throw off the mask, the other (vide the Encycl. 15th of August, 1832) to utter its last word; and when at last he has come to us crying, "Life and Hope belong to the People alone," it was more than a generous outburst; he brought the proof with him.

"His march is with humanity! may his career long last! it is not finished. 'Where will he stop?' cry those of his adversaries who would fain see him recoil. 'Let him on, on—on for ever!' cry those who comprehend his soul; for his life, like that of mighty geniuses, like that of the onward generations, resolves itself into movement and advance. Will the day ever come when the whole immensity of the horizon will be grasped by him? All we are sure of is, that from whatever summit he attempts it, he will measure the depth and extent of it without illusion, without giddiness; and if it be necessary in the attainment of the promised land, to descend into the abysses, he will be the first to dare them in the discovery, unaffected by the vain clamour of the world. He will risk himself in these rugged hollows and unknown paths. He is organising for us a crusade more glorious for our age, and more memorable in the eyes of future generations, than those enkindled by the zeal of Peter, the hermit of St. Bernard; for it is not the tomb but the inheritance of Christ which the priest of Brittany leads onward to regain: it is no longer Islamism that we battle with, it is the impieties of social life: it is not a few Christian captives that he is at work to ransom, it is the mass of the human race he would redeem from slavery."

This beautiful passage is from the pen of the writer known under the name of George Sand; and we cannot grace the conclusion of our article with a more remarkable name.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

"Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, ordering, jesting, pondering;
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering."

BYRON.

PART THE FIRST.

If history be philosophy teaching by example, then are her lessons never more impressive than when she traces great events distinctly back to the influence of great character, and when she shows us the noble and the high of heart rising above accumulating difficulties, before which feeble and ordinary men would have sunk prostrate to the earth. The impression is deepened and saddened, when, having exulted in the progress of genius and courage, we are forced, in the end, to see their best efforts marred, even within sight of the goal; and that, by the outbursting of some dark passion which had lain dormant, unknown, perhaps, in a gallant breast, till, at the turn of fate, it arose in might to tarnish the glory of years by one moment's fatal influence. The life of Suwaroff illustrates this so strongly, that we shall here give a short sketch of his history, and of the last great events in which he was engaged. We have the more pleasure in doing so, because the publication of his letters, written during the campaign of 1799, and Smidt's recent account of his life, enable us to represent this extraordinary person divested of the motley coat in which so many authors have arrayed him. With the exception of Peter Czar, Suwaroff was the greatest man Russia ever produced: his noble qualities belonged to himself; and what he wanted of real greatness was owing more, perhaps, to the half-barbarous state of the people among whom all but the two last years of his life were passed, than to any actual deficiency of his own.

Alexander Wasilowitch Suwaroff, was born in 1722 at the village of Suskoy on the Dnieper. His father, a man of noble family, served in the army, and rose, during the seven years' war, to the rank of lieutenant-general. As education had not at that period made any great progress in Russia, it was fortunate for the young Suwaroff that his father had interest enough to get him placed in the military academy founded by Peter the Great. Considering how little was then taught in these seminaries, the young man must have applied with attention to his studies; for he learned at least to speak several languages with great fluency. In 1742 he obtained an ensigncy; the next year he made, against the Swedes in Finland, his first campaign, and from that period his entire life was one continued scene of active exertion. Present in most of the actions fought between the Russians and Prussians during the seven years' war, he particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Zorundorff, where he served as major, and was wounded. But, regardless of his wounds, he rallied, and brought off, in some sort of order, the remnant of his battalion which had shared in the overthrow of the Russian infantry, when the intrepid Seidlitz, like an avenging Avater, sent to punish the crimes and misdeeds of which this barbarous soldiery had been guilty, burst upon their devoted masses with the full force of the Prussian cavalry. After the peace Suwaroff was made a brigadier; and when Russia embraced the cause of Stanislaus Potoky against the confederated Poles, he took the town of Cracow. In 1769 he

was made lieutenant-general, and accompanied the armies of Prince Gallizin and Count Romanzow in their expedition against the Turks. In 1774 he put an end to the rebellion of Puggatchew, by capturing that adventurer, and dispersing his followers. During the subsequent peace he governed the countries which he had before assisted to conquer; but was again employed in the field on the renewal of the war in 1787. And here the brilliant period of his career may be said to have commenced. He first defeated the Osmanli at Kinburn, though he was himself severely wounded at the commencement of the action. Finding, in 1789, that Prince Cobourg was surrounded by the army of the Grand Vizir, and in a very perilous situation, he made a forced march with 10,000 Russians, joined the Austrians, and, in conjunction with them, completely defeated the Turks on the banks of the Rymnick, a rivulet from which he derived his title of Rymniskoy. This victory made Suwaroff a field-marshal, and obtained for him, both from his own sovereign and from the Emperor Joseph, far more rewards than it is here necessary to enumerate. In 1790 he took Ismailow by storm. Glorious as the capture of this fortress was to the general and his army, the ruthless manner in which the victory was used cast a deep stain over the honour of both. Upwards of 30,000 men are said to have fallen in the assault, and in the carnage that ensued after the place was entered.

It is related that Suwaroff gave out the following order on the evening before the attack: — "To-morrow I shall rise an hour before daylight; I shall wash, dress, and pray; I shall then crow like a cock, when the town will be stormed according to the dispositions already issued." Tales of this kind, like the one which describes him as filling, when a very young man, a sack full of the heads of vanquished Janizaries, and of laying the trophies at the feet of his commander, must be received with more than caution. The same may be said of the Kinburn anecdote, which makes the wounded general throw himself off his horse before his fugitive troops in order to arrest their farther flight. It is the fate of all celebrated men to have their names graced, as well as disgraced, by idle stories of this kind. Suwaroff was eccentric, and probably affected more eccentricity than really fell to his share; he also gave the dry and quaint kind of humour for which he was distinguished a pretty fair latitude, even at the expence of others; but the man who spoke and wrote, as we find him writing and speaking, could never act the absolute buffoon. He who exposed the follies and misconduct of others with such stern and unsparing severity, required to keep a guard over his own conduct, and was not likely to act the part of an ordinary mountebank. The following anecdote seems better attested. On the capture of Ismailow a splendidly caparisoned Turkish horse was brought him, which he refused, saying, that "a Cossack hackney had brought him and could carry him away." "It may not be equal to a load of fresh laurels gathered here," was the courtly observation of a by-stander. "It has carried Suwaroff and his fortunes," replied the general.

On the death of that cowardly man of blood and pleasure, Potemkin, Suwaroff succeeded for a time to the government of the Crimea, till the war of Polish succession again placed him at the head of the army. He twice defeated Surakowsky and Kosiusko, the generals of the crown; and then carried Praga, the fortified suburb of Warsaw, by assault. It is supposed that 15,000 Poles perished on this melancholy occasion, and their blood leaves a deeper stain on the character of Suwaroff and his troops than the capture of Ismailow itself; for the gallant and desperate resistance of the Turks, which, although it ought to have claimed the esteem and re-

spect of brave adversaries, might well enough exasperate savage and ferocious victors, who had seen 10,000 of their comrades fall beneath the well wielded scimitars of the Moslems. But at Praga there was not even this excuse; the place was ill defended, and the Russians did not lose above 500 men. It is humiliating to our nature to think that nothing but the prospect of indulging in the vilest and most infamous excesses can induce the Russian soldier to mount the breach or scaling ladder. To appease his excited thirst for blood it is not enough that vanquished foes should fall before him; women and children must not only be murdered, but they must be martyred, mangled, and cut to pieces. And yet the Russian soldier is the most obedient and machine-like of men. What then must we think of officers who cannot prevent the recurrence of scenes that have actually inflicted a stain on humanity and on Christianity itself? Posterity will hold the fame and honour of the commander responsible for the life of every human being sacrificed by disciplined armies beyond the fair verge of battle; and the dark days of Ismailow and Praga have overshadowed the brows of Suwaroff with more asphodels than all the laurels gained in his many gallant fields can ever conceal.

Deeply as it is to be lamented that this eminent soldier allowed the lustre of his splendid actions to be darkly dyed with blood, the merit of great military qualities can never be denied him. He was in a high degree brave, loyal, and disinterested: he was active and energetic, had a quick and penetrating understanding, and always took a just and accurate view of the operations in progress. In many points he very much resembled Marshal Blücher: but he never gave proofs of that deep sagacity, foresight, and power of calculating and combining movements, for which the Prussian was distinguished. Both made up by subsequent application for their faulty education, and retained all the vigour of intellect till the last period of their lives; and both were, when more than seventy years of age, the most active military commanders of their time. Both affected singularity: but the affectation of Suwaroff was of a lower kind, intended probably to act on the minds of an ignorant soldiery; whereas Blücher affected hussar manners, only in order to conceal, before strangers, what he deemed his want of polish and acquirements, although he was by no means deficient in either. Both were hasty, irritable, and of fiery tempers. Suwaroff's temper ruined the cause which his sword had so nobly supported, and ultimately brought his grey and laurel-crowned head with sorrow to the grave. Blücher's high sense of duty, on the contrary, kept his temper under control. In the hour of trial, the most passionate of mankind submitted to the vexatious fooleries of that weak vain man, Bernadotte, with the most perfect equanimity of temper; and in moments of the greatest difficulty, even in battle, and when the utmost severity might have been justified, it was his admirable and dignified conduct alone that brought the Russian generals, Langeron and Wizingrode, back to the paths of honour and obedience.

In personal appearance also the Prussian had very much the advantage over the Muscovite. The latter was rather below the middle size and spare of form: it was only by extreme temperance and activity that he had hardened a constitution naturally weak and delicate. His portrait, now before us, represents a keen, open, and animated face, harsh of features, but expressive of considerable humour, with a good deal of cynical indifference to human feeling: we know it at first sight to be the face of a man of high courage and intellect, who would probably be admired in any station, though hardly certain of being beloved by any. His marriage was unhappy, but from his letters to his daughter he was evidently a kind and affectionate

father. Blücher, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, and must in early life have been extremely handsome. Even at the time of the battle of Waterloo, when he was 72 years of age, he had still, what physiognomists would call a first-rate countenance; which, though stern and severe, and deeply marked by time, care, and toil, gave evidence nevertheless of the frankness, hilarity, and generous humanity for which he had been distinguished. A passage in one of the Duke of Wellington's lately published letters has given rise to the opinion, that Blücher intended to put Napoleon to death had the latter fallen into his hands. That the old fiery hussar may have thundered out some threat of the kind is more than probable; but his well-known humanity, known indeed to every officer and soldier that served with him, prevents us from believing that he would have carried it into effect had it been in his power. Blücher was a keen patriot, and the sufferings to which his country had been reduced, had made a deep impression on his heart and mind. It is necessary to have known the Prussian army of that time, — and few strangers could have known them better than the writer of these lines, — to form an idea of the rooted hatred which they entertained against their former oppressors, and particularly against Napoleon, as the author of their sufferings. "It is well for you English to talk of forbearance," was their usual saying; "you have had no enemy in your country; but had you seen your native land trampled under foot, and every species of insult and indignity heaped, for years together, upon friends, kindred, and relatives, you would praise our moderation instead of being surprised at our harshness."

Both these commanders were extremely beloved by their troops; but Suwaroff was as unpopular with the officers, particularly with those of high rank, as Blücher was cherished and esteemed. Both were celebrated for their wit, and both were authors; though, as far as we know, the Russian only was a poet. Blücher printed the journal he kept during the early campaigns of the Revolution war. The book seems to have disappeared from circulation; but judging from extracts occasionally met with in other German works, it evidently possesses great merit. The general instructions issued by Suwaroff to his army during the Italian campaign, are strongly characteristic of the clear head and energy of the man. Some of his orders are written in a strange doggrel kind of verse, not very intelligible. But though his poetry is as obscure as Cromwell's prose, his own prose, eminently laconic, is as clear and distinct as possible, and his general rules might, with great justice, be termed Golden Rules.

Suwaroff was living in retirement, acting the part of a good landlord, settling disputes among his neighbours and tenants, and never failing to ring the church bell long and loudly if the congregation were late in assembling, when he was called upon to take the command of the allied army in Italy. The campaign of 1799 forms one of the most interesting and instructive acts of the great military drama that originated in the French Revolution. Four generals of the highest reputation — Suwaroff, Moreau, the Archduke Charles, and Massena — appear upon the scene. It shows us seven battles, three forced passages of rivers, and a number of actions of mountain warfare, strongly illustrative of the difficulties of such contests, and of the value, as well as the worthlessness, of mere posts and positions. Its last act presents us with the march of an army over the highest regions of the Alps. It shows us the last effort of a strong, powerful, and energetic mind — a mind that could all things but itself subdue, — placed in novel and most dangerous situations: and the melancholy result of the campaign proves how many evils may result to

a good cause, from the inability of commanders to counteract their own, justly perhaps, irritated feelings. Our narrow limits prevent us from giving more than a feeble sketch of the events in which Suwaroff himself was engaged.

The French had opened the campaign in Italy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine, before the arrival of the Russians, though with forces inferior to the Austrians. They had experienced but partial success, and their brilliant victories in the Tyrol and Grissons were counterbalanced by defeats experienced in Italy and Germany. They had destroyed an entire Austrian corps at Taufers, and achieved other advantages; but in Germany the Archduke Charles had repulsed their main army at Stockach, and General Kray had, in like manner, discomfited their Italian army near Verona. These advantages were not very decisive, and had not been followed up with any vigour when, on the 14th of April, Suwaroff, with the first Russian division of 17,000 men, principally infantry, reached headquarters. His appearance immediately gave a different aspect to affairs.

Only four days elapsed from the time of his arrival till he began his march; and even this short interval was put to some account, for he caused the Austrian infantry to be instructed, by Russian officers, in a new mode of charging bayonets. That this unexpected drilling was not over well received by the Germans may be believed. Some looked upon it as an actual insult, others as a piece of mere folly, though there was probably method in it after all, and the lesson was intended more, perhaps, for generals than for the soldiers, as it intimated pretty clearly the spirit in which operations were expected to be carried on.

The effective force with which Suwaroff took the field, amounted, after all deductions, to 52,000 men. Before setting out, the Austrian chief of the staff, General Chastelear, proposed that a general *reconnoissance* should be made. Suwaroff's answer is far too characteristic and too much to the purpose to be omitted here:—"Reconnoiterings," he said, "I will have none of them; they are fit only for timid people, and for apprising the enemy of your arrival: you can always find the foe when really disposed. Columns, the bayonet, cold steel, to attack and overthrow the enemy, those are my *reconnoissances*." These words which, in most cases, would have been silly bravadoes, were strong and to the purpose, when uttered by one whose "hand was true, and could maintain them well."

The army moved with great rapidity towards the Oglio. General Kray was ordered to storm the citadel of Brescia, and to put the garrison to the sword if they waited the assault. Suwaroff declared that this was indispensably necessary to prevent the allies from losing both men and time before every blockhouse, which might be disposed to hold out, if honourable terms were always granted. This was, no doubt, a good deal in the Russo-Turkish style of proceeding; particularly as the citadel of Brescia, though it was not in good order, is a regular work. The threat, however, produced the desired effect; for General Bouget, seeing that serious preparations were made for the assault, surrendered the same evening, with a garrison of 1,100 men.

While Kray was taking Brescia, Count Melas having got entangled in bad roads which the rain had rendered difficult, his columns having also got into some confusion, halted on the Mella, exactly half way to the place of his destination. It is probable that the Austrians made a good deal of idle fuss about the men having got wet feet, for their delay so exasperated Suwaroff, that he addressed the following most extraordinary letter to the Austrian general; we translate, as closely as we can, in order to preserve, as

much as possible, the manner of the original:—"I hear that complaints are made because the infantry got wet feet. Such was the weather of the day. The march was undertaken for the service of two mighty emperors. Dry days are for women, fine gentlemen, and lazy persons. He who, as an egotist, speaks against the high duties of the service will, in future, lose the command. The operations must be carried on without the least delay, so that the enemy may have no time to recover himself. Whoever is ill may stay in the rear.* Italy must be delivered from the yoke of the unbelieving French; and for this purpose every upright officer must be ready to sacrifice himself. Fault finders cannot be tolerated in any army. Quickness of observation, celerity, and perseverance, that is enough for this time."

Nothing can well be objected to this letter except its extreme rudeness; in all other respects it is admirable.

Moreau, who had succeeded Scherer in the command of the French army, continued to fall back as the allies advanced, and offered only partial resistance, while the latter had again to detach General Kray for the purpose of investing Mantua and Peschera: but this retarded not the progress of Suwaroff. Cremona, where the French had considerable magazines, was invested, and taken before it could be evacuated; and on the 25th of April, the army reached the banks of the Adda, behind which the enemy had taken post with the evident intention of disputing the passage.

The Adda is no where fordable in its course from the Lake of Como to where it falls into the Po, at a distance of sixty-five miles. As the French were in possession of all the remaining bridges, it was necessary to build new ones, to force those guarded by the enemy, or to cross in boats. All three modes of passage were resorted to, and all were attended with equal success. The most severe contest took place at Cassano, where the French had a bridge head of some strength, protected besides by the Ritarto canal. Suwaroff led the main column of the Austrian troops against it: he no doubt took the first opportunity of thus showing himself to his new soldiers; and he did well. The French defended their works with great resolution, and were constantly supplied with fresh troops from the right bank of the river: their commander, General Argod, was killed, fighting sword in hand, on the parapet; but their efforts were unavailing; the Austrians forced the entrenchments, and followed up their success so energetically, that they crossed the bridge along with the fugitives before it could be destroyed. Every attack succeeded: the French were forced back on all points: they fought with their accustomed gallantry indeed, but were so unskilfully commanded, that an entire division, under General Seruier, remained all day perfectly inactive, listening to the battle that raged around, but taking not the slightest share in the contest. It was only next morning that they were accidentally discovered by one of the allied divisions. They were found strongly posted for mere resistance, but —between two swollen rivulets and an inundation — had left themselves no means of issuing into the plain in the face of an enemy. They were forced to lay down their arms; and two generals, 250 officers, and 4,000 men surrendered, with fifteen pieces of artillery, to less than 3,000 Austrians; and all this under the command of General Moreau, one of those officers whom it has pleased modern writers to hold up as a great general.

The allies had done better; in nine days, from the 17th to the 27th, they had marched seventy-five miles, taken a fortress, gained a battle, and crossed five rivers, — the Chiesa, Mella, Oglio, Seria, and Adda; and with a loss

* Melas was ill when he joined the army.

to themselves of only 3,000 men, they had killed, wounded, or taken 10,000 of the enemy.

Marshal Suwaroff entered Milan on the 30th of April, and with the retreat of the French across the Po, the Cisalpine republic ceased to exist. The Italians proved themselves rather ungrateful on this occasion for the boasted liberty which the French had so generously conferred upon them; for they no sooner saw the allies victorious, than they flew to arms, fell by bands on small French parties, cut off and murdered stragglers, and carried on a fierce and dishonourable guerilla war against their late brother republicans.

But rapid and energetic as Suwaroff's first operations were, he has been blamed for neglecting to follow up his success; for frittering away his forces by the investment of the strongholds; and for losing much precious time immediately after the victory of Cassano. Military critics pretend that the Russian field-marshal ought to have taken immediate steps for rendering impossible the junction between General Moreau and General Macdonald, who was advancing to his aid with the French army of Naples.

These strictures cannot, we suspect, be maintained. The country was every where in military possession of the French. Moreau was master of Genoa, the strong district of the Riviera, and had thus by Niza an open retreat into France, so that he could not be struck at unless disposed to fight; and to push him out of Italy, unless he could be prevented from returning, was only so much loss of time. The French occupied besides Mantua, Peschiera, Ferrara, Pizziglietone, the citidel of Milan, Orei, Pavia, Tortona, Alessandria, Turin, Velenza, Ceva, and Coni. All these places, with which the theatre of war was actually studded, were well provisioned, all were of some, and several of first-rate, strength. To leave them all unattacked or unmasked seemed impossible; while to mask them, even in the feeblest manner, required so large a force, as for a time to reduce the main army to a mere shadow. It may also be supposed, that the circumstances of his own peculiar situation influenced Suwaroff's conduct on this occasion. He commanded an allied army, of which only one-third were Russians; the rest were strangers, over whom he exercised but precarious control, which, in extreme cases, might perhaps find limits; and we shall see presently that these limits were much nearer than could have been expected. The political views of the Austrian cabinet led them to urge on the capture of the fortresses in preference to all other measures. They wanted to get firm possession of the country, and thought that this could best be effected by the early occupation of the strongholds. That a reverse in the field would instantly have caused the investments to be raised, was evident to all the world, except to the gentlemen at Vienna: nor need their blindness surprise us, for none know better than the officers of the British army the manner in which high functionaries of state decide on military affairs. Thus placed between the hostile fortresses, the Austrian cabinet, and the French army, Suwaroff had a difficult part to act. That it was boldly and successfully acted is certain; and we are bound to add our conviction, judging from the mass of evidence which we possess respecting the campaign, that it was as skilfully acted as possible, considering the trying situation in which the Russian commander was placed. While at Vienna, Suwaroff solicited permission to address his reports directly to the Emperor, instead of addressing them to the Aulic Council. Francis II. granted the request; but the circumstance is said to have displeased Count Thugut, the prime minister, and the Council, who from that moment became the decided enemies of the Russian field-marshal, and used every effort to thwart his views. To what

extent such ignoble conduct may have been carried, it is impossible to say; that jealousies would not be wanting, we may easily suppose; and from the period of which we are writing, the complaints of Suwaroff became daily more frequent, till, as we shall see, he applies officially for his recal.

Writing to Count Tolstoi on the 22d of May, he says, "The French are much cleverer at offensive war than many other nations. Owing to the defensive system of the Archduke Charles, they had concentrated their forces, and very nearly, quick as I was, devoured my liver near the lake of Como: things are now going on better. The defensive system lost Italy, and brought the French army almost to the gates of Vienna. By offensive operations, the Archduke drove the armies of Jourdan and Moreau out of Germany (1796). The Archduke Charles might, in regard to our operations, not only have kept the French in check, but with the aid of the Swiss, to whom he should have given liberty, he might have made us masters of the Rhine. The frontiers of the imperial states are no where better defended than at the gates of Paris."

But though already displeased, the Russian field-marshal was not inactive, as the leading features of the campaign will show; the minor details we are, of course, obliged to pass over.

The occupation of Turin was evidently of great importance to the allies, both in a military and political point of view, but the attack had to be made under circumstances of peculiar hazard. The sieges of Tortona and Alessandria had to be left uncovered, the march of Macdonald unattended to, or watched only by a detached corps, while, in the advance upon Turin, Moreau's army in the Riviera would be allowed to remain unchecked in rear of the left flank of the allies. Nothing but extreme celerity, and the most accurate combination of movements, could justify so bold an undertaking; but it succeeded nevertheless. Suwaroff appeared so suddenly before Turin, that the town was carried on the first day; and by aid of the vast stores which it was found to contain, the siege of the citadel was pressed so vigorously, that it was reduced to extremity, before the approach of Macdonald called the army back to the foot of the Appenines. Hurrying on the troops on this occasion, Suwaroff writes to General Belgrade,—"money is precious, human life is precious, but time is the most precious of all."

And here we come upon one of those strange transactions, for which co-operations and alliances are so constantly distinguished. The advance of General Macdonald, who, by means of his light troops, was already in communication with General Moreau, rendered an immediate march with all disposable forces towards the Appenines indispensably necessary, in order that a decisive blow might be struck against one of the hostile armies, before the two could form their junction. As the siege of Mantua had not yet begun, Suwaroff sent directions to General Kray to leave only so many troops before the place as were necessary to keep the garrison in check, and instantly to join him with the remainder in the plain of Alessandria. Kray, who was a gallant soldier, expressed great regret at not being able to comply, producing at the same time the emperor of Austria's direct commands not to raise the blockade of Mantua on any account, unless by his, the Emperor's, own orders! The old field-marshal was indignant, and wrote to Count Rosumowsky, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, that he was determined to go home. "This cabinet order," he says, "deranges all my plans; and it is evident that they do not require me here any longer, and I am determined to go home. * * * * *" Every individual general addresses himself to the Aulic Council, not only about his own particular

affairs, but about general affairs also; and has thus a right to intrigues for his own pleasure and advantage, which gives the council power to direct and to bind him. If the Aulic council would only leave me alone, their one or two campaigns would not cost me more than so many months; but with their hyper-strategy and generalship, one month of their operations will extend over entire campaigns."

But if the Aulic council defeated one plan, it did not prevent Suwaroff from quickly forming and executing another; and the incapacity of his adversaries helped, in a great measure, to atone for the mischievous conduct of his allies. Moreau and Macdonald were already in communication, but instead of uniting their forces, and falling upon the divided Austro-Russian troops, they allowed Suwaroff to get the start of them; and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity. General Kaim remained with a small corps to finish the reduction of the citadel of Turin, and Count Belgrade was stationed with another division in the plain of Tortona, to watch the operations of Moreau, while the field-marshal himself proceeded with about 30,000 men, all the troops he could collect, by forced marches towards Piacenea, leaving the modern Turenne, as Jomini and other historians have been pleased to term Moreau, in rear of his right flank, as he had before left him in rear of his left flank.

General Otto was falling back with a small corps of Austrians before the advance of Macdonald, and had taken post at St. Giovani, on the Tidone, not far from Piacenea, when his outposts were attacked on the morning of the 17th of June. The Austrian, seeing heavy columns directed against him, was about to withdraw in the direction of Stradella, when General Melas arrived on the field with a few thousand Austrians; he was followed by General Bagration, with the advanced guard of the Russians. These troops amounted, in all, to about 12,000 men; and although Melas might naturally conclude that he had the whole of General Macdonald's 35,000 men to contend with, he nevertheless determined, and justly, we suspect, to try the fate of battle. The position of St. Giovani was a good one; the weather was oppressively hot; the troops had been greatly fatigued by their march, those in the rear were hurrying forward — not in the best order, perhaps, — and the Austrian general very properly concluded that, to retire under such circumstances, might, if the enemy pursued, throw the whole army into confusion, and cause an unfavourable impression in the minds of the soldiers; while, on the other hand, they might hold their ground till the rear division should come up. To the influence of these just strategycal views, we may perhaps add another reason for this un-Austrian sort of resolution: it was the fear which the brave, but cautious Melas entertained of Suwaroff. The letter written before the battle of Cassano would not yet be forgotten, and its effect was here evident. Energy at the proper time and place is the most important element of warfare; and here we already find Suwaroff's genius, producing favourable results on a battle-field before he was even personally present.

We cannot, of course, enter into all the details of the action. If Moreau had been inactive, Macdonald was unskilful. Though it was impossible for him to be ignorant of Suwaroff's march, he had only half his troops present in this first day's combat. The slight advantages he had gained over Otto and Melas were completely lost, therefore, on the arrival of the other allied troops; and he was defeated and driven back with loss, when he might have put an end to the battle. The intersected nature of the ground, owing to a number of rivulets, containing at the time little water

indeed, but having deep beds, — and the stone walls of the vineyards, rendered pursuit extremely difficult.

All the divisions of the allied army having joined during the night, it was Suwaroff's intention to bring on a general action next day. Macdonald, on the other hand, had no intention to fight, as he wished to rest and wait the arrival of all his troops; the French were so used to be the assailants in all these wars, that they hardly ever expected to see their arrangements disturbed by their enemies.

To give the troops time to rest and refresh themselves, Suwaroff directed that the advance should be delayed till ten o'clock in the morning. But it required even longer time to recover from the fatigue and confusion of the previous day; and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the leading columns could fall upon the enemy; and five o'clock before the Austrians joined the onset: there was no longer time to produce any great result on so difficult a battle-field. The French, though they fought bravely, were driven back across the Trebia with considerable loss, but they were not defeated; and to resign a contest, unless in a case of absolute extremity, was at that time a thing totally unknown in their army; the fate of battle was again to be tried, therefore, on the following day. But though the result of the two days' action had not been very disastrous to the Republicans, the moral effect on the soldiers must have been considerable; they had, for two days, fought bravely, and yet fought to disadvantage; the number of killed and wounded was nearly alike on both sides — no prisoners or trophies had been taken by either party, and the ground conquered by the allies, from the Tidone to the Trebia, was of no advantage whatever: their only gain consisted therefore in the moral confidence which the French had lost, and it was enough to decide the victory.

After the close of the action one of those events occurred, which tend strongly to show how completely chance may, at times, take the reins of the best disciplined armies out of the hands of the firmest commanders. The wide, and almost dry bed of the Trebia, separated the two armies; on the French side a horse broke loose, overthrew a pile of muskets, and made one of them go off. Two battalions, that were still under arms, instantly advanced to the front; the Austrians, thinking that the attack was to be renewed, opened a fire upon them, and as they retired, followed them up, thinking themselves victorious. The French turned, both parties supported their friends, and a fierce night combat commenced in the very bed of the river. As the ground here was open, every one called loudly for cavalry, who, always slow when wanted, hurried up to augment the confusion of this mass of men, disciplined to war, indeed, but now become wild and ungovernable. The artillery of both armies, to show their ordnance zeal, made round and grape rattle through the scene of madness and suffering, certain that every melancholy shot which struck a friend would be atoned for by an equal error on the part of the foe. This scene of useless slaughter lasted for two hours, and it was past eleven o'clock before the combatants could be separated; and it then required a great part of the night before order could be fully restored.

Macdonald's divisions having all arrived, he determined to become the assailant on the 19th, expecting probably that Moreau would be near enough at hand to fall upon the rear of the allies. His plan of attack, not to surpass the rest of the French operations of the campaign, was nearly as much at variance with common judgment as could well be contrived. With an army not superior in numbers to that of his adversary, and which had for two days fought to disadvantage, and required therefore to be kept

particularly compact and well in hand, he made a disposition for turning both flanks of the allies, extended his line, and left himself almost without any reserve. Defeat on all points was the natural consequence of such arrangements; and, after an obstinate combat, the French were driven back across the Trebia, though the allies were still unable to establish themselves on the right bank. The Austro-Russians had lost about 6000 men in these three actions, the Republicans only a couple of thousand more; so that, as the armies were nearly of equal strength, no very great advantage had been gained by the allies. But though the latter had gained little, the French had lost a great deal; for three days' reverses had completely exhausted their moral and physical strength. Suwaroff felt his advantage, — and though he knew that Moreau was already operating in his rear, and had repulsed Belgrade's feeble corps, he determined to hold fast Macdonald, and not to relinquish the contest till a real and substantial victory should be achieved. It is in this resolution that we discover the genius of the man: an ordinary commander, alarmed by Moreau's advance, would have given up the attack, and abandoned the half-gained victory, — would have retired beyond the Po, thrown himself between two fires, and lost all the advantages of his previous success. Suwaroff persevered, and the 20th of June brought the laurel crown, which a three days' combat had earned, but not bestowed.

Though the Russian general had no distinct information of what had taken place in the rear, he contented himself with despatching a few squadrons of hussars, together with some light infantry, to scour the ground beyond the Po, while he again advanced with the whole army against Macdonald.

He found himself victorious sooner than he expected; a few light troops only were left posted along the banks of the Trebia; the main body of the French army were already in full retreat and were followed up with the same vigour with which they had been attacked. General Victor's division was the first overtaken; it was instantly attacked and routed; other corps fared no better, and by the evening of the 22d June, when Suwaroff halted with the main body of the pursuing army, 13,000 prisoners, with nearly all the artillery and baggage of the Republicans, were in the hands of the conquerors.

During the time the allies were thus engaged, Moreau had issued from the Riviera and driven back Belgrade's corps of observation. Within hearing of the guns fired on the banks of the Trebia, he contented himself with throwing supplies into the citadel of Tortona; allowed a great and decisive battle to be fought, without striking a single blow in aid of his countryman; and hurried back to his fastnesses as soon as he learned the turn events had taken. Had General Kray with the Mantuan army been at hand, or had Count Belgrade performed his easy duty with ordinary skill, the whole of Macdonald's army would, as Suwaroff tells us, have been taken; the campaign of 1799 would then have been decided at once; and very possibly, the fate of the war also. The Aulic council had not, however, foreseen all this.

While Suwaroff was conquering Italy the Archduke Charles was entering Switzerland. He had, as we know, gained the battle of Stokach on the 25th of March, and having then allowed two months to pass over without any active measures of the slightest importance, we find him on the 4th of June attacking Massena in a strong position before Zurich, which the French general had been six weeks in fortifying. Having obtained possession of Zurich and these works, the Archduke remained stationary till his final departure for Switzerland.

SHELLEY'S POEMS.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. 4 Vols. Edward Moxon, London. 1839.

The time appears to have nearly arrived when justice will be done to the genius of Shelley; and the publication of these volumes is an indication of it. An admirer of his muse has resolved that oblivion, like the "remorseless waves," shall not "close o'er the head of our lov'd Lycidas;" and it is our wish that criticism should applaud the attempt, hazardous in a worldly sense though it be; nor, though somewhat analogous to the process of gilding refined gold or painting the lily, suffer the object of it to go to the tomb unhonoured,

"Without the meed of one melodious tear."

No great reputation in our day suffered more than Shelley's, for the press unfortunately is a passive instrument at the service of all opinions. Biographical or critical notices, written under the direction of party spirit, are only registers of lies. Impartial history will one day be greatly embarrassed to choose between those contradictory hatreds and apotheoses which excite our horror or our pity. Our literary criticisms are for the most part, however, written under this deplorable inspiration; for the probity that is exempt from blindness and error in those questions wherein that factitious conscience, called "*opinion*," becomes interested, is rarely to be met with. It has been suspected that it is not in the pompous independence of even Tacitus himself that it is to be found: where then should Shelley find it?

The passions which agitate men are the same in every age, and every thing thus becomes symbolical in our life of imitation. Whoever has fought in the ranks of the people against power, fancies himself a partisan of Milton or Hampden; and whoever has defended his king, right or wrong, feels the yearnings of a brother towards Strafford. A sincere and candid criticism disinterestedly drawn between the two extremes has thus, in the case of Shelley, been rendered necessary by the false enthusiasm of factions,—a work claimed by the charity we owe to the memory of the dead. Fortunately, public opinion has at no former period had larger indulgence for error, enthusiasm, or the fanaticism of elevated sentiments. We have begun to comprehend one of the most striking moral facts of our nature, viz. that there may be many vicious excesses in sincerity, and much sincerity in extremes.

Knowing that the names of five or six writers, at the most, escape in every age the contempt of succeeding ones, and that our age especially, distracted by so many serious pursuits, is far from surpassing former ones in durable productions, we can now, perhaps, approximately assign his true position to Shelley. It is not thus that contemporaneous criticism treated him when alive. Posterity will there learn with astonishment, from its admiring pages, the immense merit of the laureate Southey, the fine and exquisite talent of Mr. Maturin, the ardent and coloured style of Mr. Croly, the astounding universality of Mr. Haynes Bailey: posterity will there see with astonishment that the sceptre of elegiac and moral poetry was in the

hands of Mr. Bowles, if indeed it were not disputed by Ebenezer, the Corn Law Rhymer, and that Professor Milman had discovered the secret of Euripides. A conservative Philpotts will be a Fenelon for his biographer — a liberal Heber a Homer for his! To these it will add the immortals mentioned in English bards and Scotch reviewers, and their successors, who on the throne of fashion now reign paramount. All these

"Lights of the world and demigods of fame,"

exceedingly remarkable at times, to whom criticism paid in obsequious articles its interested homage, will only make the blush of shame mount upon the foreheads of our successors, and prove to them that living talents cannot be fairly judged while they live, and that final justice in literature, as in all else, is only for the dead.

At the beginning of the present century, Byron and Scott, those representatives of life in its two worlds, the subjective and the objective, made their appearance; and with those giants came two currents of poetry, new, magical, and unknown until these days. A sound as of the winds and waters in unwonted commotion was heard throughout the republic of letters: it was the shock of two worlds — the world of the past and the world of the future — the battle of motion against inertness, which for centuries had been the law. Among the band of living contemporaries, Goëthe reduced life into a formula of indifference — Byron into a lofty hymn of despair: they prostrated man in the dust, and rolled over his head the stone of his sepulchre, instead of saying to him with one accord, "Arise, creature of God, made after his own image, and proceed!" One only of these great poets lived in the faith, and died hoping; and now we hasten to appreciate him; and when the fame of the others shall have diminished, and "the blazing star of Byron shall have receded from its pride of place," future generations will perhaps worship in Shelley one of the elect of poetry. Some few awarded to his strains their meed of cold admiration; then came the night — the fatal night — the great night of indifference and oblivion, which involves men and things, and cancels in these years of transition so many cherished names — so many uncontaminated glories. But we remember the day when, beholding in the far horizon a dubious image of the promised land, fervid with youth and hope, living with the life of a new era, enthusiastic for the indefinite perfectibility of man, the doctrine of Plato and of Bacon, fair as the day and vast as hope itself, and which, despised and neglected now-a-days, is still the asylum of all choice spirits,— we remember when, panting for an interpreter, the powerful voice of Shelley sounded to our ears revered and infallible.

Notwithstanding the repugnance now felt for generalisations in literature, we think that the fundamental idea of all art must be the religious opinion of its era. We shall take three poets, Æschylus, Shakspeare, and Shelley— three poetical worlds, as reflecting in their writings the idea which defines a period of civilisation. Æschylus has the soul of Greek poetry — the fatality arising from the struggle of free Greece against the despotic Oriental world: his form is rough, but Titanic, vast and monumental; his touches are few, but they exhibit the skeleton of a world. The poetic period in Greece did nothing but expound its religious problem; hence its predominant narrative character, and the reason that the conscience of the poet, so seldom apparent in the classics, is a sphere of images altogether objective, throwing a quiet and a repose over all poetical creations, which it is difficult to designate as a sign of the security of victory or of the calm of resignation. Shakspeare has the soul of the middle ages, of which he is the great

epitome. Moral and religious liberty is his principle; his drama is confessedly that of the individual, and his men have life as they would have issued from the hands of Nature herself, one and various, complex and harmonious. It neither defines man by the most predominant of his faculties, nor life by the most powerful of its many manifestations, but it gives life and being in all their shades and tints.

From the unprecedented popularity of Shakspeare and Scott, it is seen that people love to generalise for themselves — to have individual portraits of human beings, which are alike every where, and from these to draw their own inferences and systems. Still, individuality is not the sole province of high art; it is only a legitimate province of it, when, like Shakspeare, it paints an individual who is the type of a *genus*; if the individual portrait be not this type, it is only a representation of an exceptional mind, a modified madness. Originals are generally representative modifications of that insanity with which poor human nature is more or less inoculated; so that, even in the drama of individuality, there must exist generalisation, or it cannot be said to be truly significant.

Schiller in Germany, and Shelley in England, represent the great idea of modern civilisation, the idea, namely, of Providence; and, as a corollary, those universal laws which exercise themselves upon collective humanity. Wordsworth himself, *quel signor dell' altisimo canto*, narrows the sphere of his philosophy, as is well known, within the world, kingly and ecclesiastic, of an age irrevocably spent; consequently we think he is less emblematical than Shelley, however greatly he may surpass him in precision, though not in that vivid force of mind which exalts the poet beyond the *flammantia mœnia mundi*, like the eagle,

> "Sailing with supreme dominion
> Through the azure fields of air."

The profundity of Shelley's metaphysics was an obstacle to his popularity.

Obscurity is another great defect. The brilliant qualities by which it was accompanied have however changed it into a beauty in the eyes of his enthusiastic admirers whose productions frequently exhibit little else. There is some danger that Shelley may become the Gongora or Marini of English literature, if certain fashionable theories regarding the inherent impossibility of minds of a high order ever becoming extensively popular, be allowed to establish themselves as infallible. German mysticism has already made great inroads upon classical purity, but there is a fund of sound sense at the bottom of English intellect, which will not suffer it to have more than its reign of an hour, and in that faith we live. We distrust all esoteric doctrines. All mysteries are frauds. We desire to see a democratic revolution in philosophy and poetry, —

> Both them I serve, and of their train am I. — Milton.

"Genius is bright, and whatever is not clear is not French!" So says Voltaire, in a maxim of unchanging truth. When a writer fails to impart a strict and accurate conception of the thought that animates him, the multitude conceive, and rightly too, that the truth is not there entire; nor do they make any allowance that it is easy to be precise when one is incomplete. Spontaneity and clearness are what they desire in every production of art; and they possess a marvellous instinct in appreciating and rewarding with their enthusiasm those creations of art which come home to their business and their bosoms. There is a point of view, according to Madame de Stael, from which the highest truths are per-

ceptible to the meanest minds; to seize and present that point of view is the triumph of good writing. If an author fail in it, let him rest assured that the fault is with himself and not with the world. If this proposition be false, genius must write for itself: the more general truths are, the simpler they are. The analytical expression of the physical laws of the universe is comprised in five or six algebraic letters. Even the depths of Hamlet's mind, which may be incompleteness of conception, or the *arcana poetæ*, will be plain to all men, when a greater than Shakspeare shall appear to explain them, for *omne majus continet in se minus*, as say the metaphysicians. The public, therefore, requires that its favourites shall despise all doubts, ambiguities, and tortuous preambles, all German mysticism, which is in truth but the symptoms of a nation still in the middle ages: it requires that they shall go straight to the point, like an arrow to the mark, and yield at once the expression of their hearts educated in the school of the passions. They require something simple, intelligible, and beautiful; and if philosophy cannot produce this, she goes for nothing with them. Like the ardent lover, they exclaim impatiently,

"———— hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet."

"Your writing has too many words and too few ideas," writes the young Napoleon to his brother Lucien, in one of his recently discovered letters. "You are running after the pathetic; that is not the way to address the people—they have more sense and tact than you give them credit for." The public requires that the voices of its favourites shall be the faithful echo of their times, like that alabaster vase in the Roman forum, which was believed to enlarge when struck by the tones of the orators. The people know how to appreciate real benefits; they penetrate instinctively into the secrets of art; and instinct alone enables them to contrast it with the marvels of nature, ever powerful over their minds. Comprehending in their ignorance only what exists, they hate change. "Where the devil does this strange fellow come from, who pretends to deny, with his hard words and abusive names, all that we are most deeply convinced of?" Every man passes the author by, and laughs, as he thinks, at the quackery and sophistry.

But to those who pause to demand from the new preacher tidings of the unknown muse, to which they had ignorantly dedicated an altar, the philosophy of Shelley's poetry is not so recondite or abstruse. We think that it is easy to learn from it the organic idea of the poetry of the future; the conception of the destinies of humanity as contradistinguished to those of the individual. It is wrong to deem the *Me* the microcosm of the universe. The synthesis which fills up the complement of man's incomplete terrestrial destinies, by referring them to Heaven, has, in the hands of ignorant, hypocritical, or venal writers, weakened an active belief in an indefinite perfectibility through the miracles of association, a progress without any assignable term; and in the country of Bacon, Shelley has been deemed an enthusiast for inculcating it; for it must always be kept in mind, that Shelley was a great political reformer as well as a poet. There is nothing so unreasonable in this doctrine. It is at least a doctrine of hope; and in this sense we apply to Shelley the epithet of the poet of hope. Even if perfection be interdicted to man in this world by reason of the internal malady, or primal curse, under which he labours, it ought not the less to be the term towards which all his labours ought to tend, the goal of all his desires—the summit towards which all his efforts should incessantly aspire. Except a

few sluggards, whom the night has surprised in the past, there is no one now-a-days who does not clearly see that all the fractions of the human race are gravitating towards a unity, which, sooner or later, will be constituted. Poetry must follow the social movement. The laws of her development (for who can doubt that the development of the general mind follows certain fixed laws now unknown to us?) must be the same as those which form the universal synthesis of the age. To endeavour, therefore, to reanimate the forms of a past world, to seek her inspirations in the monarchical and ecclesiastical Middle Ages, the Greek or the Roman classicism, or the childish Oriental world, is vanity. We may ask, like the prophet Ezekiel, "Can these dry bones live?"

The two greatest poetical geniuses of France at the present day, George Sand and the Abbé de Lamennais, (the Rousseau of the age without his vices,) agitated by the secret grief of the time, the void created in the heart by selfishness and egotism, are enlarging the patrimony of ideas, and embracing the whole circle of humanity, for Genius is essentially social and cosmopolitan. They have lifted up the mantle which fell from Shelley, and are inspired with the same inspiration, with the organic idea of the present time, the idea, viz. of Providence; and certainly there seems nothing irrational in the religious conviction, that the full scheme of Providence, with regard to man and his true end in the creation, will be developed by means of association beyond any conceivable perfection. The great Shakspeare himself, it has been suggested, felt and described the emptiness of life when a faith in progress does not connect it with other lives, when he wrote the touching lines which he has put into the mouth of Macbeth, comparing life to an idiot's tale, signifying nothing. But man was surely not placed here below to act the part of an idiot, unprofitable to himself and barren to his neighbour; and Schiller and Shelley, the poets of the nineteenth century, have sung a vaster mission, a higher notion, than that of the individual—than the obstinacy of a contest between man and the universe: and it is in this sense, we again say, that Shelley is essentially a poet of liberty and hope. The delights of materialism and indifference were not suited to that mind so restless and anti-vegetative. Educated in the school of the passions, the pathetic translator of the universal hopes and fears, he gathers the tears and bitters of adversity, and extracts from them the balm of the comforter, to pour upon the wounds of the heart; for he, whom the sudden overflow of the waters in the days of the deluge frightened not, even whilst deploring the griefs that tried so powerfully the manliest hearts, knew that from that momentary grief joy would swiftly emerge, and that that disorder of nature was the promise of a better harvest and a serener sky,—

> "Where at the last the bright consummate flower
> Spirits odorous breathes."

Two or three phases in his poetry mark the changes in Shelley's experience of life. The Titanic vigour of Queen Mab, the force and genius with which he attacked the objects of his hatred, his prophetic denunciations of "all the oppressions that are done under the sun," clothed in the magic of a style that winds with a serpent's fascination, fixed the attention of the world at once upon him as upon one of those imposing figures — those majestic individualities — whose grand and striking forms stand out at once strange and prominent in the age in which they live. Dark, deep, and cloudy, like Dante's "Inferno," we heard from the abyss voices of anger, words of grief, and with these sounds of the beating of hands, — *accenté d'ira,*

parole di dolore, voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle,—like the noises heard at the gates of Virgil's hell:

> "Continuo auditæ voces vagitus et ingens
> Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo,
> Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos,
> Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo."

In many of his subsequent compositions we perceive his muse to droop her wings and pursue a lower flight. Persecution, hope deferred, the indifference of an age wherein predominated the vast material activity impressed upon it by the genius of Napoleon, the discredit into which had fallen all speculation, political and philosophical, which savoured of the ideology scorned by the great emperor, wrought their effect upon the mind of the English reformer. Had he survived until the present day, he might have demanded from the shade of Napoleon, at the tomb of St. Helena, whether the philosophy which led to the supreme day of Waterloo, or the ideology which led to the days of July, was the worthier of credit. In those days of backsliding he takes refuge in the serener joys of domestic life, and in the songs of the affections. Hence that sweet monotony — that desire of an amiable mind to exile itself from a world deprived of the projective and progressive power, and its relapse into its own vague and indistinct generalities. *L'anima amante* (writes he in his preface to one of his works), *si slancia fuori del creato e si crea nell infinito un mondo tutto per esso diverso assai da questo oscuro e pauroso baratro.* But his faith in justice, and perseverance in hope, were admirable; and as age corrected his philosophical and moral errors, he was fast working to perfection, pure and unalloyed — he was fast emerging into the light of upper day; and in those heights of thought there reigns a marvellous calm, for the atmosphere where so many clouds collect, exists in regions lower down. The satyrs of the wilderness, and the unclean beasts whose influence polluted the palace of the soul, and whom in the "Masque of Anarchy" he denounced with such winged words, were begun to be viewed by him in their true light. Neither Oromanes nor Arimanes were considered as the unqualified lords of the creation. Byron, like Milton's gloomy angel, turned upon his foes a countenance full of the fire of immortal hate. Shelley, like Raphael's archangel Michael, "severe in youthful beauty," rebuked with a look, mournful and melancholy, the Monsters of the Deep. He is like the spirit whom Milton describes as "holding a reed tipt with fire," penning strains of celestial comfort, — a poetry radiant with life — instinct with genius — full of "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace;" a pathos high and heroic, like the partial song of the angels in hell bewailing their lost estate.

> "Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

We have seen him march in an unconscious equality with those great minds who endowed, with an imperishable name, their splendid appearance of a day. A new era of poetry commenced with him. He is one of those few geniuses scattered over the extent of ages, who can say, without the Spaniard's pride, *Yo soy quien soy.* His writings do not contain, so well as those of many other writers, the material and transitory facts of his day. But they express the vain and eternal torment of the human mind — the unquiet sensation of an incomprehensible destiny — the revolt of genius in servitude, and the expression of an infinite misery — meditation, with its griefs and audacious questionings — the vast and sustained movement of an organic Idea — a totality of harmony and force, which, if more wisely directed, would have created an enduring masterpiece. Liberty is his perpetual cry.

Absorbed in his ardour for freedom, he neglects his details, and only presents us with a pale phantom of men and things, vague and void of truth. If his personages express in lofty phraseology and magnificent sentences the profound aversion with which all solitary and absolute power inspired him, he esteems them true. He fashions his beings and times according to his pleasure; and it is with the ideas of a living civilisation, the heir of ages, that he revives the past! Yet it may be doubted if Shelley could have ever produced a vast and animated whole like Sir Walter Scott, or represented humanity under its infinite faces — he who mixed with men so unwillingly — he who disliked so much to know them. It may be doubted if ever a being so susceptible of impressions could have long maintained himself at the point of view of reality; for a moment he might have had a glimpse of it, but his instincts would have soon hurried him away beyond its limits. The ideal which he vainly sought in the present, he discovered in the past or the future. The school of his imitators goes on increasing. Ixions and Promethei are multiplying themselves around us daily. But what have we to do with these *veteris vestigia mundi?* Our own age has its characteristics, and genius will discover them. "Alas!" says the Grecian epigraph: —

> "Alas! that Apollo, the shepherd, no more upon lovely Penēus
> Lingers; Alas! that earth hath lost the echo divine!
> Believe, he forsakes it not: he shepherds the flocks of men,
> But a barbarian ear hears not the voice of the god."

The tendencies of our age are neither to be found in the horrors of a past which can never return, nor in the mythology of a pre-Adamite world. When the great poet of Florence wished to terrify kings who turned traitors to their duty, and became the executioners and scourges of their country and mankind, he did not place his drama in the midst of a traditional world, or in times long vanished, whose impression was growing weaker every day. It was his own times which he described for the benefit of the whole human race. Every passion, every weakness, every superstition of that era concurred to form his work. Every thing served him for materials. His bold judgments and denunciations spared no power. Pontiffs, kings, priests, warriors, all the social hierarchy, assumed their respective places in his formidable Vision. And, we from our reformer, had the crimes of a maniac Cenci, and the pangs of a Prometheus, when in England was a George IV., and on St. Helena a Napoleon!

Wherefore it may be asserted, that if Shelley was debarred from any large share of popularity, and if his works can never become favourites of the masses, it is more owing to the want of interest in the subjects he selected, than to his metaphysics or defective execution. No one will ever persuade us that the highest art, if it be true, will be unacceptable to the multitude. The spectacle of a human soul, of however high an order, powerfully stirred, must always powerfully affect fellow-beings: nor, deep as are the workings of Hamlet's brooding mind, are they less felt by the populace of the galleries, than by the elegant world of fashion and frivolity that nightly crowds the boxes of our theatres. The exhibition of human greatness can never be unintelligible to the multitude, for moral power always excites awe and admiration in them, even as the choral harmonies of multitudinous voices seem to make us fathom the ineffable mystery that unites the creature to the Creator, and we feel in our conscience the beauty of that antique saying, — *Vox populi, vox Dei.*

What Shelley felt most was nature. The sea, with its savage billows and rough motions — the plains, with their profusion of lights, their living waters, and their tranquil solitudes. His soul borrows the wings of the

wind in the deep valleys to fly to heaven. He interrogates the huge mountains of Switzerland which guard the horizon on all sides, ranged around white and majestic, like an assembly of august patriarchs. His thoughts love to wander and to dwell upon all those symbols of nature, in which man loves to lose and to recover his being. The long reverie by the border of the lake — the solemn soliloquy upon the summit of the glacier — the fiery inspiration upon the brink of the torrent, are equally familiar to him; he has commerced with the nymphs of the waterfalls and the spirits of the abyss; and not unseldom has the Genius of the Alps appeared to him, with her crown of stars and her mantle of snow, to discourse about the mysteries of the Infinite. His muse has unveiled to us what passes above in the heavens — in the region of light and storms. An exquisite feeling of nature pervades all his writings. His poems are redolent of the violets of spring, the flowers of summer, and the frosts of winter; and, as he has interpenetrated his thoughts with the imagery of nature, so he may be sure that they will never tire, but will always be relished with a portion of that interest which belongs to the objects themselves; for, like nature, his poetry will always be beautiful amidst the caprices of fashion, just as in the subjective world all that belongs to moral beauty is sure never to grow old.

But though it is nature, it is nature idealised, like some of the landscapes of Gaspar Poussin or Salvator Rosa; as, for example, the "Mercury and the Woodman," or the large green "Pastoral Scene" in the National Gallery, which transport the spectator to the Golden Age, or to the realms of the happy dead,

> " ——— locos lætos, et amœna vireta,
> Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas."

We might instance many pictures from his Prometheus or Epipsychidion; but indeed examples, as his readers know, are innumerable. Like Clerval, the imaginary friend of Frankenstein,

> " ——— the sounding cataract
> Haunted him like a passion: the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colours and their forms, were then to him
> An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, or any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye."

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the plastic spirit with which he seizes and adapts the peculiar genius of a language or literature in his translations, whether in transfusing into English the Catholic gloom of Calderon, the German mysticism of Faust, or the classical purity and Attic salt of Euripides. Greek poetry was in fact unknown to us until the appearance of Shelley's versions, for he was the most profound of modern Grecians, if we measure their merit by their felicity in divining and reproducing the graces of the original. Captain Medwin, we think, says, that Shelley meditated, if indeed he did not actually conclude, a version of the "Banquet" of Plato; and sure we are that its loss is a source of deep regret to every scholar. Such a beautiful subject, in so consummate a hand, would have been a masterpiece to surpass all that Germany with her Asts, her Tiedemans, and her Schleiermachers, can boast of, to say nothing of Victor Cousin. The *caput mortuum* which exists in English literature, either from the pen of Sydenham or Taylor, is unreadable. The divine Plato must be interpreted by a genius as etherial as himself. A heavy High-Dutch commentator, or a "savant in *us*," as Molière says, has little chance of success.

It will scarcely be necessary, perhaps, to remind our readers, that the irreligious and immoral doctrines in "Queen Mab," which he gathered when a youth from the writings in vogue at the period of the first French Revolution, were in after life deeply deplored and cordially abjured. It is the height of ignorance and injustice to attribute to him those dogmas as forming the fundamental creed of his subsequent writings. Whatever was his philosophy it assuredly was not material, but transcendantly ideal, and profoundly religious in the true sense of the word. We may be pardoned for contending that a genius, whose whole works and creed were in favour of an unlimited progress in human happiness and perfection, could not be fairly called immoral: and if he conceived that man might become, through the instrumentality of certain thoughts, but "a little lower than the angels," blind to the traditional truth which teaches us the inherent imperfection or primal curse under which he suffers, we at least cannot but feel a wide tolerance for his errors, and an undiminished admiration of his genius. In the present edition, however, we are happy to say all blemishes of the kind, as well as youthful indiscretions, have been struck out, and the tribute we now pay to his memory is but a slight return for the enjoyment derived from the *Mitis Sapientia Lælii*. His spirit is embalmed in these elegant volumes, —

> "His bones are urned in Capulet's monument,
> But his immortal part with angels lives.
>
> High spirit-winged Heart that didst for ever
> Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,
> Till those bright plumes of Thought, in which arrayed,
> It over-soared this low and worldly shade,
> Lay shattered, and thy panting wounded breast
> Stained with dear blood its unmaternal nest:
> I weep vain tears for thee!"

ON STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE.

"In what style shall I build my house?" This is a question which many wealthy Englishmen ask themselves, when they are preparing to retire from the fatigues of business, to build a mansion in the country. They do not ask what will be suitable to their fortunes or their families, or even their own tastes or inclinations; they do not consider what kind of house will best suit the given climate or situation; but the question is, in what style it shall be built? In other words, it is inquired, from what distant age or anomalous climate shall the precedent be chosen from which it is to be copied? while the merit of the architect will be estimated according to the closeness with which he has imitated the style chosen, and copied all its details, without bestowing a single thought as to their suitableness or unsuitableness for the modern purpose to which they are to be applied.

What is the meaning of the word style? Quatremere de Quincy tells us, that it is derived from the Latin *stylus*, and that it originally signified the art of conveying ideas graphically to the minds of others, with the same force that the iron stylus impressed letters or figures on a waxen tablet. But the word style conveys something more than this to modern ears. With us style implies not merely the power of conveying ideas, but the power of conveying them in a particular manner. This particular manner constitutes, in fact, what is called style; and the word, when now used,

generally conjures up a tolerably clear image to the mind, according to the adjective affixed, without troubling the relator to enter into any lengthened details. Thus, for example, if we are told that a picture is in the style of Raphael, we have a general idea of its being graceful and elegant in its design; if in that of Gerard Douw, of its being highly finished; and if in that of Rembrandt, of its consisting of heavy masses of colour, and strong contrasts of light and shade.

When the word style is applied to architecture, the ideas excited by it become still more positive and defined. We cannot hear of a building having been erected in the Grecian style, without picturing to ourselves a heavy temple-looking edifice, presenting principally horizontal lines to the eye, with no visible chimneys, and with a portico and columns. At the mention of the Gothic style, on the other hand, visions of narrow pointed casement windows, interlacing arches, and delicate tracery, with the accompaniments of crockets, pinnacles, and buttresses, flit before our fancy.

The word style is then admirably adapted for conveying by words an image to the mind, provided the person addressed be already acquainted with the works of art used as a standard of comparison; and as more persons are likely to be acquainted with the works of a nation than with those of an individual, so the word style is more commonly applied to architecture, which is always characterised nationally, than to painting and sculpture, which are always characterised individually.

But why, it may be asked, should there be any difference in the modes of characterising these several arts? The reason is, that painters and sculptures take nature for their model, and as there can be but one nature, so if any mannerism or style be adopted in copying it, it must lie in the artist; whereas the architect, finding no model for his labours in nature, is led to copy the style of buildings generally adopted in the country in which he lives, and which was so adopted, because it was the most suitable to the wants of the inhabitants.

The oldest architecture of which we have any record appears to be the Cyclopean — if indeed that can be called architecture, which consisted merely of heaps of stones rudely piled on each other. The next is the Egyptian; and though the huge masses of stone with which it is constructed may seem to be little more than broken rocks, and so in some degree to be natural, yet the straight lines and square openings with which it abounds, show evidently the art of man contriving an edifice calculated to suit his own figure, and not copying the places of shelter afforded him by nature.

Vitruvius tells us that the prototype of Grecian architecture was a rustic hut — an assertion which has been often disputed; but assuming it to be a fact, it only shows that Grecian architecture is essentially artificial; for that rude hut, with its rafters, trunks of trees to serve as uprights, &c., must have been as completely the work and invention of man as the most elaborate temple. There is nothing in common between this hut and the holes and caverns which must have formed the primitive places of shelter for mankind; and it must have been produced by the exertion of human intellect and industry, sharpened by necessity. The architecture of the other primitive nations also shows no appearance of having been copied from nature. That of the Chinese is said to be in imitation of a tent; but a tent, like a hut, must have been entirely the invention of man.

Architecture being thus an art invented by man to suit his own convenience, the architecture of each respective climate was, in the primitive ages, adapted to the circumstances of the inhabitants. Thus the architecture of hot countries was adapted to keep out the heat, and that of cold countries

to keep out the cold. The residence of the feudal baron was a castle or a fortress, adapted to sustain a siege; or when this was not the case, it was furnished with a lofty tower, to enable its inhabitants to discover the first approaches of an enemy. The campanile, which is so often found attached to the Italian villas, is a modification of the ancient watch-tower, furnished with a bell, which was used in case of danger to call the vassals to the assistance of their lord. We have had no remains of ancient Egyptian or Grecian dwelling-houses handed down to us; but as far as we can judge from those which have been discovered at Pompeii (which, as it is well known, was a Grecian colony), they were low, and divided into numerous small apartments.

The houses of the modern Italians give an idea of what those were of the ancient Romans. The Italian house has generally several windows placed close together, and the rest of its walls left blank, that some part of every room may, during every day, be in shade. A deep cornice projects over the windows of the smaller Italian houses, in which the rooms are not sufficiently large to allow any part of them to be always in the shade, to keep off the intolerable glow of light; and there is generally a loggia, or kind of recess, to every house, shaded by the roof but open in front, for the family to sit in to enjoy the evening breeze.

It is evident from what has been just stated, that neither the Grecian style (which being copied from the temples is totally unfit for dwelling-houses in any country), nor the Italian style can be considered well adapted for villas in the cold damp climate of England. How can an Englishman adopt a style which forbids the appearance of a chimney, when he feels that during three fourths of every year the idea of a dwelling containing fire-places is one of the most agreeable that can be conjured up? And why should he wish to shut out the few glimpses of the sun with which his climate favours him? Yet how many Grecian and Italian villas are scattered over the fertile plains of England, intermixed with Swiss cottages, baronial castles, and Elizabethan mansions.

The Swiss cottage is a building with a high steep roof to throw off the snow. It is built principally of wood, because wood is abundant in Switzerland, while bricks and stone are dear, and difficult to be obtained. Stones and heavy logs of wood are laid upon the roof, to prevent the violent winds, which are common in mountainous countries, from tearing off the thatch, or the shingles with which it is covered. The stair is on the outside, because the family live on the first floor, and the cattle are kept below, which is necessary, lest if they were kept in any distant hovel, it might be buried in the snow. Every part of this seemingly merely picturesque dwelling has its use; and, in its native country, it has the beauty of suitableness to the end in view: but what is admirably adapted to the mountains of Switzerland, is ridiculous in an English valley, where the appendages above described are worse than useless, as they take away from the convenience of the dwelling.

The baronial castle, in which comfort was sacrificed for the purposes of defence, is equally absurd in peaceful times; and the Elizabethan mansion with its casement windows divided by heavy mullions, which were only adopted by our ancestors because nothing better had then been invented, is equally misplaced in the present advanced state of society.

Let us hope then, when knowledge becomes more equally diffused, and people learn to think and judge for themselves, that the answer to the question "In what style shall I build my house?" will be in that style which is best suited to the climate and situation, and by following which the greatest possible share of comfort will be secured to the proprietor and his family.

NIEBUHR'S HISTORICAL SPECULATIONS.

All researches into the origin of nations, where the inquirer has to feel his way through the mist of fables and fictions, can lead to uncertain results alone. Conjectures and hypothesis are all the fruit we can expect to find; and the historian who has to exhibit the progress of a nation as seen in the march of events, deserts his real character when he would amuse the reader with the narrative of what has past in periods of ignorance and barbarism, for he then gives the history, not of men, but children, in whose actions not the slightest trace of national impulse is visible.

This is especially true of the Romans. The consistency of their character, and their steady modes of thinking to the very last, stand out in relief so clearly through an uninterrupted series of political events, from the very dawn of their history down to the extinction of their empire, that it is a matter of indifference to any but a speculative historian to inquire who the first settlers of Rome were, — whether Greeks or natives of Latium first planted a colony with the view to cover the banks of the Tiber against the inroads of the neighbouring tribes. No sooner, however, do the first gleams of something like genuine history appear amongst the Romans, than we see them armed *cap-à-pie*, and acting up to an already established system of policy, of which aggrandisement forms the leading feature. What the Spartan became through education, the Roman was by nature, although the character of both was modelled by peculiar circumstances. The latter, following the dictates of natural selfishness, advanced in power and civilisation; the former, who obeyed only the law of custom, was unwilling to overstep the boundaries prescribed by it. The Roman was the full-grown man who realised the idea of heroism, the Spartan remained ever the youth, who, with the down on his chin, delights in the name of man, but wants the energy to give full scope to the practical development of designs that require no less the enthusiasm of youth than the experience of age.

The arts and sciences, and even religion itself, were subservient at Rome to patriotism. *Rome* was the absorbing feeling in all the proceedings of the state; and any study, history especially, unless connected with Rome, was a matter of secondary importance, and unworthy of the occupation of a Roman citizen; and even the republic of a Cicero was modelled rather by the institutions of Rome, than intended, like that of Plato, to serve as a model for improvements in legislation. The diction, form, and matter of Roman history betray by themselves a late origin, and show us clearly that the foundation of the Roman state falls in a period when history had already assumed its proper sphere, and when a strong line of demarcation was already drawn between fiction and fact. It is true, that all the events that precede and follow, by nearly a century, the banishment of the last of the Tarquins, are of a doubtful, and sometimes of a contradictory nature, that we miss in them the precision which distinguishes the subsequent periods of Roman history; yet the cause of the difference does not lie in the poetical character of Rome's early history, as Niebuhr would have us believe, but in external circumstances, and especially in the destruction of the state papers and similar documents, under Brennus, king of the Gauls. The Romans were a matter-of-fact people; but few events in their early history savour of fiction, and even in these few we can easily detect inten-

tional fraud to serve some political purpose. Hence, their accumulation of facts, from the partial way of treating them, renders their history of little interest to the inquisitive reader. From Romulus to Michael Paleologus we read but of eternal foreign and civil wars, and the alterations in the original constitution resulting from both. The old brawls with the neighbouring nations seem rather to slumber than to be extinguished; and until the first Punic war her history offers nothing to engage our feelings beyond our admiration of her bravery and perseverance in a line of politics which often brought her to the verge of ruin.

With the Punic war the history of Rome begins to shed light over almost all the nations of the ancient world; but, like a planet that gives light only to other worlds, the Roman history — circumstantially minute in its delineations of the life and manners, politics and morals, the arts and sciences of other nations — casts but a feeble illumination upon the internal state of Rome. The cultivation of the arts of peace was deemed useless, and even dangerous; hence, the banishment of the few Greek *literati* who attempted to smuggle in *outlandish* lore, with which the Romans would have been unacquainted but for the introduction of Asiatic luxury — the fruit of their extended conquests in the East, and which naturally led to that of the arts that were cultivated from the time of Mummius with some success, and even more lore than could be expected from men accustomed rather to handle the sword than the pen.

With Augustus the second half of the history may be said to begin. The machine had become so large and unwieldy that it threatened to fall to pieces by its own weight; and, though still rolling up on the original principle and by the impulse it had acquired, the motion was visibly diminished, and patriotism became more a Roman *law* than a Roman feeling. History affords many instances of the singular struggle made by the Romans of that time between their veneration for things which time had made holy, and the cold calculating spirit of an age apparently civilised, though in reality debauched. Religion was fast declining both morally and politically; and, while in Greece it degenerated into *atheism*, it presented in Rome the opposite extreme of *bigotry*; and as the arts and sciences were merely exotic in Italy, they naturally shared in the general degeneracy, which spread like a political state-cholera over the whole of the then known world.

The predominant element in the Roman history is *Politics*, — the touchstone by which even morals and religion were tried and regulated. The history of Rome is therefore simple, and strongly marked by a uniform spirit, and is complete in itself; while that of Greece, embracing as it did without distinction all the branches of human life, is, on the one hand, more rich in general matter, but, on the other, fragmentary and incomplete.

Thus, the very origin of the Roman history was a political institution of the state. It was *government* that brought it to life by a state-law; it was government that ordered the *Pontifex Maximus* to record in an *Album* the transactions of every year for public information — a regulation nearly as old as the foundation of the city itself.* With such authentic public records before them, to which were still added the censorial scrolls, the consular *fasti*, and family diaries or annals in imitation of those of the state†, it was easy for writers to compose an authentic narrative of facts, by merely arranging all such documents, public and private, in a chronological

* F. Vossius (Vita Tac. Imperat.) ascribes it to Numa.
† Cic. de Orat. ii. 12. Niebuhr, ii. p. 4.

order, and composing annals; a term that seems to have been, at least with some of the early writers, synonymous with history.*

The origin of the Roman history is thus historically established. From history emanated all the other branches of literature among the Romans. The most ancient monument of their national oratory was, according to Cicero, a speech of Appius Claudius Cæcus, and his collection of moral maxims. Of their poets, the oldest was Nævius, who described the first Punic war, in which he had fought himself; his immediate successor, Ennius, wrote, besides his poetical annals, the life of his friend Scipio Africanus in verse. Vossius numbers them both amongst historians, and not without reason, since they strictly adhered to historical truth with regard to the facts, and only clothed their diction in the poetical form; and to this circumstance is probably to be attributed the poetical colouring in the narration of Livy, who drew some of his facts from authors of acknowledged veracity. Cicero † says explicitly of Ennius: "Quem vero exstat, et de quo sit memoriæ proditum, eloquentem fuisse, et ita esse habitum, primus est. M. Cn. Cethegus, cujus eloquentiæ est auctor et *idoneus* quidem, mea sententia, Q. Ennius, præsertim cum ipse eum audiverit et scribat de mortuo; ex quo *nulla suspicio est, amicitiæ causa esse mentitum.*" Nor did it even occur to him to doubt his assertions because he was a poet, since he calls him generally *auctor idoneus*, an expression only used when speaking of veracious and authentic historians ‡; and though there is no similar testimony given directly as to the historical truth of the Epos of Nævius, yet we may infer as much from the language of Cicero §, who says, "that Ennius omitted in his Annals the first Punic war, because he has been anticipated in that task by another" (Nævius).—Now, if one historian omits an account, because it is already given by another, it is evident that the one who preceded has treated it as historically as his successor would have treated it himself. Moreover, the subject is so decidedly prosaic and so inappropriate to a poetical Epos, that Nævius, who wrote it for his contemporaries, the sober and crafty Romans, whose aim in that war was solely to suppress the political career of the Carthaginians, their powerful rivals, could hardly have meant it as a poem, where the embellishments of fiction would have excited the disgust of his readers. ‖ Nævius himself introduces his Epos with the words

> "Qui terrai Latiai tuserunt homones
> Veiras frudesque Phœnicas fabor."

The strict adherence to historical truth in the narrative of actual events so manifest in the poets of early Rome, may with much more reason be supposed to have been adopted by her early historians, who were bound to truth by virtue of their office. And yet, strange to say, Niebuhr sees in the early historians nothing but prosaic poets — in other words, historians who have converted into prose the fables and fictions of the poets. Strange, that the poets should have been historians, and the historians poets!

But before we enter into a closer examination of Niebuhr's views about the history of Rome, it will be necessary to state his opinion respecting the origin of Rome itself. He endeavours to show that the Romans

* Thus Corn. Nepos (Vita Cat. c. 3.) calls the Origines of Cato histories, while the epitomatiser of Livy (Ep. lib. xlix.) calls them *Annals*. Livy himself styles his own history *Annals* (xliii. 13.), while Pliny (Præf. Hist. Nat.) entitles them *histories*. The very Epos of Ennius, containing the description of the second Punic war, bore the title of Annals. (Suet. de Illus. Gram. c. 2.)

† Brut. c. 15. ‡ Pro. Arch. Poet. c. 9. Propert. iii. Eleg. 2. § Ib. c. 19.

‖ In truth, so well pleased were the Romans with an annual register turned into verse, that they bore patiently the Punica of Silius Italicus, or the Pharsalia of Lucian; nor did they miss what we so much desiderate, the want of every thing like the thoughts that breathe and words that burn in a genuine Epic like the Iliad.

were actually descended from Æneas, or at least from Trojan blood, by asserting that the Trojan Mythology was not of Greek invention, but of Italian origin, since it was current among the Italian tribes long before they came in contact with the Greeks;—"for," says he, "the belief in their descent from Æneas was universal among the Romans, which could scarcely have existed had there been no foundation for it, still less had it been of foreign origin. Above all, it is improbable that a belief of this kind should be of foreign growth, when it was recognised by the state, and one so proud and so contemptuous toward every thing foreign as Rome was. Of its having been so recognised we find remarkable proofs, — proofs drawn from times when Greek literature had certainly not found admission except with a few individuals. Thus, Timæus, who at all events was writing for Sicilian readers, and could scarcely have invented fables on Roman matters, states about the year 490 U. C. that he had been told by certain inhabitants of Lavinium that there were Trojan images of clay preserved in their temple." Let us now examine his arguments in detail, and see on how a slight a basis they all rest. Of the reasons alleged, the first hangs only on a belief supported by a tradition which none prove to be true, and all will doubt who, with Bryant, disbelieve the very existence of Troy. Such a belief shares the fate of all traditional reports, of which no one can tell whether they are genuine and pure, or intermixed with poetical embellishments.

The second reason, however, is founded partly on historical facts.

"The first transaction," says Niebuhr, "between the Romans and the states of Greece that we have any account of, is the application of the Senate to the Ætolians for the freedom of the Acarnanians, grounded on the plea, that the Romans were bound to protect those whose ancestors alone of all the Greeks had taken no share in the war against their progenitors, the Trojans." We will for a moment suppose with Niebuhr that this occurrence, related by Justin alone, did actually take place about 509 U. C. "It was about the same time," he proceeds, "that the Senate wrote a letter to King Seleucus, as the condition of entering into a treaty of friendship and alliance with him, that the Ilians, the kinsmen of the Roman people, should be exempted from tribute. The Ilians were also included by the Romans in their first treaty of peace with Macedonia in the year 549: fifteen years after, when the Scipios crossed the Hellespont, the Ilians boasted of their affinity with the Roman people, calling them their colony; the Romans were delighted to see their mother-country, and the consul went up to the citadel to offer a sacrifice to Athene."

These facts bear, indeed, strong evidence in favour of Niebuhr's opinion, but their validity depends entirely on the truth of the assertion of our author, "that at that time Greek literature had certainly as yet not found admission except with a few individuals." This last assertion the author not only leaves unsupported by any argument or authority, but places in direct contradiction with another of his assertions (i. p. 257.), where he says, "The middle of the fifth century U. C., the golden age of Roman art, may perhaps also have been that of Roman poetry. . . . . The story of the symbolical manner in which the last king instructed his son to get rid of the principal men of Gabii comes from a Greek tale from Herodotus; so likewise we find the stratagem of Zopyrus related of Sextus: *we must therefore suppose that there was a knowledge of Greek legends, and why not of Herodotus himself?*" Now, if Greek fables and the tales of Herodotus were at that time so current among the Romans as to find their way even into their popular songs and poetry, why should they have been unknown to the Senate fifty years later? Does not Niebuhr himself further state (ib. 494.)

"that the artists who built and embellished the Capitol were sent for out of Etruria, and that the severity of the ancient principle which would not tolerate any corporeal representations of the Deity, had already been overpowered by the influence of Greece?" The building of the Capitol Niebuhr ascribes to the last of the Tarquins; so that already, in the third century, U. C., Greek influence was so strong at Rome as to conquer even religious scruples; and, strange to say, 300 years after that period, our author asserts the Romans to have been still unacquainted with Greek language and literature!

About forty years after the above-mentioned first transaction between the Romans and the states of Greece, L. Cincius Alimentus wrote the war with Hannibal in the Greek language*; and his predecessor, Fabius Pictor, the great Roman historian, composed the same history both in the Roman and Greek tongues, perhaps for the edification of the lovers of the more polished Hellenic tongue. These writings were probably composed immediately after the conclusion of the Punic war, and, consequently, prior to the political and sentimental farce which the Ilians played on the arrival of the Romans in Minor Asia, in return for which the Senate displayed corresponding sentiments of family attachment towards the Ilians in their letter to Seleucus with their usual hypocrisy, and with the view of making as many allies as possible, well foreseeing the danger of their position should the still powerful Carthage contrive — what really happened — to league itself with Macedonia and Greece against Rome. To neutralize the effect of such an alliance, the arch-politicians of Rome declared their relationship with the Ilians, and thus created a breach between the Macedonians and the other states of Greece, who, it is known, highly prided themselves on their blood and descent. It was, indeed, not the first nor the last time that the crafty Romans set to work such means to crush at once both friend and foe.

The argument of Niebuhr, founded on the account of Timæus about the Trojan images at Lavinium, is of a par with the rest. Timæus wrote about 400 U. C.; and in the middle of the fifth century, as Niebuhr himself asserts, many of the Greek fables were already in the mouth of the Romans — even Herodotus not unknown, and the ascendency of Greek literature and philosophy had influenced religion itself. Why then exclude Lavinium from a similar acquaintance with the facts or fictions of Grecian story? Was there any embargo laid upon a single town from which other towns of Italy were free?

To the hearsay of Timæus, a Greek for Greeks, may moreover be opposed that of Plutarch, a Greek by birth, but writing for the well-educated Romans. That author says explicitly †, that Fabius Pictor, the father of the Roman historians, had borrowed his account about the Trojan extraction of the Romans from Diocles, a Greek historian, who made it first known among the Greeks. It is true that neither of the period when he flourished, nor even of himself, is much known; still we are not justified in doubting that he was really the first who made that story known, or that Fabius Pictor chose to follow him on that particular, merely because Dionysius of Halicarnassus has neglected to mention his name, or because it was improbable that a Roman senator should have transcribed the story of a Greek author (Niebuhr, i. 209.). And singular as it may appear, Niebuhr himself admits (i. 386.) that "thus down comes the whole story (about the birth of the first Tarquinius) which was fabricated out of this coincidence by some Greek learned in chronology. Such inventions may have travelled to Rome

* Dion. Hal. An. Rom. i. 6. † Romulus, c. iii. 8.

as early as in the time of Fabius, since the father of the Roman history did not write till after the death of Eratosthenes." Since, then, Niebuhr admits that Greek inventions had crept into the history of Fabius, why should we exclude the story of Diocles from that category? Why does not Niebuhr give a test to ascertain what story is of Roman, and what of Greek invention? Again, Niebuhr (p. 184.) acknowledges that, "in the age of Augustus, some learned Romans had made use of the Greek poets to show that the tradition was early known to the Greeks, *and thereby to establish the truth.*" The reason was simply this, that those learned Romans considered the ancient Greek poetry as the true and genuine source of that tradition, and they tried, therefore, to establish its historical evidence by the remoteness of its origin: now, as mention is no where made of the coincidence of the old Italian tales with those of Greece, a circumstance which would have been the best evidence of the authenticity of that tradition, what is more natural than to suppose that either such a coincidence was nowhere found, or that the old Italian tales were either unknown, or not distinguished from the Greek? It is, at least, inconceivable how a fact of Roman origin should be looked for by the learned Romans amongst the poets of Greece. But such contradictions we meet in almost every page of Niebuhr, and especially in his views of the epic character of the early Roman history, which stand in close connection with his notions respecting the origin of the Trojan tradition. He asserts (i. 252.) that the popular poetry of the Romans was in full vigour as low down as the middle of the fifth century, and that the epic lays about the deeds of the kings, and the early heroes of the republic, had their origin in that period; that these lays had crept imperceptibly into the history of Rome, so as materially to disfigure and fill its early periods with uncertainties and contradictions; but as no ancient author speaks of such a Saturnian age of Roman popular poetry, Niebuhr attempts to support his views by a few passages in Dionysius, Cicero, and the later grammarians, such as Nonius and others. Let us then see what these wondrous witnesses do really say. Dionysius quotes (Ant. Rom. i. c. 79.) a passage from Fabius Pictor, and says, "After Romulus and Remus had grown to boyhood, the dignity of their appearance and sentiments was not at all in conformity with their low station; and it was clear to every one who beheld them, that they were descended from royal blood, and even from the gods themselves, *as is still sung by the Romans in their ancient and sacred hymns.*" Niebuhr (i. 219.) refers the last remark of Fabius "as is still sung," &c. to the whole of the Trojan tale, and will prove by it the Roman origin; but as the passage begins with the history of the twins without mentioning prior events, the remark can naturally refer only to the last sentence, to which it is immediately added, but not to those by which it is succeeded: before, however, we can arrive at any satisfactory conclusion upon this point, we must first ascertain the meaning of the word *hymn*. Are the *hymns* to be ranged amongst the popular songs, or do they not rather form a particular class by themselves of religious songs composed by the priests in honour of the gods, and such as would be sung in honour of Romulus as soon as he was acknowledged for a deity?* The two other passages quoted from Cicero (Tus. Quæs. IV. and Brut. c. 18, 19.) carry with them a much greater weight. In both, that learned antiquarian informs us, that Cato had mentioned in his Origines, a custom of the ancient Romans to sing by turns at banquets the praises and the exploits of the great men, which songs they accompanied

* Dion. Ant. Rom. i. c. 31. ii. 33. iii. 32. Liv. Comment. i. p. 19. Aur. Viet. de Orig. U. R. c. 34. Of those hymns we have some in the fragments of Callimach.

with the flute. The same custom is also mentioned by Nonius *; with this difference, however, that the singers were modest boys, and not the guests themselves. The custom of having vocal and instrumental music at banquets is entirely Greek †, and prevailed amongst many of the ancient nations, not even the ancient Germans excepted. ‡ They probably celebrated in these songs the gods, the first heroes and progenitors of their nation; but we discover no indication in such lyrics to lead us to believe that there existed actually, in those ignorant ages, a well cultivated and polished popular poetry, capable of producing a long and finished *epos*. These songs were probably very short, describing some single adventure, easy to be remembered and produced when the occasion called for them. Cicero, the very authority quoted by Niebuhr, characterises distinctly that sort of song in a passage (Tus. Qu. i. 2.) where he says, "*Quo minor igitur honoris fuit poetis, eo minora studia fuerunt*," — that such kind of songs, like all kind of poetry, did in no ways stand in honour with the ancient Romans. It is, at all events, next to an impossibility that long, minute, and complicated histories, such as those of Tarquinius Priscus, and of Servius Tullius, should have been composed and delivered in verse by the guests indiscriminately at banquets; nevertheless, Niebuhr transforms the history of the Tarquinian race to an *epos*, and heads even a particular chapter in his work, "The *Lay* of Tarquinius Priscus and Servius Tullius."

Whenever popular poetry has attained that high degree of culture and refinement which Niebuhr assigns to the Romans of that period, it is no longer confined to table and banquet songs, and claims at once the esteem and emulation of the nation. It then takes hold of the spirit of the people at large, and produces lyric and epic poets: but, strange to say, not a single poet is mentioned as existing in that would-be flourishing period of popular poetry! The Roman muse began to vibrate the strains of her lyre only amidst the storms of the Punic war; and, as if checked by the all-engrossing politics of the day, she chose an historical and popular subject. Had Nævius and Ennius really possessed an abundant store of popular poetry, how could they have chosen such a dry and prosaic subject for their so-called *epos* without compromising their poetical talents and reputation? Where, then, are the other epic poets of that flourishing period? Since no one will or can deny that before these two poets, there was not a single writer among the Romans who had even attempted to collect and arrange the popular songs. § Nay, even these two poets were, like Livius Andronicus, half Greeks, Nævius from Campania, Livius a Greek slave, and Ennius a native of Rudiæ in Calabria.

But, it will be asked, in what other way are we to account for the many contradictory reports with which the early history of Rome is filled? In a way, we reply, the most natural and simple, and without recurring to a popular poetry of which no traces have descended to us. We all know that many public and private documents were lost when the Gauls under Brennus invaded Rome. To supply the chasms thus arising from the loss of authentic documents, in their early history, recourse was had to oral traditions ‖, or to

* ii. 70.

† Comp. Quinct. Inst. Orat. i. c. 10. s. 19, 20.

‡ Tac. An. ii. 88. De Germ. c. 2, 3.

§ Cic. Tus. Quæs. l. i. serius poeticam nos accepimus: annis enim fere DX. p. R. c. Livius fabulam dedit C. Claudio, Cæci filio, et M. Tuditano consulibus. . . . and c. 2. Sero igitur a nostris poetæ vel cognite vel *recepti*.

‖ Thus future historians will probably recur to Scott's novels when they are detailing the history of the Pretender; and this with the greater confidence, as the novelist has distinctly told us that he got some of his facts from the oral traditions of individuals whose relations had taken a part in the events of that period.

the private archives of the old nobility. But in an age when criticism was in her cradle, and when truth would be sacrificed to mistaken notions of national and individual vanity, we need not wonder that the family records were not the most faithful of their kind, and that as Rome had her John-a-Gaunts and Guys of Warwick, prose annalists of Italy were led, like the poetical bards of the North, to make every head of a house an *eponymous hero*, and to resort to exaggerations such as are found in the modern histories of the East, and which were so far from giving offence to the taste of even succeeding ages, that Dionysius actually reproaches Thucydides for his want of patriotism in sticking too close to the truth, when he is developing the causes that led to the Peloponnesian war.

We must also bear in mind that the first historians of Rome were greatly influenced by the spirit and writings of the Greeks. Niebuhr himself *admits that Rome was in a close intercourse with Greece from her earliest period.* Now Greek influence and ascendency may have been strongest just at the period in which Niebuhr places the flower of the Roman national poetry, since it is just about that period that the Greek historians first began to make mention of Rome and her history*; and their views could not have failed to influence the pen of their pupils, the Roman historians, after the example of their earliest epic poets, Nævius and Ennius, who it is known were the first who attempted to introduce into Roman verse the Greek hexameter, and who generally endeavoured to infuse among the Romans a taste for Greek literature. Both of them are also known to have touched in their episodes upon the early events of Rome, and to have moreover stood in high esteem and enjoyed historical authority among the Romans; and as they were both by birth and education more Greeks than Romans, their historical views must necessarily have been tainted with poetical fictions and mythological fables in the true spirit of the early Greek historians, and in which they could easily indulge, as there was no authentic document extant to contradict them. To extol the origin of the Romans was, moreover, an excellent means for foreigners to court their good graces. It is thus more than probable that the first Roman historians, Fabius and Cincius, who were certainly not *critics* in the modern acceptation of the word, have transcribed the facts respecting the early history of Rome from Ennius and Nævius, for want of better sources. The very circumstance that these two historians composed their works in the Greek tongue ought to have led Niebuhr to a contrary view.

Even the style of the Roman historians is so anti-poetical, never assuming a loftier character beyond that of oratory, though treating of a poetical subject (as must be clear to all who read Livy with attention), that this circumstance alone might be sufficient to make us doubt whether national poetry ever flourished at Rome, were there even no positive arguments to the contrary.

That fiction was not at all congenial with the national spirit of the Romans will, moreover, be evident from the following facts.

Eloquence, *History*, and *Jurisprudence* were, of all the arts of peace, not only most esteemed and cultivated, but also the only arts that bore the stamp of originality among the Romans. These three arts stood in close connection both with themselves and the state in general. The Forum, the tribunes of the Pretors, were the theatres of oratory and eloquence among the Romans. The statesman could as little dispense with the study of oratory

* Plin. N. H. iii. 9. Dion. Ant. Rom. i. 6. observes that Hier. Cardinaus and Timæus were the first who wrote upon Roman Antiquities; both of them flourished, according to Voss, at the beginning of the third century, A. C.

and jurisprudence* as with that of the history of his own country, as he was always under the necessity of referring to past events and opinions in support of his own arguments. History was the source of their political principles, as the twelve tables were the basis of their common and civil law. Those consummate politicians knew how to derive profit even from the prejudice of the ancients, to consider every thing sacred that bore the stamp of antiquity; and thus the Romans endeavoured to act up, on all occasions, to the principles and political plans suggested by their ancestors, so that the very deviations they were sometimes compelled to make, they always tried to conciliate in some measure with the spirit of ancient legislation—a task not easily accomplished without a profound study of history and law. It was, therefore, at Rome only that a profound historian could aspire to public offices: and even as late as Ælius Lampridius we read (in Severo Imp. c. 14.) "Maxime Lecerus ad consulendum adhibuit eos, *qui historiam norant*, requirens, quid in talibus causis, quales in disceptatione versabantur, veteres Imperatores vel Romani vel aliarum gentium fecissent." They even formed a sort of privy council composed of the best historians, which proves how highly appreciated the study of history was at Rome, even in her most corrupted periods. History was at Rome, not, as with us, an ornamental accomplishment, but an actual, practical, and indispensable study; the text-book of political science, and the page to which the statesman continually referred, and from which he drew his political principles and rules for conducting and managing the state affairs. It will now be clear why the task of composing history among the Romans devolved, until the time of the great Pompeius, chiefly upon the most distinguished statesmen†; and further, why even in the latest periods the emperors, those proud rulers of the globe, did not disdain to write the history of their own times.

All these circumstances, together with its origin from the states-papers, conspired to give to Roman history a distinct and peculiar character. It was through and through a states history, free of incongruous matter, and confining its pages to mere politics. Even Tacitus, whose diction no one can deny to be poetical, is nevertheless, in spirit and substance, a true Roman statesman, who laid down in his work rules and principles for politics with the same precision, strictness, and distinctness, with which he put them himself in practice as a consul and senator.

Until the time of Quintilian not one of the Roman writers or critics appears to have understood or observed the beauty of the poetical spirit of the Greek historians. All that Cicero (De Or. ii. 13.) praises even in Herodotus is his eloquence; but he never takes the slightest notice of the poetical spirit and diction of any of the Greek historians. The applause and censure of the Roman historians is confined to the degree of the elegance of their style, the true weapon of the statesman and politician in general.

In casting a somewhat scrutinising look into the few fragments of the oldest Roman historians, from Fabius Pictor, Cincius Alimentus, and M. Portius, down to Nigidius Figulus, Ælius Tubero, and many others, we cannot fail in discovering a striking resemblance to the original annals of the Roman history. The scanty, dry, and rhapsodical style is more the effect of the deficiency and ignorance in phraseology than of an energetic and laconic conciseness; we clearly see in their style the first attempts of

* De Orat. Dial. c. 37. in Tacit. Oper. i. 34. 60. ii. 9.

† Suet. de Cal. Rhet. c. 3., Voss (de Hist. Lat.), Cæsar, Augustus, Claudius, Trajan, Adrian, M. Aurelius, and Sept. Severus, all left behind historical writings. Most of the historians in the better times of the republic were the consuls and senators.

a young and unaccustomed writer, on the one hand, ignorant of all the requisite beauties of poetry, and on the other confining the narration to real facts, and manifesting evidently a disgust to the fables and fictions of by-gone times. This is clearly seen in the Origines of Cato, in Fabius Pictor and Cincius, who rather chose to write the history of their own times than to waste time in recapitulating the fables of former times. Not a trace of national poetry is visible in those writers of the same period which Niebuhr designates as the golden age of Roman popular poetry.

The uncertainty of many facts in the early history of Rome may in some measure also be ascribed to the want of historical inquisitiveness, and still more of criticism, so evident in the writers before Nepos, Varro, and Atticus. The pages of their histories are crowded with matter and facts without in the least trying to connect them by a common philosophical thread. Moreover no Roman before Trogus Pompeius had to our knowledge ever taken the trouble to write a careful history of foreign nations, nor did any Roman before the emperors ever employ his time in reading for information or amusement.* The life of the original Roman was truly dramatic. None but the Roman knew and perceived the close connection that exists between the state and the individual, and the benefit that is to be derived from their mutual co-operation. From this point of view he also looked upon history. Cause, action, and effect were all he searched for in it, little caring about the form and language. His first question was, *To what use and purpose?* And having received a satisfactory answer, he further inquired after the *cause*. Any fact or event that did not lead to some political point, he despised and neglected. He was like the book-keeper in a mercantile establishment, who extracts from a lengthy correspondence only the amount of the debtor and creditor accounts, omitting to notice the other items contained in it, though aware of their importance to the concern in general. History from the pen of a Roman is little more than a register of the fortunate and unfortunate events of the republic, and treated in the same way as their jurisprudence, the leading features of which were the welfare of majestic Rome, and the political principles of her early settlers. To this skeleton in history and law were adjusted and adapted all the passing events with a tact and order that distinguish their jurisprudence as a masterpiece of practical science, and their history as a work free of all theoretical and abstract speculations.

This character is evident in the very language of the old historical fragments. Their language is more pragmatic, precise, and distinct in conveying single and detached notions than that of the Greek historians, because the Roman weighed and examined with more perseverance and gravity single facts and notions than the lively and volatile Greek. The Roman, as if conscious that the events related in his history had no philosophical thread to unite them, called the works of the historians *libri historiarum* (books of stories), not *history!* Still more is that spirit visible in the definition the Romans themselves gave of *history*, and the remarks they made on it. They distinguished, namely, *annals* from *diaries* (acta diurna) by assigning to the former great and important events, and to the latter insignificant ones.† We easily see that they meant by their *great* and *important* events those concerning the Romans: the arts, sciences, and vicissitudes of other nations, were considered a matter of indifference, and were consequently excluded from the sphere of history.

* Bernhardy, Grundriss d. Röm. Litter.

† Sempron. Asel. ap. Gell. v. c. 18. Cic. de Orat. ii. 15. Tac. An. xiii. c. 31.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. IV. — *Romeo and Juliet.*

At the commencement of this play — Shakspeare's play, be it remembered, not the Acting Skeletons of Cibber and Tate — we find Romeo in love with Rosaline, a lady whose high and lovely presence we are never favoured with beholding, but whose influence is evidently very potent, until absorbed in a new, stronger, and more satisfactory passion. She appears to have been a woman of great beauty, wit, and refinement, superior intellect, and easy self-command; perhaps also of rather a cold temperament, and some years older than Romeo. He, sad-eyed devotee, clasper of heavenward hands, making twilight solitude the confidential treasurer of his sighs and tears, while roving alone at break of day, or fall of rapturous, dim, silent evening, in the sycamore grove westward of Verona, believed his whole heart possessed for ever by this one object, and felt a kind of luxury in the indulgence of his ideal despair. His father speaks of the melancholy habits of his son with great feeling: —

> "Many a morning hath he there been seen,
> With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
> Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
> But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
> Should in the furthest east begin to draw
> The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
> Away from light steals home my heavy son,
> And private in his chamber pens himself;
> Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
> And makes himself an artificial night:
> Black and portentous must this humour prove
> Unless good counsel may the cause remove."
>
> Act I. Sc. I.

He adds, that Romeo is "secret and close," as to the cause of his unhappiness, and as "far from sounding and discovery,"

> "As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
> Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
> Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."
>
> Act I. Sc. I.

When Romeo himself is questioned as to this early blight which seems to have fallen upon him, and what sadness it is that "lengthens his hours," he answers —

> "Not having that, which having, makes them short."

It presently turns out that Romeo is a rejected lover. His excessive admiration of the beauty of Rosaline is mingled with a strong sense of her fine mental qualities; and her very coldness seems to enhance his desire, and provokes his will by the equally lovely and impenetrable armour it opposes to his efforts: —

"*Romeo.* She'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty."

ACT I. Sc. I.

He also declares, "she is too fair, too wise;" that she hath "forsworn to love;" and that, nevertheless, he can as soon forget to think, as forget her:—

"*Romeo.* He that is struck blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost."

Romeo, for his wild speaking and wild love-ways, is jeeringly accused of madness by Benvolio. This he denies, but professes himself to be "bound more than a madman is." When rallied on the approaching fête at the Capulets, he says he has "a soul of lead;" and sinking "under love's heavy burden," has no spirit for the dance. He bears "a despised life," and while others carry on the game, be it "ne'er so fair," he is "done."

The description of Rosaline by Mercutio speaks more satisfactorily as to particulars; besides that, not being her adorer, he is less likely to imagine unfounded perfections:—

"I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes!
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip!
By her fine foot, straight leg," &c.

So much is Romeo's soul engrossed by this fair object, and so little does he think himself liable to desire any future exchange even of his misery concerning her for heretical happiness with another, that when he is bantered by Benvolio, he falls into a state of devotional appeal, and utters a denunciation against himself, if he should ever prove false to his hopeless passion:—

"*Romeo.* When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these — who often drown'd could never die —
Transparent heretics be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun." *

ACT I. Sc. II.

It is no matter of wonder that so divine an object as Rosaline should have created a powerful impression on the quick imagination and sensitive temperament of the youthful Romeo. She was his first love, and, as in most similar cases, the very passion itself and abstract idea of bliss is almost as dear to the imagination and as fondly cherished as the object. The lady Rosaline, the pale, hard-hearted, high-fronted Rosaline, whose arrowy defence, as from Diana's fane, wounded, kept back, and overawed the amorous advances of her adorer; she was never meant to be the twin soul of young Romeo. Had he married her, their mutual unhappiness would have been certain. She seems to have conducted herself towards him like a high-minded and modest lady, estimating his affection at its real value to both parties — an ebullition of fond boyhood, to which she could make no return

* Most readers will have observed the abundance of rhymes and couplets that shine and warble in the flowing measures of this beautiful tragedy; but it may not have occurred to them to examine the great probability that Romeo and Juliet was originally written by Shakspeare in stanzas of the same construction as his Venus and Adonis.

— and holding out no hopes, and giving no encouragement to his desire. She did her best to cure him; but Juliet did better.

The love entertained by Romeo for Rosaline was in fact the education of his feelings, the ripening and maturing of love's first vintage, the harvest of which was to be gathered by the object that first manifested an entire sympathy. First love, for all that has been "said and sung," to its inviolable and exclusive glory, is generally a fast-fleeting impression of early youth. It is seldom so solidly placed as to be enduring; never forgetting, however, that so long as it does endure, it is one of the most fondly true, generous, and sincerely devoted feelings of which human nature is capable. There are a few, a very few, highly imaginative and morbidly sensitive beings — whose power of concentration in most cases owes its intensity to its fixed singleness of aim and ideal character — with whom the first love is the last. There are *many* whose hearts have not strength to revive after the world has chilled them with its cold lessons of too true experience, teaching how much there is of disappointment, how little of essential truth. They love truly in early youth; feel rapturously; suffer bitterly; and afterwards, resting with what content they can in some of the counterfeits which assume the name of love, never truly love any more. To them love is a melancholy name: they are sick at heart, when they think of their first affections. But with healthy and energetic natures, it is the love of full, ripe, perfected life, which is the deep and passionate reality. First love commonly fades into a sweet vision of memory — a gentle half oblivion of by-gone passions, but full of tender thoughts of delicate beauty and grace, and dreamy perfection — vague personality, and no pain at all, if the truth were well known. If this were not the case, and if second love were not capable of such a passionate reality, what would become of love? He would soon be as scarce as a miracle to the unbelieving modern world; and the instances would be as "few and far between" as the visits of other of our best friends, who come to illumine the overclouded dwellings of earth's populations, hungry and athirst for the revivifying presence.

It is by no means improbable but Rosaline was herself a disappointed lover, and had therefore "forsworn love." But we question whether the original impression had ever been very deep. She was a being of intellect rather than sensation; one to be sought long, and to surrender slowly; and to require the reason to be satisfied, before she gave the reins to imagination and sensibility. If she had been disappointed, her affections soon recovered the shock; but her pride retained the wound, and waving a dignified and warning sceptre over her future course, her "fine foot" henceforth stepped calmly upon lovers' hearts, and her pale high forehead scarce stooped to examine the warm pulses of emotion, which her presence created as she passed coldly onward.

In Shakspeare's plays there are a number of people walking about among the principals, and never uttering a word. With the collateral or undeveloped worthies who never appear, we may surely class those who never speak. It is evident that Rosaline does once appear on the stage, but even then perhaps in domino, and without uttering a syllable. Among the guests bidden to the masquerade and feast at the Capulets', we find Signor Martino and his wife and daughter; County Anselme and his "beauteous sisters;" the lady, widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio and his lovely nieces: then we have Mercutio's brother Valentine, and Capulet's uncle, with his wife and daughters; Signor Valentio, Lucio, Livia, and the "lively Helena." Rosaline is mentioned in this list, and in a way which brings to light the curious fact that she also was of the house of Capulet. She is designated

by Capulet as "My fair niece Rosaline." It thus appears from first to last that there was a fatality in Romeo's falling in love with an hereditary enemy, as though the fiery spirit of this so ancient feud could never be appeased, save by the pure oblation of devoted love, and the misery or death of lovers.

Equally of nominal presence are the servants Susan Grindstone and Nell, Antony and Potpan. But Potpan is a character. He carries a high stomach among his fellow servants, and even lords it over the cook. He plays the gallant with condescension, and kisses a wench consequentially, as one should say, — "Take that, and go forth promoted!" He flanks and swinges his napkin about, 'an it were scented with musk and civet from my Lady Capulet's chamber; sometimes he killeth a fly therewith, while seated with swaying legs on a kitchen trussle, humming a savoury ditty and criticising the work. As to lending a hand, 'twere scornful to his soul. No wonder the other servants were indignant at his presence, and at his absence no less. Even during the great festival, instead of helping to clear away after supper, he was taking his pleasure in the gardens. One of the servants, who holds some authority and trust, exclaims, —

"Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? *he* shift a trencher! *he* scrape a trencher!"

To which another servant, drawing himself up with a most respectable and injured air, replies,

"When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing."

The first servant, however, either relenting, or considering the mischief that might accrue to several others through Potpan, or influenced by some motive best known to himself, adds, —

"Away with the joint-stools, remove the court cupboard, look to the plate: — good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell — Antony and Potpan." — Act I. Sc. IV.

We thus discover that Potpan has "spirited away" Susan Grindstone, and Nell, and Antony; and the servant, not knowing what hour of the night or morning they might happen to return, is anxious that the porter should not refuse to let them in, as he has no mind after a hard day's work to sit up for them himself.

The foregoing very genuine English names and characters "figuring away" among the equally genuine Italians of this lovely legend of Verona, have a most absurd and laughable effect, from the gratuitous coarseness of their contrast. They may be considered as highly amusing specimens of Shakspeare's free and easy way of dealing with subordinate details and minor morals.

The tendency in Shakspeare to create abundance of extraneous life revolving round his principal characters, is often manifested in a marvellous degree. They almost always appear as rudiments of real substantial characters; and this is the case even when he has started from purely ideal existences. We shall offer no comments upon the motes that dance in the beam of Mercutio's wit and energy of mind. They are, for the most part, generalisations of well-known classes in daily life.

"Queen Mab hath been with you:
She is *the fairies' midwife*; and she comes,
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep.
* * * * *
Her *waggoner*, a small grey-coated gnat;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the *joiner* squirrel, or *old grub*,
Time out of mind the *fairies' coach-makers;*
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Thro' lovers' *brains* —
On courtiers' *knees* —
O'er lawyers' *fingers* —
O'er ladies' *lips* —
Or courtier's *nose*,"
&c. &c. ACT I. Sc. IV.

We pass over Lucentio, whose nuptials thirty years ago created such a "sensation," that old "cousin Capulet" recollects them too vividly to believe the period which has elapsed and the age of Lucentio's son. They are merely names, and of no particular suggestiveness. But the nurse's husband is not so difficult to "come at," nor is his name without humorous and amusing associations. His one joke, qualified by the drollery of his manner, and the child's innocent reply, took such an effect upon the good nurse his wife, that it is continually uppermost in her imagination. She can "never forget it 'an she were to live a thousand years." He was not a wit, but a humorist, and his good things required his manner to make them properly effective. They would all read too literal, and cut up coarsely. His wife, however, understood the trick of his eye, and the quaint jerk of the left thumb, while his broad face beamed with insuppressible pleasantry. "'A was a merry man — rest his soul."

The nurse's daughter Susan is introduced with a touch of pathos that renders her very interesting. She was perhaps one of those gentle and delicate creatures, born of parents quite unlike herself, and to whose general tone of feeling, mind, habits, and station in life, she seemed naturally unfitted, by reason of a certain inherent refinement and sensibility. She had no relish for her father's merriment, and when he played with her he always hurt her. He was not too rough, good man; but she was too tender, and he could not understand it. In the ungenial atmosphere of her home she slowly sank, and probably died of consumption. Her constitution had always been weak, as she had been something neglected in her childhood. It is plain that she was "put out" while her mother suckled Juliet. The old nurse glances painfully at this, we think, when alluding to her in speaking of Juliet's age, —

"Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. Susan and she, — God rest all Christian souls! were of an age. Well, Susan is with God; she was too good for me."
ACT I. Sc. III.

The following are the principal undeveloped characters (though Rosaline must be considered as an exception to the term "undeveloped") occurring in this tragedy: —

Rosaline,
Mercutio's Brother,
Capulet's Uncle, &c.
Susan Grindstone,
Nell,

Antony,
Potpan,
The Porter,
The Nurse's Husband,
The Nurse's Daughter

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF FORGERY.

The amelioration of our penal code has considerably diminished the interest with which trials for forgery are regarded in England. All the terrible adjuncts and accessories of the law being removed, and the exhibition being stripped of its ghastly fascination, and reduced to an ordinary legal process, leading to a commonplace catastrophe, popular excitement is at an end. Judicial proceedings in criminal cases, thus shorn of their horrors, have ceased to attract panting audiences; and it is to be hoped that the taste for such dismal performances is fast dying away. The ingenious fabricator of a forged bill of exchange no longer creates a sensation at the Old Bailey; and there must be some circumstances of a peculiar kind in his case to provoke even a morning's gossip over the newspapers. The romance of forgery is extinct. It went out with the barbarous statutes that furnished it with sessional calendars of rank and fertile materials.

The haggard anxiety with which the populace used to look forward to all trials of life and death, was in itself an evil of great magnitude. It helped to nourish in the lower orders a desperate hatred of the laws — a sort of wild chivalry that leagued their sympathies, right or wrong, with the culprit — a rage for justice after their own fashion, of self-adjusting protection — and to cultivate, by the despair and resistance it engendered, the very crimes which our sanguinary code was intended to suppress. The extreme severity of a punishment, which was held by the multitude at large to exceed the measure of the offence, had the effect, indirectly, and by crooked and wayward paths to the imagination, of making the offence, if we may so describe it, popular. The great bulk of the uneducated classes, while they denounced the sentence, felt themselves unconsciously drawn into the defence of the condemned. If they did not believe him to be innocent, they thought he was persecuted; which, in their estimation, was pretty much the same thing. The same morbid sensibility, keenly alive to the inflictions of the law, indiscriminately resented almost all cases where the last penalty was carried into effect, except those in which the criminal had outraged the ties of nature, or exhibited a reckless and savage disposition. In such instances, with equal excess on the other side, the impulses of the populace would lead them to take the law into their own hands, and substitute a tremendous vengeance for unimpassioned justice. It is fortunate for the morals of the country, that the age of both extremes is past. An irrepressible feeling of indignation still breaks out whenever some monstrous violation of the sacred obligations of humanity takes place; but this is the type of the better instincts of the people, of that generous enthusiasm which survives the influence of superstition, and which education may restrain but cannot extinguish in civilised communities. The interposition, however, of a vague and clamorous sentiment between the law and the offender, is no more to be apprehended. Highwaymen and housebreakers are no longer the heroes of doggerel ballads and storied wood-cuts; they no longer lead the fashions in the cut of their doublets, the ties of their neckcloths, or the shape of their swords; they no longer stamp their image upon the contemporary age, or contest the glory of immortality with the poets, generals, and ministers of their day. If another Claude du Val were to arise, there is no danger that he would run away with the hearts of half the young ladies of

family in the kingdom, or be followed to Tyburn with streaming eyes and mourning coaches. In the times when the "gentlemen of the road" were regarded on "the tree" as martyrs to a principle of honourable restitution, which robbed the rich to assist the poor, the crowd who commiserated their fate so deeply had all the inclination, short of the genius, to imitate their example. There never was a more apt illustration than those times exhibited of the threadbare but sage political maxim, that persecution (that is, law) makes martyrs, and martyrs make proselytes.

But those pleasant, picturesque, free-and-easy, roystering, simple times are over. We have arrived at a period when juster and harder notions of things are entertained; and we can now afford to look back upon the course and consequences of laws, which for the most part belong to the past, and which cast their shadows upon us only from a few points, which yet remain to be repealed and abolished. It is not our intention to speculate upon the principles of legislation applicable to that "offspring of letters," the crime of Forgery, but to trace a few of the principal illustrations of its history.

Forgery was anciently punished by the common law with fine, imprisonment, and pillory; but by the statute of the 5th of Elizabeth, c. 14., "to forge any deed, roll or will, to affect the right to any property, freehold or copyhold," was more severely dealt with; and the offender, besides being convicted in double costs and damages, was to stand in the pillory, have his ears cut off, and his nose slit and seared. He was liable moreover to perpetual imprisonment, all his lands being forfeited to the crown. Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced his bill for abating the penalties in certain cases, seems to have considered this enactment as the earliest of the kind in our records. The act of Elizabeth, however, was not the first that was passed against forgery. A statute was framed in the reign of Richard II. for the express purpose of punishing judges and clerks of courts for the delinquency of forging legal and other records. Now, as such a statute would hardly have been submitted to the legislature unless the judges and clerks had actually been in the practice, to a greater or lesser extent, of committing frauds of this description, it gives us no very exalted notion of the integrity of those legal fuctionaries, to find that a declaratory law of this nature, directly addressed to them, should have been considered necessary. The administration of justice was evidently corrupt throughout all its departments, and the means adopted to remedy the evil indicate the slow perception of the legislature to its enormity. By the statute alluded to, the judges and the officers of the courts were condemned to pay a fine to the king, and make satisfaction to the party injured, for "falsely entering pleas, or raising rolls, or changing verdicts to the disherison of any one." Agreeably to this statute, the fraudulent judge was only required to make compensation and pay a fine to the king (who at all events was sure to benefit by the fraud), and having complied with the conditions of the law, was allowed to resume his functions, and commit more frauds in the hope of escaping detection. It never occurred to the legislature to remove him, and effectually protect the public against the recurrence of such acts.

In this instance it will be seen that, grave as the offence was, in so far as the interests of the community were concerned, it was treated with extraordinary leniency in comparison with the severity of modern legislation. At a period long subsequent to the reign of Richard II., and even to that of Elizabeth, it was considered necessary to visit the crime of forgery, in almost all cases, with death. As we have become more civilised, we seem to have become more stringent in our laws in some instances: and

it must be confessed, that in others we have become more tolerant and merciful. Thus, while kings divorced their wives on Tower-hill for the crime of having "outlived their liking," they merely imposed fines upon the judges (who could well afford to pay them) for committing frauds at the very spring-head of justice. If in later times we hung the forgers of legal and commercial instruments, it must be admitted, as a set-off, that we have dealt more reasonably with our wives.

The forgery of a document to enable one man to possess himself of the property of another is unquestionably a fraud of the most serious kind, against which it is difficult to devise protection, and which it is of the highest importance to repress in a mercantile country. Other outrages upon property require the confederation of accomplices, great bodily strength, presence of mind, personal courage, and subtle ingenuity; they can be accomplished only by consummate strategy, and always at the risk of immediate detection, and perhaps of life. The highway robber and the burgler cannot take their first step without exposing themselves to the imminent danger of speedy apprehension, or instant death; but the forger, if he be a skilful penman, or have even an indifferent eye for imitation, can effect his object unseen, without communication with others, and in perfect security. It requires neither pre-organisation, assistance, physical power, nor courage — save the bad courage of cowards; and a youth, expert with the pen or the graver, could commit a forgery with as much ease as the most practised writer. The elaborate Ireland-Shakspeare MSS., which deceived some of the most sagacious critics of the day, were the work of a young man in his teens.

Whether the facility and secrecy with which the forger can carry on his operations ought to have been taken into the account, as furnishing an additional reason for increasing the severity of the punishment, it would now be idle to inquire; but it is certain that the law by degrees became more and more coercive, and that the number of forgeries increased in proportion—the law and the crime apparently acting and re-acting on each other — until the height of the penalty and the crime were attained under the system which has been described by the humorous appellation of "blest paper credit." The 8th and 9th of William III. rendered it a capital offence to forge bank bills, bank notes, or other securities. The real object of this act was to protect the operations of the Bank of England, which was then an infant establishment, and which the government was pledged by circumstances to sustain.

In the time of George II. the forgery of promissory notes and of bills of exchange was punished with death. "I have little doubt," said Sir Robert Peel, referring to this part of the subject, "that such a law was provided in consequence of the detection of some very extensive forgeries in the preceding year (1727). The accounts of these are amply given in the State Trials, and the details are curious. Forgeries had been committed by a person named Hale, in one case of a bill of 1,000*l.* and in another of 4,700*l.* in all, I believe, by the forgery of promissory notes for 6,300*l.*, if not more, purporting to be those of Mr. Gibson, then a member of Parliament. At that time a member's frank consisted simply of his name written on a sheet of paper, with the word 'free' prefixed; the rest of the address could be filled up by any body. Hale got several of these franks with the word 'free,' which he altered to the word 'for,' adding R. Gibson, the member's name, and converting each paper into a promissory note." It was the indignation inspired by the facility thus afforded to the commission of frauds, that produced, according to Sir Robert Peel, those enactments which were long afterwards deplored as a disgrace to our statute book.

But this opinion is not historically accurate: one description of forgery at least was punishable with death many years before the Bank of England was called into existence. By the 39th of Elizabeth, cap. 17. "Every idle and wandering mariner or soldier coming from beyond seas, who should not have a testimonial under the hand of some justice of the peace of, or near, the place where he landed, setting down therein the place and time where he landed, and the place of his dwelling or birth unto which he would pass, and allowing him a certain time to proceed thither, or who should at any time thereafter forge or counterfeit any such testimonial, or have with him such forged testimonial, was to be adjudged a felon, and suffer without benefit of clergy." This mild and reasonable regulation, which rendered the fortunate veteran who had escaped death in the battles of his country, liable to be executed without benefit of clergy as soon as he had been safely landed on his native shores, resembles some of the quaint decisions of Sancho Panza, over which we may ponder a long time, before we discover the occult wisdom of their intention. But there is this difference between them, that in the legislative conundrums of Barrataria, we ultimately detect a sagacious and benevolent purpose, while in this enactment it is impossible to discover any purpose beyond that of sheer superfluous cruelty. Happily there is reason to believe that it became a dead letter, without having even once been acted upon.

When the law once recognised forgery as a capital offence, the number of cases to which the punishment of death became applicable, fearfully multiplied. The voluminous reports made to parliament on the subject, furnis startling evidence of the fact, and show, from the manner in which tl principle thus laid down was obliged to be worked out, how solemn a responsibility rests upon those whose important duty it is to deliberate before they admit a principle, the extensive results of which they have not fully considered. Instruments respecting sums of money, writings, and deeds, determining the holding of property, wills, and other documents of similar import and value, demanded all the safeguards with which the law could surround them. But the difficulty was to discriminate between the various kinds and degrees of guilt, and to adapt the law to an endless variety of forms of forgery which, although of different shades of injury to the community, were all equally criminal, so far as the rights of property were involved. The increase of forgery in a multitude of new shapes, and the irresistible logic of the aggrieved, who maintained that one class ought to be protected as well as another, led at last to a frightful extension of the capital penalty. The multitude of laws which were demanded by the altered circumstances of the times, exceeded all calculation; the statute book swelled to an appalling magnitude; and those who contended for the propriety of visiting forgery with death, in consideration of the infinite mischief it was likely to entail in our "nation of shopkeepers," could not, we may venture to conjecture, regard the work of their own hands without feelings of abhorrence. The law was not long confined to such documents as we have alluded to. The placing a false stamp on spoons and sugar-tongs, and the fabricating of the prescribed fiscal ace of hearts, soon after became punishable with death!

Little did the men who enlarged the provisions of the law from time to time, to arrest the march of ingenuity that tracked, or rather accompanied, the gigantic steps of science and foreign commerce, anticipate the scenes of individual misery and public excitement, their proceedings were ultimately destined to produce. The fatal decision had been pronounced, and could not be recalled: and in proportion as the enormity of the punishment

became visible, the necessity of carrying it sternly into operation grew the more imperative; since, without committing a flagrant injustice, none could be relieved from the full measure of a penalty which, in like circumstances, others had suffered. The character of the influence which these events and considerations exercised upon society, will be best exhibited in a few outlines of two or three of the most memorable cases that occurred during the latter half of the reign of George III. These painful traditions of a sanguinary law will no doubt be familiar to most of our readers; but they are essential to the purposes of our sketch.

In 1775 an extraordinary sensation was created by the fate of the Perreaus, and the sympathy that was generally felt for them was afterwards probably one of the reasons why mercy was refused to be extended to others. When the life of a criminal was in suspense, and disconsolate friends importuned men in power to mitigate the severity of the sentence, the invariable answer was — "If this offender is spared, the two Perreaus will have been murdered!" This unreasoning vindication of the majesty of the law, checked all farther solicitation, and extinguished hope. But surely if the principle of the law was bad, the sooner the error was confessed, and the wrong terminated, the better. The pride of legislation, however, has always been opposed to acknowledgments of this sort. Injurious laws are passed with sufficient promptitude, while law reformers have the pace of the tortoise.

Robert Perreau appeared in the station of a gentleman, and wanting a loan of 1,400*l.* in consequence of a recent purchase which he stated himself to have made to the amount of 12,000*l.* he applied for that sum to Mr. Drummond. On a subsequent day he went to the same party to borrow 5,000*l.* on a bond for 7,500*l.* purporting to have been given to him by a Mr. Adair. Though Perreau represented himself to be a man of good property, and the possessor of a house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, which had cost him 4,000*l.* some doubt arose as to the genuineness of the instrument, which he was told could only be removed by its being shown to Mr. Adair. Perreau made no objection to this, and went with Mr. Drummond to the house of that gentleman. Mr. Adair did not seem to know Mr. Perreau, though the latter had previously spoken of an intimacy subsisting between them, and the bond was at once repudiated. This determination seemed to cause Perreau much surprise, and he now stated that he had received the document from his sister, Mrs. Daniel Perreau. The lady was sent for. She had lived with Daniel Perreau; but her name was Rudd. On being shown the bond, Mrs. Rudd immediately declared that Perreau was innocent, and that she alone was culpable. Of the truth of this statement, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Adair were so completely satisfied, that though a constable was in attendance, Perreau was immediately liberated. Some inexplicable fatuity, however, drew him back into the peril he had thus singularly escaped, and declaring his anxiety for a full investigation into the circumstances, with a view to the complete vindication of his honour, he voluntarily surrendered to take his trial. If he were really actuated by the motives he avowed, and if he really entertained the hope of an honourable acquittal, which in his defence was most confidently and eloquently insisted upon, his disappointment must have been indescribably bitter. The statement he made in court carried conviction to the minds of many persons, that he had been cruelly deceived, and was an injured man. In closing his address he said, "I should be wanting in respect to your lordships and the jury, if I doubted the justice of their verdict, and, which is inseparable from it, my honourable acquittal!" The jury, notwithstanding, found a verdict of guilty. His having falsely pretended to be on friendly terms with

Mr. Adair, was supposed to have led to the finding; and that untruth the commiserating public had no difficulty in tracing to the artful manœuvering of Mrs. Rudd. He stated his life to have been sacrificed to an "innocent lie."

His brother, Daniel Perreau, was convicted of forging a bond for 3,300*l.* with intent to defraud the same party; and in this, as in the former case, Mrs. Rudd was believed to have been the person really guilty. She was, however, subsequently tried and acquitted.

The gentlemanly deportment of the two brothers, their solemn asseverations of innocence, and other circumstances, caused the general feeling to be very strongly in their favour, and it was most earnestly hoped that their lives would be spared. The prisoners confidingly indulged in this delusive expectation; and one of them, at a moment when it was thought to be probable that the sentences would be commuted to imprisonment, seemed even to have anticipated some still more lenient measure. The importance of giving the world an appalling example, where forgery had been committed, prevailed over all the interest exerted to save these unhappy men. They suffered at Tyburn, denying their guilt in the most solemn manner to the last. Mr. Vilette, the ordinary, who wrote an account of their last moments, had a strong impression that they were innocent. The declarations they had verbally made were taken down, and according to the custom of the time, given to the minister in writing as their last speeches, though he had earnestly warned them of the awful consequences which must ensue in another world, if they died promulgating a falsehood in this.

In their case, not only were the usual kindly efforts of friends and relatives made to save the doomed, but the lord mayor and corporation of London were moved to petition in their behalf, and the question for a season occupied the whole nation.

But great as was the sensation this case created, it was far exceeded by that which was witnessed two years afterwards, when the celebrated Dr. Dodd came on the scene as a violater of the law. This divine was a gentleman of considerable talents and of great reputed eloquence, although we are afraid it must be added, that he was more showy than profound, more specious than sincere. His pulpit displays were "applauded to the echo;" and perhaps one reason for their being so applauded was, that they were short. Foote makes *Mrs. Simony* say that her doctor (Doctor Dodd was understood) did not fatigue his auditory with more than twenty minutes' preaching. Be the cause what it might, the fact is certain that he was much in vogue; and if not the best minister, one of the most popular professors of the day. It is true that at the court end of the town, where his oratory, he had fondly calculated, would have been especially admired, he was regarded as a shallow pretender; but this did not cause him to be less sought after by the public generally. Some ill stories had got abroad respecting his private life, but his good-natured idolaters pronounced them to be wicked calumnies. That he was vain and extravagant was with good reason averred on the one hand; but, on the other, the bearing and the acts which had drawn down this reproach, were eulogised as proofs of a proper regard for the dignity of the high station he was ordained to fill as a chosen and highly gifted minister. It was still his happiness to be followed by admiring crowds wherever he went, and largely to benefit the funds of every institution he undertook to advocate. Thus flattered and thus supported, the fortunes of Dr. Dodd seemed to be established on almost as firm a basis as ambition could covet or prudence desire.

But not all his popularity, though he exerted great industry, and in a

variety of ways — though as an author, and as the editor of a newspaper, he must have been in the receipt of considerable sums — could furnish him with means equal to his supposed wants. Spared as he was the expense of maintaining a family, the improvidences of his wife kept him poor; and his necessities became so great, that, on the rectory of Saint George's, Hanover-square, falling vacant, he had the rashness to venture on offering a bribe of 300*l.* to the lord chancellor's lady, for her influence in his behalf, towards obtaining him the living. Insulted by this offer, and disgusted by the craving spirit it betrayed, she exposed the sordid application, and the name of Dr. Dodd was struck out of the list of his majesty's chaplains. Thus disgraced, he left the country for a time, but returned, and was presented to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, by Lord Chesterfield, to whom he had been preceptor.

This noble lord was the son of that *arbiter elegantiarum*, whose letters on manners and society are so well known; and it was supposed at the time, and not without some show of reason, that it was because the doctor had studied the maxims of the noble author so carefully, that his lordship thought him qualified to instruct his son. That he gained the goodwill of his pupil is clear from the fact above stated; but the doctor made an ungrateful return for his kindness, by forging his lordship's name to a bond for 4,200*l.* He always declared, that though he committed this crime, it was not his intention to act fraudulently in the end; and that, had not the forgery been discovered, the cash should have been duly replaced. It is probable that such was really his intention, and the public, with whom he had always been a distinguished favourite, gave full credit to his assertion.

Then was witnessed a scene, such as has rarely been presented in any age or nation, a whole people sorrowing for a criminal convicted by some of themselves of a crime punishable by death, and seeking to put aside the sentence awarded by law, as if doing this were to avert one of the most awful calamities that could befall the people. All classes, including the jury who convicted, petitioned for his life; and one petition was subscribed by no fewer than 23,000 individuals! These efforts, however, in which the whole country might be said to have moved, were made in vain. The recent fate of the Perreaus forbade the stream of mercy to flow in behalf of Dr. Dodd. By his writings in prison, he attempted to heighten the sympathy of the public; and not trusting to himself alone, the more powerful pen of Dr. Johnson was employed in his behalf, not openly as Dr. Johnson's, but privately, to furnish compositions, which for the time were supposed to have been those of Dr. Dodd. The trick succeeded to a considerable extent, and the cry in favour of the culprit throughout the kingdom was almost universal. But this could effect nothing in the highest quarter. It was rumoured, that when George III. manifested some disposition to spare the culprit, a learned judge at once met him with the remarkable observation we have already quoted, that if Dr. Dodd escaped, the two Perreaus were murdered. This was believed at the time, but has since been contradicted and re-asserted. Whatever truth, however, may be in the anecdote which assigns the remark to a judge, there is no doubt that some person about the king employed the argument, and that the execution of the Perreaus opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the success of the petitioners for the life of Dr. Dodd. On the 27th of June 1777, he met his melancholy fate. A weeping multitude attended him to Tyburn, whose cares for the unhappy man ended not even with his life, for after he was cut down, the body was conveyed, with all possible speed, to the house of an

undertaker in Goodge-street, where every expedient was resorted to in order to recal the vital spark, but without success.*

The catastrophe of Dr. Dodd, added to that so often referred to of the Perreaus, greatly strengthened the feeling, that in all cases of forgery the law must take its course. To the importance of so visiting it, memorable testimony was borne by another remarkable man, who was about to suffer for the same crime. William Wynne Ryland, writing to a friend from the condemned cell in Newgate, a few days before his execution, thus expressed himself: —"The crime for which I suffer is as dangerous as any within the catalogue of legal interdictions; it strikes at the vital part of commerce, and carries with it a poison most deadly to public credit. It is a crime unpardonable, and I therefore never sought mercy under the idea of court interest. I looked for royal favour through those circumstantials, which indicated more the probability of innocence than the certainty of guilt."

Yet this writer, those who knew his singular and melancholy story must be aware, might have expected more from court interest than many persons moving in a much higher rank of life. He was a man of great genius, and after much study and labour, both in England and in foreign lands, rose to such eminence in the art of engraving, that he obtained the special patronage of King George III., whose well-known portrait by Allan Ramsay, son to the poet, was engraved by the hand of Ryland. Enjoying great celebrity, admired for his affability, and famed for the propriety of his conduct, Ryland was generally regarded as one of the happiest of the sons of men. Such was his influence at court, that it was powerful enough to enable him, in a case in which his feelings were interested, to avert from another at the last moment that dreadful fate which eventually became his own. He had a brother who, in a drunken frolic, stopped a carriage and robbed some ladies who were in it of a few shillings. For this he was tried at Croydon and found guilty. The morning on which he was to suffer had arrived, when a pardon was granted through the intercession of Ryland with the king. Such being his enviable position, and such his character, on the 5th of April, 1783, the public were perfectly astounded at finding an advertisement in all the newspapers, stating William Wynne Ryland to have been charged before the lord mayor with falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange, for payment of 7,114*l.* and offering for his apprehension a reward of 300*l.* He was apprehended two days afterwards at Stepney, and nearly escaped the punishment reserved for him by law, by cutting his throat with a razor, the moment he perceived that he had been betrayed. The wound was so serious, that the officers could not immediately remove him from the lodging to which they had traced him. He afterwards recovered, and on the 27th of July following was tried at the Old Bailey. His defence was plausible:

* Numerous anecdotes are related of Dr. Dodd's conduct in prison, and throughout the period when his case was pending. We have not encumbered the text with any of these anecdotes, because some of them are not authenticated, and others are hardly worth retailing. It is said, amongst other things, that an opportunity was given him to destroy the forged bond, which was placed in his hands while he was standing close to a fire-place; but either through confusion or misapprehension of the purpose with which it was for the moment confided to him, he did not take advantage of the occasion. By casting the bond into the fire he would have escaped. It has been thought that he was restrained from adopting the expedient by a sense of *honour*: we confess we are disposed to attribute it to a very different cause — stupor, fear, pride, any thing but *honour*. We are told that the politeness he acquired in the school of Chesterfield lingered with him to the last. When he was in the cart, and the halter round his neck, he gave a guinea to the executioner and five shillings to his man, and inquired whether any farther gratuity was necessary. The executioner, desiring to be equally ceremonious, and to spare the criminal a sudden start, when the fatal moment arrived, whispered to Dr. Dodd that he was about to drive away the cart! Of such a quality are many of the stories that are preserved concerning the subject of this desultory notice.

it set forth that he was rich; that besides 200*l.* per annum, which he received from his sovereign, he had shares in the Liverpool water-works, valued at 7,000*l.*; his stock in trade was worth 10,000*l.* and the profits of his business produced 2,000*l.* a year. He had been a bill discounter, and the bill charged to have been forged he declared had come to him in the regular way of business. However probable this might appear to his friends, it did not satisfy the jury; and they, with little hesitation, pronounced a verdict of guilty.

Public feeling was again strongly moved, and in most quarters a strong hope was cherished, that he might be saved. That Ryland, "the man whom the king delighted to honour," whose powerful recommendation had been sufficient to save the life of another, should be consigned to the gallows himself, and by the same monarch whose royal favour he had so largely enjoyed, was hardly to be credited by a people who were accustomed to see the royal prerogative stretched on less interesting occasions. No efforts were neglected by Ryland's friends to prevent the execution of his sentence; and his wife, accompanied by her children in deep mourning, presented a petition to their majesties at St. James's. Her appearance thus attended is said to have deeply affected Queen Charlotte, who commiserated the calamity it was not in her power to avert. The petition which the unhappy wife presented, was written with great delicacy and power. It questioned not the justice of the sentence under which the object of her solicitude was doomed to die; but implored the king, as the fountain of mercy, to turn away the meditated blow, and thus spare a desolate family the last extremity of anguish and degradation. Representations so touching it was hoped would produce a favourable result; but the same considerations which had proved fatal to Dr. Dodd, were here again brought into play. It was thought there would be no security for the mercantile body in England, if forgery were not inexorably punished with death; and the ill-fated Ryland expiated his offence on the scaffold.

It would be a tedious, as well as a melancholy, task, to trace the course of administrative justice through the awful scenes that followed. The cases of the Perreaus, Dr. Dodd, and Ryland, left to the convicted hardly the shadow of a hope. Murder itself was quite as likely to be pardoned.

Now comes the important question,—What was the effect of this severity? Did it, besides punishing guilt, deter from crime? Did it, by the widely spread terrors of the law, so work upon those who were dishonestly inclined, that, in that way at least, they feared to offend, so that forgery became almost obsolete? Was this the result? Was a large amount of good purchased at a comparatively small expense of misery?

The answer to these questions must be in the negative. Though many lives were sacrificed, the crime continued awfully to increase. It has been attempted to account for this by a reference to the increased population of the country, and the vast varieties of commercial speculations entered into within the last forty years, which were unknown in former times. But if this accounted in some measure for the augmented number of convictions, the opponents of capital punishments successfully contended that their view of the inutility of such severity was proved to be any thing but incorrect. On the contrary, they did not hesitate to affirm that that very severity greatly extended the evil, as many humane persons, when a clerk or dependent was detected in the crime of forgery, preferred conniving at the escape of the culprit, to any participation in proceedings which must bring him to the scaffold. Of this many instances were certainly adduced, till in the end commercial men, who had, in the first instance, been convinced that the last

penalty of the law could not be dispensed with, began to waiver and give way. On the other hand, it was forcibly urged by the late Sir Thomas Plomer and others, that while the public at large was deeply impressed with the horrible nature of the punishment, it was not a little singular that it seemed to produce no effect whatever upon those for whom it was designed. To this argument which, like the Libyan serpent, stung at both ends, it was replied that the forger calculated on the known reluctance of the public to prosecute in such cases, and was emboldened to proceed in the hope of enjoying perfect impunity.

In 1803 the case of Mr. Astlett came before the public. He committed forgeries to the enormous amount of 400,000*l.* The offender was tried and convicted, but a point in his favour was reserved for the consideration of the judges. They decided against him, and affirmed his conviction. Execution, however, did not follow in this instance. He was detained in Newgate for some years, and in the end permitted to leave the country.

The last case which it will be necessary here to notice is of comparatively recent date, that of the celebrated Fauntleroy. This individual was a banker in Berners-street, and had been conspicuous in the fashionable world. His connections were in the most respectable classes, embracing many of the nobility; and civilities had even been exchanged between him and the first person in the realm. Great was the amazement of every individual acquainted with the court end of the town, when it transpired that Mr. Henry Fauntleroy had been apprehended in his banking-house on a charge of forgery. On the 30th of October, 1824, he appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey. It was shown that the prisoner had been a partner in the house of Messrs. March and Co. from the year 1807. He had been the acting manager of the concern, and, in that capacity, had seized a power of attorney belonging to a Mrs. Frances Young, withdrawing it from the Bank by means of forged attesting signatures. For some years no suspicion was excited, as the dividends were regularly paid, though the principal had been appropriated. On the trial, a remarkable document was brought forward, which would almost seem to have been prepared by the accused himself, to insure his own destruction. The officer who apprehended him, found a key attached to his watch chain which opened his desk, and in that desk he found another key. On entering one room in which there were tin boxes containing title-deeds, &c. it was remarked that the names of the proprietors were painted on all of them except one. This one case the key discovered in Fauntleroy's desk unlocked. It was examined; and among many private papers one was found, in the handwriting of the accused, which set forth a variety of items, exhibiting a series of forgeries, amounting to upwards of 170,000*l.* which, at various periods, he had committed on the customers of the Bank. To this enumeration of particulars was appended the following declaration, which was also in his own hand-writing.

"In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payment of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books."

(Signed) "HENRY FAUNTLEROY."

"Berners-street, May 7. 1816."

To this declaration the following postscript was added:—

"P. S. — The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it."

The fullest proof was offered that this paper, the most extraordinary

document perhaps, as the attorney-general remarked, that had ever been produced in a court of justice, was written in Mr. Fauntleroy's own hand, and had remained for eight years where it was found; yet in all that time the prisoner appeared never to have entertained the slightest misgivings as to the probability of its becoming, one day or another, a conclusive evidence against him.

In his defence he was anxious to gain commiseration, but made no attempt to repel the charge. He complained of having been hardly dealt with by the public prints; and replying to some of their statements, hoped, though unable to justify his proceedings, so as to obtain his liberation through the verdict of a jury, to offer that which would be regarded by the court and the public as some extenuation of his offence. He went on to say that the house was established by his father in 1792; he had entered it as a clerk in 1800. His attention and zeal had caused him to be honourably distinguished by the partners. He succeeded in 1807 to his father's share in the business, when he found the concern deeply involved from advances which it had made to builders and brickmakers. In 1819, the most responsible partner died, and the house was called upon to pay over the amount of his capital. Mr. Stracey went to France, and he was left alone to struggle with difficulties which were almost insurmountable. "Tortured as I have been," said he, "it now becomes an imperative duty to explain to you, gentlemen, and through you to the world at large, that the vile accusations heaped upon me, known to be utterly false by all those who are best acquainted with my private life and habits, have been so heaped upon me for the purpose of loading me with the whole of the obloquy of those transactions, by which alone the partners were preserved from bankruptcy. I have been accused of crimes I never even contemplated, and of acts of profligacy I never committed; and I appear at this bar with every prejudice against me, and almost prejudged. To suit the purposes of the persons to whom I allude, I have been represented as a man of prodigal extravagance, — prodigal, indeed, I must have been, had I expended those large sums which will hereafter be proved to have gone exclusively to support the credit of a tottering firm, the miseries of which were greatly accelerated by the drafts of two of its head members to the amount of nearly 100,000*l*." He then went on to explain, that his habits of living had never been extravagant; to deny that he had at any time been a gambler, and to vindicate his general character on other points not material to the charge before the court. The result was, as might have been expected, his instant conviction on the first indictment preferred, and the consequences which that involved rendered it unnecessary to proceed on any other.

The change which had by this time been wrought in the public mind as to the fitness of punishing forgery in every case with death, now caused the question to be re-opened with great animation, as to whether this distinguished criminal should suffer. It was urged on the one side, with much good feeling, that, as it was generally felt the rigour of the law might be abated with propriety, the life of Mr. Fauntleroy ought to be spared; but on the other hand, it was answered with overpowering force, that it was not because Mr. Fauntleroy had been a banker and a rich man that mercy ought to be extended to him, which would be denied to a meaner criminal. If, indeed, the heads of the legal profession had already resolved to attempt effecting a change of system, in that case there might be an excuse for anticipating the humane operation of the intended alteration by sparing this offender. But it was remarked, if thereafter it was intended that the existing law should still be carried into effect where the poor and the friendless

were concerned, to whom life was as sweet as it was to Mr. Fauntleroy, he ought not, from the favourable position in which he had once been placed, to be singled out for mercy.

His friends were most active to procure a mitigation of his sentence. George IV. to whom he was not unknown, wished to save him. He anxiously inquired if there was no point in his case on which a favourable decision might, without great impropriety, be taken. The answers returned were necessarily, under the circumstances, adverse to the merciful leaning of the king, Great excitement prevailed on the subject; and on the day when the Privy Council sat, which was to pronounce his fate, Pall-Mall was filled with crowds impatient to learn the result. We need not add that, on the following Tuesday, the 30th of November, the sentence of the law was fulfilled.

This was the last case under the old law. The gradual abolition of the punishment of death in different kinds of forgeries followed the energetic expression of public opinion, and the unwearied exertions of philanthropists of all sects and parties. Our code was at length completely relieved of that sanguinary feature which had not only revolted the feelings of the country, but failed to secure the end it was devised in the hope of effecting. A sufficient time has not yet elapsed to decide whether the abolition of capital puishments will be followed by the result predicted by its advocates — the diminution of crime. But who can doubt the issue? In this, as in all other cases of delinquency, the certainty of a secondary punishment is more effectual in preventing guilt than the remote chance even of death itself. Desperate men would rather incur the doubtful risk of death, especially where society is opposed to its infliction, than expose themselves to a lesser punishment from which there is no escape.

But in substituting transportation for death in cases of forgery, it is by no means sure that the object proposed has been really accomplished in the spirit in which it was conceived. Every body is familiar with the story of the man who, on crossing a bridge famous in a story of parables, gave such answers to the questions propounded to him, as rendered it necessary to hang him, in order to save him from the commission of an offence for which the law ordained he should be hung. Either way — whether he fulfilled or violated the law — death was inevitable. This seems to be very much the situation of the unfortunate beings who are consigned to our penal colonies. It was formerly understood that convicts upon reaching Australasia were placed in circumstances highly favourable to the amendment of their lives; and, consequently, to the future welfare of the settlement. We have even had some instances amongst them of men who amassed large fortunes, and attained positions of respectability and eminence. The comfort, the prosperity, and the independence, which were thus in numerous cases secured by the good conduct of the felon, produced an impression in England, that if transportation were permitted to lead to such results, the ends of justice would be defeated; and instructions were accordingly issued, with a view to make the punishment more efficient. These instructions — although they were founded in correct views of the philosophy of cause and effect — appear unhappily to have been acted upon with such strictness and severity, as to nullify the operation of the modified law, and bring us back to a worse and more barbarous system than that it was intended to displace. From the melancholy accounts which have been received of the sufferings of some of the convicts, it would seem that their lives were spared in this country only that they might be sacrificed under more dreadful circumstances in another. In some instances, it appears, they found their situation

so insupportable, that they have perpetrated new crimes in the hope — the hope! — of gaining a brief respite from their misery by imprisonment previous to trial, with the certainty of death in the end. It is stated, that when the court has pronounced the awful sentence of death upon them for their last and voluntary guilt, they have been known to fall upon their knees, ejaculating thanks for the boon of death at the hands of the executioner! This picture is too appalling to be contemplated with calmness — showing us the flower of horrible joy blooming out of the dark depths of human despair! The Report of the Committee on Transportation which sat last year, presents an account of these terrible scenes, which verifies in shuddering details the facts we have here only slightly indicated. It would carry us beyond our present purpose to enter more at length into this subject, but the following passage may be subjoined from the Report, as a specimen of the general character of its fearful relations: —

"The condition of convicts in these settlements has been shown to your committee to be one of unmitigated wretchedness. Sir Francis Forbes, chief-justice of Australia, stated in a letter to Mr. Amos, on the subject of transportation, that 'the experience furnished by these penal settlements has proved that transportation is capable of being carried to an extent of suffering such as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects.' And the same gentleman, in his evidence before your committee, said that he had known many cases in which it appeared that convicts in Norfolk Island had committed crimes which subjected them to execution, for the mere purpose of being sent up to Sydney, and the cause of their desiring to be so sent, was to avoid the state of endurance under which they were placed in Norfolk Island; that he thought, from the expressions they employed, that they contemplated the certainty of execution; that he believed they deliberately preferred death, because there was no chance of escape, and they stated 'they were weary of life, and would rather go to Sydney and be hanged.' Sir Francis Forbes likewise mentioned the case of several men at Norfolk Island cutting the heads of their fellow-prisoners with a hoe while at work, with a certainty of being detected, and with a certainty of being executed; and, according to him, they acted in this manner, apparently without malice, and with very little excitement, stating 'they knew they should be hanged, but it was better than being where they were.' A similar case was mentioned by the Reverend Henry Styles in his report to Sir Richard Bourke on the state of Norfolk Island, and Sir George Arthur assured your committee that similar cases had recently occurred at Port Arthur. Sir Francis Forbes was then asked, 'What good do you think is produced by the infliction of so horrible a punishment in Norfolk Island, and upon whom do you think it produces good?' His answer was, that 'he thought that it did not produce any good, and that if it were to be put to himself, he should not hesitate to prefer death, under any form, rather than such a state of endurance as that of a convict at Norfolk Island."

If life is to be spared, some distinct limit ought to be put to the miseries even of the most depraved culprits. They ought not to be forced into fresh crimes, in the desperate attempt to escape from inflictions greater than they can endure. This living death — this dire agony of prolonged torture — this lingering dissolution — this *ultima* Thule of banishment and blank existence, worse than solitary imprisonment, worse than the rack, worse than the fate of the gladiator, in preference to which the block, the yard-arm, the wild horses of Rome, would be welcome, ought to be abolished for the sake of civilisation, of Christian charity, and our national honour.

DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

[*Concluded from page* 288.]

Prince Henry Casimir arrives in London, in order to solicit the post of field-marshal; he is very coolly received.

Dÿkveld reproaches Witsen at table with the old story of the enlistment of 16,000 men, and the consequent punishment of the gentlemen of Utrecht who were cashiered, although they had been originally instigated by the promises made to them in Amsterdam.

Dÿkveld is continually holding private conferences with the king concerning the affairs of England and Holland, and writes sketches of letters and other papers for him.

Smith, an English merchant, gained more than 20,000*l.* by diving for silver, which had been lost in ships wrecked on the coast.

All the ambassadors are entertained by the king during the space of three days on the occasion of their public entry. Witsen ridicules all this vanity.

Lord Clarendon, one of the first who had joined the Prince of Orange, now abandons his cause, on account of his aspiring to the crown, instead of resting satisfied with the regency; which Clarendon looked upon as inconsistent with his first declaration.

The address which was usual on the public audience of the ambassadors, was spoken by Van Oyen, and during the delivery, Witsen stood behind him with a written copy of it in his hand, in order to prompt him in case he should become confused, as it had happened to him once before; he afterwards went all wrong while addressing the prince and princess of Denmark.

Dÿkveld relates at table how important a part he had taken in bringing about the revolution in England, and mentions every thing that had occurred to him. Bentinck is accused by the English of selling public offices. His conduct is very freely canvassed in the coffee-houses.

Witsen hears that Dÿkveld had treated privately with the princess of Denmark when he was last in London, and had then settled the order of the succession with her, so that even at that early period the crown was the object aspired to. The ambassadors receive instructions to negotiate on the subject of the dispute between Denmark and Holstein.

Odÿk is quite silent as to the dispute about the precedency, the king's will being his law.

Great scarcity of money continues to prevail in England, because the question of the crown was carried by a majority, and the party is now become a faction, influenced underhand by the clergy. Much time was also lost in intrigues concerning the crown.

Baron Görts had learned confidentially, through the medium of Straatman at Vienna, that France and England had both solicited the emperor formerly to exert himself in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, and to abandon Holland to its fate; in which case France was to convert the truce into a treaty of peace, to restore Alsatia, and to give up the dispute concerning the Palatinate.

The ambassadors having required of Lord Nottingham that our prizes carried into English ports should be tried before the courts in Holland and Zealand, according to treaty, he replied, "The law here is above all treaties; the king concludes treaties, but he cannot make them against the laws; and there is a law here by which we are empowered to detain and to try before our courts all vessels which we find in our ports."

Bentinck, and even the king himself, endeavoured to prevail upon Witsen to take upon himself the charge of Van Beuningen, who was become insane; but he positively refused this trust (though it was attended with both honour and profit), as he was of opinion that no one should be deprived of an office on account of any malady.

On the 20th of June a conference was held on the subject of the pending treaties.

Van Citters objects to a treaty offensive and defensive. The king takes little part in the negotiation, in order to avoid giving umbrage to the English.

Several well-meaning Englishmen intreat Witsen to advise the king not to shut himself up alone with Bentinck, and to be more affable. Dÿkveld drank Witsen's health at table, and wished him more courage; he took this much amiss, and said he had as much courage as any man.

Hambden reproached Witsen on account of the considerable profits which he said the city of Amsterdam had derived from the sale of arms sent over to England from that city; this was regarded by the latter as a striking proof of British ingratitude.

The king is often gloomy, melancholy, and unwell, and appears very different in England from what he was in Holland; this made Ouwerkerk once observe, "Would it not have been preferable to have kept his honour unblemished, and to have avoided the expense?" Witsen adds, "He misses here the vigorous activity of Fagel." Dÿkveld himself observes an alteration in his appearance. Our privateers who have brought French prizes into English ports, have in several instances been arrested here, and the vessels claimed by British subjects on the false pretence of a previous transfer of the property.

Heimskerk is accused of having first adhered pertinaciously to Danish interests and then gone over on loose grounds to the Swedish side.

Malicious people call the king the presbyterian Messiah.

The king is desirous that all vessels whatever coming from and going to France may be captured. Witsen represented to him that this would offend the Swedes and other states, but the king insists upon this measure being carried into effect.

The common people say the king thinks of every thing; the queen tells every thing; the prince of Denmark drinks every thing; the princess eats every thing; the Scotch parliament does every thing, but the English parliament does nothing.

The king laughs at the solicitations of our ambassadors for commercial advantages, and the repeal of the act of the year 1651. The latter, he asserts, is utterly impossible. He wastes many hours of his precious time in attending horse-races.

Witsen thinks that the reason of the king's doing less in England than he did in Holland is, that he is here under the necessity of carrying his designs into effect himself; whereas in Holland he had but to give his instructions, and they were immediately realised by those about him.

An attempt has already been made to infringe the treaty regarding the union of the two fleets. According to that treaty, all prizes were to be tried before the courts where the captors resided; but the vessels brought by the Dutch into British ports are now daily arrested.

The ambassadors confer with the king on the subject of a mutual stipulation in the treaty, not to conclude a separate peace; but Witsen, in particular, sees many objections to it. "England," he observes, "may hold out much longer than we can do; we could now make peace with France, but England cannot."

When the king made answer to any proposal that he would take it into consideration, this was found to be equivalent to a refusal; the nation was displeased at this.

He repeated to Witsen what he had before observed to him, that the state ran most hazard from the side of France during the winter, which was now, however, gone by. Witsen reminded him in reply that, according to his majesty's opinion, every thing would be settled in England immediately after he landed, which was far from being the case. He further remarked, "We should not have been involved in the war, if the expedition to England had not been undertaken."

Witsen was informed from undoubted authority, that the king had said he would rather be in any situation than king of England, as he now was, and that no one in Holland would venture to hold such language to him, as the parliament of England did.

The English continue to proceed with the greatest injustice against the prizes brought into their ports by Dutch privateers; the laws of England, they allege, must take their course, although, according to information obtained by Witsen, the law alluded to was never enforced against other nations; Odÿk, though a Zealander, opposes Witsen on this question, in order to flatter the king.

The king is well aware of the remarks current in the coffee-houses; that the English nation has beheaded one king, dethroned another, and would know very well what to do with the third.

Witsen made great exertions to procure the release of Captain Wildschut, of Rotterdam, and his prize, but he could obtain no other result than an assurance from Nottingham that he would see whether the affair could be accommodated.

He advises the king to be more familiar with his subjects; to dine with the lord-mayor, and to review the train-bands: his majesty expressed his willingness to visit the lord-mayor. Witsen again complained to him of the jealousy with which the English regarded our commerce and shipping, and the ill usage experienced by our privateers, but it was all in vain.

No progress is made in the treaty, because the English insist upon the condition to make peace and war conjunctly, and to capture every vessel, without regard to the flag.

The king urges the conclusion of the treaty, in order that the crown may be fixed on his head by means of our arms, our men and money, and that we may be kept at war as long as France chooses to assist king James.

The king gives preference to his enemies in bestowing the public offices, thinking that he can always depend upon his friends. Witsen adds, "I have positive proofs of this."

He complains that the Dutch merchantmen are detained many months in England for want of convoy, and one of his own vessels among the rest.

The king said to Witsen, "What would the pensionary say if he were to look up, and to see the fickleness of the people here? I always foretold that it would be the case, but he would not believe me."

The English commissioners refuse to grant any commercial advantages to Holland.

On the 28th of July the king begins to converse with Witsen more freely and confidentially than before, and with the same affability as he did formerly at the Hague.

When the ambassadors mentioned to the king that his ministers often said to them, the king has no power to do this or that, he was very angry.

It was a great advantage for the English that they could appoint convoys for their merchantmen, which the Dutch could not do, because the combined fleet was under the command of an English admiral.

According to what the king told Dÿkveld, every member of the ministry and of the privy council, with the exception of Halifax only, were unfavourably disposed towards Holland; some of them even went so far as to say that he should resign the office of stadtholder, as it was not consistent with the royal dignity.

Witsen complains bitterly to Dÿkveld of the imposition practised upon him by the assurances given that the trade of Holland by sea should be protected, and the money advanced repaid; and he declares that he would never have come over if he could have foreseen the result: he gives him full permission to report all this to the king.

Witsen refuses to sign the treaty, which all the other ambassadors, except Van Citters, are ready to do. He wishes to wait the receipt of an answer to a letter which he had written to Heinsius on the subject. Danby declares openly that efforts are making here to establish a republic.

Dÿkveld censures Witsen very sharply for having written to Heinsius: "I suffer more here," says he, "than I ever had to endure from my parents or at school. I am constantly reprimanded, and I curse the hour I came over to this country, as well as that when this affair was first broached. Oh that I had never been applied to! the injuries my countrymen and myself have suffered, would then be less bitterly lamented by me."

He informs the king that he receives no letters from Amsterdam; that, having no occupation here, he had read the whole Bible through, and a number of English authors. He laments the loss of a half share in a Surinam trader, which in the heat of the moment, he says, was gone to the devil.

On the 11th of August the Chevalier Chardin tells him that the king had ruined his cause by accepting the crown. This he had already stated to Dÿkveld

three days after the arrival of the ambassadors. Dr. Burnet made the same remark to him. The regency might have been obtained, said Chardin, with honour and enjoyed in peace, but the crown had been preferred with civil war; and, to promote this object, Bentinck and Dykveld exerted their active endeavours, the former particularly, with much zeal, either from the impulse of his own mind, or otherwise. The queen could make long prayers when in the Hague, but at Windsor, when the first sermon was to be preached before her, she did not make her appearance till twelve o'clock. The king was too covetous.

The Dutch ambassadors are recalled without any solicitation on their part, which is an unprecedented occurrence. This was occasioned by Dykveld's letters to Heinsius.

Manshire is of opinion that Ireland was neglected for reasons connected with state policy, in order that the country might be the sooner involved in a contest with France. Witsen differs from him in opinion on this subject. Witsen thought that the king was more attached to Holland than to England, but he could get little done. His majesty endeavours to prevail on Witsen to sign the treaty: he acknowledges that it was unlawful to capture neutral vessels, but alleged that it was necessary. It was cannon law, he said.

He asks Witsen for information concerning the magistracy of Amsterdam—inquired who was to be appointed burgomaster — in what estimation Hop was held, and whether it was probable that he would maintain his influence there, which Witsen answered in the affirmative. "I shall nevertheless nominate your nephew schepen," resumed the king (a casual vacancy having occurred). Witsen did not know to whom he had alluded, whether Blaauss or Bakker, as he had recommended both to the king in the spring of the year, as friends of Hudde and himself. His majesty added, that it was quite indifferent to him which of them was elected: the choice fell upon Bakker, but Witsen would have been better pleased if Blaauss had been appointed; his name, however, had not been distinguished in the usual manner on the list.

Witsen petitioned the king in vain to permit the free importation of Delft earthenware.

Witsen resolved at last on the 22d to sign the treaty, being apprehensive that if he persisted in his refusal, affairs in England would be involved in difficulties, which the king would be unable to overcome.

Van Citters, however, still refuses to accede.

Witsen is informed that Bentinck's emoluments continue to be considerable, and may be estimated at 30.000 rixdollars, in addition to the 100,000 he has already realised, but, he adds, God knows whether it be true!

In conversation with Dykveld, the king inadvertently mentioned that the continuance of the war depended mainly upon the city of Amsterdam.

The English commissioners seize every prize brought into Plymouth by Dutch armed vessels, and plunder neutral ships of their cordage.

Dykveld writes numerous letters for the king, and some even to the pensionary Heinsius; his majesty never speaks to Witsen now about state affairs, so that he adds, I am a complete cypher here, as well as all the other members of the embassy, excepting Dykveld. On the 3d of September the treaty was at length signed by Witsen, but not without much perturbation of mind, as his tremulous signature testifies. Heinsius advised him to do it, and he received no instructions to the contrary from the government, or from the city of Amsterdam. Van Citters still deferred signing, being ill at the time.

Immediately after this, Nottingham stated that the king would likewise become a party to the treaty with the emperor. Nottingham had settled this privately beforehand with Dykveld.

The Dutch merchants in England declare to Witsen that they never were treated so ill as at present.

On the 11th Witsen endeavours to speak to the king, but in vain. It was Sunday, and his majesty locked himself up in the afternoon with Bentinck, admitting nobody else.

In a conference on the 23d it was determined to confiscate all Hamburgh and imperial vessels, which had sailed for French ports previous to the de-

claration of war. It was at the same time judged proper to release the Swedish and Danish vessels, seizing however all enemy's property on board.

A sketch of a treaty with Denmark was then laid before the ambassadors, but they had received no instructions on the subject from their government. On the 25th Witsen was at last admitted to a private audience with the king, after having requested it five times in vain. He took this opportunity to represent to him the critical state of Surinam. "I now perceive," says he, "very clearly, that every thing here, even justice itself, is venal."

Nottingham, Van Citters, &c. were of opinion that the Hamburgh and imperial vessels, which had sailed before the declaration of war, ought not to be condemned; but the king wished it to be so, and it must accordingly be done.

"I now obtained intelligence," writes Witsen, "which convinces me that justice is venal here, even in the courts of admiralty; and several decisions, both for and against our people, had already led me to suspect this." He was informed of the very sums paid.

The king, speaking of the perils attending his passage over to England, related that the whole business would have been marred, had not Captain Van Nes (who commanded the ship in which his majesty was embarked) very imprudently deferred his departure for a whole tide, contrary to the orders he had received: the fleet would otherwise have assembled in the north according to the original plan, and the whole expedition would have miscarried.

Our ships are compelled to pay harbour dues at Plymouth, although the king had relieved them from that charge; but, in answer to every remonstrance made, the English say, the king had no authority to do it.

The English assert that the city of London alone had lost 500,000*l.* by the want of regular convoys, but Witsen proved to the king that Holland had lost a million by the same neglect. Engelburg and Dÿkveld now obtain from the king permission to appoint the magistrates in their own towns, "whereas," says Witsen, "I could not obtain the appointment of a single schepen of my own choice."

The king offers, through the medium of Bentinck, to make Witsen a baron; but he declined the honour, fearing to excite jealous feelings in Amsterdam.

The king is surprised to learn that Hop is coming over to England in the character of envoy-extraordinary, as he intended him to come merely as a private individual, to give an account of the state of affairs at the court of Vienna. Witsen disapproved of it, on the ground that, if every envoy did the same, great expense would be incurred. Some idea is entertained of keeping Hop in London as ambassador to the king, in order to prevent his return to Amsterdam.

On the 5th of October the ambassadors had their audience of leave.

The king informed Dÿkveld, that endeavours were made to injure Witsen in his opinion.

On the 7th, Witsen converses with the king in the bedchamber; and, among other subjects, he discusses matters of religion, explains to him the doctrines of predestination and free will, and informs him, that Arminianism was losing ground at Amsterdam.

Goderich, admiral Dartmouth's brother-in-law, who had exerted himself to promote the prince's interest in the north, informed Witsen, that captain Brakel, having been driven out of his course, and near to the coast of England, hailed a fisherman, and inquired whether an insurrection had not broken out in the country, informing him, at the same time, that the prince was at sea with a numerous fleet, and would very soon arrive. The fisherman spread the report, which created much uneasiness in the prince's party, especially among the soldiers who had been gained over to his cause; and their anxiety increased when the fleet did not make its appearance.

Dÿkveld, says Witsen, takes the upper hand in our house, not only of me, but of our premier Odÿk. The king, he adds, dissembles greatly, and praised my conduct at the audience of leave.

The English confiscate Dutch goods in neutral vessels coming from France, and restore English property in the same predicament, on the plea that the parliament had not sanctioned the war when the goods were shipped.

Hop is now daily expected, and this creates a great deal of jealousy. Some apprehend that he will stand in their way, others that he will quite overset them.

Dr. Corel, vice-chancellor of Cambridge, harangued the king on his knees at Newcastle. This looked very idolatrous. He had been three years court chaplain at the Hague, and was banished from thence because he had, by King James's desire, engaged with some ladies in a conspiracy to prejudice the princess against the prince, to carry her away privately, and induce her to marry a French popish prince. He and the ladies were sent back to England on this account. King James made him vice-chancellor; and now he appeared in the presence of King William, without having seen him or spoken to him since the above occurrence, and made a declamatory speech to him, extolling him as a saint and a saviour, and expressing his detestation of the late government. It was however observed, that he never once looked the king in the face.

His majesty spent a merry evening at Newmarket, drinking rather freely, which is not otherwise his custom, and he got a little tipsy; he hereby advanced much in the good graces of the English lords, who were greatly pleased with his excursion to Newmarket.

Dykveld accused Witsen of making complaints against him at court, which the latter said was false. "Never," adds he, "from my earliest years have I heard so much harsh language as here in England, and that without the least cause."

On the 14th of November, the king's birthday, Witsen appeared at court. It is here the custom only to make a bow, without speaking.

The loss suffered by merchants in Holland, in consequence of the detention of their ships at Plymouth, amounted, says Witsen, to 20,000 florins a day.

Bentinck requests Witsen to employ some Cocceian theologians at Amsterdam, to draw up a plan of union between the episcopalians and the presbyterians.

Such was the zeal of Fagel in the prince's service (according to authentic accounts received by Witsen), that he always followed his opinion, though contrary to his own, saying, that the will and opinion of a prince were always a law to him.

Major Wildman asserts, that the king does nothing without the consent of Bentinck. Witsen observed in reply, that he probably only consulted him. No, resumed Witsen, we have paid particular attention to this.

Some persons assure Witsen that he has lost the favour of the king, and that he is only retained here because his services are required. Bentinck, however, positively asserts the contrary, so that Witsen is quite at a loss what to think of it.

Witsen intimates to the king, that Hop would not produce his credentials as envoy, unless it were perfectly agreeable to his majesty, as he set out for England contrary to the opinion of the gentlemen of Amsterdam.

The king wrote to the elector of Brandenburgh, that he trusted to his perseverance in the good cause; but the object of the elector was to gain money, and money could not at this juncture be sent out of England.

Somebody reported to Witsen that the king was displeased with him, because he had not conceded the question of precedence. "This," answered Witsen, "is a pearl in my crown."

The parliament is dissatisfied, because so little has been done this summer.

Some members of parliament express to Witsen their fears that the king will aspire to absolute power; others say, that if the king is desirous of recovering the favour of the nation, he must do something striking, and must remove some lords from his presence.

On the 24th, Witsen set off from London, and arrived in the Hague on the 28th. On the 29th, he made his report to their high mightinesses, the States General, and, a few days after, to the states of Holland; and he concludes his journal with the following words, viz. —

"My report occupied more than an hour in the delivery, and thus terminated this deputation and embassy to England, in the course of which I have witnessed many remarkable events, endured much vexation, tasted both of bitters and sweets, beheld the inconstancy and vanity of courts, and finally obtained the conviction, that the private station of the citizen, who lives retired and forgotten, is most eligible."

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

The Popular Songs of Ireland. Collected and Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. London: Henry Colburn, 1839.

Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover. London: Chapman & Hall, 1839.

That which is true, in a greater or lesser degree, of the Ballad Poetry of every country, is especially true of the popular songs of Ireland. The moral and social characteristics of the people are faithfully reflected in their music and their lyrical poetry — both of which are defective as works of refined and cultivated Art, but full of the wild beauty and impassioned energy of Nature. The traditional music of the Irish discovers exquisite sensibility rather than a knowledge of the science of composition. The native minstrels were profound masters of simple Melody, but were apparently ignorant of the subtle resources of Harmony. It would be difficult to trace throughout the entire body of Irish music a single proof that its composers were acquainted with counterpoint. The poetry that was married to their irregular strains is equally inartistical, and equally remarkable for warm feeling, for unpremeditated grace, and for a singular waywardness of imagination, which exercises a sort of disturbing influence over the whole. The union — perfect of its kind — forms a complete representation of the national temperament; and perhaps it might be added with truth that in no other record can be found so striking an epitome of the national history.

An Irish song cannot be said to resemble any other description of lyric. It constitutes a class *per se*. It not only develops the usual elements of the popular lyric in a state of greater intensity than the songs of any other country in the world, but it exhibits combinations and contrasts, strange and abrupt transitions, mixed sympathies, and an inextinguishable enthusiasm of the animal spirits which have no existence elsewhere. Unlike the popular songs of other nations it is not so much distinguished by the predominance of any particular quality, as by a marvellous blending of qualities the most opposite and the most irreconcilable. Thus in French songs we expect a certain idiomatic gaiety and brilliant wit — in Spanish songs, picturesque images and a chivalric spirit — in Italian songs, languishing passion and the romance of the beautiful — in the songs of Poland, heroic ardour and a gathering of historical glories — and in the songs of Germany, fervid devotion and legendary interest; but in the songs of Ireland

we look for all these attributes modified and intermingled, and producing effects peculiar, powerful, and agitating. We can point out with sufficient accuracy the leading characteristics of all other national songs, as we do the styles of particular painters or schools of art; but we should be puzzled to describe, with similar brevity and distinctness, the characteristics of productions in which reckless fancy, melting pathos, arch vivacity, religious sentiment, broad exaggerations of the ludicrous, love, heroism, and tradition, appear to be alike indigenous. That interflow of grief and joy — that intense spirituality — that metempsychosis of humour and pathos, for which Irish songs are so remarkable—cannot be very easily reduced to a verbal delineation. Moore has felicitously depicted their prevailing character in the well-known lines addressed to the country itself: —

> "Erin! the smile and the tear in thine eyes,
> Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies;
> Smiling through sorrow's stream,
> Saddening through pleasure's beam;
> Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
> Weep while they rise."

And thus it is truly that the final impression is that of sadness. A low wail runs through their cheeriest music, and even at the height of the most festive and exulting delight, you feel that a single touch of the wire would melt it all into the deepest woe.* These peculiarities must obviously be traced to the circumstances of the people. Misgivings and disappointments pervade their lives, and exercise an inevitable influence over their poetry and music. With a temperament originally buoyant and vivacious, quick sensibility, ardent affections, and a strenuous love of justice, their history exhibits an unbroken struggle against oppression, which forces all the qualities of their nature into fierce excitation, but through which they have maintained, with almost miraculous integrity, that high sense of honour which the worst examples and the most dangerous temptations cannot corrupt, and that keen "mother wit," which appears to be only sharpened by adversity. Wrong-doing and suffering embitter their scanty pleasures, but have not quenched the love of pleasure; and if pain and sadness are ever present in their mirth, they have this remarkable compensation, that their mirth is always at hand to make light of their troubles.

The comic songs of Ireland are less understood in England, and, indeed, every where out of Ireland, than those which are of a sentimental or pensive cast. The language of calamity is, perhaps, universal, while humour depends on local associations, idioms, and immediate sympathies. But were it otherwise, it would be difficult for any race of men to enter with a complete zest into Irish humour, nurtured as it is amidst circumstances which elsewhere would destroy the capacity for enjoyment, and utterly extinguish the susceptibility to the ridiculous. Irish humour, like Antæus, seems to spring with increased elasticity from the ground, and the greater the depth of mis-

* It is not a little curious that some of the most melancholy Irish lyrics are frequently converted into "country dances"— the popular corruption of the French *contre-danse*, which is strictly a cotillon — by the simple process of altering the time; while, on the other hand, the "rollicking" tunes of the country are as often made the vehicles of the most plaintive melody. The celebrated air of "Savourneen Dheelish" may be cited as an instance of the former, and the old half-mad lilt, called "The Red-haired Man's Wife," of the latter. "The Red-haired Man's Wife" is universally known by the exquisite words of Moore, beginning with "At the mid hour of night." But although these transformations are singularly favoured by the checkered genius of the songs, it must be confessed that the humorous pieces suffer the change into pathos better than the pathetic bear to be turned into mirth; for grief is at the bottom of them all in common, and Irish merriment always seems to be verging on despair.

fortune the higher the spirits mount into the air. Prosperous communities do not display anomalies of this kind. With them all influences are literal and direct. They calculate realities and have no leisure, or no need, for the play of the imagination. When they are overtaken by an evil, they set about remedying it with appropriate means. An Englishman meets trouble with an air of business, because his whole experience, his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and projects, run in the channels of business. An Irishman, having no business, having no sordid interests of any sort, living upon chance, and practising the philosophy of laughter, to keep him in good humour with his destiny, turns off his troubles with a jest, because he knows that he cannot remedy them. Absolute hopelessness makes him a wit. When his "hat is on, his house is thatched," and that which would be privation to an Englishman is luxury to him. In the words of one of the popular ditties, that Irishman may be accounted superior to the frowns of fortune who is able to flourish a shillelagh over a dinner of meat! he

> —— "lives in state,
> And lives above the frowns of fate,
> With his stick, stone platter, and bit of meat,
> And, may be, he cares for the high and great!"

When the English population have been reduced to this state of destitution, they may begin to understand that God-send of hilarity, which floats like the atmosphere over the miseries of Ireland! But we are afraid it will require some such revolution in the affairs of the animal appetites, to bring them acquainted with this strange condition of the imagination.

Yet, although Irish humour is not fully appreciated out of Ireland, it never fails to provoke mirth. Its grotesque and figurative excesses — its odd analogies — its expressive volubility — and that incessant effervescence of good nature with which it brims over — are irresistible. It is even more popular than any other kind of humour. The jibes and eccentricities of Mr. Harley, representing the vein of "Cockney fun," the ludicrous extravagance of Mr. Hill, the representative of Yankee absurdity, or the gross "nigger" burlesque of Mr. Rice, completely fail in comparison with the rich, mellifluous, and inexhaustible humour of Power, who convulses the audience from his entrance to his exit. The reason of this is, that the sources of Irish humour lie deeper, and that, depending less upon verbal ingenuity and grimace than upon subtle truth and universal nature, it partakes, in a considerable degree, of the character of wit. Now — assuming, for convenience, the instances to which we have alluded as illustrations of classes of national humour — the ridiculous buffoonery of Mr. Rice is merely a bad caricature of a particular *genus*, which may admit of endless distortions but no varieties: the drollery of Mr. Hill consists of nothing but a succession of the same sort of jokes, in which the process of exaggeration is applied to one topic after another; and the deadly liveliness of Mr. Harley is composed of conventional cants, word-catching, and face-making. It is very evident that none of these classes of humour can make any permanent impression. If they excite laughter, it passes off like smoke. They die in the very instant of applause. But Irish humour — with its perpetual sunshine, its remote similitudes, its instinctive apprehension of the ridiculous, its readiness, the poetry by which it is unconsciously coloured, and the striking fact that, unlike a picture of mere idleness, it is the type of constitutional enthusiasm resisting the gloomy suggestions of social misery — possesses a charm that belongs to no other class or descrip-

tion of humour. We invariably associate it with the image of want struggling manfully against despair — of courage and devotion in the worst exigencies of fortune — of a disposition patient under suffering, keenly sensitive to insult, and always grateful for kindness — of a spirit not to be broken down by the most aggravated calamities — and a temper of hope and joy that never meets trouble half way, and takes a pleasant revenge on it when it comes. Much, no doubt, of its fascination is to be referred to the revelation it affords us of a character as uncommon as it is interesting; full of generosity and tenderness, bold to a fault, fertile in expedients, self-possessed and enduring, and inspired by a genius capable of all things — except success. It is to be remarked also, that this humour is conventional only in the national sense. The tide of eloquence that flows through it is affluent and fresh, gushing from natural springs, and never diverted into artificial channels. What in England is called *slang* — the cheap refuge of the witless — is unknown in Ireland. A species of vulgar ribaldry that prevails amongst the illiterate and dissipated classes of the metropolis is designated "Dublin slang," but it has no resemblance to the language of wit or humour familiar to the provinces, and may be described as one of those grafts of vile taste which flourish in all capital cities. Cant words or phrases are not only never heard in Ireland, but could not be transplanted into the soil. The genius of the people is too original, racy, and discursive, to admit of such substitutes for invention. The occasion furnishes its own soubriquets and epigrams; and that power of rapid declamation, taking the most picturesque and unexpected shapes of wild and powerful eloquence, which is common to the whole peasantry, would render such common-places an encumbrance rather than a help. In no other country is passion expressed with such terrible concentrated force, or humour so distinguished by spontaneity, by depth of colouring, or versatility. The malediction of the Irish peasant possesses all the poetry of an oriental denunciation, with tenfold its withering power; his jest flashes upon invisible points, and lights them up by a single touch: sometimes he mingles both, and produces unconscious wit of the most exquisite quality at the height of his frenzy.

But we are afraid that these traits are not often transplanted from the teeming soil of heedless life into the artificial lyric without losing something of their freedom and freshness. Irish humour suffers especially by being clipped into verse: its wild flow is restrained, and nothing more than its salient characteristics can be preserved. The *raconteur* alone can give full effect to the rich imagination with which the every-day dialogues of Irish life are flooded; and hence the legends and stories of Ireland approach more nearly to a true representation of Irish humour than the best songs, many of which, for the same reason, are interspersed with snatches of recitation, that are drawn in by the singers to complete the effects which the verses leave imperfect. If a collection could be made of Irish repartees, of sustained conversations, of fragments of expression at meeting and parting, and in other varieties of circumstances, gathered on the roadside, and at fairs and patterns from actual observation, it would present much more eloquent evidence of the genius of the people than all the song-books that have ever been printed. Pictures of the cabins, of the habits and costume, and of the temper, tastes, and general character of the peasantry, may be strikingly exhibited in humorous songs; but the wit that springs from miscellaneous collision — the occasional and incidental outbursts of the sanguine and poetical temperament — the sinister mirth that lurks under the

drooping lash — cannot be caught with sufficient breadth and luxuriance in comic rhymes, the drollery of which consists chiefly in grotesque associations and coarse blunders.

The Irish hay-maker, in the farce of the "Irishman in Italy," who is carried out to the Bay of Naples, and thinks he is entering the Bay of Dublin (a mistake by no means surprising, from the remarkable resemblance they bear to each other), and who expresses his wonder to see his own "paceable hill of Howth spitting fire," is by no means an exaggeration. The astonishment he expresses at the strange sights in the streets, and the stranger stiletto practices of the people, the courage and presence of mind he discovers in difficulties that would sorely perplex an Englishman, and the ingenuity with which he foils the cunning Italian stratagems that bring the life of his benefactor into danger, give a faithful view, as far as the scope of the design admits, of the adaptive and inventive qualities, the generosity and personal bravery of the genuine Hibernian. But the Irishman is not often presented in our comedies with similar felicity: the *brogue* is frequently burlesqued by the most miserable kind of *malapropisms*, and verbal quibbling is substituted for the sly and liquorish joke. Now it is a curious fact that the lower orders of the Irish never make *puns*; and whenever such poor and transparent tricks are assigned to them on the stage, the gratuitous slander must be laid at the door of the author or the actor. Their humour refers to *things*, not to *words*. Yet sometimes they are even made responsible for downright *cockneyisms*. Thus, in the popular extravaganza, called "Teddy the Tiler," the Irish labourer, when the picture of Wat Tyler is pointed out to him, asks "*What* Tyler?" and reiterates the question over and over again, after the repeated response of "*Wat* Tyler," to the uproarious delight of the gallery. In the farce of the "Hundred Pound Note" (written by an English author), the Irish character is in some places hit off with better success. When the lover, who has sent his servant with a letter to his mistress, puts a flurry of inquiries to the honest fellow on his return, and at last asks, Does he think she loves him? the answer is admirably characteristic: "Love you! *Her heart's under your foot!*" This condensed strength of expression, summing up a world of description in a single picturesque phrase, is happily illustrative of the ordinary language of the peasantry, which on the most common-place occasions takes the shape of eloquent brevity. When an Irishman is relating the treachery of another, and is anxious to present a forcible image of the deception of a false friend, he will tell you that the traitor "*cut the ground from under his feet*," — a phrase that has now passed almost into general use, but which, in its original earnestness, in the power of the conception, showing the sudden gulf into which the victim fell, and was swallowed up for ever, is not wanting in a certain kind of savage sublimity. Innumerable instances of the pathetic and the ridiculous might be cited from the experience of any individual who has traversed the provinces, particularly in the west and south. An old woman, trudging with a heavy load at her back towards the city of Cork, paused on her weary journey, as the gay phaeton with spanking horses and brilliant liveries of one of the wealthy families of the southern metropolis approached. Leaning her back against the low mud wall on the side of the road, she gazed upon the splendid equipage as it swept past her — the ribands and laces of the happy ladies who sat in the open carriage fluttering and cracking in the winds; and, looking after it mournfully for a few moments in silence, rocking her head to and fro, she comforted her forlorn poverty with the exclamation —

"Och! then sure, avich! Heaven and *that* would be too much!" An English lady, who visited Ireland some years ago, landed at the Custom-house quay, in Dublin, where it was necessary to have her luggage examined. One of her packing cases was secured by an unusual quantity of nails, and the porter who was employed to open it, after working for some time, and finding his labour still unfinished, observed, looking furtively at the lady, "Ah! by my sowl, then, but the boy that nailed this was paid by the *day*, and not by the *job!*" On another occasion, a party visited the lakes of Killarney, and as the boat was making way towards a point where the rugged hills broke abruptly into the water, one of the company turned to the boatman to ask if there was any danger. "Not the laste in life, Sir," was the reply; "I know every rock in the place — *there's one of them*," he added, with a *nonchalant* leer, as the boat pitched violently against a rock. A group of peasants were standing idly outside a hovel, when a poor tattered fellow passed along the road; and one of them happening to notice the extreme penury of his appearance, another observed that he had "got a rise in the world." Upon being asked for an explanation, he said, "Why, I remember the time when he hadn't a rag on his back, *but now he's all rags!*" It is a very common thing for poor cotters, who can scarcely support themselves, to keep two or three fine dogs, contriving by some means that the animals shall always be in tolerably good condition. A pedestrian traveller fell in with a young countryman, who was followed by two magnificent hounds, in the dusk of an autumn evening in the mountains of Wicklow; and, struck by what appeared to him an anomaly, entered into conversation with him, inquiring if the dogs were his own. "Ah, then," replied Pat, "I wonder you'd ask such a foolish question; don't you see the family likeness between us?" "Have you had them long?" "Only since they were born." "Do you intend to sell them?" "*They wouldn't be sould by me.* They were pupped on the flure in the ould cabin, and they think they've as good a right to it as myself; and so they have. It's a pretty *ruction** there'd be if they heard me say I was going to sell them; though, poor cratures! I b'leive they'd sell themselves, soul and body, for the sake of the ould woman that's lying bed-ridden at home." "And what's the matter with the old woman?" "Poverty, sir, and hard fortune." "But if you're so poor, how can you afford to support the dogs?" "Support the dogs? They support themselves. They're so sinsible that they go *colloquing*† of a morning to think what they'll do all day; and then they go out over the mountains, sometimes to Lady Powerscourt's, and sometimes to Mr. Symms', and Mr. Grattan's, and I don't know where, and never asked them, and come home again at night, never troubling us for any thing but the lock of hay that's under them. They know my foot a mile off, and jump up like mad when they hear me; and if I don't come home all night, och! sorrow a wink on them, but they walk up and down like a couple of banshees, and are ready to eat me alive with joy when they see me. They're mighty true to me; and if they do set up a hullaloo sometimes in the middle of the night, frightening the poor sick mother, when they think they hear a noise — for it's them that has the 'cute ears — sure I can *quash* them with a word, *for they're afeard of my voice out of the love they have for me.*"

Of a different kind is the *slang* of the lower orders in Dublin, who speak a language peculiar to themselves, in which the natural humour of the

[* *Anglice*, row.]

† Holding a secret colloquy.

country is interlarded with quaint and terse sayings, and its simplicity overlaid by arrant cunning; but exhibiting such ingenuity and artifice — such a variety of expedients and resources — that it forms a class in itself, wholly distinct from the colloquial style of the provinces, but formed mainly out of the same materials, fashioned with more art, and alloyed by that craftiness which comes of town breeding. The portion of the population in which this ornate *slang* flourishes in perfection, is to be found in the neighbourhood of the markets—more especially the fish market, which seems in all large towns to be the haunt of the muse of disorderly rhetoric. The inhabitants of cellars, where esculents, oysters, cockles, lobsters, herrings, and other things are vended, excel in the use of this figurative diction. Imagine Catherine Driscoll, a gaunt, flowery-looking woman, meeting her friend Mary Reilly one morning, and relating a domestic grievance to her, and you have a fair illustration of the manner of speech—wanting that interjectional flounce of the head, that sinister machinery of look, voice, and action, which no description can supply. The scene — taken from the life — occurred before the visit of George IV. to the Irish metropolis. "Mrs. Reilly, jewel, the top o' the morning to you. And how is it wid you, ma'am?" "The better of seeing you this blessed morning, Mrs. Driscoll, darling." "And how's the man that owns you?" "Hearty, but weak, like kitchen broth." "How's the chilthur?" "Don't ax me. Sure the whole boiling of them was going to be turned out last quarter as naked as they were born. Cromwell's luck to the one-eyed thief of the world that was going to murder the fatherless crathurs." "Och! and who was the kidnapping villain?" "Hould your whisht, and I'll tell you. I was standing on the stips of the cillar, tying my *praskeen*,* when Mr. Foyle, the tax-getherar, comes up, as impudent as if the whole street belonged to him. 'How are you, Mrs. Driscoll?' says he. 'Yes, Sir,' says I, as if I wasn't minding him, for I knew what he wanted. 'Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, 'I'm come for the taxes.' 'More power to your elbow, Sir,' says I, warding him off a little at first. 'There's two gales due, ma'am,' says he. 'Is there, Sir?' says I. 'Well,' says he, looking at me as if he'd look me through, 'are you going to pay me?' 'Pay you, Sir,' says I, 'do you think I'm a robber? Where do you think a poor struggling widow like me would get the money to pay you?' 'Oh! that won't do, Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, colouring up to the gills, 'bekase,' says he, 'they're the king's taxes, and what am I to say to the king when he comes to the fore for his money?' 'Say what you like,' says I, 'and welcome; the king isn't so mane-sparated as to be beholden to the likes of me for his livin'.' 'Oh! that's mighty well,' says he; 'but the king won't wait any longer, and if you don't pay me I must distrain you.' 'You must what, Sir?' says I. 'I must distrain you, Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, wiping his mouth with a pocket handkerchief as yallow as a kite's claw. 'Distrain me, Sir?' says I; 'Is it such a dirty tax-getherar for to offer to distrain me? I'm a dacent woman, Sir,' says I: 'the mother of nine chilthur, and no man shall distrain me, Sir,' says I, 'let alone such as you. Don't let me see you daar to come near me. I'm sure your father was a musician, for you look as if you were walking on two German flutes, and you're so crooked in the body, that, God help us, if you swallowed a twelvepenny nail you'd convart it into a cork-screw. Distrain me! och, murder! murder! Boys, is this the way I'm to be treated?' With that he says, 'Mrs. Driscoll,' says he, 'you mistake my manin' entirely. It's seizing the furniture I mane.' 'And why didn't you say so at once?' says I, 'instead of squinting at me with your

* A coarse apron.

swivel eye, and bad cess * to you.' 'Ma'am,' says he, spaking me fair, 'I must take the furniture for the taxes: it's my duty I 'm doing, Mrs. Driscoll.' 'Oh! then, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'you're kindly welcome to the two stools and the settle-bed, and the noggins and the pitcher — and that's the whole invéntury — for I haven't as much money as'd pay turnpike for a walking-stick. Come down the ladder, Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'and I'm sorry it isn't a coach and six for your sake.' Upon the word he was followin' me down, when I just turned round, and says I, 'Mr. Foyle,' says I, 'it's rasonable I should tell you that three of the poor chilthur are in the typhus, and may be a gentleman like you would be afeard of it. *Us, poor crathurs, are used to it.*' 'In the typhus, Mrs. Driscoll?' says he, jumping back like a garden thrush. 'Are you sure it's the typhus?' 'Oh, come down, Sir,' says I, 'and make your mind easy.' 'Not to-day, ma'am,' says he, 'I beg your pardon, Mrs. Driscoll, for troubling you; I'll come another time,' and with that he ran away for the bare life. I never saw him since. *Devil a typhus was b'low, Mrs. Reilly, no more nor there's at the bottom of the sea!*"

Such passages as these can be rendered truly characteristic only by recitation. The pauses, emphases, leers, and jerks, the play of the muscles of the mouth and brows, the twinkles and winks, and the expressive accompaniment of gesture and action, are essential to bring the portrait entire before us.

These requisites, which are so indispensable to the recitation of Irish humour, are not less needful in rendering full justice to the comic song. It is composed of three elements — Words, Music, Intonation — the absence of any one of which destroys its truth and nationality. The slightest change in the words to moderate their excesses, or *anglicise* them, is fatal to their fresh and racy spirit; nor can they be adapted without injury to any other music than the original airs of the country. An English song may be sung to any air that will suit the measure, but an Irish song loses nearly all its interest by changing the music for which it was designed. The marriage is indissoluble, and you cannot attempt a divorce without doing violence to nature.

The intonation is equally important; for on the enunciation of the syllables, and on the artful way of managing with the voice the involutions of the humour, much of its sly and arch effect depends. This intonation is peculiar to Irish humourists, and we believe it may be asserted that it cannot be acquired by strangers. Very few instances have ever occurred of a successful imitation. The same observation will apply, but in a lesser degree, to Scotch songs, which are always best sung by Scotchmen. The hidden meanings of the phrases, and the strong under-current of imagination that runs through these compositions, cannot be brought out with the necessary facility, if at all, except by natives. In other hands the points of the Irish song are rendered hard and angular — precisely the opposite of their genuine character.

If this combination be required to give full utterance to the spirit of the popular song, it need not be insisted upon that a printed collection of such pieces must present to the English reader a very imperfect notion of that fund of mirth from which they are extracted. It is difficult to imagine a more palpable error of judgment than Mr. Crofton Croker has committed in putting together such a naked anthology, even supposing it were excellent of its kind, which it is not. An Irish comic song, without a bar of music, may be compared to one of the half creatures of Plato, looking bewildered

* A phrase which may probably refer to an obnoxious parish impost, which has, we believe, for many years ceased to be collected in Dublin.

for want of its other half, a similitude which Moore has applied, in the dedication of one of the numbers of the "Melodies," with even less appositeness to the traditional unwritten airs of Ireland. The amusement the reader is expected to derive from this book of dried specimens is past conjecture, unless it be to set him speculating upon the odd nature of that peculiar humour which is so rich and oily in the voice of the singer, and so flat and dreary when reduced to print. It must not be inferred that we object to the publication of Irish songs, but rather that we protest against the shape in which they are put forward by Mr. Croker, who, whatever interest they may possess, is evidently of opinion that they are less interesting than his own introductions and notes. He has fairly buried them in a bog of annotations.

But we must show the manner in which these annotations are compiled. Almost every song in the collection is prefaced by some biographical, antiquarian, or rhapsodical remarks, and heavily loaded with trivial notes wherever any excuse can be made for adding fresh elucidations or illustrations; and all the while that the reader is anxious to arrive at the song with just so much actual information about it as may help to give him a relish for its particular merits, he is detained over details in which nobody except the author can be expected to feel any interest. If these preludes and commentaries were sprightly and descriptive, making a congenial atmosphere for the lively muse to flutter in, they might be admitted with some advantage into such a book; but being utterly destitute of vivacity or even of editorial skill, they constitute a species of book-porpolepsy, or button-holding in print. Upon the slightest hint Mr. Croker accumulates a multitude of scraps from an infinite variety of sources,—"bits o' readin'," recommended for the most part to the places in which he inserts them by some accidental allusion, or trifling personality. Having three or four songs, for example, celebrating the memory of St. Patrick, he favours us with an extract from Major Mitchell's "Australian Expedition," the substance of which is to inform us that the major began his journey on St. Patrick's day: this is followed by a leaf out of "The Annual Register," recording the very curious fact that one Count Mahony gave a dinner party at Vienna, on the 17th of March, 1766; we have next a passage from the "Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone," commemorating the singular circumstance that the writer once dined alone on St. Patrick's day in Paris, and another from the autobiography of Holt, the rebel general, in which he mentions that he saw some Irishmen walking in procession at Liverpool on the Saint's day, and showed them to his son. Finding the word "spalpeen" in one of the songs, Mr. Croker is instantly reminded of Sir Charles Coote's "Statistical Survey of Cavan," from which he quotes a long dissertation on the meaning of the word, which might have been explained in a single line, if, indeed, it were necessary to explain it at all. A vague allusion to certain mountains in another of the lyrics seduces him into an essay on hills; in which he shows that the facetious poet was wrong in his measurement; winding up with Mr. John Barrow's account of Croagh Patrick, to enlighten the inquiring reader still farther on the geographical problem involved in the historical poem of "St. Patrick was a Gentleman." The shamrock carries us into still more remote fields of investigation—such as "The Dublin Penny Journal," from which we have a lively piece of rigmarole, *à-propos* to nothing—the Journal of John Wesley, where something happens to be mentioned that refers to something else, that has a sort of connection with the topic on the tapis—and that rare and recondite work, "The Biographia Dramatica," from which are extracted some anecdotes

about Cherry the actor, not so remarkable for their novelty, it is true, as for the air of research with which the editor interweaves them into the text. But when Mr. Croker comes to the consideration of the "potato," his learning "bangs Banagher." He enters into the history of that venerated root with becoming profundity, cites Cuvier at great length to show how the potato was formerly persecuted in France, and obliges us with the opinion of Sir Joseph Banks, that it was originally introduced into these islands by Sir Walter Raleigh! The great pains Mr. Croker has taken to furnish us with full particulars on this subject may be traced to the very odd coincidence, that in an old manuscript amongst the Southwell papers, about the date of 1640, potato-roots are called "Crokers." "There *are* subjects," says O'Slash in the farce of "The Invincibles," "that must be treated with profound respect and reverence — potatoes is one of them!"

But we must not follow these ingenious annotations any farther. Bishop Percy does not involve the "Reliques," nor Wharton the "Gesta Romanorum," in such clouds of conjectures as Mr. Crofton Croker raises over "The Kilruddery Hunt," "The Rakes of Mallow," and "Shandrum Boggoon." What the work would have been had Mr. Croker carried out his original intention may be surmised from his own statement, that he "originally proposed a chronological series, which would have extended to three or four volumes; a work," he adds, "which, for a mere collection of Irish songs, alarmed my publisher." That the publisher should be "alarmed" at such an undertaking is not very surprising, if we may venture to speculate on the matter of the three or four volumes from the contents of the abridged publication. It is time, however, to turn to the songs themselves.

Mr. Croker's general estimate of the qualities that enter into the composition of Irish popular songs may be inferred from the following criticism on "Moore's Melodies," which he quotes from some anonymous writer, and adopts without a syllable of remark: —

> "It has often struck me with astonishment," says the unknown scribe, "that the people of Ireland should have so tamely submitted to Mr. Thomas Moore's audacity in prefixing the title of Irish to his "Melodies." That the tunes are Irish, I admit; but as for the songs, they, in general, have as much to do with Ireland as with Nova Scotia. What an Irish affair, for example, "Go where glory waits thee!" &c. Might not it have been sung by a cheesemonger's daughter of High Holborn, when her master's apprentice was going, in a fit of valour, to list himself in the Third Buffs, or by any other amatory person, as well as a Hibernian virgin?"

And so he goes on (we use his own phraseology) "to point out the un-Irish points of Moore's poetry." From this text Mr. Croker starts to show us what Irish songs really are — popular Irish songs — not these High Holborn ballads about cheesemonger's apprentices and the Third Buffs.

The cool contempt with which Mr. Croker disposes of the "Melodies" in a page or two of adopted ribaldry, and then returns to "his *own* collection," cannot be sufficiently admired; especially when it is remembered that the "Melodies" are original lyrics, and that Mr. Croker's "*own* collection" consists of the works of other people: that it is a gatherer and vender of ballads who sneers at a poet; — a poet, too, who has done more for Ireland than Beranger has done for France — who has transmitted her music and her wrongs to every nook of distant civilisation — whose songs are translated into every language — and who, with a power greater than the march of armies or the voice of senates, has vindicated to the whole world the cause of justice and liberty! Moore, it appears, "wants Irish feeling and cha-

racter:" his "Melodies" are applicable to all times and places, and deficient in national peculiarity. Why, what a low mental capacity must that be which discovers in the grandest elements of lyrical poetry the sources of failure — which is unable to perceive the universal truth that wells up out of the springs of local passions and sentiments — and which cannot discern the inspired touches of genius by which the great image of a people struggling for their rights is rendered intelligible in all its versatile and striking phases to the myriad populations of the earth, awakening a new life of sympathy and heroism wherever man has learned the value of freedom, or wherever the household affections — the apostles of the Good and the Beautiful — are cherished in their purity! The agency chosen by Moore for the delineation of the national characteristics, and, above all, of that diviner part of the Irish nature, the virtues that have been tried by long-suffering and have survived it — the marvellous skill with which he blends the tenderness and gaiety, the joyousness and melancholy, of the Irish temperament — and the voluptuous imagination that perpetually plays through these many-coloured emotions—contribute, on the whole, to the production of the most complete triumph of national poetry extant in any language. We may ask, where is there such a body of lyrics to be found, stamped with such distinct features of nationality in any other literature? We may ask the question, and Mr. Crofton Croker will probably direct us to his "own collection" of "The Popular Songs of Ireland."

But let us see how far this collection is entitled to be considered popular. Are the songs contained in this volume familiarly known in Ireland? Are they sung in private houses, in the theatres, or the streets? We believe these are the most obvious tests of popularity.

If we indicate the sources from whence most of them are drawn, we furnish a sufficient reply to the inquiry. Some of them are copied from the Cork "Southern Reporter," others from "Blackwood's Magazine," and from "Bolster's Magazine" — a Cork periodical that lived for a short time some years ago, and perished, to use the words of an Irish wit, not of consumption, but of a *want* of consumption. Then we have a song written by Cherry for a monopolylogue, delivered by Mrs. Mountain in Dublin in 1806 — one of those occasional pieces that rarely outlive the season of their production. Some are taken from "Captain Rock in London," a twopenny miscellany of the year 1825, and from volumes of poetry, which, probably, would never have been heard of but for Mr. Crofton Croker. Some are parodies on Moore's songs — parodies on the really popular songs, and having no further pretensions to a place in the collection than they derive from their mocking imitation of the metre and sentiments of their originals. But the most remarkable pieces are a translation by Miss Landon of an old Norman-French poem (not a song but a long narrative) written in the fourteenth century on the intrenchment of New Ross, and a metrical letter, filling several pages, of a certain mayor of Waterford who flourished some time in the fifteenth century; and these, by a process peculiarly Hibernian, are included amongst the popular songs of Ireland! Any industrious collector, with even less judgment in such matters than Mr. Crofton Croker, might easily accumulate a bundle of verses from the files of old newspapers and magazines, and by virtue of the same receipt, give them a framework of dissertations, and announce them as characteristic specimens of popular poetry. But unless such verses were familiar to the people, they would be no more entitled to the designation than the majority of Mr. Croker's songs. That some of the songs thus rescued from oblivion are thoroughly

Irish, we willingly admit, but they must not be confounded with the *popular* songs of the country. The title of the volume is not borne out by its contents. The songs of the middle classes and the peasantry — the true depositaries of Irish lyrical poetry — are yet to be explored.

Amongst so many, Mr. Croker could scarcely escape hitting upon a few that are really popular in the full sense, and that may be received as unexceptionable illustrations of the classes to which they belong. We may more particularly instance "The Groves of Blarney," Ned Lysaght's "Sprig of Shillelagh," and "Dublin after the Union," "St. Patrick was a Gentleman," "The Boys of Kilkenny," "De Groves of de Pool," "The Rakes of Mallow," and "The Kilruddery Hunt." These songs, and, perhaps, two or three more, enjoy extensive popularity, and exhibit in perfection the festive and grotesque humour that pervades the Irish community. Several of the "local" songs, descriptive of particular scenes or events, are also good in their way, and highly characteristic. But, like almost all local productions, much of their charm evaporates in allusions which are unintelligible beyond the circles for whose entertainment they were written. In a spirit of fastidiousness which, in this case at least, is not very judiciously exercised, Mr. Croker omits the celebrated ditty of "The Night before Larry was stretched," which was written by a dignitary of the church, now living, and which is, beyond all comparison, the most remarkable production that was ever composed in the language of *slang*. A catalogue of omissions of different kinds might readily be enumerated. For example: — "The Wedding of Ballyporeen" (a perfect picture song), Curran's "Complaint," (known also by other titles, but chiefly by the first line, "If spirits sinking,") "By the Big Hill of Howth," "Cabin Furniture" (there are two or three songs to which this designation applies, all of them excellent, and closely descriptive of the homestead, such as it is, of the Irish cotter), "Cruiskeen Lawn" (the omission of this ancient and beautiful ditty is altogether inexplicable), "Young Charley Reilly" (with the old keening music, not the modern version, an affecting snatch of humour), "Bryan O'Lynn" (the expurgated edition, of course, which for "roaring fun" and whimsical exaggeration is not surpassed by any popular lyric of its kind in the Anglo-Irish language), "Drimindhu Dheelish," or "An Irishman's Lament for his Cow" (one of the most exquisite of all the rustic songs): — but any attempt to supply even the titles of the omitted ballads would carry us beyond all reasonable limits.

Of the songs possessing merely a local interest, the greater number are appropriated by Cork and its immediate neighbourhood, where this species of doggerel appears to be in high request. There are no less than three of these addressed to the town of Passage, which lies between Cove and Cork — all evident imitations of the bantering extravagance of "The Groves of Blarney." One verse will be an abundant sample of the whole:—

"The town of Passage is neat and spacious,
All situated upon the sea;
The ships a-floating, and the youth a-boating,
With their cotton coats on each summer's day.
'T is there you 'd see, both night and morning,
The men-of-war, with fresh-flowing sails;
The bould lieutenants, and the tars so jolly,
All steering for Cork in a hackney chaise."

But other parts of Ireland have been sung in a similar strain. If Mr. Croker had crossed over to the west, he might have discovered an eulogistic

lyric on the metropolis of the western waters, of which the following is the opening stanza: —

"Oh, it 's Galway town sure, where you may go down sure,
Five hundred feet to the bottomless sea;
Where you 'll have no bother in the could salt water,
For it 's all dry land every foot of the way.

There 's no need of tunnel, or under-ground funnel,
They 'll ferry you over in a jaunting car;
For Saint Patrick dried it, as he stood beside it,
And corked it up in a leather jar."
Ullaloo!" &c.

The feat of St. Patrick, in corking up the Atlantic Ocean in a leather jar, is nearly as marvellous as the charm with which he exorcised

"Nine hundred thousand vipers blue,"

and turned them into soups and second courses. The well-known song in which this miracle and many others are related — "St. Patrick was a Gentleman" — was the joint authorship, we are informed by Mr. Croker, of the late Mr. Henry Bennett and Mr. Tolleken of Cork, and were sung by them, in alternate lines, at a masquerade in that city, in the winter of 1814 or 1815. He gives us six verses, five of which are devoted to the history of the saint's performances, and at the sixth verse the singer very abruptly appears in person, wishing that he were once more back in Munster; with which interruption to the life of the patron saint the song suddenly terminates. Now it appears to us clear enough, either that this sixth verse is an addition by some rude hand to the original, the unity of which it spoils, or that Mr. Croker was unable to procure a perfect copy of the song. The death of St. Patrick is wanted to complete this "eventful history;" for it is hardly to be supposed that a poet who was so minute about the birth and ancestry of his hero would leave him without consigning him to his mother-earth; or that, if he did, somebody else would not be found to supply the deficiency. The following verses furnish the natural close of the lyric; but whether they come from the late Messrs. Bennett and Tolleken, or from the moon, we are not prepared to say: —

"Oh! *mille* murder! when he died,
And left his own relations,
The banshee sat upon the hob,
And keened her lamentations!
And then we had a genteel wake,
His will to be fulfilling,
And by my sowl we 'd plenty of real poteen,
From the forge at Enniskillen!

"But now he 's gone, and a dacent one
Was buried when he died, sir;
They sung a hymn all over him,
In the church-yard at Malahide, sir.
They placed a stone across the grave,
At the foot a shamrock frisky,
And at the head a nate cockade,
Of a bottle of Costigan's whiskey!"*

* It, perhaps, may be necessary to observe that Costigan was in former times a celebrated distiller in Ireland.

There is a very tender little song in the collection called "The Court of Cahirass," supposed to be written by the chaplain of the Carbery family, who falling in love with the Lord Carbery's daughter, upon whose beauty the song was made, hung himself for despair in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. We will not trouble ourselves with the editor's researches in Lodge's "Peerage" to show that there is some mistake in the tradition, but take it in full with a confiding faith as we find it. The following verses are full of simple beauty:—

"In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses;
And softer her cheek that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

"But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which is under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

"When charity calls her she never is weary,
Though in secret she comes with the step of a fairy;
To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county.

"I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
'Death! death!' in a tone that was deep, and grew deeper.

"'T was an omen to me—'t was an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me."

The chaplain who could make such verses ought not to have despaired, if the lady of Cahirass were the paragon of gentleness and beneficence he describes.

A wild anathema called "The Doneraile Litany," written by one Mr. Patrick O'Kelly, a mad-cap scarecrow itinerant rhymer, is one of the most curious specimens preserved by Mr. Croker. It appears that O'Kelly lost his watch in the town of Doneraile, and in memory of that misfortune consigned the place in his verses to eternal misery. It may be doubted whether he ever had a watch, but the "Litany" is no wise impaired by the suspicion. We will make room for two or three snatches of this howling imprecation, which runs into a great many stanzas:—

"Alas! how dismal is my tale!—
I lost my watch in Doneraile;
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfer'd at once in Doneraile.

"May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers in Doneraile;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.

"May sun and moon for ever fail
To beam their lights in Doneraile;
May every pestilential gale
Blast that curst spot called Doneraile.

"May no sweet cuckoo, thrush, or quail,
Be ever heard in Doneraile;
May patriots, kings, and commonweal,
Despise and harass Doneraile.

"May every post, gazette, and mail,
Sad tidings bring to Doneraile;
May loudest thunders ring a peal
To blind and deafen Doneraile."

The soil of Ireland seems to throw up these sort of fantastic satires and scourging curses, like ashes whirled into the air by the winds: sometimes with, and sometimes without, provocation, but almost invariably with more recklessness and broad humour than real malice. A Dr. Mac Donnell, who was an eminent physician in the town of Limerick about the middle of the last century, could not resist the satirical turn of his genius, and wrote a song on his townspeople, by which he lost all his practice, and was obliged to make his escape from the place in the night time. One stanza will show the sort of materials of which it was composed: —

"Our wives behind counters, not saucy nor slatterns are;
For meekness, politeness, and goodness, they patterns are:
It would do your heart good, on the mall where they walk at eve,
To see them so dressy, so flirtish, so talkative."

But the tendency to resort on all possible occasions to rhyme, exhibits itself even in the ordinary affairs of every-day business. Lampoons are not more common in the upper classes than poetical advertisements, hand-bills, and fanciful envelopes, amongst the tradespeople. Mr. Croker gives some examples, but they are not the happiest he might have selected. Some years ago, a grocer set up in Dublin upon the plan of low prices, when a batch of rhymes started into print, exhausting the vocabulary of epithets upon the old system and its professors, and daring them to battle: —

"Come on, ye grocers, every one!
Come Hyson, Congou, and Souchong,
Come Bohea green, Gunpowder strong,
Come on, without delay!"

and so it went on, denouncing all rivals, and challenging them to competition. The ballad singers are themselves frequently the inventors of the songs they chant in the streets, and strange medleys of sarcastic wit and extravagant humour they produce. When Napoleon was a prisoner in St. Helena, a song, of which the following fragment is a floating recollection, was applauded to the echo in the streets of Dublin. We ought to add that it was adapted to an original melody of the most wailing and touching sadness: —

"There 's a long row of trees which they call the great Savanah,
Where Bony walks alone in the Isle of St. Helena:
There he walks all alone by the great mount Diana,
And he mourns for his queen in the Isle of St. Helena!

"And the young king of Rome at the court of Vienna,
Said he 'd bring his father home from the Isle of St. Helena:
But our good Lord Mayor, Alderman M'Kenna,
Called it treason 'gainst the king in the Isle of St. Helena!"

The ballad proceeded with a description of the Duke of Wellington at the Congress of Verona, taking no trouble whatever about poor Napoleon, but on the contrary dancing with the deposed empress at a ball, and

> "Wearing round his neck a neat new Barcelona,
> Which he borrow'd from the wife of the man in St. Helena!"

But as these compositions, separated from the music and the inimitable humour of the singers, are hardly intelligible, we must be satisfied with this imperfect specimen of a class of street songs, not less remarkable for their singular construction than for the facility with which they are applied to an endless variety of topics.

We have already extended these remarks so far beyond our original intention — although the general subject of Irish ballad poetry will admit hereafter of another review, in which many of its peculiar characteristics not touched upon by Mr. Croker remain to be examined — that we have scarcely left ourselves room to refer to Mr. Lover's little volume of songs. Fortunately, these productions are so familiar to the public, that they may be said to be placed beyond the reach of criticism, which can now neither mar nor enhance their popularity. Mr. Lover was born with a lucky genius, baptized in Castalia, dipped in a rainbow, and whisked by some friendly fairy through the spheres to catch the falling echoes of their lutes and harps. There is a tinge of poetry on his easel, a picturesque charm in his poetry, and both pictures and poetry in his music. Perhaps in none of these singly does he equal some of his contemporaries, but assuredly he excels them all in a combination as rare as it is delightful. The permanent beauty of Mr. Lover's songs is to be traced to their deep Irish feeling: they have the heart of the country in them — its pathos and roguish wit — its sunny temper clouded with sorrow! It is not, however, from this little book that the affecting influence of his lyrics can be caught. Whoever would truly feel their spirit, must hear them sung by the author to his own simple and expressive accompaniment.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

No. I.

You have requested me to furnish you with some information on the present state of Italy,—to communicate to you my ideas on its progress, its political tendencies, and its future lot. I will endeavour to comply with your request. I will attempt to dissipate as rapidly, but also as conscientiously as possible, the clouds with which this subject is veiled, not only from your eyes, but from those of the better thinkers on the Continent, who are also confused, as all foreigners must be at present, by the assertions of rash writers, and by the aspect of events contemplated superficially and at a distance. In doing this I shall perform a double duty: for, on the one hand, in the general struggle which must sooner or later break out in Europe between the good and the evil principle,—between nations which demand liberty of progress, and the fractional interests which resist this demand,—twenty millions of men, placed in a position eminently important, form an element of force which it is worth the trouble, I think, to study in its latent march; on the other hand, Italy, dumb in the hands of the executioner, and discouraged by a series of abortive insurrections, has need of an encouraging voice. Nothing is wanting, in my opinion, to enable Italy to raise herself to a level with her destiny, but the consciousness of her will and of her power. She has been so often told that she is weak, that she ought not to hazard attempts which are called premature, and that she must expect liberation from abroad, that she at last believes all this, and her credulity is considered a crime. The results of opinions which have been propagated partly from levity and partly from bad faith, are appealed to in support of the opinions themselves. We protest against this pernicious sophism, and must aid Italy to escape from its effects. Sympathy manifested abroad has more influence than is generally thought on the progress of fallen nations, for esteem excites ambition to deserve it.

You are already acquainted with the general tenor of these opinions. I remember the day when, examining together some works on the present state of Italy, we read in a recent production of M. Sismondi * the following lines:—"A democratic revolution has been projected in countries now divided into independent governments such as Italy, in the hope of profiting by such a grand commotion for the purpose of uniting them into one single and colossal democratic republic. In such a case it would be necessary that in this country, where all public discussion is now forbidden, where every path towards public celebrity is closed, the choice of the people, a free and rational election, should nominate those to whom the sovereignty ought to be entrusted; and that the citizens of the greater number of these small states should go and choose them, if it is wished to obtain a majority amongst the citizens of other small states, in whom they now see only foreigners and rivals. How can those who project a republic, formed of all the small states of Italy, persuade themselves that the rivalry, the distrust, existing between so many independent countries can be forgotten, not merely by a few thinkers or enthusiasts, but by the mass of the people which obeys its recollections, its affections, and its prejudices, much

* Etudes sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres, &c.

more readily than their reasonings? How is it that they have not foreseen that all the local antipathies would be called into bitter strife as soon as the general legislation came to decide upon questions on which the judgment of each people differs?" (P. 395.) Shortly after we met with the following assertion, made on the 10th of August, 1831, from the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies, by General Sebastiani:—"Every one knows that the state of its civilisation, its religious prejudices, and its ignorance, prevent the Romagna from being able to partake of the benefits of all the institutions which we are fortunate enough to possess." Then came the writings of several Italians confirming these opinions. On the one hand we had M. Armandi proclaiming to all France, for which he writes, that "The union of Italy will never be any thing more than a brilliant utopia, and that all efforts, therefore, ought to be confined to the amelioration of the institutions in the different states which compose it." According to him, the only prayer of which the accomplishment can now be hoped, is "to see disappear the absurd and contemptible division of the central part, and to effect the union of these fractions into a single state, capable of supporting itself by its own powers." "The character of the Roman populace," he observes, "has always been regarded as fanatical, and as inimical to all innovation: it is still composed of the assassins of Basseville and Duphot."* On the other hand we had M. Marochetti, yielding to the fears of M. Sismondi, frowning on the youth of Italy, which seeks to establish the sovereignty of popular principles, and exclaiming, "If the national revolution of 1821 failed—a revolution which had so just a foundation, which was accompanied by such favourable circumstances, which announced itself and had been proclaimed under the auspices of royal princes, at Naples as well as in Piedmont—which had the support of the army, of a portion of the nobility, and the entire assent of the people—of which the commencement had been so fortunate—which, in short, was so modest in its demands, so moderate, so generous, so self-denying in respect to money, and which was legitimated and recommended by so many causes,—if ten years afterwards the insurrection of Central Italy, that humble child of the Italian *juste milieu*, had no better success, an insurrection prompted by so many interests, and sanctioned by so many prayers, and which did nothing more than demand a little reform in the internal administration;—how can you hope for the triumph of a system which presents itself under an aspect so hostile and menacing to the existing order of things, and which has opposed to it on the spot a foreign army of 150,000 satellites, devoted to despotism, and acting like machines?" †

We found, it is true, contrary opinions, and a firm belief in the progress of the popular element in the work "Dell' Italia:" but when we followed the author from the field of theory into that of action, the same discouragement was visible, ill disguised under vague anticipations of a future, to be realised at an indefinitely distant period; and we heard him with astonishment seek to deprive a people, to which every path of progressive education or legal remonstrance is closed, of the only means which remains for its emancipation, by exclaiming, "Italy is the country of conspiracies, and Italian conspiracies have always been unfortunate—a warning, perhaps, from God, that it is by more popular and more noble means that the rights of a great nation ought to be reconquered;" and when we inquired what were these means, we obtained for answer (together with the words of an

* Ma Part aux Evenemens de l'Italie Centrale en 1831; par le Gen. Armandi. Paris, 1831.

† L'Italie: ce qu'elle doit faire pour figurer enfin parmi les Nations Independentes et Libres, &c. &c.; par J. B. Marochetti. Paris, 1837.

almost despairing faith—"the most powerful remedy is prayer to God") such strange and impracticable counsel, that we should be inclined to take it for bitter irony, if the whole work did not prove to us that they are really the genuine dreams of an honest man.* Falling still lower, we sunk—it is the proper word—upon the following expressions of M. Orioli, most pernicious in themselves, and almost inconceivable in the mouth of an Italian exile of 1831:—"However, it is always this France which we regard as our polar star. We cannot familiarise ourselves with the idea that the great French nation, or its *enlightened government*, have consented to renounce the duties which have been assigned to them by nature, by Providence itself. They may have been able to believe for a moment that they ought to give up, or abdicate the *high protectorate of the universal people*, but they will soon feel, &c. No more revolutions, we also exclaim; but instead thereof indefinite progress—reform in every thing and every where—progress and reform without check by the force of ideas, and by the intervention of this France, which, &c."†

All this is sufficiently discouraging. These testimonies are numerous and important. The men who give them are learned and profound historians, generals, ministers, professors, exiles. They have studied, or are supposed to have studied, the country of which they speak; some of them have played an important part in the revolutionary outbreaks of Italy. They at present depict Italy as weak, disunited, ignorant, averse to any frank proclamation of popular principles, unable to effect its own emancipation, bound for ever to the car of France, from which, notwithstanding that it has experienced innumerable outrages and deceptions, it persists in demanding as alms a little liberty. If it were really thus—if after so many efforts and martyrs the country which has almost always furnished France with *thought* had now indeed lost all feeling of nationality, and is to be henceforth content to be dragged servilely in the train of France, whether for good or for ill—if these men, whose ancestors were the first to raise the standard of the people in Europe, and who have since suffered together during almost five centuries, be not yet capable of elevating themselves to the idea of *unity* by the *people*, it would be of no use to think of them: one would only feel impelled to say to them, "Do not write; do not complain; there are weaknesses which it is forbidden at any rate to unveil. If you feel yourselves made for chains, wear them in silence, and do not make them sound without ceasing in the ears of other nations, for they can do nothing for you—your malady is too profound—gangrene may be prevented, but cannot be cured."

But this is not the case. Italy is now, whether designedly or not, mistaken or calumniated by those very men who ought to be its best defenders. My opinions on its actual condition, as well as on its probable future state, are diametrically opposed to those which I have just quoted. I have not embraced these opinions with levity: they have their source in the most calm and rigid examination I have been able to make of the past history of Italy and of its recent insurrections. The practical acquaintance which circumstances have enabled me to obtain of the elements which agitate themselves in its bosom, has only confirmed me in them; and in the writings above cited, I have found nothing which to me proves their fallacy.

There are in the crowd of individuals who have pronounced a judgment on Italy certain classes, of which it would be beneath us to speak. There

* Dell' Italia: Libri cinque. 2 vols. Paris, 1836.

† Revolution d'Italie en 1831; par F. Orioli. Paris, 1834-35.

are the sons of noble families, or others, who travel in Italy merely because it is the fashion, and who see nothing except the main roads, the principal hotels, the chief theatres, and perhaps some large parties — the directions given to their tutors are confined to these. Then we have the amateurs, — a useless race, but very inoffensive, — for whom all that Italy contains of value are paintings which they criticise very ill, operas which they criticise still worse, and sherbet which they are able properly to appreciate. There are the poets for whom Italy is altogether dead, because the corpse of a nation is a beautiful image — and dead for ever, because eternity adds to the effect of the image: they would be in despair if a spark of its third life were visible, for then their poetry would be to do again, whilst at present they only undo like harpies that of Byron, the presentiment excepted which belongs only to genius. There are the consumptive travellers, who only see the sun — the tourists, the most traditional and tenacious of races, who, even in 1839, after having traversed Italy very comfortably stage by stage, talk still as in the good old time of brigands and of the stiletto — good people who study Italy in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe, and sometimes in the memoirs of Casanova. Then there are *feuilletonists*, reviewers, writers of tales or novels (for the most part Frenchmen), the forlorn hope of the literature, which, for the present, we will only call *etourdie* of the firm of Janin, Gozlan, Balzac, and Co., scribblers at so much a page, who only see in Italy Chiaia, the lazzaroni, the fête of the *moccoli* at Rome, entailed villas, noble families claiming to descend from Mars, counts who call themselves Frontifero, and young ladies who call themselves Venus; then foragers for magazines, who, finding there is no danger in calumniating Italy, pursue in peace their natural vocation; and finally — but these are fortunately rare — political renegades, of which class the Count dal Pozzo has lately furnished us with a tolerably complete specimen.* All these people talk, criticise, and calumniate, either from malice, for pastime, or to fill their pages. The locusts of literature, they alight to-day on the plains of Italy; to-morrow they will visit Spain, or any other country which they can turn to account: their existence, however, is only ephemeral; they are carelessly perused, and then forgotten. They leave, nevertheless, in the mind a taint of scepticism and indifference, — a tendency to judge Italy superficially, which causes the unfavourable opinions published by graver writers, who are led away by other errors, to be adopted without examination. If ever opinions required to be received with caution, and only accepted after a rigorous examination, certainly those which we hear pronounced on Italy are of this class.

In a country where there is a public life of some kind, where the eternal progress of thought finds its expression in the press or in the popular assembly, individual judgments can be instantly and every where tested. It may not be always possible to isolate such a test, or demonstrate exactly in what it consists; but it does not therefore act the less upon writers, rendering them less bold, — nor upon the reader, enabling him to modify that which is erroneous or exaggerated in published statements.

But what shall be our test in Italy? What check is there on misrepresentation? In that unfortunate country all is dead. There no press exists; no public assemblies are possible; nor can there be any expression

* The Count Ferdinand dal Pozzo, one of the chiefs of the Piedmontese movement of 1821, obtained, after a long exile, permission to return to Italy by selling his pen to Austria: he is the author of a wretched pamphlet, entitled "Della Felicitá che gli Italiani possono e debbono dal Governo Austriaco procacciarsi," for which he has had already to endure the reproaches of Anichini, Angeloni, and Marochetti. For my part I cannot but pity the degradation of Austria in being reduced to purchase such an advocate.

of the national ideas. The shadow of despotism is cast on the whole land: on virtue as well as on vice; on life as well as on death. One would imagine that the steps of the scaffold itself were covered with velvet, so little noise is made by the youthful heads which roll down them from time to time. Life is passed in silence; death takes place in silence. No appeal is made except before God; no errors are ever refuted; no progress is ever proclaimed. An element may have lost all its vitality—but there it seems alive and ready to act: another element may have made its way underground, may have subjugated all others, and have overthrown every obstacle to its progress, and yet Europe shall only learn its existence from an insurrection: this, in short, is the only way left in which the life of Italy can be manifested. In the intervals between the revolts, the only voices which are heard are those of foreigners or Italian exiles—these are the only persons who occupy themselves with the political situation of Italy. Now it is rare that the former do not write from a limited and exclusive point of view, derived from our past history, which offers many such of a striking nature, and from it proceed to judge the present; and it is seldom that the latter—whether they are conscious of it or not—have not some peculiar motives which influence their opinions, and of which a knowledge is essential for their appreciation.

Thus M. Sismondi, a man of talent, of learning, and of good faith; an historian always conscientious, sometimes profound, but somewhat uncertain; fluctuating between creeds, and allowing himself rather to be governed by facts, than knowing how to govern them by means of the general law which produces them, has struck against the former of the rocks which we have just indicated. His history of the Italian republics, a work displaying love of the subject, nay even enthusiasm, and which has earned him his fame, has also ruined him. Cast precipitately by long studies amongst the struggles constantly renewed of the Italian cities, into the six hundred years' contest of the Guelph and Ghibelline principles, he has remained there; he has identified himself with the ancient combatants; he lives in the Middle Ages, and so completely, that he has lost altogether his faculty for appreciating the present. A man of analysis, and incapable of synthetical views; that is to say, working with only half the instruments of history, he has detailed these struggles perfectly, but has not comprehended their meaning, nor that which they represented, nor that which ought inevitably to follow them; he has not seen that the Empire and the Pope were only the pretext for them, their symbols so to say, but that the cause, the true cause which induced these combats was the equalisation or fusion of Italy into a unity opposed to privilege, caste, and federalism. Impelled by his whole nature towards the analytical, historical school of the materialists of the eighteenth century, when he perceived that all this tumult had subsided, and that the two giants of the struggle, the Pope and the Emperor, had inclined as if fatigued towards each other, and had signed over the corpse of Florence a peace of which Cambrai had established the preliminaries, he said to himself, "This is the death of Italy:" he did not comprehend that it was only the Italy of the Middle Ages with its inequalities of races and of civilisation, its intestine discords, its permanent duality which then expired, and that a new epoch now commenced, of which the long and painful initiation alone can measure the future grandeur: he did not comprehend that the very fact of this alliance between two powers till then irreconcileable proved the evolution of a third principle, which threatened to pave its own way, and which whilst separate they did not feel themselves strong enough to overcome. From that period he has not

advanced a step. The life of Italy in its latent course under the ruins of its early liberty, simplifying itself, and rendering itself one and indivisible under the level of general oppression, has completely escaped him. For him three centuries have remained without signification. He has mistaken silence for immobility; the absence of any signs of progress for the absence of progress itself. It is then with the Middle Ages that he connects all his dreams of a living Italy: the ancient Guelphs and the ancient Ghibellines rise up before him, whenever we speak to him of Italians about to act. Subsequently he has seen some peasants armed for that which, twenty years ago, was called Catholicism; he was assailed by stones in some part or other of Tuscany, precisely at the moment when the masses in Italy were loud in joyful acclamation at the announcement of their emancipation; and controlled by solitary facts, and without data for determining the general case, he fears the priest, exaggerates his power, sees him every where ruling and exciting the population, and summoning it to a species of crusade against the cause of liberty. He forgets Sarpi, Venice, Leopold, the eighteenth century altogether, 1831, and the materialism of the French school dominating only too much perhaps the intellect of Italy. His history of Italy finishes with that of Florence.

Almost all the Italian writers whose works I have cited as supporting the opinions of M. de Sismondi, or of the French minister, have written under the influence of *personal motives*, which I have indicated as the second rock on which those who judge of the present state of Italy strike. M. Orioli, a professor, a man of real learning, esteemed for his archeological labours, and for his knowledge of Etruscan antiquities, an honest man, and a sincere lover of his country, but in no respect a politician, and comprehending very little the wants, the aspirations, and the tendencies of Italy as it is, was called unfortunately to take part in the insurrection of 1831. A member of the Bolognese provisional government, which, as we shall shortly see, ruined by its cowardice and its inaptitude the last Italian insurrection, he naturally tries to justify himself and the colleagues with whom he was implicated before his compatriots and foreigners; and this he cannot do except by seeking to prove that it is impossible for Italy to follow with success a more energetic and logical system,—one more consistent with the principles of every revolution, and with the object which Italy proposes to obtain. He asserts this; and what can be more natural, we will not say more just, than that he should do so? He asserts this not in bad faith, but conscientiously: that which he says he believes; but his deeds influence his views. Is it then so easy to find men who condemn their own actions, and are courageous enough to efface two-thirds of their life in saying — "We have deceived ourselves — this is what we ought to have done?" M. Armandi, of whom I am not able to speak so well as of M. Orioli, has still more to justify. Minister of war during the movement of Central Italy, he did nothing, and hindered others from doing any thing; he demoralised the insurrection; he was the first to quit his post; he decided, by a false or incomplete report, the shameful capitulation of Arcona; and now he cites modestly the inefficacy of the efforts of Kosciusko, forgetting that when liberty cannot be saved, the honour of one's country ought at any rate to be preserved, and that Kosciusko, in order to preserve it, did not fly the field of battle, but was carried from it by those who found him pierced with wounds, lying under heaps of dead. Ought we after this to abide by his judgment? The same holds good of the other writers.

All these men, whatever may be their individual opinions, whatever may be the more or less imperfect degree in which they are acquainted with the

movement of Italy, seem all to forget that the time for repose never arrives in a nation, as long as the object towards which its historically national tendency compels it is not attained — as long as the faculties and powers which exist as germs in its bosom have not reached their highest possible degree of development — as long in short — to adopt an expression little used in this sense, but which designates exactly my particular ideas on the philosophy of history — as its mission towards the progress of humanity is not accomplished. That point Italy has not reached. That which she has done in the world — now in conquest by physical force, now by moral force — by the *word*, she has done in the name of a city or of a man, in the name of a power or of a principle embodied in that city or man — never in the name of the entire nation. The nation has never yet existed in action. There has been a Rome of the Cæsars — there has been a Rome of the Popes — the Rome of the Italian People has yet to be built. But every thing hitherto has converged to this point. The internal crisis which has so long agitated Italy finds here its sense and its explanation: it is the struggle of the Italian element, wrestling with, subjugating and absorbing all foreign elements, races, and castes, which came from all parts of Europe like tides to overwhelm Italy. All that process of fermentation and ebullition which fills up the middle ages of Italy was a work of fusion: it elaborated, so to say, the *medium* proper for the development of that germ of Italian unity, which still broods under the double ruin of the Capitol and the Vatican. This process has never ceased. It continued more silently because less diversified, but in reality with redoubled vigour, during the period which followed the fall of the last republics, and which seemed, in the eyes of superficial observers, to be one of inertia and degeneration. The liberty of the cities having perished, the work of equalisation only marched the more rapidly: if it was less apparent, it is precisely because it was carried on in the heart of the nation. Both before and after the revolutionary movements which at a later period came from abroad to agitate Italy, the people gained far more ground than the educated classes: this is shown by popular manifestations made from time to time, and crowned with success, such as that of 1746 at Genoa, and that which has been hitherto so little understood at Naples in 1799.

This grand general fact, that the people of Italy has been gradually substituting itself in the place of all partial elements—that it henceforth governs every question, and presents itself as the necessary and unique basis for every active enterprise, has entirely escaped all the writers whose opinions I have endeavoured to refute. The book of the nation has been for them all a dead letter, — for the historian Botta as well as for the conspirators, Santarosa and Menotti, for M. Sismondi as well as for the provisional governments of 1831. Romagnosi alone of all writers has caught a glimpse of its meaning, but he was not capable of following it out: of all men of action, Napoleon was the only one who comprehended it, but he had no wish to obey it. France, perhaps because he felt more sure of controlling her, was his only instrument of action; he wished her to have no rival. It was only at St. Helena, when he had no longer any thing to conceal, that he exclaimed,—"Italy is a single nation; her unity of manners, of language, and of literature, ought at a period more or less remote to unite her inhabitants under one government."

Now, thanks to this general fact, all is changed in Italy. The absorbing power of the Italian element — so absorbing that such opposite races as the Goths and Longobards could not resist it more than one or two centuries — has undermined and levelled every thing. There are now no separate

races in Italy; from one end of her to the other all is Italian. I would demand of those who still amuse themselves, perhaps to make a show of a very superficial erudition, which is to frighten the Italians by announcing the races which are to rise from its bosom in menacing attitude on the day of emancipation, to point out to us in this land, where from the very day of their arrival these races have never ceased to be mingled, confused, and identified, the spot which any one of them in particular occupies at present: I would pray them to point out a single difference between the Lombard, the Roman, and the Neapolitan, which is not equally observable in France — the most homogeneous of nations — between the Biscayans, the Bretons, and Normans.* The Middle Ages are dead, and the Guelphs and Ghibellines with them; and those who dream that they are full of life, or ready to revive, and kindle wars between our different provinces, are writers of romance and not of history. They have no longer a standard: the Pope and the Emperor destroyed their banners on the day when they signed their treaty of union: three hundred years of oppression exercised upon all in their name, have placed them exactly on the same footing, and have subjected them to the same conditions of life and death. Rivalries cease with war: there exists no longer, in respect to the principles which are the elements of all nationality, either Genoese, or Tuscans, or Bolognese, or Romans: there exist in Italy, as every where else, elements for the *municipium*, but none for the province.

By an apparent contradiction perfectly explained by the vanity inseparable from mediocrity, it is precisely in the class of half-thinkers, political or professional — forming a superficial crust for which Italy is indebted to foreign influences and schools, which is the first to meet the eyes, and beyond which none penetrates — that the distrust and rivalry of which M. Sismondi speaks still continue to show themselves: it is there, at least, that we find a disposition not very rational to admit and exaggerate them: the people, the great mass of Italians, knows nothing of them. And what should it know of them? Where, poor and oppressed as it every where is, should it find elements of rivalry, local influences, or vanity to be satisfied? There is doubtless in its bosom a leaven of bitter hostility, of mistrust, and of reaction. The spirit of individuality, originating in want, in the absence of education, and of all social interest, in the irritation of suffering, and in the corrupt system of government founded on terror and *espionage*, reigns in it still to a great extent; but to confound individuality with federalism, is to change men into provinces. It is in fact between inhabitants, classes, and districts of the same city, that the rancour or mistrust here alluded to exist: they can be nurtured with difficulty between city and city, and still more so between province and province. There is sufficient in the present habits of Italy to render extremely difficult and perilous the understanding which must necessarily precede every movement; little or nothing to prevent the uniting of Italy when the movement has once been effected: I say the uniting and not the centralising, such as it is generally understood, pushed to an extreme until it changes into despotism. These are two things essentially distinct, and which nevertheless, by some strange neglect of primary ideas, have almost always been confounded in this question. Many of the elements existing in Italy, and above all that principle of individuality which we have just signalised, will for a long time impede every attempt to establish a too great *administrative* centralisation. But what have administrative centralisation and political unity in common? There is

* The Italian islands alone present a decidedly peculiar physiognomy, and hence no national system of government would ever deny them a peculiar administration.

in this want of independent activity, in this excess of activity which characterises the individual in Italy and the civic corporation in which he moves, that which is capable of furnishing legislative genius with the means of creating a powerful guarantee for liberty in organising, by means of the *municipium* itself, an instrument of control and defence against every attempt at usurpation coming from the centre. There is in it nothing more, and it would be a misunderstanding to seek to deduce from it a necessity for the existence of another series of political bodies: for on the one hand almost all the states into which Italy is now divided are not of a popular, national formation—they have been made what they are by usurpation or by foreign diplomacy; on the other hand there is not, and there never was, historically speaking, a formal, active antipathy of province to province. Scarcely ever in the time of Italian prosperity was the demarcation of the provinces distinctly marked by the sword. The wars, when they were not, according to an expression of Dante, *tra quei che un muro ed una fossa serra*, were between one city and another. The belligerents were Pavia, Como, Milan, or Pisa, Sienna, Florence, and so on. Now all these rival cities have since been joined under the same governments; their mutual antipathies have disappeared during the centuries of slavery which they have suffered together. That which remains—if indeed any remains at present—is merely enough to furnish some proverbial expression to enliven the chat by the fireside: captives may from time to time forget their common chagrin whilst disputing with each other in chains; but the first grand impulse towards general deliverance will drown in enthusiasm this residue of the ancient leaven. The tocsin of the nation silences the voice of mere tradition, and the slight existing differences may become, in the hands of some able and popular men, an excellent means for promoting active emulation.

Do not accuse me of neglecting facts, and of only opposing bold denials to the results of the cool study of reality, and to the lessons of experience; for I shall be tempted to recriminate, and somewhat bitterly, the cold and grave system of study which does not advance beyond a certain epogue, and against pretended experience which violates tradition instead of continuing it, and which denies the present for a past generally misunderstood. Why should the recent immediate fact be always sacrificed to an ancient one? Why, out of respect to the Middle Ages, should we mistake that which the forty last years have not ceased to repeat on the inevitable effects of this generous impulse, of which I have just spoken, on the Italian masses? If M. Sismondi and those who share his fears had seen, as I have, the women of Genoa, who in the bitterness of their common sorrows had sung only a few days before snatches of old songs against the Piedmontese, throw flowers in accompanying them on their march before the Sardinian regiments, which after having effected the movement of 1821 quitted the city, in order to march upon Novarre—if they had seen the funds publicly collected after the defeat of the insurrection, and under the vigilant eyes of a re-established government, for these same men when they embarked for Spain—if they had seen the burst of intimate fraternity, the spirit of assimilation in the men of every age, in all except the miserable provisional governments of which I am about to speak, on the occasion of the insurrection of 1831—if they had been able to follow attentively, as I have done, the phases of opinion during the efforts, of which the world has remained in a great measure ignorant, of the three or four years subsequent to 1831—they would comprehend that which an idea of country is able to effect, when

frankly and energetically expressed, in a land where all parties for half a century have shared a common martyrdom.

And if instead of remaining immovable in the contemplation of a single period or of partial facts, they were in the habit of only supporting their judgment on the chain of facts in its entire extent, they would not forget the general character, uniform in its tendencies, which manifested itself, we will not say after, but some five years before 1789, upon almost all parts of the Peninsula, in the attempts at reform and in the writings of reformers,—they would not forget that the first part of this century has seen united, and acknowledging a unity of government, legislation, commerce, and metropolis, almost eight millions of Italians, Venetians, Lombards, Romans, &c. without the least internal dissension menacing this union, they would not forget the Italian *idea*, repeated for the last fifty years in its literature, partly from conviction and partly from imitation—diffused through and permeating all classes by an uninterrupted chain of secret associations—after having received in the bosom of the Italian army the consecration of the field of battle, has received that of the scaffold in 1821 and in 1833. Ideas ripen quickly when they are nourished by the blood of martyrs.

It is then, elsewhere, that we must look for obstacles to the emancipation of Italy.

Shall we find them in the priest? in the power of papal catholicism? Here facts speak still more forcibly. Without staying to discuss with M. Armandi historical *incidents* very inaccurately represented *—without refuting at length the vague fears of M. Sismondi, whose menace, by the by, that *Rome pourrait encore lancer sa levrière*, finds a sufficient demonstration of its absurdity in the testimony of a man accustomed to take large views of things, and whose opinion is certainly as valuable as that of the historian †—without seeking to surprise in the altered tone of the "Encicliche," the avowal of papal weakness—it will suffice for me to direct attention to the movements of 1821 and 1831, and to the fact, sufficiently conclusive in itself, of the Austrian invasion. Was there in the former of these movements one single priest who dared, by his acts or by his denunciations, to declare himself an opponent of the insurrection? Was there in the second, although directed immediately against the pope, a single cry uttered in his favour, or a single man who, on hearing an assembly of laymen pronounce his dethronement, dared to rise and protest before the people against such a proceeding? Not a single hand grasped the sword in the whole extent of the insurgent provinces to defend a legate of the pope, the Cardinal Benvenuti, when the government caused him to be arrested, after having discovered the conspiracy which he sought to hatch. All the people armed at Perouse and in other places to repel, by hastening the revolutionary demonstration, the summons to sound the tocsin, and to prepare for civil war, which Cardinal Bernetti addressed in an edict, published, Feb. 12. 1831, to the bishops and governors of the cities of Ombria, which were still tranquil. It was only after the intervention of the Austrians, and by recruiting its forces in the prisons and galleys and amongst the brigands,

* Duphot was not killed by the people, but by a detachment of the soldiers of the pope, commanded by Captain Amadei.

† "The Revolution," said Napoleon to the Executive Directory, Oct. 19. 1796, "has not the same character in Italy as with us; it has not the same obstacles to surmount; experience here has already enlightened the inhabitants; we are more than sure that fanaticism can do us here no great harm. Rome may declare that the war is a war of religion; but the effect in this country will not correspond to her efforts.

that Rome was able to organise the *centurie*, which signalised themselves by assassination at Cesene and at Forli.

At present with respect to politics the Italian priest is potent for good, but impotent for evil. Placed at the head of the Italian crusade, and sanctifying, in his capacity of traditional representative of the religious sentiment, the sacred battles of his country and of liberty, he could render immense services to faith and the people: his presence would solemnly re-establish the harmony between two series, equally indestructible, of human wants, of which the one I believe cannot be truly satisfied, except by its intimate association with the other: it would avert the painful crises which without it, must inevitably accompany Italian regeneration. Standing in the ranks of the enemy and preaching slavery, he would not be heard: his benediction may still be sacred, but his malediction is so no longer.

There is moreover an essential distinction, though almost always neglected, between the priest and papal catholicism, represented by the high clergy. Like every aristocracy, the high clergy is in general inimical to the Italian cause. But below the privileged ranks in the hierarchy, which tremble before the principle of equality destined to re-organise the church as well as society, the simple priest, poor in the country, in the city sharing the progress of intelligence, derives from this and from the people in the midst of which he lives other ideas, other tendencies, other moral instincts. He suffers and is silent, because he also lives like the citizen, in the midst of suspicion and distrust, without possessing any energy for the struggle for liberty, or any of the power of knowledge, or of the force which a sentiment of duty ought to inspire. To him science is a forbidden field; the clerical education is absurd; and his faith, vacillating without intermission between secular scepticism and the hypocrisy of the ecclesiastical aristocracy, is lukewarm, uncertain, and inefficacious. In the book which ought to teach him devotion and the sacred indignation of Lamennais against the authors of the misery of the people, he unfortunately only learns lessons of submission and of resignation ill understood. He does not comprehend his mission; he forgets that the heavenly country can only be gained by works accomplished in and for our terrestrial country: thus he abandons, in abandoning his duties of instructor, the destinies of religion and of the church to the tide of the time and of events; but at the bottom his heart is neither so degraded nor so intolerant as is thought. I do not wish to generalise too much; I do not speak here of the great mass of monks, nor yet of the priests as a body; I only deprecate all anathemas againt the latter collectively. I maintain that a progress, though a very slow one, has taken place in them, and that amongst them there is a considerable number of men who love their country sincerely, who groan under its miseries, who know the image of God is not made to crawl in fear and ignorance at the feet of brutal force, and that his prayer never rises more efficaciously to heaven, nor more gratefully to his Creator, than when free and pure as thought in the immortal soul, it issues in a land of freedom from the bosom of a nation of brethren. The sympathies of these good priests were revealed at the same time as was the impotence of the bad ones, during the short movement of 1831. "Some eminent priests — I quote here with pleasure the words of M. Orioli, who is generally so cheerless and discouraging — " entered into the provisional governments of several cities. Afterwards there were some amongst the deputies who assembled at Bologna, to deliberate there on public affairs. Several curates in the country churches spoke from the pulpit even in favour of our cause. One in a rural parish marched at the head of his

parishioners, as captain of the national guard. Both priests and monks were amongst the volunteers who hastened to join the little army commanded by Sercognani. Several theologians amongst those most esteemed for their knowledge, offered to prove in particular works, when the Pope menaced us with excommunication, that the supreme pontiff had not this right in matters purely political. The clergy of Bologna offered to sing for us a *Te Deum* in the church." The circular of the 25th of February of Monsignore Cadolino, bishop of Cervia, those of the bishop of Cesene, and of Monsignore Zollio, bishop of Rimini, the letter of Monsignore Loschi to the revolutionary authorities of Parma, and other documents which may be found in the "Precursore" or in the "Monitore" of Bologna, of the first months of 1831, are so many testimonies in opposition to the opinion of M. Sismondi, and in favour of mine.

It is not then in the opposition of the clergy or of Rome that we have to look for the cause of the obstacles to the emancipation of Italy.

Still these obstacles exist. They are serious, for they have not been hitherto surmounted, notwithstanding repeated efforts. Thrice the people have risen, and in ten different places in the space of the last forty years, and thrice they have been defeated. During all this period associations have succeeded to associations, struggles to struggles: the work has never ceased; conspiracy has been permanent. Twenty times an outbreak has been imminent, and always on the very eve of action something has happened to prevent the object, now almost grasped, from being attained. The day after some carriages, closed and guarded, swept towards a fortress, to confine there the victims of the conspiracy perhaps for ever, or else some youthful heads rolled into the dust; then all became silent again, and the subterranean process recommenced, to run through the same fatal circle. This mournful story so often repeated, and always terminating with the same denouement, explains the fatal discouragement, the mistrust and the despair, which commencing in misanthropy terminate in selfishness. Hence all the strange conclusions drawn to cut the knot which they cannot untie,—the accusations of cowardice made against a whole people, as if the existence of a cowardly people was possible: hence the exhortations to individual regenerations, which we find for instance in the work, "England in 1835," by Raumer, as if the regeneration of the individuals composing a nation could be effected there, where there exists neither country, nor liberty, nor education, nor means, nor end: hence too the precipitate decisions, subversive of every principle of nationality, which assign to another people exclusively the care and the power of one day delivering Italy; and the answers given to the men who protest against this sort of guardianship being elevated to a principle,—"Can we create by the force of our desires alone a revolutionary power where it does not exist? Can we deny facts, and fly in the face of experience furnished by the abortive insurrections of Piedmont, of Naples, of Modena, and of Bologna?"

He to whom the "Revue Republicaine" of January, 1835, addressed these words, might reply—and he did so—that this was to repeat a fact and not to explain it,—that revolutionary force could not be wanting, where the list of martyrs which had been long more extensive than that in any other country except Poland, was swollen every day by men of every class, where ten provinces, twenty cities, almost three millions of men, are able to effect a revolution, as in 1831, in less than twenty days, without striking a blow, without encountering the slightest internal obstacle, — that it was rather in the direction given to this force that the error must be sought for, which

had hitherto frustrated its action, and for which, perhaps, a remedy might be found,—that once in this track, precedents and examples would have no longer any fixed value, if by accident it should be discovered that a new principle full of life, but hitherto neglected, should be summoned to take part in the struggle,—that the actual question was to seek this principle and to study, if one found it, the means of applying it, instead of augmenting still more the incertitude and discouragement of the country, in repeating without intermission to the rising generation, as an acknowledged and irrefragable truth, the assertion of its impotence and the dependence of its cause on the chances of foreign succour.

The only manner of placing fairly the Italian question, the only one which can lead to its solution, seems to be this:—Is it the elements of emancipation which are wanting in Italy? or is it a proper direction given to these elements which has been wanting? Is it to the chiefs or is it to the masses that we must look for the causes, why the revolutionary attempts hitherto made have failed? On the answer to these questions hangs the fate of Italy. If the faults which have been committed are to be referred to the people, we must be resigned to our fate, we must be silent on Italy, and must patiently expect its amelioration from the general progress of Europe, or as the slow work of many years, perhaps of centuries. But if they are to be attributed to the leaders of the people, we must say so boldly, we must justify the Italian nation, restore its self-esteem, reckon upon it, and exhort it not to be tired of the struggle, for victory is certain at last.

Now for me—or else I should never speak of Italy—the question has long been decided.

The reason why my country is still in slavery, is not that the elements for her emancipation are wanting, but that they have not been properly directed. There as elsewhere, and more than elsewhere, the masses are ready—it is chiefs that have hitherto been wanting. On the day of their appearance—on the day when hazard or their own deeds shall place at the head of an insurrection men who comprehend Italy—Italy shall be free!

My next letter will, I hope, afford you proofs of what I now have asserted.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

*** We insert the name of the author of these letters as a guarantee of the accuracy of the statements they contain. In ordinary cases we allow the articles in this publication to rest upon their intrinsic merits; but where the actions of living men become the subject of investigation, the avowal of the authorship appears to us essential to the integrity of the design. In all matters relating to the affairs of Italy, the authority of our distinguished correspondent, we need scarcely add, is of the highest value and importance.—ED.

THE SCANDAL-MONGERS OF LITERATURE.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Mrs. TROLLOPE. New Edition. London: 1839.

Pencillings by the Way. By N. P. WILLIS, Esq. New Edition. London: 1839.

The Idler in Italy; being a Journal of the Travels of the Countess of Blessington. Two Vols. London: 1839.

Diary, illustrative of the Times of George the Fourth. New Edition. Two Vols. London: 1839.

Tutti Frutti. London: 1835.

Chevely; or, the Man of Honour. By LADY BULWER. Three Vols. London: 1839.

WHAT the canker is to a tree — what the gangrene is to surrounding vitality — what the rot is to a ship — the literary scandal-monger is to society. You know not where the corruption enters — you know not how it works — you know not how far it may spread, or in what direction — you cannot devise any protection against its approaches, and you have no remedy for its festering wounds. The degraded wretch who lives upon scandal at second-hand, who works the base metal into shape in his unknown retreat, and never ventures into the broad daylight of the circles he defames, has at least this negative virtue which the literary scandal-monger of fashionable life cannot assert — that he violates no confidence, and does not procure the means of rendering himself infamous by any affectation of character. His existence is not a lie — he has the marks of the leper upon him, and all men avoid him.

That there should be found in the community a class of persons so depraved is, perhaps, to be regarded as one of the inevitable results of a high state of luxury, which always brings vices of the lowest kind in its train. The healthy influence of public opinion, however, consigns these base mercenaries who prostitute their faculties for food to the obloquy they deserve. They hold no place in society — they are the Pariahs of civilised life, skirmishing for a subsistence on the confines, and living in perpetual dread of detection and punishment. Even those who love the sin recoil from the sinner; and the reader of the journal of piquant detraction would as soon think of associating with a felon, as with the author of the audacious slanders that fill its polluted columns. The private lives — as far as they are known — of the contributors to such publications, exhibit a desolation of moral and social sympathies, which, at all events, affords some compensation to the world for the profitable criminalities by which they are sustained. Destitute of friendships — shunned by the herd of men — afraid to move into the open paths of daily intercourse — the miscreant dwells in some obscure quarter, where he is visited by none but calumniators like himself, who having no reputation to lose are reckless in their associations. If any unlucky individuals of a better stamp happen to be drawn into his perilous acquaintance, either to buy him off by bribes, or to avert some terrible exposure by a compromise of their contempt and aversion, they visit him at night, not daring

to avow their knowledge of his haunts. Then as his personal safety is constantly endangered by his acts, he flies from place to place to evade discovery —sometimes even disguises his appearance—and not unfrequently changes his name; living, in fact, below the surface, while he works the machinery of publication through his agents, spies, and scouts, with incredible activity and success.

The shifts to which these professional libellers are thus reduced, prove at least that whatever patronage the bad passions of society may confer upon their labours in secret, they are regarded in public with a common sentiment of abhorrence. The scandalous print is rarely seen in private houses; people are ashamed to acknowledge it; and although it finds its way into chambers where an allusion to it would raise a blush, yet there remains enough of the profession of morality and decorum to make it contraband. So long, therefore, as mankind are agreed to consider such productions in this light, no very serious mischief can be inflicted by them. If men are reluctant to confess to having read them, they will hardly retail the scandals they have gleaned from them; the tacit admission of their contaminated nature deprives them at once of all authority and power, since no man can affect to believe that which all men unite in repudiating. Every body remembers the story of the gentleman who ventured into a crowd to look at some plebeian show, confident that he might do so with impunity, as he was not likely in such a place to meet any person to whom he was known. But he was presently recognised by a friend, who asked him how it was he found him in such company; to which he replied by "Nay, how is it *I* find *you* here?" The individual who is traduced in an infamous journal need not fear being reproached with the fact. It is even more disreputable to be a reader of such a work than to be maligned by it: and this is the guarantee which public opinion holds out against the assaults of that class of publications. If, like forbidden fruit, they provoke inordinate curiosity, still they *are* forbidden, and must be enjoyed by stealth.

But the case of the literary scandal-monger is widely different. Admitted into society upon the usual terms of equality, and, perhaps, to more than the usual familiarity and confidence, this reptile, nursed in the heart of an unsuspecting circle, employs all its little faculties in picking up scraps of intelligence, idle stories that are carelessly repeated without reflection, the tittle-tattle of malice and envy, domestic gossip, and personal anecdotes, which, uttered amongst a group of indolent listeners, and never intended for any wider circulation, assume a grave responsibility when, dressed up with some tact, and of course heightened and embellished, to render them marketable, they are exhibited in the durable form of print. If a heedless expression escape in company, it hardly excites attention; there is no permanent value attached to the mere badinage of the hour: but when we find such expressions, more strikingly shaped, and set in a frame of commentary and description, transferred to the pages of a popular book — which becomes all the more popular by virtue of its dishonourable personalities — we ascribe a certain degree of importance to them, less, perhaps, because of their truth, than because of the notoriety into which they are thus illegitimately forced. In society we do not dwell seriously upon the ephemeral jests, the smart hits, and verbiage that constitute the *finesse* of conversation; but when we see the idle trifling of the dinner-table or the *soirée* set forth in a volume affecting the delineation of characters and manners, we perceive at once the extensive evil which the literary scandal-monger — contemptible as he is in understanding, and destitute as he is of principle — is capable of producing.

This description of literary and fashionable scandal, which professes to pourtray interiors, and draw down distinguished individuals from their lofty niches to parade them in the streets, has latterly grown up into a regular craft. The demand for such ware is chiefly amongst those classes that really know nothing about the kind of life which these books pretend to describe. "People of fashion," said Hazlitt, in one of those admirable essays that have perished in the periodicals, "do not want to read accounts of themselves. What do they care about tiresome descriptions of satin ottomans and ormolu carvings, who are sick of seeing them from morning till night? No; they would rather read an account of Donald Bean's Highland cavern strewed with rushes, or a relation of a *row* in a night cellar in St. Giles's." Notwithstanding, however, the very obvious fact that the people who are tired of these luxuries are not very likely to write about them, the multitude who are not admitted to see and touch these fine things, and who are apt to think that there is a mysterious manner of sustaining the elegancies of life in the elevated circle from which they are excluded, read all the gossiping books with credulity and avidity, although the revelations they contain cannot be supposed to be either accurate or complete. The only people who could write faithfully on such subjects never, or very rarely, write upon them at all; yet when some superficial, sketchy, preposterous caricature of this sort makes its appearance, it is greedily purchased by the million, just as penny medals are bought up in the thoroughfares, although every body knows they are counterfeit and worthless.

It is difficult to characterise as it deserves the baseness of the writers who, taking advantage of their admission into good society, literally trade upon the accident of their position. The gossip who goes about from family to family, fomenting domestic feuds by retailing injurious reports, inuendoes, and suspicions, is in some sort an honourable person in comparison with your literary scandal-monger; because the mischief done in the former case is limited in its influence, is generally susceptible of remedy, and is always accompanied by a certain amount of personal responsibility, while in the latter instance it spreads over an extensive surface, and cannot be explained away or repaired. The curiosity that follows distinguished individuals into their private habits is natural enough, so far as the public is concerned. We can easily comprehend the feeling that induces the mass of the community to read with interest every book which professes to contain authentic particulars concerning the personal appearance and conversation of popular favourites — statesmen, poets, wits, courtiers, novelists, historians; but although the public at large are exempt from censure for patronising such productions — it being, in truth, one of the penalties of fame to become in this way the mark of observation — the criminality of those who cater for the public taste by violating personal confidences is not the less base on that account. An author who has acquired some reputation by his works, finds no difficulty in obtaining an entrance into the fashionable circles; the modern vice of lionising secures him an *entrée;* he is received with a sort of spurious *éclat*, which his vanity is not unlikely to interpret in the most favourable way; and he runs the round of the season in a flutter of enjoyments that open to him a new world of suggestions and experiences. He is brought into direct intercourse with the most celebrated persons in the country; and whatever may be the inequality of condition between them, or the hollowness of the professions that are made to him, it must at least be obvious that the courtesy with which he is treated ought to be reciprocated in that spirit of self-respect which is presumed to regulate the usages of good society. It is the proud privilege of genius to take its station amongst the highest classes — a station from

which it cannot be removed except by its own acts, and which it may continue to occupy as an unquestioned right, so long as it preserves the simple dignity of its order. The sovereign power that can make a lord cannot make an intellect; and the prerogatives of an artificial nobility are not more clear or emphatic than the natural ascendency of mind. How encouraging then, and how grateful must be the recognition which the author receives in those circles where that blighting sophism is supposed to be most deeply seated, which regards birth and hereditary honours as constituting the only valid claims to distinction, and which looks down with ineffable disdain upon untitled and unendowed merit! It is so much in the power of literary men to improve this good understanding between the two aristocracies of Nature and Society, and to insure the permanent possession of that place they ought to fill in the regards of the world, that whenever an author abuses his success by stooping to any mean and unworthy traffic in literature, he ought to be proscribed as one who has betrayed the sacred interests of his mission, and forfeited the station he has disgraced. Why should we overlook in an author a species of offence which we could not tolerate in a private gentleman? His talents only heighten his guilt.

Unfortunately we are not accustomed to look at literary delinquencies in this light. We do not lay a sufficient stress upon the malignity or the despicable meanness of the motives which produce the class of works to which we allude. We only feel their piquancy, their broad satire, their personalities, their stings and jokes; we seldom care to reflect upon the friendships that have been broken, the perfidies that have been committed, the hypocrisy, the malevolent revenge, the infamous intrigues, and the long train of falsehoods and deceptions that have been practised in gathering the materials of these disreputable narratives. It must be plain to any person of common sense, that the individual who notes down the heedless dialogues of the drawing-room, and throws them into a catching form, accompanied with personal sketches of the speakers, is, in a moral point of view, more culpable than the swindler who calls at a private house, sends up his card, and during the momentary absence of the servant filches a cloak out of the hall. The scandal-monger, like the swindler, obtains an entrance into the house under false pretences, and all the time that he is admitted and treated as a gentleman, is really employed in considering how he shall turn his good fortune to the best account. He certainly does not fill his pockets directly from the table at which he sits, but he fills his note-book for the ulterior purpose of filling his pockets through the agency of the bookseller. Where is the difference between them, except that the one plays a deeper and more elaborate part than the other, and colours his thefts with some plausible excuses that show off his dexterity to advantage, and conceal the real turpitude of his design? If we pursue the flattered and feasted author to this part of his career, where he prepares to publish his experience of fashionable life, we shall see at what a cost of gentlemanly feeling, integrity, and truth, he appears before the world in the capacity of a scandal-monger, — what sacrifices of personal honour he must make — what pledges he must break — what secrets which, if not confided to him, escaped in his presence under the sanctity of understood privacy, he must reveal — and what thoroughly unprincipled courses he must premeditate and adopt before he can carry his plan into execution. A book of this description cannot be written like a novel, from general observation of society — it is the work of minute and deliberate watching, listening, and prying. The writer must be constantly on the alert for the collection of his trifling facts, such as they are; he must draw out his characters in con-

versation; he must try to get at their opinions, not only of ordinary topics, but of each other, for without this spice of maliciousness the book would be deficient in its chief saleable ingredient; he must pick up anecdotes wherever he can get them, without possessing the means of verifying them, for he dare not venture farther, lest he should betray his sinister purpose; he must affect attention, perhaps subserviency, to the very individuals he is about to defame; he must fetch and carry, lie in wait for hints, take likenesses on his thumb nail, treasure up loose fragments of idle and frivolous criticism, which he well knows how to expand into importance; he must eavesdrop and decoy his victims, and perform the most contemptible offices, in order to procure the requisite materials for his projected disclosures; and during the progress of this conspiracy, the people about him are wholly unconscious that there is a spy amongst them, recording all the careless words and actions which occur in the unreserved freedom of intercourse; and they are possibly even still more thrown off their guard, and entrapped into thoughtless expressions, by the cunning arts of the mongrel writer, whom they have so unhesitatingly admitted to their confidence! It is impossible to contemplate this picture of baseness without being impressed with the necessity of stamping the whole class of such publications with odium. This sentence of condemnation is nothing more than a duty which society owes to itself.

Of course all the works that come within our general category are not equally reprehensible. There are degrees of offence from the mere drafting of individual features to the coarse and venal revelation of private character — from the sketcher who is content with outlines, to the retailer of vulgar gossip who dramatises domestic life with impudence and vigour, and supplies what is wanting in truth with broad dashes of invention. We have placed at the head of this article the titles of some works in which various degrees of this flippant and pungent scandal-mongering are exhibited; and we have included one in the number which belongs to a class, wholly exempt from all the bad attributes we have been describing, and, indeed, belonging to a widely different order, but still liable to objections on other grounds — Lady Blessington's volumes on Italy. The staple of her ladyship's diary consists of very lively and clever sketches of the distinguished persons she met in society in that country; and this feature is considered to be so attractive to purchasers, that the most prominent names have been thrown into the form of an advertisement by the publisher, who, no doubt, reckons upon an extent of popularity commensurate with the extent of the personal reminiscences. Lady Blessington discovers in this diary an amiable and good-natured spirit towards her friends; almost all the portraits are complimentary, and there is no fault to be found with the author for any betrayals of confidence. But the principle upon which this work is written, clear as it is of malignant feeling, and excellent as are the intentions of the author, is hardly defensible. If we license the practice of drawing individuals in their undress; of giving full-lengths and half-lengths of people that are met incidentally in society; of converting the saloon and the boudoir into portrait galleries, and of making free with the names (not to speak of the characters) of persons without their consent or authority, where are we to mark the limits beyond which the writer may not trespass in this dangerous and tempting track? It is not a sufficient argument on behalf of such publications, that they are for the most part panegyrical, for even panegyric may not always be just or agreeable; nor can it be considered quite justifiable to turn houses inside out, and delineate contemporary characters before time has rendered them legitimate subjects of history

or biography. Upon what ground of public utility or literary interest is any author justified in detailing experiences of this description, which, instead of showing us public men in their public capacity (the only aspect in which they can be legitimately depicted), show them to us in their private habits —dining, talking, riding, dancing? Lady Blessington's work does not exhibit any of the features of the works of scandal — it does not belong to them — it belongs to a totally different class — it is written with feelings of remarkable delicacy and refinement: yet it can scarcely be pronounced free from objection. But if Lady Blessington's volumes are liable to objection, what is to be said of the diary of Lady Charlotte Bury?

So gross an instance of ingratitude, perfidy, and moral obliquity cannot be pointed out in the literature of any other country. Throughout the whole range of fabricated French memoirs — the rich soil of the worst kinds of personal defamation — there is not a single case which presents such an extraordinary combination of offences against the decencies of life. The forger of a French memoir is generally an adventurer who has got together by some means a few of the frivolous stories that are constantly flying through the gay coteries of Paris, and upon this foundation he constructs a narrative, the one hundredth part of which may, perhaps, contain some elements of truth, all the rest being sheer speculation. But the character of his work is usually political; and although it unfolds a startling variety of personal details, they are not of a description calculated to have a very injurious effect upon society. He pretends to lay open the intrigues of the cabinet, to show the secret springs of particular measures, to introduce us to the privacy of great men, and to give us a glimpse of that curious court machinery, which is designated in this country "backstairs' influence." All these revelations, however, are made with an air of elegance almost ascending to romance; the most consummate poetical taste presides over the scene; the wit is brilliant, but never coarse; and the personalities rarely trench so far upon domestic affairs as to corrupt the tone and lower the entertaining aim of the work. In fact these productions aspire to be received as materials for history, fantastically embellished, and highly refined in the relation. There is no very great immorality in all this. Fiction is, no doubt, put forward for truth; but the deception is tolerably well understood by every body, and it is managed with such skill as to bear upon the whole a very close resemblance to facts. If it be not *vrai*, it is at all events *vraisemblable*; and the author forfeits no credit amongst his friends, for he betrays no friendships whatever. He is a mere compiler of floating rumours, which any body else may with similar impunity appropriate and arrange. The case is altered, however, when such works proceed from persons who have obtained their information by personal observation; who relate circumstances that were made known to them under the seal of sacred confidence; who, during many years of close intercourse with the court, keep accurate diaries of every idle word and look, committing to paper the secret misgivings, the scandalous reports, the hourly suspicions, the degrading jealousies, and prurient vices of the great, and then, retired from the scene where honours and kindnesses were heaped upon them, sit down deliberately and without compunction to vilify their benefactors, to reveal events and conversations implicating not only the virtues of the dead but the honesty of the living, and to sell that knowledge of royalty and court life which they never could have acquired, had not the most implicit reliance been placed in their fidelity and devotion! Is it too much to say that such a proceeding discovers a heartless profligacy unparalleled in these times, and for which no adequate punishment can be devised through the agency of public

opinion alone? When it is remembered that an unfortunate queen—unfortunate in her alliance, and exposed to the most galling persecutions—had lavished upon the author of these incendiary reminiscences unbounded marks of favour; that the private sufferings of that wretched mother in the hours of her weakness and despair were to be converted into calumnies against her, by the person she had protected and relied upon; and that this royal mistress, who had shown so much confiding faith and profuse generosity to her followers, should be made the prominent figure in a laborious work of scandal after the grave had closed over her faults and her wrongs — when these things are remembered, how are we to designate the infamy of such a publication? — infamy perpetrated, too, by a woman, and that woman the sister of a duke and the widow of a clergyman!

The only way to make such writers feel the enormity of the evil they commit, would be to turn their weapons against themselves; to trace their own worthless lives; and to drag their vanities, their vices, and their griefs, without remorse, before the public. What would be thought of a book which should contain the history of a celebrated beauty and coquette, descended from a long line of proud ancestry, inheriting a name without a fortune, compelled to resort to all conceivable artifices to sustain her position, sometimes a mercenary at court, and sometimes a mercenary in print, availing herself of her rank to improve her income through its influence, brooding over her failing resources in the torturing desire to maintain her elevation, toasted for her beauty in her youth, flattered but never loved, advancing in years but retrograding in power, and, unable to secure a conquest, floundering at last into the arms of a tutor? And if we pursue such a history of a life further towards its dark close, what melancholy evidences it furnishes of abused confidence and misspent time: abandoned by friends, suffering under a sentence of ostracism, the beauty, the wit, and the lady of the bed-chamber sinks, in the end, into a lonely and loathsome obscurity!

Even these instances of treachery, however, will bear no comparison with the last specimen we have in the novel of "Chevely." Here are condensed into one work the most disgraceful elements of the whole class. We will not descend into the degrading details of this publication, for its notoriety spares us the necessity of any more special reference to its contents. But we may ask, What is to become of the safeguards of social life, if works of this description are encouraged? Where is the security of households, the sweet faith of domestic trust, the candour of the close relations of home, the honour of women, the reputation of wives, the affection of mothers, the delicacy of all ties, religious and civil, if works of this kind are to be circulated whenever, from any cause, families are divided? Is there no longer a sense of shame to restrain the turbulent passions of human nature? Is respect of kindred no longer one of the guarantees of civilisation? Are wives to be permitted with impunity to break the bonds of domestic confidence, and in moments of vengeance to betray the commerce of their wedded lives? We care not for the small springs of irritation in which such publications may be supposed to have their origin; no causes can exist, or ever did exist, that could relieve such a work of that unutterable perfidy which, in the estimation of all right-minded people, stains its pages. No woman could write a book so characterised by venom, and addressed to such ends, without relinquishing all claims to the sympathy of the world; if, indeed, such a woman could ever have deserved its sympathy. We take the publication itself to be a *primâ facie* case against her. A pure mind could not be drawn into such an act by any possible circumstances.

We reprobate these publications as we would any other violation of good

faith, or any other infringement of the recognised boundaries of individual rights. There are limits which ought never to be passed, and which cannot be broken down without destroying the respect in which the inter-relations of society should be held. If we fail to mark such works with entire condemnation — if we fail to assert the principle of domestic sanctity they desecrate — there is an end to order, to safety, to all honourable sentiment, and to that tribunal of opinion which is powerful in its justice, and impotent when vitiated by false influences. Again, observe the deception and fraudulent character of a work like "Chevely," which insinuates a variety of grievances, and affirms none; which cloaks implied charges under the mask of fiction; and while it is calculated to make a vague impression of an injurious kind, affords an escape from proof through the illusory and irresponsible form in which it appears. A serious and authentic statement of asserted facts is susceptible of reply — this evasive fiction admits of no reply. You cannot sift the grains of reality — if there be any in it — from the chaff of a ridiculous and lampooning story. If appeals must be made upon such occasions to the public, let them at least be made in a shape that can be grappled with. Let not truth be frittered away in garbled and preposterous scenes of mingled buffoonery and invective. It is essential to the best interests of society that all such attempts to pervert its judgment and poison its healthy thoughts should be consigned to ignominy, that the equivocating *ruse* should be exposed, and that we should not be cheated into involuntary opinions by narratives, the application of which may at any moment be disavowed by their authors after the mischief of their publication has been accomplished.

Apart from all considerations of morality, the description of works to which we have drawn the attention of the reader may be dismissed as belonging to the very lowest efforts of the imagination. They exhibit no higher order of mind than that which can embrace the portraiture of the individual. The absence of the power of generalisation is every where evident. Instead of delineating society in classes, and developing the general influences by which it is modified and controlled, these writers never venture beyond personal sketches. They draw heads, and believe they are depicting manners. They are famous for caricatures, but very indifferent at portraits, and dare not trespass on history. The philosophy of social institutions is beyond their reach; and as neither reflection nor judgment is requisite for their paltry tasks, so their performances are vapid, meagre, shallow, and unintellectual.

RUSSIA, AFFGHANISTAN, AND INDIA.

Correspondence relating to Affghanistan.

"Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem."

After long and dubious controversy, the possibility of a Russian invasion of India appears to be almost demonstrated by recent events. The announcement of the march of thirty thousand troops to the borders of Affghanistan, has created a feeling in the mind of other countries than England, that the European connection with India is about to undergo some fundamental modifications at a period more or less remote. Although causes sufficient for this commotion exist in the political position, and rival interests of the native princes of the theatre of those events, it is to Russia that the universal suspicion attaches as the fomenter of this crisis. The empire of Napoleon has been then overthrown only to substitute the universal monarchy of Russia: and the brilliant commercial political edifice erected in India under the French by the genius of Dupleix, Suffrin and Labourdonnais, has been overturned by England, only that France, instead of siding with us as an ally, should now view the embarrassments of the power which expelled her with ill-disguised feelings of exultation. The war against the French Revolution has certainly produced a result which contemporaneous politicians could not have suspected; for one half century of military experience has done more to aggrandise the power of Russia than the course of an entire century of an ordinary character, even though signalised by such monarchs as Peter the Great and Catharine the Second. It was then for the first time that she dared to show her soldiers in the heart of the West; and if the humiliation which Suwarrow had to suffer under the walls of Zurich, from the sword of Massena, appeared sufficient for a time to prevent her from renewing, at such a distance from her frontiers, the memory of Pultowa, the subsidies of England by reanimating her to the combat, and urging her success to the walls of Paris, inspired her with that taste for long and adventurous expeditions of which England must now dread the results. England, by the peace of 1815, has caused Russia to approach nearer to her Indian empire than twenty years of successful war against France has separated her from it.

The present position of Russia in Asia is very different from what it was even twenty years ago. With the exception of Circassia, which is a never-dying worm in the flank of the colossus, she has not a single enemy worthy of her arms. As far beyond the barrier of the Caucasus as the east of the Caspian Sea, and on the spot where Nadir Shah assembled the army with which he invaded India, the Russian advance posts now stand, and are only separated by a few days' march, across a country of plains, from Samarcand, whence Timour departed for the same conquest, and from Balkh, the ancient Bactria, whence Alexander the Great, conqueror of the Persians, having adopted his new resolution, transported himself by a rapid march beyond the Indus.

The difficulty of finding subsistence for a considerable army in its march, and the resistance it would be likely to encounter, are supposed to be the two great obstacles to every enterprise on the part of the Russians; but in countries where ages have introduced so few changes in the mode of living, the example of the past replies sufficiently to the first of these objections. Where Alexander and Timour and Nadir Shah have passed, a Russian army under strict discipline would find no difficulty.

Candahar was the only place where Timour and Nadir Shah encounterd a strenuous resistance. It arrested the progress of the Persian conqueror for many months; but an open city of a hundred thousand souls, situated in an open plain, with Asiatic fortifications, would certainly prove but a slight obstacle to European engineers. Affghanistan merits more attention: the burning hatred which that nation bore towards the Persians in the days of Nadir Shah has been transferred to the empire of the Seyks and to Runjeet Sing, its founder, aggrandised at their expense. We have seen Dost Mahommed Khan of Caboul, and the most powerful of its chiefs leagued, with the Persians and advancing against his own nephew, the Prince of Herat; the Russians, by offering their assistance to the Affghans, have every reason to hope for a friendly reception from them.

The army of Runjeet Sing, trained by the French generals Allard and Ventura, may be a powerful ally to England; but without treating with contempt the reforms effected in the military organisation of the Seyks, we yet may be permitted to believe that these Asiatics, trained in the European fashion, would not venture to form themselves in array against a Russian army, and that as it hardly fared with the Turks in their last campaign in Roumelia, their progress in tactics would be found of too fresh a date to stand the proof of the Muscovite bayonet.

It is only in reckoning from the moment when the army of invasion had set foot on the left bank of the Sutledge, the boundary of the British possessions, that the question ought to be regarded as doubtful. From that frontier to Calcutta, the distance is only 400 leagues. An extended chain of fortresses, the citadel of Agra, the immense works at Allahabad at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, form the basis of operations for our army, composed of 30,000 Europeans, and 250,000 sepoys, scattered, it is true, over the immense space comprised between the 34th degree of northern latitude and Cape Comorin. It is impossible to say which of the two armies, Russian or English, encountering each other at the extremity of the continent, would have most preserved the military organisation and moral elasticity necessary for conquest. India, too, silent and motionless for the last thirty years, seemingly resigned to her fate, may nevertheless preserve a feeling of hatred against a government which has raised ten per cent. all the necessaries of life, and be ready to cast herself into the arms of the Russian invader at the first appearance of his flag. The time for the accomplishment of such a design is not so great as one would think: Timour departed from Samarcand in the month of March, and was upon his return to that capital in the April of the following year: Nadir Shah employed nearly the same time. It is true that the conquerors of modern days did not pass beyond Delhi, the seat of the Mohammedan power in India. As for Alexander, he proceeded no farther than the right bank of the Sutledge. But time is of no consequence: a blow struck at Fort William, and our Indian Empire is lost for ever. And never again could England construct a like empire by a succession of efforts and sacrifices of which a nation is never capable twice. A writer whose pamphlet on Russia, India, and England, has been much quoted by the press, finds a difficulty, when discussing the profit of India to Great Britain, to

state a favourable result. It is to the future that he looks for the realisation of his golden hopes; to the time when the increased cotton growth shall have afforded ample supplies to the manufacturers of England; when British capital shall have poured into Hindostan, in that current which was vainly predicted before the expiration of the charter. But Sir Henry Parnell and the ablest statisticians will have written to no purpose if they have not demonstrated a loss instead of a gain to us by our eastern possessions. We have lost all that we have been taxed for the price of tea, the only profitable article in which the Company dealt; their Indian trade and territorial revenue are notoriously less than their expenditure, and a debt of 60,000,000*l.* with a fallacious off-set, is the glorious result of our magnificent Eastern Empire. If a foreign power obtain possession of India, let our Solons dispose of this debt if they can: let them place it upon the shoulders of Great Britain, and contemplate the result with equanimity if they can. The Indian question is in fact a branch of the colonial one. The worth of Hindostan is neither more nor less than that of other colonies.

Affghanistan now merits separate discussion.

This country of Asia forms a great state, the boundaries of which cannot be determined precisely, because its political existence is subject to frequent variations. Considered in its greatest extent, Affghanistan extends from the 57th to the 70th degree of E. longitude, and from the 20th to the 36th degree of N. latitude. It is bounded on the north by Boukhara; on the east by the country of the Seyks and Hindostan; on the south by Belouchistan; on the west by deserts and Persia. Its length is almost 300 leagues, its breadth 140, and its surface about 80,000 square leagues. Its surface presents considerable mountains, some of which elevate themselves to a great height; on the south-east and south-west there are some extensive plains. The climate is temperate in the upper country, but cold and harsh in the mountains. The heat in the plains is very great, and in some of the valleys and sandy places it is stifling. The simoom, that pestilential wind so much dreaded by travellers, sometimes passes over the warm portions of this country, but fortunately does not last long. On the whole, Affghanistan may be said to be a dry country, and little subject to rain, fog, or damp. The difference in the temperature of the day and night is generally very great; the climate notwithstanding is healthy, so far as we may judge from the stature, strength, and activity of the inhabitants. The provinces of Affghanistan are, on the west Khorassan, of which a part belongs to Persia: Sedjistan, Gurgestan, and Dahistan, on the north; Caboul, Ghizneh, and Peshawer; on the south-west Candahar; on the south, Mekran, Belouchistan, and its dependencies. These last countries are independent. Cachmere, as we know, has been taken from the Affghans by the Seyks.

The population of Affghanistan is reckoned at 10,000,000; namely, 4,300,000 Afghans, 1,400,000 Belouchees, 1,200,000 Tartars or Turks, 1,500,000 Tadgeks and Parsees, 500,000 Hindoos, 300,000 Arabs and others. The Affghans received this name from the Persians; they called themselves Pouchtaneh, which the Berdourani, their most eastern tribe, pronounce Pekhtaneh, which has given rise to the name of Patans, under which the Affghans have made themselves known and dreaded in Hindostan. The Arabs call them Solimani, either because they inhabited more particularly the chain of the Soliman-coosh, or after the name of the chief who reigned over them at the era when the Arabs first knew them. The original country of the Affghans is in the southern branch of the Paropamisa or Hindoo-coosh; and it is from thence that they have spread

towards the east as far as the Punjaub, and towards the west as far as the eastern parts of Persia. They are divided into tribes, who are subdivided into an infinity of branches; each has its chief; all are subordinate to the khan of the tribe, chosen by the people from their most ancient family. Sometimes he is named, and divested of his office by the king, according to the good pleasure of the latter, and replaced by a relation of the monarch. In both cases they take into consideration the right of primogeniture, but still more the age, experience, and character. This order of variable succession occasions frequent feuds and dissensions. The khans, assisted by the chiefs of the subdivisions, govern their tribes; in cases of emergency the khans act without consulting them. This form of administration recalls to mind the feudal government, and all the troubles to which it gave rise. It is observed that the Affghans are much more attached to their tribes than to the persons of their chief. The Affghans of the west are much more united among themselves than those of the east; the latter are almost always at war with each other.

The Koran is the general law for civil affairs. The Affghan custom or code is followed in criminal cases. The opinion that it is a right and duty in each man to do himself justice still exists among these people. The priests or mollahs preach in vain against this practice; they cannot destroy it. In certain tribes, the chiefs and patriarchs endeavour to arrange disputes by means of persuasion; if they cannot succeed, they allow the injured person to follow out his own vengeance.

The Dourani form the most powerful, numerous, and civilised tribe; they dwell in the west of the kingdom as well as the Ghildji, the Cakers, and others less numerous. In the west, are the Berdourani, the Chirani, the Viziri, and the tribes of Peshawer and Daman. A division which abandons its tribe may be adopted by another. The rules of hospitality among the Affghans prescribe that they shall treat the strangers in these circumstances with particular care; the tribe to which the new comers join themselves assigns them lands. Their chief sits in the principal assembly: his horde preserves its internal government, enjoys the same rights as the other bands of the tribe, and although it preserves the name of the tribe whence it draws its origin, it ceases to have any relation or connection with it. Sometimes it returns to it. If this tribe and that by which the band has been adopted go to war with each other, the latter among the Affghans of the west remains neutral; among those of the east it ought to assist the primitive tribe. The individuals who desert their tribes without selling their lands are in most cases received into tribes which they join; they are even endowed with lands; but those who sell their lands and abandon their tribes from poverty are placed in a class apart. They do not sit at the divans: the bands to which they belong and the persons to whom they attach themselves watch over their interests. Every one makes it a point of honour to protect these dependants. In certain tribes there are as many of these dependants as members. There are very few, on the contrary, in those which are remote from the great highways. Most commonly they have no territorial property.

This assemblage of little republics composes the Affghan nation, and the whole formed, during more than two thirds of a century, one state under the authority of a common sovereign. The Affghans profess Islamism; they are Sunnites, and very tolerant in matters of religion. There are both Jews and Parsees among them. The rich have many wives, whom they keep strictly secluded. The wives of the poor do the work of the house; those of the inhabitants of the country labour without being veiled,

even in the presence of strangers. Education is not entirely neglected: every village has its schoolmaster, to whom is assigned the revenue of a piece of ground, and who levies a contribution from his scholars. He often exercises the functions of a priest, and sometimes has living in his house the youth whom he instructs. Many towns have colleges in which the mollahs are brought up. When these priests desire to study theology and jurisprudence they go to Bokhara. But Peshawer appears to be the most learned city of these countries. Many young men go thither even from Bokhara to study medicine, history, poetry, and all that completes the education of a man destined for the learned professions. Like all the orientals, the Affghans are very superstitious, and believe in ghosts, dreams, astrology, and the like, with an implicit confidence in the power of talismen. Though hospitable, they are determined brigands, and plunder travellers without any scruple. A part of the nation, particularly in the west, is nomadic; that which inhabits the eastern part of the country prefers the abode of houses to that of tents.

Slavery exists in Affghanistan, as in all Mussulman countries.

The Affghans are large, robust, and generally thin, but muscular. They have aquiline noses, prominent cheek bones, long faces; and beards and hair generally black, sometimes brown, and rarely red. They shave the top of the head, and allow the rest of the hair to grow. Their beard is long and thick. The inhabitants of the east have complexions as brown as those of the Hindoos. Those of the west are much lighter; some are very white. Their physiognomy generally announces vigour and health.

The organisation of the Affghans into tribes reminds us of what we read in ancient writers of the Persians. It must have existed long. But although this people has not ceased to inhabit a portion of the country which they occupy, their name has only been heard in history very recently. At a period extremely remote, we hear of the Paropamisades, who inhabited the mountainous countries situated between Persia and India; Alexander had a great deal of trouble in conquering them. Lastly, in the seventh century, mention is made of the Affghans by oriental writers, on account of their having embraced Islamism: — yet two centuries later many of them were pagans. About this period, the Khans of Bokhara conquered some portions of Affghanistan, and governed them by an officer who dwelt at Ghizneh. One of these officers declared himself independent, and founded the empire of the Ghiznevides. It was destroyed by an Affghan. The history of this people is afterwards enveloped in obscurity, until the invasion of Tamerlane. In the interval, Patan princes reigned at Delhi, in Hindostan, and one of them had chased from Ghizneh the successors of Tchenghizkan. While the different provinces of Affghanistan passed by turns under the dominion of the sovereigns of Persia and India, the Affghan tribes, shut up within the mountains, preserved their independence. The Dourani lived amidst those of the north. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, being tyrannised over by the Usbecks, they agreed to pay a tribute to Persia, as a price of the protection which was promised them. In 1708, profiting by the weakness of a state which the indolence of its sovereigns brought to the brink of ruin, they revolted. In 1716, they invaded Persia, filled the country with trouble and confusion, and seized upon the government. Vanquished in 1728 by the fierce Nadir Shah, they were not long in revolting anew. He again subdued them; but, charmed by their bravery, rewarded them by concessions of lands, and showed towards them much confidence. This sentiment is said to have been one of the causes which led to his massacre by the Persians, in June, 1747.

On the eve of this event a bloody battle was fought between the Affghans and the Usbecks, commanded by Ahmed Shah on the one side, and the Persians on the other. The issue was indecisive: Ahmed Shah hastened to gain Candahar, seized upon the treasures of Nadir Shah, caused himself to be proclaimed king, in the month of October, and was the founder of the dynasty which reigned until 1809. His possessions extended to the east beyond Scinde, and to the south as far as the sea.

The Affghan monarchy now forms four distinct states, disunited from each other. Caboul is the residence of Dost Mahomed Khan, the most powerful chief, who possesses Ghizneh and Central Afghanistan. He is one of the Barukzyes. The supremacy of this tribe is popular with the nation. The population of this kingdom is about four millions and a half. Ghizneh, in the territory of the Ghildji, was, in the eleventh century, the capital of the empire of the Ghiznevides, which reached from the banks of the Tigris to those of the Ganges, and from the banks of the Oaxartes to the shores of the Persian Gulf. It is now a town of some few hundred houses. In its environs some remains of its ancient grandeur are yet to be seen; but nothing now shows the magnificence of the palaces of the Ghiznevide monarchs, their mosques, baths, or caravansaries, only at some distance there yet exists the tomb of the famous Sultan Mahmoud. It is vast and simple. The Mussulmans call Ghizneh the Medina of India, on account of the great number of tombs of holy personages which is found there.

Caboul, to the north of Ghizneh, is not large, but well-built; although the streets are narrow, like those of every town in the East.

Such is the nation which we have attacked with five thousand Europeans and twenty-five thousand sepoy troops. We are bound to say, after an attentive perusal of the correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes, that Dost Mahomed Khan does not appear in so unfavourable a light to us as we were led to anticipate. The Ameer had assuredly good grounds for complaining of the manner in which his earnest prayers and overtures for our friendship and assistance were received. He never could extract a single specific pledge from the British envoy, but mere vague promises, which were met, on the other hand, by the detailed assurances of the Russian agent, who was soliciting his alliance at the same moment. It remains to be proved whether the Shah Shoojah and the Suddozye tribe are really of any consequence in Affghanistan, or can maintain their supremacy over the Barukzyes; but, above all things, it is plain that Russia has not specifically disavowed the proceedings of her ambassador at the court of Persia, and the intrigues of his subaltern, Captain Vickovitch. Count Nesselrode's reply to the demands of our foreign secretary is vague and unsatisfactory in every sense of the word.

But however compromised our Indian empire was by our unfavourable policy in Persia, which has had the result of throwing that power headlong upon the divided states of Affghanistan, it was hardly less so by the inveterate hostility which existed between Dost Mahomed Khan and Runjeet Sing, our barrier power and advanced guard upon the north-western frontier. The religious hatred which divides the Seyks and the Affghans is in fact at the root of the perpetual quarrels which agitate them, and not the seizure of Peshawer and Cachmere by the ruler of Lahore; the former of which acts by Runjeet Sing, in terms of treaty with the Shah Shoojah in 1834, when the latter made his unsuccessful attempt to recover his dominions, was the immediate cause of those differences between him and Dost Mahomed which Sir Alexander Burnes was sent to adjust by British mediation.

So long therefore as Dost Mahomed swayed the mass of the Affghan nation and refused to be at peace with the Seyks, two courses alone remained for our government to adopt: either to offend our powerful ally Runjeet Sing by obliging him to surrender to the usurper the city of Peshawer, ceded to him and his heirs for ever by the legitimate though dethroned Shah; or to recognise the claims of the latter by an active interference in the affairs of Affghanistan, draw tighter the bonds of alliance with the Seyk ruler, and check with an overwhelming demonstration of force at once the irruption of the Persians, the intrigues of their colony at Caboul, and the still more dangerous, though insidious advances of Russia, laid bare by the vigilance of our able envoy. Lord Auckland moreover, by taking the decisive step of marching an army into the seat of war, showed in the face of the world, and in the teeth of Russia, that he took up the gauntlet thrown down by that power, and by those means forced from her cabinet the mean disavowal of her agents, Count Simonich and Captain Vickovitch. That she had an evident interest in the designs of the Barukzye brothers against the Prince of Herat and the holder of Peshawer, is proved by the extraordinary fact, that in the treaty between them and the Shah of Persia, which was ratified and confirmed by Russia, the Shah of Persia was bound to provide in the case of the discomfiture of the chiefs of Candahar, not only the expenses of the war, but also *as much land in Persia as they might be dispossessed of in Candahar;* and also by another important circumstance, that Russia had bound herself (according to the declaration of the Persian envoy at least) to keep the western frontier of Persia quiet during the Shah's absence with his army at Herat, by stationing a force sufficient to keep the Turcomans in check in that direction. It is no wonder that the virtue of Dost Mahomed and his reliance upon British protection gave way before such bribes, more especially when the alternative was a war with Persia, backed by Russia, and his own relatives against him — in the case that he sided with English alliance backed by no specific advantages or promises whatever, but, on the contrary, binding him to admit the cession of of Peshawer to his mortal enemy. He has consequently thrown himself entirely into the hands of the Russian and Persian party; and so long as he controls the resources of the principal portion of the country, Affghanistan must be ranked with our enemies. Persia and Affghanistan, backed by Russian money liberally spent, might prove more than a match for the barrier power of our ally Runjeet Sing; and were his country subdued, the signal would be instantaneously given for the insurrection of all India. Or, arguing on the supposition that Lord Auckland had not taken the prompt and decisive measure for which he has been condemned, we would have had reason to dread that the ruler of Lahore, unable to make head against the storm which assailed him, and the religious crusade which Dost Mahomed has threatened to preach against him and his race of hated schismatics throughout all Mohammedan countries, would have been tempted to join the alliance of our foes, and give the signal from the banks of the Indus of a new partition of the riches of India. Runjeet's army, be it remarked, was organised by a French general, now deceased, who was recently received at Paris by Louis Philippe in the most gracious manner; and Runjeet's health is so precarious that the probable event of his demise would in the case of longer delay have opened up other combinations among the inheritors of his power, of which it is difficult to calculate the results. Russia too has, it is suspected, made overtures to him already through a special envoy.

Although Dost Mahomed at present holds the sway in Caboul, and his brothers at Candahar, it is confidently reported that he is not so popular

as the Shah Shoojah, who is of the tribe of the Suddozyes; which indeed was proved in the latter's campaign to recover his throne in 1834, where every thing was gained by his own popularity and again lost by one of those fortuitous battles or surprises by which Asiatic principalities are so often won and lost. Still the Barukzye tribe are sufficiently influential to make it good policy in Lord Auckland to offer them an honourable retreat, or the possession of their dominions in *jagheer* or feudality to Shah Shoojah.

Be it as it may, England would not now certainly have so favourable an opportunity for giving the signal of a new crusade against Russia as when the insurrection at Warsaw was for a moment victorious; but for the result we should have no fear, for all Europe would respond to it.

THE PLANTING OF PLEASURE GROUNDS.

In Loudon's *Suburban Gardener*, the author, when describing a villa in the Italian style, suggests that the grounds should be planted with the same kinds of trees and shrubs as are generally used in the gardens and grounds of villas in Italy, in order that the style of the grounds may be in accordance with that of the house. This is a good idea; and, if adopted, it would no doubt produce a striking, and, in this country, a novel effect. There also appears no reason why this mode of planting should be confined to villas in the Italian style, as it is just as applicable to every other. Every country formerly had its style of gardening as well as of building; and we may just as well adopt the one as the other. Nay, if we take one, it is better to take both; as we shall thus present a perfect picture to the eye, instead of an unfinished one, and the style of ancient gardening may, of course, be quite as well adapted to modern wants as that of ancient building.

Nearly all the modern British villas may be divided into the following kinds: those in the Gothic style, including castles, abbeys, and Elizabethan or old English mansions; those in the classic style, including Grecian and Roman villas; those in the modern Italian style; those built in imitation of Swiss cottages, or other fancy cottages; and solid square houses, in what may be called the modern English style. All these kinds of villas may have distinct styles of gardening adapted to them; and every lover of harmony will easily comprehend how much the general effect of the landscape would be improved, if these varied styles were generally attended to. Let us now inquire in what way gardens and pleasure grounds may be made to accord with each of the different kinds of villas which have been enumerated.

We will first take a style of building purely English, viz. the baronial castle — the ancient use of which was to serve as a place of shelter and defence. Every thing in the style of building of one of these ancient residences bore reference to the purposes for which it was designed. The walls were massive, and furnished with battlements; the exterior windows small and few; and the entrance so contrived as to be easily barricaded. The building itself generally formed a quadrangle, surrounding an inner court, with watch-towers at each corner; and it was either built on a rock, or surrounded by a deep moat with a drawbridge. The rooms were small;

and those intended for the female part of the family generally looked into the inner court. Modern imitators have retained the principal features of the ancient castle. The quadrangular building still remains, with its inner court, arched gateway, watch-towers, and battlements; but the moat has disappeared, and the steep rock has been abandoned; while the principal rooms have been rendered spacious, and their large windows have been placed in the exterior wall, instead of looking only into the inner court.

The gardens of the castles of the Norman chieftains were generally confined to the inner court; and, from the few descriptions that have been handed down to us, this inner court appears to have been planted as a labyrinth; the troubles experienced by strangers in threading which, appear to have afforded unspeakable delight to the highborn damsels who sate at their windows above. The pleasure ground at this period appears to have consisted of an enclosed park; which bore more resemblance to a large field than to what moderns call a park, as ground appears to have been always cleared to form it; and, no doubt, the object in making it was to secure a clear space round the castle, so that no enemy might be able to approach it unobserved. A little later we find an orchard or grove described, divided by straight walks at right angles, and with a mound in the centre, "writhen about with degrees, like cockil shelles, to come to the top without payn." This orchard did not consist of fruit-trees, but was, probably, first only a portion of the natural wood which was left when the park was fenced out, through which walks were cut, while a space was cleared in the centre for an artificial mound. We hear nothing of fruit-trees, nor, indeed, of any trees, being planted, and nothing of any kind of flowers but the rose. Our warlike ancestors appear to have cared little for the delicacies or refinements of life: they lived upon bread and meat, and probably never tasted vegetables, or, indeed, fruit, unless perchance some preserved fruits were presented to the ladies of the family by the nuns of some neighbouring convent.

To confine the gardens and pleasure grounds of a modern baronial residence within the limits of those of the ancient one, would be as absurd as to retain the small rooms and narrow windows of the ancient castle in the modern one. All that is required is to present a sufficient approximation to the ancient style of gardening to keep up the illusion created by the style of the castle. Of course it will not be necessary to place the flower-garden in the inner court, as the space would be much too small for a modern garden; and besides the windows of the principal apartments are no longer made to look into it, but are placed in the exterior walls. The principal pleasure garden must therefore be on what is called the drawing-room front of the castle, the grounds within sight of which are always more decorated than those on the entrance front; and both gardens must be surrounded by an embattled wall, to give the idea of that being available for the purposes of defence. Beyond this wall may spread a broad expanse of lawn, with small groups of shrubs and low trees scattered at considerable distances, so as merely to connect the lawn with the woody scenery beyond. On the entrance front there need only be two grass-plots, divided by a gravel approach in a straight line; there being a sort of sunken ditch covered with grass between the level surface of the grass-plot and the outer wall, to give the idea of its having been the bed of the old moat; while the gravel road is carried on a level over what may be supposed to have been the drawbridge.

On the drawing-room front there should be an architectural terrace, terminating at each end in a stone alcove, and with flights of steps leading down into the garden below. This garden should be laid out in straight

lines and square compartments, with a sundial, statue, or some other object in stone, in the centre of each; and a fountain should be placed in the centre of the garden. The compartments may be divided, if the garden is to be in the most ancient style, with closely clipped hedges; but it would be more in accordance with modern taste, without passing the limits of adaptation, to make the garden quite architectural, with stone curbs to divide the beds, and stone arbours, or wood painted and sanded to imitate stone, to sit in. There should be no large trees in this garden; for it must be observed that the orchard or grove was never within the moat, though what was called the garden always was; and that large trees near the house would completely destroy the idea of its being a fortress, as they would interfere with the arrows and other weapons of defence used by the inhabitants of the castle.

The principal shrubs and low trees, which would be suitable for the garden and orchard of a baronial castle in the climate of Britain, are the juniper, the hawthorn, the barberry, the spindle-tree, the holly, St. John's wort, purging buckthorn, sea buckthorn, double-blossomed and common furze, common broom, several kinds of roses and brambles, the mountain ash, the wild cherry, the white beam-tree, the elder, the red dogwood, the Guelder rose, the wayfaring tree, the privet, the heath, the spurge laurel, several kinds of willows, the sweet-gale, the crowberry, the cranberry, butcher's broom, and some few others. In the orchard or grove there might also be the hazel and the hornbeam; while in the park scenery should be the oak, the beech, the ash, the common maple, the sycamore, and the Scotch elm. The woodbine, the dog-rose, the traveller's joy or wild clematis, and the ivy, should be introduced in all situations suitable for climbing plants.

The gardens of an abbey afford a wider scope. The monks were very fond of gardening; and they grew vegetable luxuries of which the neighbouring barons had no idea. At the present day, no luxury can be enjoyed by one class of the community which is not in some degree accessible to all; but the case was different in the feudal times. Then, every baronial residence was a fortress, beyond the limits of which its inhabitants rarely stirred, except for warlike purposes; and every thing new was looked upon with suspicion. The monks were wiser, because they were better informed; and many a foreign vegetable luxury was cultivated in the rich gardens of an abbey that might have been sought for in vain in all the gardens of the lay lords. The abbeys were, indeed, generally placed on the richest land in the vicinity — in the bosom of some fertile valley, watered by a running stream. The gardens were laid out with verdant terraces, and low walls for fruit-trees; and, though they were partly planted with the same kinds of trees and shrubs as those enumerated for the baronial residences, they had, from their constant communication with the monks of other countries, many others. Many foreign trees and shrubs have, indeed, been found in the gardens of ancient abbeys much larger than the generally supposed date of their introduction would seem to warrant; and which, very probably, were raised by the monks from seeds obtained from Italy, and other countries. Thus a much greater latitude may be allowed for the imitation of abbey gardens than any other, as we scarcely know what plants were known to the monks.

The Elizabethan mansion was a large manor-house, not constructed for the purposes of defence so much as for those of hospitality. The moat was still retained; but it was more for show than use, and because long habit had associated it with the idea of a baronial residence. The garden to the mansion was still stiff and formal, divided into compartments, with fountains

and sundials, and with an architectural terrace bounded by a stone balustrade, and leading into the garden by flights of steps; but the arbours were no longer of stone, and the kinds of trees were more varied. This was the age of filigree parterres, and "various devices" cut in trees, and of tricks with waterworks. Every garden had its labyrinth, and its wood cut into some strange fancy, such as the goose-foot or star. There were also covered walks, high clipped hedges, and verdant terraces.

The flower-gardens for an Elizabethan villa of modern times should have a straight walk down the middle, with the ground divided into compartments on each side. In the corners of these compartments should be a few clipped box-trees, yews, and junipers. There should be a wilderness or labyrinth, with hornbeam hedges; and fountains and waterworks, as far as practicable. An arbour cut in box or hornbeam, or in a large phillyrea, yew, or alaternus, high clipped hedges, covered walks, a parterre of embroidery work, with the crest of the family, or some other device, formed in neat rows of box, and a knot or other figure traced in box, with the spaces filled in with different coloured earths, like toys for children, as Lord Bacon expresses it,—complete a garden in this style; and, if well and tastefully managed, it will have a very good effect. The clipped evergreens are cut into their requisite forms by putting a framework of wire of the proper shape over them, and clipping the branches and leaves to it. The patterns of embroidery are first traced on paper and divided into squares; the ground is then divided into large squares, and the corresponding parts of the pattern traced on it.

The trees and shrubs suitable for an Elizabethan garden and "pleasaunce" are the cypress, the spruce fir, the arbor vitæ, the sweet bay, the box, the English elm, the lime, the plane, the sweet chesnut, the walnut, the ilex or evergreen oak, the Scotch pine, the arbutus, the lilac, the gum cistus, the rosemary, southernwood, the white climbing and upright yellow jasmines, the German tamarisk, Spanish broom, the lavender, the althæa frutex, the garden syringa, the laburnum, the Judas tree, the laurestinus, the yucca, and abundance of roses. In the kitchen garden there might be apricots, peaches, almonds, mulberries, quinces, &c. As it was the custom in those days to mix fruit-trees with other trees in the shrubberies, there might be a large mulberry on the lawn, and large cherry, apple, and pear trees, mixed with the trees bordering it, with a large walnut in some favourable situation. Roses and lilacs were the favourite flowers. A little later the phillyrea and alternus became favourite shrubs; and all the skill of the cultivator was called into action to produce variegated hollies. In the earliest nurserymen's catalogues that have been handed down to us, the number of these variegated hollies is quite surprising, and the taste continued as late as the reign of Anne.

It is difficult to say what the garden was of an ancient Grecian villa, since neither descriptions nor models of the villas of the ancient Greeks have been handed down to us. However, as modern architects have adopted the form of the ancient temples for what they call Grecian villas, it will surely be allowable for the modern landscape-gardener to take the Athenian public walks as a model for the grounds. These public walks were planted with oriental plane-trees, and watered with purling streams, on the banks of which grew olives. Under the trees, or rather in the recesses of the groves, were placed statues, votive altars, and ornamental urns and tombs, which were surrounded with cypresses, and overhung with ivy. The poet's narcissus and the crocus were the favourite flowers of the Greeks.

The grounds of a modern Grecian villa should display nothing stiff or

formal in the scenery. If a terrace be raised under the drawing-room windows, with a gravel walk for exercise in winter, it should be bordered with grass, which should slope gently down, and form part of the lawn. The lawn itself should consist of graceful swells and falls, with wood tastefully disposed, and a lake or river within sight of the house. The flower-garden would look best in some romantic glen, or natural hollow; or, if the situation should not afford either, it may be connected with the house by a conservatory, or a walk bordered by trellises covered with climbing shrubs, or by similar shrubs trained up stakes, and hanging in festoons from one to the other. There may be baskets of flowers on the lawn, a veranda to one of the sides of the house, and numerous temples, groups of sculpture, and statues, erected in the grounds. In short, this style allows a great latitude to taste: confining, of course, the statues, &c. to classical subjects, and bearing in mind that the Greeks delighted in shady groves, and in the sight of water.

The trees suitable for the pleasure grounds of a Grecian villa are the oriental plane, the ilex or evergreen oak, Quercus Esculus, the velonia oak, (Q. ægilops), Q. ballota, and Q. coccifera; the Constantinople nut (Corylus Colurna), the hop hornbeam, the stone pine, the pinaster, Pinus halepensis, P. maritima, the silver fir, Abies or Picea cephalonica, the evergreen cypress, Juniperus oxycedrus, phœnicea, lycia, and macrocarpa; several kinds of shrubby asparagus; several kinds of smilax, Berberis cretica, Iberis sempervirens, the common caper (on rockwork, in a sheltered situation); several kinds of cistus and helianthemum; tree pink, tree flax; several kinds of St. John's wort, the common horse-chesnut, Acer monspessulanum, A. creticum, and A. obtusifolium, broad leaved spindle-tree; several kinds of rhamnus, Christ's thorn, pistachia nut-tree, Pistachia Lentiscus, Rhus Cotinus; several kinds of genista and cytisus. Anthyllis barba-jovis, Coronilla emerus, Medicago arborea, Rosa sempervirens, Rubus tomentosus, the snowy mespilus, Pyrus chamæ-mespilus, P. salicifolia, Cratægus tanacetifolia, Azarolus, and orientalis; the almond, dwarf almond, Prunus Mahaleb, the common laurel, Bupleurum fruticosum, fly-honeysuckle, Diospyros Lotus, Periploca græca, Duke of Argyle's tea-tree, lavender, Jerusalem sage, apple-bearing sage, dittany of Crete, sweet bay; several kinds of daphne, elæagnus, Aristolochia sempervirens, several euphorbias, fig-trees, mulberries, and the European nettle-tree. The walnut and the sweet chesnut were also favourite trees with the Greeks; but the oriental plane, appearing to have been preferred by the Athenians to every other, should predominate in the park scenery, with the silver fir, stone pine, and pinaster. Willows may be also introduced, from the resemblance of their silvery foliage at a distance to that of the olive; and the ivy, Periploca græca, and Aristolochia sempervirens, should be planted in every situation suitable for climbing plants. The poet's narcissus, the crocus, and other bulbs were the favourite flowers.

The ancient Roman villa, which, as built in modern times, may be considered as a modification of the Grecian, should have a formal flower-garden (as the Romans were fond of the geometric style), with terraces leading to it, and fountains. A few box and rosemary bushes may be clipped into examples of the topiary art; and the stone pine should be introduced wherever practicable. Roses, poppies, lilies, violets, hyacinths, and the poet's narcissus, were the favourite flowers of the Romans; the cherry, the peach, the apricot, and the pomegranate, were their favourite fruit-trees; and the myrtle and sweet bay their favourite shrubs. The nettle-tree and

different kinds of orange-trees were also favourites. Their gardens were surrounded with hedges of box or rosemary, and they contained abundance of statues and fountains.

The Italian villas should have terraces, a veranda, or *loggias*, and a conservatory. The flower-garden may resemble that of the ancient Roman villa, and the grounds those of the Grecian villa; while the trees may combine both, with the addition of Pinus Laricio, the Lombardy poplar, the Turkey oak, the Neapolitan and other maples, various kinds of thorn, the catalpa, the Judas tree, both the laburnums, Pyrus spectabilis, the holly, the box, common and Portugal laurels, arbutus, phillyrea, rhododendrons, daphnes, yuccas, azaleas, lilacs, cistuses, colutea, Arundo donax, butcher's broom, and many others.

"As characteristic of Italian scenery," says Mr. Loudon, "the vine ought to be planted, and allowed to climb up the trees, not for the sake of its fruit, but for effect; and one of the best kinds for this purpose is the claret grape, on account of the colour of its leaves in autumn. The pomegranate, the phillyrea, and the ilex, are highly characteristic of Italian gardens; the stone pine and Arundo donax (the Italian reed) of Italian scenery; and the agave and the orange-tree, in tubs or vases, of Italian villas. The most characteristic shrubs of the hardy flowering kind are the cistus and the cytisus. The Ruscus hypophyllum and the shrubby species of asparagus are also found more frequently in Italy than in any other part of Europe, unless we except Greece."—(*Suburban Gardener*, p. 360.) It fortunately happens, for the imitator of an Italian villa near London, that the Pinus Laricio, the stone pine, and the pinaster, which are the commonest pines in Italy, bear the smoke remarkably well, "as may be seen," continues Mr. Loudon, "by examining the trees of this species in the arboretum of Messrs. Loddiges, and comparing their appearance with that of the American pines, and even the Scotch pines, growing beside them."—(*Ibid.*)

The flower-garden of an Italian villa may be laid out in an arabesque pattern, and planted with carnations and pinks, stocks and wall-flowers, which are all favourite flowers in Italy; and with tulips, narcissi, crocuses, colchicums, cyclamens, scillas, and Neapolitan violets. The Italians are also particularly fond of Chinese roses, which should be disposed in a rosery or rose-garden. Some climbing roses may be trained over trellis-work, or *en pyramide*, with the aid of a slight wooden frame. Along the terraces, and in the conservatory, should be plants in large tubs or stone vases, consisting of orange-trees, several large aloes or agaves, pomegranates, oleanders, myrtles, roses, and jasmines. In Italy they frequently have painted imitations of aloes in pots; and, consequently, these might be introduced, if thought desirable.

The Swiss cottage, to preserve an appearance of consistency, should be placed in wild Alpine scenery, among rocks and mountains. The pleasure grounds should be planted with larches, Pinus Cembra, the birch, and other mountain trees. There should be rustic bridges over a stream of water, with a chapel or some rustic building near a lake. There should be no breadth of lawn, no appearance of fertile field: all should be abrupt and picturesque. It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast than should exist between the scenery near a Swiss cottage and that near an abbey: the one should be full of startling contrasts and wild and picturesque beauty, like a picture of Salvator Rosa's, and the other should present a scene of calm repose, fertility, and richness. The grounds of other cottages may be laid out according to the fancy of the proprietor, guided in some degree by the style in which the cottage is built.

The grounds of the square English mansion should present the repose and richness of those of an abbey, combined with all the improvements of modern times. The park should be extensive, well wooded, and well watered, with occasional breadth of lawn, so as to show to advantage the rich green sward in which England excels every other country. There should be a shrubbery adjoining the house of ornamental shrubs; in which, towards the farther extremity, should be interspersed some trees, to unite with the masses of wood beyond. There should be a flower-garden, with the flowers planted in beds, so as to form masses of different colours; and there may be other flower-gardens, planted in different ways. There should be an American ground, and a rose-garden; and, if the proprietor be fond of trees and shrubs, there may be an arboretum. At any rate, there may be a pinetum, a willow ground, or oak forest, in which the different species may be collected; and which may be planted with attention to picturesque effect as well as to botanical science. Should there be an island, it, and the banks of the lake in which it lies, may be planted with the different species of alders, poplars, and willows; and if there should be hilly ground, that may be set apart for the pine and fir tribe. It is by no means necessary to plant an arboretum in strict accordance with botanical arrangement, as even botanists do not always agree as to the position of the orders: all that is requisite is to keep all the species of each genus together; and, as far as practicable, the different genera of an order. It is also unnecessary to plant all the known trees and shrubs so as to form a complete arboretum. A proprietor may take any genus or any genera he may prefer, or which may suit his grounds, and illustrate them, without caring for the others.

These remarks are only intended to offer a very slight outline of a picture which the reader may fill up according to his own taste; but they may afford materials for thinking; and, in skilful hands, could not fail in producing striking effects.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

Of all the individuals who distinguished themselves in the senatorial transactions of the French Revolution of 1789, of the Restoration in 1815, and of the subsequent period to the Revolution of 1830, there is not one who possesses such remarkable claims upon our attention as Benjamin Constant, not merely for the sleepless zeal and indomitable courage with which he advocated the great cause of liberty, even to the last moment of his existence, but because his life and his services have not yet been chronicled as fully and impartially as they deserve. We do not propose in this present paper to fill this strange blank in contemporary history, but rather to trace the outlines of the materials from whence the desideratum is to be supplied.

Benjamin Constant was born in the year 1768, at Lausanne in Switzerland. He began his studies in the university of Edinburgh, and completed them at Erlangen in Germany. Early embued with the ardent theories of political liberty which prevailed amongst his countrymen, his mind derived additional excitement from the study of the constitution and the glories of the Grecian republics. In the Revolution which had then broken out in France, the enthusiastic youth imagined that he saw the regeneration of that country's government, and a promise of the adoption of the simple manners and customs which distinguished ancient Greece. Indeed, his active fancy had impressed him with the revival of the golden age. He fervently sympathised with the reformers of France, and looked upon her heroes and legislators as the peculiar instruments of Providence selected to re-establish peace, prosperity, and liberty throughout Europe. No wonder, then, that he resigned the office of chamberlain which he had held for more than a year at the little aristocratic court of Brunswick, where his ideal French nation was treated with the most marked contempt; the local lordlings of the realm not deigning even to permit it to rank among the European nations since the outbreak of the Revolution. Although he was compelled during his residence at that court to restrain his feelings and sentiments, young Constant failed not to con over and over again the brilliant exploits of a Jourdan, a Moreau, a Joubert, and a Hoche, as given (though greatly disfigured by a jealous censorship) in the German journals; nor could his imagination fail of being impressed with the splendours of the Convention, as it stood in its noble position before Europe. That body, without money, without credit, or consolidated government, had succeeded not only in defending France against the hostility of armed Europe as well as of the insidious factions at home, but had also given effect to her mandates throughout the whole range of countries from the Pyrenees to the Rhine; and then, after having attained these triumphant results, had relinquished the instrument by which it had achieved them, resigning its authority of its own free will, and leaving behind a republican constitution based upon the principles of liberty and moderation.

Constant did not long remain a distant admirer of these brilliant scenes, but proceeded at once to Paris, exulting in the expectation of meeting the master spirits of the age. His way lay through Prussia and Holland, humiliated and struck down by the victorious armies of the republic, — the former forced to surrender all her possessions along the left shore of the Rhine, and the latter having lost half her fleet, Dutch Flanders, Venloo,

Maestricht, and both shores of the Maas. In his passage through these countries, he found the petty princes and statesmen, who, at the outbreak of the Revolution, were so confident in their threats against the Republic, reduced to the utmost consternation and dismay; while, on the other hand, the people were breathlessly awaiting the approach of the streaming banner and the rolling drum, which were to announce to them the coming of the Gallic legions, whose watchwords were liberty and equality. Upon his entrance into the capital of France, where he anticipated scenes of grandeur, sublimity, and peace, he was destined to an overwhelming disappointment. The first object he saw was a cartful of some twenty gens-d'armes, who were being led to the scaffold for having joined the insurgents in their excesses on the 1st of Prairial. The streets of Paris had the gloomy appearance of a field of battle on the morrow after the strife. Only two days previous to his arrival, the doors of the palace where the Convention held their assemblies, had been forced by a drunken mob, who insulted and threatened the members, and for twelve successive hours plunged the city into a state of consternation paralleled only by the disgraceful scenes of the reign of terror.

This was the first political disappointment of B. Constant. His feelings were however soon amply recompensed, by the proclamation of the constitution of the year III.

In the French journals, and even on the rostrum of the Chambre des Deputés, that constitution is still discussed with all the zeal and ardour of present interest, a circumstance which puzzles not a little the philosophy and penetration of strangers. The fact, however, is, that the French are now, in political matters, what the English were at the time when their Magna Charta was proclaimed. The French, like schoolboys, talk about grammatical rules, while the English are too old, and too far advanced in the minutiæ and practice of a representative government, to fritter away their time in discussing the elementary principles.

Not long since two French papers, the one ministerial, and the other belonging to the opposition, amused themselves and the public by discussing the merits of this same constitution, with a zeal as spirited and pointed as if the present welfare of the nation depended on it. The one was of opinion, that France was never less free than during the five years the above constitution was in force, while the other maintained precisely the reverse, and with much industry and ingenuity laboured to prove that the extensive provisions contained in it for the maintenance of liberty in general far surpassed even those of the English constitution. Like the two travellers, who disputed about the colours of the chameleon, both parties may be right.

Of all the ephemeral constitutions which have mouldered upon the shelves of the archives of Paris, none had been so distinguished by the unanimous and cordial consent of all parties as that of the year III. At no period of French history certainly was the ruling party so little distracted by internal division, as at the period when the Convention produced and proclaimed that constitution. The re-action of the 9th Thermidor had partially subsided, and the Jacobins, who afterwards twice combated against the moderate republicans, were as yet without influence. All hearts seemed to go with the Convention, and the bitterest enemies of the government of the day (and they were numerous both in the ranks of the royalist and the levellers) united in admiration of the men whose efforts in the cause of true liberty were so conspicuous and earnest.

The spirit in which the Convention was composed deserved this universal

homage. The members of that body were not chosen on the ground of birth or rank exclusively, but were selected on the ground of integrity, past services, experience, and wisdom. The most striking feature, however, which revealed the character of the Convention, and at the same time gave high promise to France of the future, was the adoption of the English parliamentary procedure, which submits all questions relative to new laws, or the abrogation of old, to the searching ordeal of three discussions before it is permitted to be entered on the statute book. The introduction of this policy, so widely at variance with the expeditious and impetuous legislation of the Revolution, could not but be grateful to those who desired to build up on the ruins of absolutism a national system of government.

The popular extension of the elective franchise was another guarantee of public liberty. It is true the Convention was compelled to suppress several societies, in apprehension of the danger likely to result from the turbulent factions which rankled in Paris, and also to interdict the return of the emigrant nobility; but the government of the country was fairly in the hands of the people, nor could any of the public functionaries, from the director down to the lowest officer of the state, hold his place without their sanction. Public opinion was predominant through the columns of a free and enlightened press.

The circumstances immediately connected with the proclamation of the constitution, while they were grateful to the friends of freedom, could not but appear strange and anomalous in the eyes of the monarchs of Europe. That constitution, previous to its proclamation, was laid before the community assembled in congregations throughout the realm, including even the soldiery on the field of battle, in order that its merits might be fairly and fully discussed, and accepted or rejected by the free will of the people. The deliberations in the camp and throughout the country terminated in the unanimous adoption of the constitution; and its proclamation was hailed with unfeigned joy by all classes of society, as the means by which peace and order were to be restored to the nation.

The proclamation was accompanied by two decrees, to the effect that two-thirds of the Convention should be re-appointed to the new legislative assembly, in order that the work of the former might not be destroyed by the latter. These decrees were sanctioned by all the departments, except those of Paris, where royalists were still secretly lurking and exercising the dark and complicated machinery of their influence to thwart or neutralise every measure of the Convention, and distract and divide the attention of the people.

It is not a little curious that young Constant, who had arrived in the capital glowing with patriotism, should have commenced operations in the ranks of the intriguers against that constitution of which he was afterwards the ablest supporter. He had been introduced by some of his countrymen to Madame de Staël, whose house was the rendezvous at that time of the flower of the literary and political genius of France. Here his personal beauty and the nobility of his mind drew upon him the notice of society, and involved him in a variety of dangerous temptations. Madame de Staël herself felt a strong attachment for him, a feeling to which she yielded with all the enthusiasm and unreserve so peculiar to her in affairs of the heart. Thus, young and unknown as Constant was, he soon became the centre of that famous coterie, composed of foreign diplomatists, emigrants, disaffected journalists, and individuals of both sexes, who, thirsting for fame, co-operated with fierce industry against the reforms which were taking place around them. There were seen, among others, Suard, Morellet, Lacretelle

the younger, Laharpe the witty, Lauragais, the Castellans, the Choiseuls, and others, who were equally dissatisfied with the former and present state of things. Amidst the gloomy and care-worn countenances of those malcontents, the blooming features of the comely student, with his long and gracefully flowing hair, exhibited a most striking contrast. He was eagerly listened to when he gave his enthusiastic opinions on the politics of the day, and supported them by the combined power of lofty eloquence and extensive erudition.

Previously to his appearance in the French metropolis, Benjamin Constant had visited England; but what he saw in the English aristocracy had such an effect upon his feelings, that on his return to France he renounced at once the titles and distinctions which had accrued to him from his own noble birth and family. A mind of this tone, so simple, so honest, so credulous of good, was of all others the most likely to become entangled in the meshes which the crafty are ever spreading abroad for the accomplishment of their own purposes. Moreover, his mind had imbibed the mystical and obscure tenets of the German philosophy; and from these he had built up in his imagination a sort of philosophical government, based on the vague notions of right and equality which were then floating through the unsettled mind of Europe. The violent republicans, and those who yet clung to the desperate cause of royalty, watchful to press into their service, at any expense, all the unappropriated talent, genius, and intellect they could win over to their cause, beset Constant immediately on his appearance in Paris. A crafty junta encompassed him. He was soon drawn into an exhibition of his powers, and found ready and obsequious listeners to his Utopian harangues, who never failed to laud to the skies his sentiments, and the eloquence with which they were propounded. Thus flattered and blinded, the inexperienced student was employed as a tool to carry out the machinations of a faction.

The first step he was induced to take was the publication of three letters in the daily journals, in which he attacked the decrees regarding the re-appointment of the two-thirds of the members of the Convention. These letters had a wonderful effect: they exhibited at once to the insidious circle that surrounded him a palpable demonstration of ability which promised to be of all-commanding service to that party who might be fortunate enough to enlist it on their side. A mind of the calibre of Constant might not be proof against the sudden fascination of popularity; but it was not likely that he could long be deceived, or mistaken in his true position. He soon perceived, in the anxious solicitude and importunity with which he was assailed, sufficient reason for suspecting that all was not honest in the hearts of his associates. The purity and sincerity of his own motives and principles kept him free from the contamination of faction, and ultimately his eyes were opened. He saw the fearful precipice, to the very brink of which he had been drawn. He penetrated the real designs of his pretended friends, which he found to be nothing less than the extermination of the patriots, and the restoration of arbitrary power. He shrunk from the circle, and his first movement was to refute publicly the arguments of the three epistles, by which he had made so many odious friends. His refutation, however, which he composed under the guidance of Louvel, as well as the speech with which the latter defended it in the Convention, made scarcely any impression on the public in comparison with the success which attended the letters. Such lessons are not lost on great minds, nor were these on Constant. They inspired him with that prudence and circumspection which characterised his subsequent career, and for which he was afterwards so

often blamed. His ulterior views were soon confirmed by the scenes of the 13th Vindemiare.

The situation of the Convention had become so critical, and the conduct of their opponents so daring, as to induce Buonaparte to place 800 guns at their disposal for their mere personal self-defence in the very hall of their assembly. The true character of the Convention was exhibited in the moderate use which they made of their triumph over their adversaries. When the issue of that affair placed in their power those individuals who had planned so industriously, and laboured so criminally in the insurrection of that period, what was the conduct of the Convention? Why, they would not see the criminals as they came in their way; and when the sentinels, in the course of their duty, detected a proscribed individual, they cleared the path at once for his escape, rather than exercise that severity which the law would have justified. Not a single execution followed these events; not even a prosecution succeeded the suppression of the treason; not a single hair of a single traitor, although detected and manifest, fell to the ground. Constant could not fail to perceive a striking contrast between the patriots whose characters had been so odiously painted in the saloon of Madame de Staël, and the language of the self-styled moderate party who had ranged themselves around him as friends. He saw clearly the error he had committed, and in the refutation of his own letters proclaimed to the world the renunciation of the party.

The true political career of Constant commenced in the tribunate, a member of which he was appointed by Buonaparte. Of this period he always spoke with self-complacency and pleasure. Here he entered with great eclat the ranks of the opposition, and devoted his industry and genius to the cause of his darling liberty; and to these ranks and to that cause he adhered to the last moment of his life. But melancholy changes took place after the year III, that greatly deteriorated the machinery of government. The Directory, while it remained true to the principles of the constitution, deserved and received the veneration of all true patriots and of the French people, but it did not long maintain this fair character: the malignant genius of intrigue, of treachery, and stratagem, which had been upon the watch for a favourable moment from the commencement of the Revolution, seized it at last, and with its blasting influence arrested the fair growth of the tree of liberty, which henceforth bore no more fruit. The Directory lingered on for some time disgracefully a mark for the finger of scorn and contempt; at length it was dissolved, and it passed (like a thing of shame) away from the memories of men pursued by the groan of universal execration.

Although Constant clearly perceived the degenerating picture of French politics, as it gathered in the distance and spread around him,—although he distinctly saw the fading of that tree, which the French people had planted so enthusiastically,—and although he felt that the cause of liberty was lost, he continued among the last of those who struggled to save the country.

Already in the first sitting of the tribunate he attacked a projected law of government with regard to the rights of that very assembly of which he was a member, and declared, in the presence of the First Consul, whose word had now become law since the 18th Brumaire, that the proposed law was calculated to render all debates useless, to render the consultations of the assembly abortive, and to expose its proceedings to the contempt and ridicule of Europe. Such was, however, the condition to which the assembly was subdued, such was the low tone to which the voice of liberty was reduced, that the law was received and passed. Nor was this all; for on the

next day the cause of the French nation and of liberty were insulted by a severe article in the "Moniteur" from the pen of Buonaparte himself, censuring in unsparing terms the conduct of Benjamin Constant.

Buonaparte, who always in his preliminary steps preferred a conciliatory policy, and who never had recourse to severe measures until these had failed, said one day to Constant, "Why don't you call on me in my private rooms and have a friendly conversation on the subject, instead of declaiming in the saloon about equality?" The answer which Constant made must have fallen upon Napoleon like an acid upon an alkali. "The constitution," replied Constant, "has created a public rostrum to give effect to the sentiments of French citizens, and of that right I will never fail to make a daily use for the purpose of combating the propositions of the First Consul." The natural power of Constant as a politician and orator cannot be better illustrated than by the fact, that in the very teeth of the corruption by which he was surrounded, and the overbearing power of Napoleon, he succeeded in effecting the rejection of two consular motions, and in rendering somewhat more constitutional, by means of amendments, another law concerning the justices of the peace.

One day Buonaparte, furious at the success of his opponents, met the senate, to whom he gave audience, with the utmost ill humour, and tearing the carpet with the spurs of his boots, exclaimed, "There sit on the lower benches of the tribunate about twelve or fifteen metaphysicians, who are only good to be drowned: they are like vermin in my coat which I must strike off. Let them not think that I am as easily to be attacked as Louis XVI." The distaste which Buonaparte, at all times, manifested for the lofty and independent tone of Constant and his coadjutors was striking and undissembled; but his hatred of the senatorial metaphysicians, as he called them, knew no bounds, when the members of the tribunate protested against the privilege of government to call the French nation "subjects." Chenier exclaimed, at that time, from the rostrum, "Our armies have for upwards of ten years combated for the purpose of making us citizens, and now we have become subjects." Constant took a lively share in the discussion, and thundered forth vehemently and eloquently against the slavish appellation. These scenes would, by the by, most certainly have been acted over again, after the Revolution of 1830, had his life been spared for some time longer.

The constitution of the year VIII could by no means satisfy a man who entertained such broad and extensive notions of liberty. Since the period of his acquaintance with Madame de Staël his active faculties had been incessantly engaged in writing, speaking, and agitating; in fact, his whole nature had become so deeply imbued with republican principles, and his jealousy in the cause of national liberty had so trained him in political action, that the senatorial office became his adopted home.

The restrictions which limited the utility of the semi-monarchical constitution were, however, but ill calculated to afford opportunity for the exercise of his powers. Indeed it may be said that the occupation of the eloquent members of the senate was gone, the executive authority having the supreme right to propose and maintain laws; and, what was more, that very executive being confided to the hands of a single individual. The sole veto of the First Consul was sufficient to break down all the apparent constitutional mock bulwarks against usurpation and the violation of public liberty. So changed had the state of political affairs become, that it was enough to know that the proposition of a law emanated from the government, or, what was the same thing, from the First Consul, to render all opposition unavailable. The only privilege conceded to the tribunate was to

appoint a speaker of their body, to oppose or support, in the legislative assembly, the proposed law; which assembly, after having heard the arguments on both sides of the question, was ordained sole arbitrator, either to adopt or reject that law, without consulting the tribunate. The senate, on the other hand, was nothing more than a sort of court of cassation, intended to remind the government of the existence of the constitution, whenever that body showed a disposition or attempted to pass its limit. Yet even this was but a shred of authority; for, whatever might be the theory of its power, it was doomed in practice to be slighted and insulted. It more than once happened that the government, in the prosecution of its views, exhibited, intentionally, the most marked contempt for the constitution and the assemblies; frequently considering it unnecessary even to go through the form of requesting their sanction to its projects. A shadow of something like constitutional opposition was, no doubt, reserved for the tribunate; the members of which were certainly permitted to discuss the measures of government, but their opposition was nothing more than a phantom, and their discussion like so much smoke dispersed abroad in the atmosphere. Yet weak and ineffectual even as this opposition, as it was called, proved to be, it was enough to call forth the anger of the First Consul, who issued a *senatus consultus*, by which it was reduced to fifty members, and Constant, Chenier, Daunou, Guinguené, and many more stanch liberals, lost their seats.

Arrested thus early in his political career, Constant retired in 1802 to Coppet, in Switzerland, in company with Madame de Staël, who was then banished from France for her political intrigues. Constant now devoted his time to literature; and his great work on religion, which he had begun in 1794 at Lausanne, made some progress during this period. Here, also, he composed a novel, "Adolph," in which were revealed the secrets of his own heart. Rest and tranquillity there was none for him, even in his retirement. His political fame had spread so far, and attracted the attention of the leading spirits of distant countries so generally, as to render an extensive correspondence with the emigrants and great statesmen throughout Europe almost indispensable. He had already at Edinburgh formed the acquaintance of men who subsequently became celebrated — such, for instance, as Dr. Graham, Henry Erskine, Lord Buchan, John Wilde, and Mackintosh: acquaintances which afterwards ripened into friendship. His correspondence at this period also included N. M. Montmorency, the Dukes of Broglio, Jancourt, &c. while his old associates and fellow-labourers of the tribunate, Souvet, Chenier, Reoderer, Cabanis, and many others of the politicians of the Revolution, sought on all occasions his advice and counsel. Thus it may be said, that although in the distance, and unconnected with the scenes in the political world, the spirit of Constant continued to animate the affairs of many countries, and gave a secret, yet active, tone to their policies.

There is one remarkable point connected with the life of Constant which is worthy of observation; namely, that his most signal acts and distinguished writings owe their origin to some female inspiration. His correspondence with Lady Hardenburg, whom he afterwards married, and who was herself a sentimental mystical poetess, probably gave rise to his great work on religion. It was under the influence of the presence of Madame de Staël, when at Coppet, that he wrote his famous pamphlet on "The Form of Government." His hatred against Buonaparte originated with that of the latter against De Staël, who had no sooner experienced persecution after her return to Paris in 1798, than Constant published his "Essay on the Revolution of 1660," as an answer to that of Boulay de la Meurthe; in fact it was

the ascendency of that lady over his mind which more or less stimulated his pen in all his subsequent writings. In the sequel we shall also show, that, on the return of Napoleon from Elba, his, Constant's, equivocal conduct and change of opinion was mainly to be attributed to the same fascinating influence.

Having accompanied Madame de Staël once more to Paris, he took his departure for Germany, and arrived in 1804 at Weimar. Here he reposed in the peaceful and classical company of Schiller, Goëthe, Wieland, the historian Müller, and others of the literati of the day. Germany he found greatly altered since he had left it. The universities, so much feared by the princes, had not drank so deeply from the cup of republicanism as might have been expected; on the contrary, they had assumed more of the tone of ancient chivalry than of the modern spirit. Yet, in the predilection of the German youth for ancestorial notions and old Teutonic nationality, the discerning spirit of Constant detected the germ of republicanism, and the unequivocal signs that indicated the congeniality of the soil upon which it had fallen. The princes themselves, vacillating between a sort of indeterminate liberalism on the one hand — the effect of their immediate contact with the philosophers of the day — and fear for their own safety on the other, held a wavering and uncertain position in the land of their authority. The condition of the poets and philosophers was equally affected by existing circumstances; and while it was evident their hearts espoused the cause of the Revolution, it was equally evident that the common weakness of men, which impels them to bow the neck before, and court the favour of, the great, was exercising a silent, yet certain, influence throughout all the detail of their actions.

As concerned the better informed classes, the predominant opinion was in favour of the French government, the firmness and energy of which no one could deny. An attempt was made by princely power, as well as by that of genius, to chase from the German mind the principles and doctrines of the new school; yet, notwithstanding the admonitory declarations of authority, the violent articles of Wieland in the German "Mercury," or the comedy of the young poet Goëthe, styled the "Citizen General," the French Revolution, and the doings of her great men, still found favour in the eyes of the people. Benjamin Constant beheld all these things, and it led to the conviction in his mind, that if revolutionary France were so disposed, it would not be a difficult step to seize upon Germany.

We shall pass over in silence the sentimental life of Constant at Paris, Coppet, Interlaken, and Lyons, his secret marriage on the 5th May, 1808, and many more incidents relative to his private and domestic affairs, and shall at once proceed to that period when he re-appeared in public in his political character.

When Napoleon declared war against Russia in 1811, Constant resided at Göttingen, where he spent his time in the company of Villers (author of the "History of the Reformation"), Heeren, Heine, Creutzer, and Goerres, and laboured assiduously in the composition of his work on religion. He lived in comparative retirement and privacy, while Madame de Staël espoused the cause of Russia.

Upon the fatal retreat of the grand army from Moscow, he, for the first time after the lapse of ten years, appeared before the public in a pamphlet on the spirit of conquest and usurpation, which he published at Göttingen, from which place he subsequently retired to Hanover, in order to avoid the martial bustle of the army whose road lay through Göttingen.

In this, his new retirement, he was unexpectedly visited by his old friend

Bernadotte. The friends fell into a familiar conversation at dinner, and talked over the scenes and doings of bygone days, and the new aspect of affairs, which was brightening up in the distance of the political horizon. Constant, who no longer doubted the downfall of Napoleon, spoke with unfeigned delight of the anticipations which he held of the restoration of liberty in France; while at the same time he did not conceal his gloomy apprehension of the consequences which he feared would result if France were indebted to the allied powers for her liberation, and the country were overrun by their armies. Constant, in thus candidly expressing his opinions, conjured the Crown Prince of Sweden, who appeared to have gained great favour with the allied powers, to exert his influence in order to induce the allies to permit France to choose her own mode of government. The dissembling Bernadotte listened attentively while Constant gave his views and opinions on the passing events, and replied to him by dwelling on the circumstance of the high favour in which he stood with the allied sovereigns, and the friendship which they professed for him publicly, but concealing the fact of their secret suspicion of him. He then solicited Constant to make use of the interest of Madame de Staël, who was in high esteem with the Emperor of Russia, for the purpose of impressing that potentate with the notion that he, Bernadotte, was, of all others, the most appropriate instrument which could be employed in effecting the settlement of French affairs, and establishing order and stability to the satisfaction of all parties. Constant was at this period wiser than at the time of his first introduction to French society: "in short," says he, "I saw a man before me who burned with desire for the French throne; but," continued he, "as he was a native of Gascony, we could not come to a clear understanding."

Constant at last resolved on going to France. He departed on the first of April, 1814, in the escort of the corps of the army of Bernadotte for Brussels, from whence he went in company of Madame de Staël to Paris, and immediately promulgated his views on the subject of the restoration in an article which appeared in the "Débats" of the 21st of the same month. Those views were, at that time, entirely novel in France, viz. the neutrality of the royal power between all parties; a notion which, in fact, constituted the whole machinery of a representative government. To this doctrine Constant adhered to the end of his life, and maintained it both in his writings and on the rostrum, and laid, though perhaps unconsciously, the foundation of the parliamentary opposition. Thus Providence willed that the same army who brought in their escort a Bourbon hostile to the Revolution, should also bring a man in the same rank, whose commanding eloquence in the senate, and fluent reasoning in the press, should form a counteracting power, and thus avert many of the evils naturally resulting from that great national event.

After the Restoration, Constant was indefatigable in his political avocations. In every conceivable form he applied his strength and genius, and in pamphlets, articles, and speeches, he laboured to rouse the French mind, and warn the ministry against the consequences of their ill-conducted government. For more than fifteen years, with the voice of a prophet, he impeached their pernicious course of policy; spoke of the crumbling base upon which they had taken their stand, and pointed to the fearful abyss upon the brink of which they so wantonly stood, and into which they ultimately fell as he predicted. His industry was unbounded. The frowns of the court, or the apathy of the people, neither damped nor slackened his ardent spirit or indomitable zeal. The one object of his heart was the liberty of his country, and to that object he yielded his life with the truest devotion.

When the vast labours of Constant are reviewed, they are, indeed, surprising; and we must wonder how he could find time for the composition of those sound and logical publications which, from time to time, issued from his pen, to say nothing of his other and varied labours.

We have arrived at a period when his republican fame was overshadowed by a behaviour so equivocal in its nature, as to occasion the most serious alarm to his friends, and to call forth the severest reproaches against his conduct, as well as dark suspicions against the sincerity of his principles:— we allude to the time of the return of Napoleon from Elba.

Important effects are not always generated by important causes, nor is it less true, that great men are not always occupied with great tasks and thoughts, such as they appear before us in their public and official capacity. Thus it was with Constant. When the storm had burst a second time around the Capet family and shook them from their throne, and the people of France were welcoming with open arms the return of their beloved military hero; when Europe, again awakened and alarmed, and her princes panic-stricken at the return of that lion to his lair, who had so often made them tremble, was awaiting the one dreadful and bloody struggle, at least, which it knew must be made in the cause of the Bourbons; when Paris was raging with conflicting passions and sentiments, and liberty was threatened and in danger from all parties; where was our stanch republican hero? Where was Benjamin Constant, the calm reflecting writer, and the avowed sworn friend of liberty? Alas! the truth must be confessed. Constant, who was already forty-seven years of age, with a head partly bald and partly covered with grey hair, was amusing himself in the lap of a mistress, of whom he was so enamoured, as to yield up all his better feelings and judgment, and to surrender himself at once to that single passion, *love;* and how did he act amidst the confusion by which he was surrounded? Did his bold republican genius exhibit itself? Oh no! When attacked on the one hand in the public journals, as having by his writings caused the downfall of the Bourbons, and on the other, as having, in conjunction with Mad. de Staël, by the basest intrigues succeeded in rendering Napoleon and his cause odious to the eyes of the allied princes, his answers were indeed poor, evasive, and abstract; nor was he even aroused by the reverberating roar of that artillery which announced the arrival of Napoleon at the seat of royalty — the Tuilleries.

The object of his love was a woman, a friend of Mad. de Staël, who was as celebrated for her personal charms, as the latter was for her mental endowments. This lady was constantly surrounded by the most distinguished characters of all countries. She had always been secretly attached to the cause of the Bourbons, so that her house at that critical moment became the rendezvous of the royalists. Constant, who was a mere play-ball in her hands, naturally associated himself with the visiters of her house, and more especially with Lainé and Lally-Tolendal. Here he also made the acquaintance of Chateaubriand, who assured them that he had it in his power to save France, if he were minister of the interior. Constant also saw here a great deal of Guizot, and Royer-Collard, both stanch doctrinaires, but who like the other royalists would make no decided stand, or do any thing to recover public opinion. The consequence was, the King departed on the 20th of March. On the same day, Constant, still under the influence of his royalist Dulcinea, inserted in the public journals a bitter article against Napoleon, who suddenly arrived that evening in the Tuilleries. Constant naturally supposed to be in danger, was instantly concealed by Lafayette and Tracy in the hotel of the American ambassador, from whence he secretly departed in the company of the latter to Nantes. Arrived at Ancenis, he was informed

that Nantes had declared itself in favour of Napoleon, and that the prefect of that place had taken flight. He then resolved on returning to Paris, to meet his destiny.

Expecting every moment to be thrown into prison, he was one morning surprised by the entrance of General Sebastiani, Degerando, and two other statesmen, who requested him to join the party of Napoleon, who was resolved to give to France a liberal and representative government, and who would be glad to have an opportunity of discussing the matter with him. Constant consented to accompany them to the Tuilleries, where he found the Emperor, surrounded by the Duke of Bassano, Regnault, De St. Jean, D'Angely, Rovigo, Andreossy, and Defermon, all men of repute and principle. Pressed on all sides, and especially by the insidious words of the Emperor, than whom none better understood the art of persuasion, he was induced to sit down and write the appendix to the instrument for which he was afterwards so much censured.

Such was the exact conduct of Constant in that memorable affair. Like many men of inferior powers, he seems to have been politically stunned by the suddenness of the event which had swept over France. It was Constant who defended in the tribunate the liberty of the nation against the repeated attempts of the First Consul; it was Constant who fifteen years afterwards disputed Napoleon's encroachments, inch by inch; it was Constant whose voice was heard throughout Europe sounding abroad the creed of liberty; and it was Constant who, on the assumption of the imperial diadem by his great opponent, met, and, if he did not bow the neck before him, failed in that free and deep eloquence for which he was so famous, and suffered that grand opportunity to escape him, which he might have employed with so much glory to his own fame and advantage to the country. From such men as Constant public opinion does not accept any excuse. His first punishment was the insertion of his name in the amnesty of the 24th of July, and his second its omission, not in consequence of the pamphlet which he published in his own defence, but of the intercession of Decanzes. He therefore found it advisable to retire to England, from whence he returned only after the re-action of the 5th of September; and it was during this time, that he wrote his "Memoirs of the 100 Days."

His return to Paris was, as usual, marked by the publication of a pamphlet, "On the Political Doctrines," which he composed at the request of Madame de Staël, as a refutation of Chateaubriand's work, "The Monarchy according to the Charter." This pamphlet excited great attention, but he did not follow it up with decisive action. At this period Madame de Staël fell seriously ill, and Constant abandoned political society altogether. From this moment gambling became his ruling passion; he was seen to spend whole days and nights in private and public gaming-houses, risking enormous sums on the chance of a single card. It is a remarkable fact, and, we think, little known, that he owed his subsequent election to the Chamber of Deputies to the gaming-table. Those citizens only who paid yearly to the state 1000 francs direct taxes were eligible to that office, and it was well known that Constant did not belong to that wealthy class. It was said, when the chances of play had put into his hands the means of thus qualifying himself, that Lafitte's purse had been the means by which Constant purchased a house worth 100,000 francs; but that was not the case, although it must be admitted that such a trait was by no means inconsistent with the patriotic and generous nature of Lafitte. His career during the fifteen years of the Restoration presented a checkered picture of industry and dissipation: the hours of the day were

passed by him in the Chamber and on the rostrum, and those of the night either at the sedentary labour of the writing-desk, or the anxious excitement of the gaming-table. It is scarcely possible to go into a detail of his numerous speeches and writings on all sorts of political questions; the mere enumeration of his writings on legislation, the press, and elections, —of his articles in the "Mercury," in the "Annals des Chambres," in the "Minerve," "Tablette," "Courier Français," and "Temps," besides his numerous speeches in the Chamber, and pamphlets in defence of liberty in general, would form by itself a voluminous catalogue. In short, to write the life of Constant, would be to write the History of the Restoration; for there is scarcely any event in that period in which he did not move as a leading spirit, even at the very hazard of personal safety; as in 1817 at Strasburg, when his house was besieged by the officers of the *Ecole de Cavallerie*, and in 1824, when his opponents denied him the right of French citizenship.

Yet all these mental and physical exertions, instead of exhausting his spirit, seem rather to have acted as stimulants, and to have given new vigour to his energies. Indeed he stood in great need of such aid, for he had not only to defend himself against the attacks of his foes, but often even of his friends. It is almost inconceivable how he could, in the midst of these incessant struggles, have found yet leisure for all those thick volumes which issued from his pen, such as his "Manual of Constitutional Politics," besides his articles in several diurnal journals on literature, the arts, and sciences. During the night it was his habit to take notes, and crowd together on slips of paper his materials, and next morning, before he went to the Chamber, he had already tired his amanuensis. His uncommon mental strength and activity did not abandon him even to the last. Even when disease had bowed down his tall and majestic form, and weakened the physical man, the spiritual still held on its gigantic course, and with untameable vigour grappled with its laborious every-day work.

It was a fine sight to behold him wending his way to the Chamber, some time before the opening of the doors, clad in his silver embroidered coat, without which uniform no deputy was permitted to ascend the rostrum, in order that he might be ready to speak should occasion require, while his hands and arms were burdened with books, manuscripts, proof-sheets, &c.

No sooner had he taken his seat in the extreme corner of the left, than he commenced writing, his books and papers arranged before him; and such a heavy number of letters and parcels did he send away, as to keep continually on their legs all the messengers and porters attached to the Chamber. He had scarcely done with his letters, than he would commence the correction of the proof-sheets of his issuing publications; while, at intervals, he would take notes of the arguments of the speakers, and converse with his friends, who never failed to crowd around him. In the midst of all this confusion (which was no confusion to the clear head of Constant) he would not fail to ask the word at the moment an orator had resumed his seat; then he would ascend the rostrum, with small slips of paper in his hand, which appeared to have been taken at random from beneath his papers and manuscripts. Once upon the rostrum, his spirit rallied all its powers, and his pale features, in the animation which gradually lit them up, indicated the glowing feelings which were stirring within his breast. At first the words fell from his lips in a slow and lingering manner, which tended rather to disappoint those who were attracted to the Chamber by the fame of his eloquence; gradually, however, his voice rose, became clear and sonorous, his eyes sparkled, and his full extemporaneous speech flowed along in uninterrupted majesty.

His favourite topic was the *liberty of the press;* and on this subject he always brought into action the whole of the artillery of his eloquence. On that topic alone, the speeches which he delivered would fill a large volume. So engrossed was his mind with it that in his speeches on other themes he could not refrain from occasional glances at it; and he scarcely ever delivered a speech in which might not, more or less, be traced the deep hold which this subject had of his mind.

His last speech, shortly before his death, was against Guizot and some of his former friends, in defence of the liberty of the press, and against Humann, who had undertaken the advocacy of the bill proposed by the attorney-general, more on the ground of personal hatred to the journals, than conviction of the utility, necessity, or justice of the cause. It is impossible not to admire the firmness, the intrepidity, and perseverance of the man, who under difficulties, and they were many, of the most disheartening kind, could so cheerfully and disinterestedly place himself in the breach, and maintain the battle with such devoted ardour against the phalanx whose ranks were so numerous. Constant, like a true veteran, although broken down by age and infirmities, felt it to be his duty still to ascend the field of action, and spend the last pulsation of his frame in the cause of freedom, of France, and humanity!

His death followed soon after (in 1831). His passage to the grave was marked, like his passage through life, by the sympathy of that people whose cause he had so nobly defended. The whole of the Chamber, the whole of Paris, followed his honoured remains to the tomb.

Many of our readers may perhaps have heard of the rumour, that Constant made a secret treaty with the July monarch. We wish we possessed the means of contradicting the report; but our business is only with truth and justice. The report is too well founded, that Constant did receive from the Citizen King the sum of 200,000 francs. We have no excuse—there can be no palliation for this unfortunate act; yet the sternest patriots cannot help sympathising in the melancholy lot of him, the friend of humanity, and the defender of those interests, the most essential and dear to the human race, whose personal necessities reduced him to the humiliation of accepting from the enemy, that which should have been presented to him in public, in a vase of gold (as the city of London did to Wilkes), as a memento of a grateful people for the long life which he had devoted to their cause.

At the outbreak of the new Revolution, Constant clearly foresaw that the advantages to be reaped from it would scarcely deserve the blood that must be shed in its cause—yet he did his duty to the last. On the 28th of July his friends wrote thus to him:—"We are engaged in a terrible game: the stake is our heads. Come and bring yours." He did, indeed, "bring his head," but nothing more, for his frame and health were broken by a severe operation he had undergone some days previously. Had the troops of Polignac and Marmont been the victors, he would have been carried to the scaffold in a dying state. That, however, was not to be his fate—the people triumphed, and he was borne by them about the streets, into the Mansion House and Palais Royal. He resembled a banner rent by balls in the field of battle: and thus he was displayed before the fire of the enemy by the triumphing people. When the war of the Three Days had ceased, and the people had completed their victory, Constant was again sought for by the statesmen, and made use of in the consolidation of the new constitutional monarchy. He gave his consent to the Louis Phillipe scheme, while his friends, who were aware of his decay and approaching dissolution, pressed him to accept

of the offered pecuniary present. The feeble invalid gave way to their importunities, perhaps consoling himself with the idea that his refusal would not check the current of the popular stream, which was now running in favour of the Orleans. Contrary to all expectation he regained some strength, and, as if revived and invigorated in his heart by a new ray of hope from the newly erected throne, his drooping spirits rallied, and his political genius again shone forth in the promise of yet further efforts in the cause of liberty. When he saw how matters went, he resumed his old corner to the left in the Chamber, a corner at which many a minister had looked with dismay and trembling. He died when his part was played out to the end, but not before misanthropy had eaten into his heart, and cankered his spirit of warm humanity. He disappeared, like Romulus, from among the assembly of the senators, in a thunder storm. He had fulfilled the melancholy duty of a priest: he had preached faith, where there was no prospect of being listened to; and until his strength failed him he continued to speak the words of hope and consolation to his country.

Benjamin Constant was one of those who could not exist without the divine manna — hope and fair prospects. These were dashed by the revolution of July! Within two days he clearly saw to what end it would lead, and was perfectly undeceived as to the delusive hopes of anticipated liberty.

He who had combated for the principles of 1789 defended himself still very bravely against the attacks of the philosophers of the nineteenth century; but his efforts were ineffectual, because the Liberals were fighting in the ranks of his opponents, and the more so as he met them in one common and tender point — religion. Constant regarded liberty as an independent deity, and religion as its auxiliary ally. The doctrinaires, on the other hand, desired to render the people subservient to the government through the agency of religion, while Constant considered a free, and enlightened, and self-governing people an object as sublime as religion itself. These opinions drew him to the school of transcendental philosophy, where he ultimately found a *nonentity*, at the same time that he felt that the young and rough liberalism that was bursting forth around him was not in accordance with his own refined sense of freedom; his sentiments were therefore often at variance with the views of the heads of the secret societies and ardent youth whom he frequently met towards the end of the reign of Charles X. at the soirées at Lafayette's. Indeed he would have played but an ineffective part in these our days. His stern and inflexible spirit, yearning incessantly for a high order of national independence (higher, perhaps, than the people of his age could appreciate or enjoy), would have found its aims perpetually thwarted by the supple and slavish policy of the times. He was deeply impressed with this fact. He knew the men who stood at the helm of French affairs even to the very heart's core; and he died almost in despair at the forlorn prospects of his darling liberty.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. V. — *The Tempest.*

When the vessel which bears the King of Naples and his company, has foundered and is just going down, there is heard "*a confused noise within,*" and amidst the agonised cry, the following words are distinguishable: —

"Mercy on us! — we split! we split! — Farewell, my wife and children! — Farewell, brother! — We split! we split! we split!"

We do not conjecture these expressions of terror and last leave-taking to have been personally addressed to the wives, brothers, and children, either of the drowning sailors (who were very unlikely to have such relations on board), or even of the passengers who formed the suite of Alonso; but that the feelings of the individuals gushed forth towards those far away, to whom their affections were strongest, and whom they never expected to see any more in this world. In those who uttered these expressions of love towards their dearest relatives, we perceive more unadulterated natures than in the nobles and courtiers, and the fratricidal Sebastian, who proposes to go and "take leave of the king," while the treacherous usurper Antonio characteristically manifests his devotion to externals by exclaiming "let 's all sink with the king!" There was no atom of affection towards the person of the king in this; it was the mere desire to "break their fall" into the other world, by clinging to the greatest worldly power in the present. The contrast between the last words of the courtiers, and the "*confused* noise *within,*" is worthy of some study, which might not prove unprofitable to the heart as well as head.

There were four or five women who attended Miranda during her very early childhood in Milan, but she only remembers them "like a dream;" and mention is made of the "brave son" of the usurping Duke of Milan, which son was supposed to have been drowned. But as no one was drowned we might have expected to have seen him. He does not, however, appear. Of Miranda's mother we are only informed that she was "a piece of virtue," who told Prospero that Miranda was truly his daughter; while in alluding to her grandmother, Miranda says that she "should sin to think otherwise than nobly" of her chaste ancestor, by supposing that the wicked Antonio was not her father's legitimate brother. And thus the virtue of both of the undeveloped ladies is most unnecessarily called in question by a gratuitous defence, showing the bad influence of a licentious court even upon so original a genius as that of Shakspeare. What could Miranda know of such things?

Sycorax, a native witch of Argier, the mother or dam of Caliban, is a far more tangible character — though in sooth one might rather object to touch her. There is something in her nature, as well as personal appearance, of which the ordinary impression of an ugly wicked old witch conveys no adequate idea. She was a frightful, haggard, and extremely dirty skeleton; her dull, yellow, and brown-baked, shrivelled skin, just covering her marrowless edifice of disjointed bones. Her long black nails

—inherited by her cub — denoted her faculties as a "tearer," while her deep-set eyes, as blue as gall, gleamed forth in feverish quest on every side. Yet, with all this, there is a sense of imbecility associated in our minds with regard to old Sycorax. She was constantly half choked with the quantity of vice and wickedness within her, because she had not an equal degree of power to enable her to exercise her inward calling, by giving it off in all directions. Her envy of this power of evil in some of her intimate friends had bent her body hell-wards, accordant with this tendency of her soul. It is true that she is designated as —

> "—— A witch; and one so strong
> She could control the moon — make flows and ebbs,
> And deal in her command, without her power."

This power over the moon and the tides, doubtless accompanied with other elemental influences, was certainly not a trifle; yet Prospero would have been too strong for her. She was, in addition, so imbecile of mind as to make choice even of a god whose power was inferior to the magic of Prospero. To be sure we have only Caliban's word for this, and he might be very apt to judge by *his own pinches*. Still we are sceptical as to the occult forces of Sycorax; and the nasty vermin whereby she worked her charms, "toads, beetles, bats," tend to confirm us in the idea of the very low or limited degree of rank she enjoyed as a sorceress. She was accustomed to brush —

> "—— Wicked dew,
> With raven's feather from *unwholesome* fen;"

and this she dropped, or caused to be dropped, upon the bodies of her victims, and thus infected them with sickness, a fever, or a leprosy: but all these things are quite second-rate excellences, scarce worth being "damned for." Meantime she had, no doubt, a most diabolical will (the worse from the constant irritation of feeling herself without any commensurate power), and this, we believe, rather than the toads, beetles, bats, and other *charms* of Sycorax, to have been at the bottom of the conquest she achieved over the heart of Caliban's father.

In his rank and capacity of father to Caliban, the freedom being solely qualified by this extenuating circumstance, we have ventured to allude to a distinguished individual of inextinguishable genius, whose amiable qualities have hitherto been hidden in darkness. The individual was not a native of the isle: he seems to have sojourned a while in Argier, but his actual birth-place, or parish, was lower down. Perhaps Argier is a corruption of Algiers. How this paternal personage came to Algiers or Argier, might be accounted for by the simple process which would enable us to discover the ascent of a soul from Erebus — if we knew what that process was; that he descended, however, like a bolt of lightning into the earth, we have the written attestation of several respectable descendants of Algerine eye-witnesses. Shakspeare does not mention his real name, merely designating him with some degree, as we think, of opprobrium and disparagement, as "the devil." The same poetical chronicler also terms his son Caliban a demidevil, which of course clenches the fact as to the entire *status* of the sire. So much for this undeveloped paternity; but as to the "charms" aforesaid, and all personal causes of attraction,— what he could possibly see in Sycorax, absolutely stagnates the very sources of human conjecture!

We cannot, however, bid a final adieu to Sycorax without a further observation. Besides the great additional support to opinions already ex-

pressed concerning her, something important is suggested in the dialogue which first occurs between Prospero and Ariel: —

> "*Prosp.* ——— Hast thou forgot
> The *foul witch*, Sycorax, who, with age and *envy*,
> *Was grown into a hoop?* Hast thou forgot her?
> "*Ariel.* No, sir.
> "*Prosp.* Thou hast: where was she born? — speak, tell me!
> "*Ariel.* Sir, in Argier.
> "*Prosp.* O, was she so? I must,
> Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
> Which thou forget'st. This *damn'd witch*, Sycorax,
> For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
> To enter human hearing, from Argier,
> Thou know'st, was banished; *for one thing she did*,
> They would not take her life: Is not this true?
> "*Ariel.* Ay, sir.
> "*Prosp.* This *blue-ey'd hag* was hither brought with child,
> And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
> As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
> And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
> To act *her earthy and abhorr'd commands*,
> Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
> By help of her more potent ministers,
> And in her most unmitigable rage,
> Into a cloven pine; within which rift
> Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain
> A dozen years; within which space she died,
> And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans,
> As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
> (Save for the son that she did *litter* here,
> A freckled whelp, hag-born), not honour'd with
> A human shape.
>
> * * * * * * * *
>
> Thou best know'st
> What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
> Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
> Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
> To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
> *Could not again undo;* it was mine art,
> When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
> The pine, and let thee out.
>
> ACT I. Sc. II.

We have scarcely been able to finish the transcription of the above quotation, from our extreme impatience to ask the reader what he imagines could have been that one thing which Sycorax had done, which occasioned her life to be spared? It must have been of some service to the people, or more probably, the potentate of Argier; there must have been some good in what she did, though doubtless it was not for the love of the good, but because a greater evil was elsewhere produced. Yet to what the thing was, no sort of clue is given. Did she, once upon a time, raise a storm and shipwreck a fleet of Christian invaders, for the pleasure of seeing their drowning faces look up amidst the flashes of the lightning? Did she save the king's life by some necromantic medicine,— a pungent extract of bat and beetle,— because he was a horrible tyrant and the scourge of his people? Did she protect the king's only child (who promised to be a worse tyrant even than his father) from two snakes who had secreted themselves in the garden,— her onslaught being impelled by a sudden fierce propensity towards the same, whereof the writhing tails were seen sticking up out of her gustacious jaws, during full ten minutes, by the whole court of Argier? *Non equidem invideo, miror magis!*

Claribel, the daughter of Alonso, king of Naples, was the involuntary cause of the circumstances through which the plot of the Tempest is developed. The king, her father, was determined to marry her against her inclination to the king of Tunis, and set sail with her himself in order to enforce obedience. In returning from the celebration of this *unholy* rite, his tyrannical and short-sighted cruelty was visited with the horrors of the shipwreck, which wrought to the ends of Prospero. This unhappily married daughter of the king seems to have been an amiable and interesting victim. Even the "men about court" speak of the sacrifice with regret:—

"*Gonzalo.* Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.
"*Sebastian.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
"*Adrian.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
* * * * * * * * *
"*Gonzalo.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
"*Antonio.* And the rarest that e'er came there.
* * * * * * * * *
"*Gonzalo.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.
"*Alonso.* You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd
I ne'er again shall see her."

ACT II. Sc. I.

As to the king of Tunis we may suppose him to have been a very disagreeable object (no doubt a black personage) in the eyes of the fair Claribel. But "that's no rule," and he might have been a marvellous, handsome, amiable, and proper man in the eyes of other ladies. It is not unlikely that Claribel had a previous attachment to some one else. Her aversion, however, to the king of Tunis, is unequivocally expressed:—

"*Sebastian.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
"*Alonso.* Pr'ythee, peace!
"*Sebastian.* You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she 'd bow."

ACT II. Sc. I.

We have hitherto avoided, in the previous plays of the series, almost all the numerous unsubstantial or purely spiritual entities and hints of being, that skip and glance athwart the vision in Shakspeare's poetry. To the idea of the fair queen with her lute (in Henry IV.) we ought, perhaps, to have added the magic musicians, conjured up by the fervid imagination of Glendower.

"And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here!"

The writer of an article in a musical periodical (and the reader will easily discover the writer to have been Mr. Leigh Hunt) has recently singled out the foregoing passage, and illustrated it with a beauty vieing with its own. "Here is a cloud of invisible musicians hanging in the air a thousand leagues off, that is to say, three thousand miles, somewhere (not to interfere

with the main American land) down in the Atlantic, towards Cape Horn. But supposing us to sail near this enchanted air, are they invisible?—or may we not (if our eyes be gifted enough) rather just discern them up aloft, hanging somewhat like a dim cluster of bees in the noon-tide, a mile higher than the lark reaches?—and if we listen, may we not hear them dimly sounding a numerous music, like what we might suppose to be that of some star inhabited by none but musicians, and so diffusing downwards a soft, trembling sound over the waters, *analogous to quivering beams of light*, and making the boats thereabouts hush along with mixed fear and rapture."

After this, which seems to belong more appropriately to the "Tempest" than any other play, we shall say nothing of the "elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves," &c. whom Prospero invokes; the urchins who cramped Caliban; the ministers of Sycorax, &c. The reader, however, may smile when we ask him to observe the following passage. Stephano and Trinculo, led by Caliban, discover the rich garments hung upon a line to decoy them:

"*Stephano.* Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line; is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin! you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin."
ACT IV. Sc. I.

The passage in itself is sufficiently trashy, and an appropriate effervescence of the drunken fancy of such a fellow as Stephano; we offer it, nevertheless, as manifesting a peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare's love of personification — in short, of Life. He cannot even let a clothes-line and a jerkin alone, but must needs put them *en rapport* (as the animal magnetists say) with the interlocutors of the scene.

When we have mentioned Gonzalo's son, whose extravagant love of toys equalled, perhaps, his father's extravagant humour (the latter, on being accused by Sebastian, of intending to carry home Prospero's island "in his pocket," and give it to the said son "for an apple," replies that he will sow "the kernels of it in the sea, and bring forth more islands!") our task, with regard to the "Tempest," will have been nearly completed. But something still remains; and fortunately for the less malleable and less suggestive qualities of prose, which would but ill have served us in this last extremity, we have raked up from a mouldy chronicle the following batch of olden verse, interpolated, no doubt, by some well-meaning tradition-monger, who honestly thought that the grim biographical hints it contains of the death of Sycorax and other matters, would supply its deficiencies in all poetic elegancies. We give it just as we found it:—

"Deepening in hue, like to a clotted cloud
Before the storm, and lessening as it sweeps
The ghastly hemisphere, what ugly blight
Is downward shot to the horizontal verge?
Where hath it settled? on what errand sent?

"It was the hideous idol, Setebos!
Swift generated, as a thunder-stone,
That on a magic isle hath fallen, and stuck
I' the burst earth! Passive as a flint its face;
Passive the large white rings of its flat eyes;
Petrific were its low-set kernell'd horns.
The mouth, combustion's black and shapeless work,
Was but a trap for apprehension's brood
Of quick revulsions, — but no life was in it:
And yet a ravening horror iced the air,
Which made the silence like a constant ghost,
Haunting the scene of sacrifice.

"Behold!
A hag — a heap of devil-inspirited wrinkles —
Clad all in rotting weeds, moves thro' the fog;
Palsied and hook-back'd like the abortive moon,
Whose ragged crescent trembles o'er hell's lake.
Her dark-bark'd, knotty knees indent the sward,
Like old roots kneaded down by older time;
Her wither'd arms are lifted, and her fingers,
Whose long claws catch the light, stretch forward wide,
While her sharp voice chaunts forth a frantic prayer.

"And art thou come at last, O Setebos?
And wilt thou aid my wishes, when the date
Of this my stay on earth is burn'd out quite,
Which it will be at sun-set of this day,
And I return down to my native realm?
Here shall I leave my offspring, rightful lord
Of all this spell-fraught island; — but thou know'st,
Or thou should'st know, dumb god, that hither soon
A mortal man, holding immortal powers
Of high enchantment and compulsive thought,
Thron'd on the shipwreck, will in tempest come!
Scorch up his eyes, dumb god! — strike him stone deaf!
Catch him asleep, or praying, and so kill him
By shell and shingle whirl'd about i' the wind,
And on his brain discharg'd! But if indeed
Thou wilt not, or thou canst not do this thing,
Then art thou worthless, and a god accurst;
And let my dying maledictions strike
Thine inward fires to conflict with themselves,
The torment ne'er exploding — ne'er consumed!"

"The fierce hag fell upon her face, and died!
Her soul flew downwards: Setebos remain'd
In all his hideous flint, while rose the moon
With silver sweetness and a patient smile,
Above the nest of coiled-up Caliban.
There lay the uncouth urchin-infant, dreaming;—
And in the joyous changes he became
A ruler and a dancer o'er the fields,
Crown'd with a shell, and all in sea-weed pomp
Of garments glistening with the briny ooze;
A hunter and devourer of good spoil,
Such as in cunningest nook like jewels lurk'd;
A peopler of the land, who laugh'd to see
His urchin colony scampering all about,
While each one sang, and beat his hairy paunch,
And pipe and tabor answer'd from the air,
Far o'er the sunny isle."

The characters outlined or suggested in the course of this drama (Sycorax being so completely portrayed as to constitute one of the principal exceptions to our title of "Undeveloped") are the following: —

Antonio's Son,
Miranda's Mother,
Miranda's Grandmother,
Sycorax,
Gonzalo's Son,
Caliban's Father,
Claribel,
The King of Tunis,
Setebos, &c.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

PART THE SECOND.

Before we return to the operations of the campaign it will be as well here to state the views entertained by some of the allied cabinets, and which are brought to light by the correspondence we have taken for our text: they tend to throw light, not only on the events of the field, but on the history of the period also.

From the letters of the Emperor Paul it appears that the Russian government were very anxious to carry the war into the south and centre of Italy, there to establish some influence of their own. For this purpose the country was filled with secret agents, a fleet was kept in the Adriatic, where they endeavoured to obtain possession of Ancona. Suwaroff combats this resolution on military grounds; declaring that the fate of Italy will be decided in the north; and the result justified the assertion so rapidly as to prevent all further attempts in the south. But the cabinet of St. Petersburg continued to keep an eye on Malta; a corps was ordered to land on the island, which the French had not yet surrendered, and the emperor actually appointed a military governor to the place. After the capture of Turin, Suwaroff had, by order of his sovereign, invited the King of Sardinia to return to his dominions; but this the Austrians instantly oppose, declaring that, during war, a country is much better governed by the military authority of the conquerors than by its legitimate princes; the king was therefore obliged to remain at Cagliari. The Austrians also object to the proposed march to the south, and seem not well pleased with the attachment every where evinced towards the Russian government and its general.

The victories of Suwaroff had probably led to a belief that something might be gained by joining the coalition against France; and we consequently find Prussia negotiating an alliance with Russia for that purpose: the events in Switzerland soon put an end to these diplomatic doings.

We must now return to the events of the field. Moreau had not awaited Suwaroff's return from the Trebia, but had sought hasty shelter in the mountains of the Riviera, where it was now the Russian's anxious desire to follow him, had not the express orders of the Emperor of Austria forbade all offensive movements till the fall of fortresses. The constant difficulties thrown in his way by the Aulic council seem, at this time, to have completely broken his spirit, so that he applies for his recall. On the 6th of July he writes to the Emperor Paul, and, after saying that he had "given up all hopes of the Archduke Charles," continues, — "The timidity of the Aulic council; their jealousy of me as a stranger; the intrigues of the different generals, who address themselves directly to Vienna, from whence they obtain their instructions; my inability to carry into effect operations dictated at the distance of a thousand *versts*, oblige me to solicit from your majesty my recall, unless all is altered. I wish to lay my bones in my native land and to pray for the welfare and happiness of my sovereign."

To the Russian ambassador at Vienna he constantly complains of the contrarieties which he is made to experience; and foretels truly enough that as pedants and martinets, — *Bestimontsager* he calls them, — had oc-

casioned the loss of the Netherlands; sent the court of Turin to Cagliari, and that of Naples to Palermo: so they would yet send the court of Vienna to Presburg. On the 8th of July he writes to him as follows: — "The wise B —— (meaning Count Belgrade) has got into the habit of losing men. At the opening of the campaign in the Tyrol, he brought the enemy a sacrifice of 10,000 soldiers under Laudon. And now in my difficulties he has played me away 2000 more. * * * A few secret intrigues with the Aulic council excepted, Count Melas is a good honest man; so is Kray, who of all here would be the most fit to succeed me in the command. * * * * * The French have lost upwards of 65,000 men during the campaign; Moreau and Macdonald have not above 10,000 each; the favourable opportunity should be seized.* But * * * * the greatest favour his Imperial Majesty could confer upon us would be to change the tortoise into a reindeer. His majesty wishes that, if I intend to fight a battle to-morrow, I should first apply to Vienna. But in war things change hourly, so that no fixed plan for its guidance can ever be made beforehand. I never dreamed of following in the footsteps of Hannibal at the Trebia till chance had enabled us to profit by the treasures found at Turin; not even at Milan, the gates of which were opened to us by the battle of Cassano. The back of fortune's neck is bare; but she has fine curls hanging over her brow; and if you do not seize her by the forelock, she will soon escape your grasp. Is not one campaign better than ten, and is it not preferable to take the shortest road to Paris than to debar yourself from all success by the profound wisdom of your own measures? Farewell, my friend and benefactor; obtain for me power, or liberty to return to the plough." On one occasion, in speaking of some harsh measures of the Austrian government, he has the following passage, that may perhaps be thought at variance with the character generally ascribed to him. "I conquered Poland by generosity and humanity, and Italy must be subdued by the same means."

No sooner had the fate of the citadel of Alessandria given him free hands to act, than preparations were made for the invasion of the Genoese territory. Release from long thraldom seems to have poured fire through his veins, and on the 31st of July he writes to Melas, "I conjure your excellency, by your devotion to our sovereign, and by your zeal in the good cause, to exert all your power and authority, to have the necessary arrangements for our advance into the Riviera ready in the course of eight days. No excuse can now be taken, celerity is indispensable, delay a crime, and its evil consequences unpardonable."

While the Russian field-marshal was thus engaged, the French were preparing on their side to save him the trouble of a long advance. The wrecks of their Italian armies having been allowed to collect in the Riviera, were soon reinforced from France. When about 45,000 men were assembled, the young and fiery Joubert was placed at their head, with orders immediately to advance and raise the seige of Mantua. These orders were too much in accordance with the general's own wishes to be long delayed: he issued from his fastnesses with about 35,000 men; and though the allies were numerically superior, it might be fairly enough expected that they could not, immediately, assemble any greater number for battle. The news of the fall of Mantua, which had just surrendered, Joubert refused to credit, deeming it a mere device of the enemy.

The Austrians, with the view of throwing a shade of ridicule over old Suwaroff, constantly kept back all notice of the dispositions made for the battle of Novi, and contented themselves with producing a few lines of

doggrel verse, sent to General Kray the evening before the action, and containing, as they would insinuate, all the arrangements made for the attack. We now know how matters stood. As stated, Joubert intended to advance into the plain for the purpose of relieving Mantua. On the 14th he received certain news of its fate, and immediately recalled his leading divisions, intending to retire next day into the Riviera, unless attacked at Novi, where, from the nature of the ground, he thought all the chances of victory were in his favour.

Suwaroff, for the purpose of making good use of his numerous cavalry, intended to fight in the plain, and had made arrangements for intercepting the retreat of the French; but he no sooner found that the leading columns of the enemy were withdrawn, than he immediately altered his resolution, and fearing that they might escape altogether, or fortify the strong position of Novi, he determined to attack them at once, with all the troops within his reach, and hold them fast till the other divisions should come up. It is no doubt a dangerous experiment to bring the separate corps of any army successively into action if they are too far asunder to lend each other immediate and certain support; for it exposes them to be defeated in detail; but there are cases in war when generals must give the rein to courage, and trust to fortune; and when the spirit of victory is high; when it brings conviction of success in flashes of inspiration to the heart and mind; when all are eager to fight, and confident in the skill or fortune of their leader, then we may strike boldly against all the odds that cold calculation would sum up against us.

The details of the battle of Novi we must pass over: the action began early in the morning, was very bravely contested, and ended with the complete defeat of the French, who, besides their commander-in-chief, lost four generals, 10,000 men, and all their artillery.

It might have been supposed that so decisive a victory would have been quickly followed up, and that the capture of Genoa would have been the reward of this splendid feat of arms. But here we have another admirable proof of the working of coalitions, and again find national jealousies thwarting the progress of military operations.

The Archduke Charles had remained so inactive in Switzerland, that the inferior French had taken possession of the St. Gothard and the passes leading into Italy; and one of their corps actually threatened Milan. Against this unexpected attack it was necessary to detach General Kray with 10,000 men. Besides, the Austrian government were determined not to allow the Russians to take Genoa from the French; they thought the town better in the hands of foes than of friends: or they thought rather that, at a proper time and place, they could take it themselves. How sadly they were out of their calculation in regard to time needs not be told here. The Russians had, as we have seen, shown great anxiety to obtain possession of Malta, and to get a footing in Italy; they had a fleet in the Mediterranean, and now proposed to invade the Riviera; and in Suwaroff's disposition the attack on Genoa was to be executed by the Russian troops, while the Austrians were to take the direction of Ceva and Aqui. This was enough for the cabinet of Vienna, and we consequently hear nothing more of the proposed undertaking, while every effort is used to hurry the Russians out of Italy.

There is nothing to show that Suwaroff was aware of all these ambitious views and mean jealousies.

At the moment of which we are writing an Anglo-Russian army of 35,000 men was landing in Holland under the command of the Duke of

York; while another Russian army of equal strength was already approaching the frontiers of Switzerland, under the orders of General Korsacoff. Seventy thousand men were thus about to be thrown into the scale in favour of the allies, at the very moment when they were completely victorious in Italy, and already superior in Switzerland. Even without this great reinforcement success was within their reach, had they followed up the advantage gained; but the mismanagement of generals, and the incapacity of cabinets, attempting to direct military operations, ruined the brilliant prospects which the sword of Suwaroff had opened; and the additional thousands, hurried to the field, came but to heighten the shame of defeat, and to render more conspicuous the folly by which disaster had been occasioned.

The extreme anxiety of the Austrian cabinet to get the Russians out of Italy led to an arrangement between the allied courts, according to which the Russians were all to be assembled in Switzerland under the command of Suwaroff, leaving the Archduke Charles to transfer his inactivity to the Rhine and the Necker. In vain the Russian field-marshal represented that his troops were peculiarly unsuited to mountain warfare; equally vain were his representations of danger of allowing the Archduke to leave his position till the Russians should be all assembled. "Massena," he says, in a memorandum on the subject, "has no object in waiting for us when he can beat us in detail. He will first throw himself upon Korsacoff, who is nearest to him, and then upon Condé, and that will probably be enough for him." How just was the prophecy we shall see presently.

In the meantime Korsacoff had arrived in Switzerland with 30,000 Russians, and the Archduke thought it right, as he tells us himself, to strike some decisive blow with the overwhelming majority which these troops gave him. He made a feeble demonstration against the left of Massena's army, but relinquished the intended attack the moment he found himself opposed, by a couple of light companies, at the passage of the Aar. His Imperial Highness strives hard to free himself from the charge of want of resolution displayed on this occasion; but no effort can clear him of having neglected the golden opportunity of overwhelming, by his vast superiority, the only efficient army which then remained to republican France. Having established Korsacoff in the position of Zurich, and left Holtze with 20,000 Austrians to await the arrival of Suwaroff, he took the road to the Necker: his departure was the very turn of fate.

Suwaroff had obtained, through Lord Mulgrave, a promise that the Archduke was not to leave Switzerland till his (Suwaroff's) arrival, a promise that was confirmed by Count Thugot, the Austrian prime minister, himself. And yet we know from the Archduke, that he had "positive orders to march to the Necker immediately, but to keep his orders secret till the moment of execution"!!! This certainly looks like treachery; but it was evidently nothing more than a little diplomatic trickery of which the gentlemen of Vienna were, no doubt, very proud at the time. They knew Suwaroff's objection to the Swiss expedition; they also knew his irritable and obstinate disposition, and were afraid that he would refuse to march if informed of the Archduke's departure: this, at least, is the most charitable construction we can put on their strange and unworthy conduct. These cabinet dwarfs trifled with the giant of war, till crushed beneath the weight of the fearful Colossus which they thought their puny hands could guide at pleasure.

The important fortress of Tortona had no sooner fallen, than Suwaroff, having freed Italy in half the time Napoleon took to conquer it, advanced with his usual celerity to Taverne, where by agreement with the Austrian

commissariat, mules were to be in readiness for the conveyance of provisions and ammunition across the mountains. Not a single beast of burden was found, and five days were lost in collecting what proved after all an insufficient number, for the Cossacks had to dismount and give their horses to make up the deficiency. The artillery and heavy baggage were sent round by the Splüggen, and only a few mountain guns, carried on mules, were taken along with the army.

General Le Courbe was stationed with 12,000 men between Altorff and the Hospital, and occupied with about 3500 men of his right wing, the passes of St. Gothard. On the 24th of September Suwaroff advanced from Airolo with 18,000 men, the remnant of the Russian army of Italy, to the attack of the mountain. The narrow paths and steep ascent rendered the enterprise extremely hazardous: and on the part of the French, the defence was skilful and determined. From overhanging cliffs, from behind fragments of rock, from crevices, breaks in the ground, and from every turn of the road, fire poured in upon the advancing masses. This first attempt at mountain war seems to have had something altogether appalling for the Russians. They came from the fertile, smiling fields of Italy, and were here to break through the closed ranks of snow-covered Alps. The narrow ravines, the huge and countless fragments of granite, the high perpendicular walls of rock, and the continued ascent through heaps of ruined masses, remnants of the mighty revolution of nature, struck fearfully on the imagination of all ranks. Even the enemy in possession of this lofty region, and familiar with all its gloomy horrors, assumed a gigantic appearance in the eyes of the invaders: they murmured and refused to advance. The voice of their general, himself looked upon as a man of superior and gigantic nature, vanquished these dangerous impressions; and, in constant and bloody combat, the column reached the summit of the mountain about four o'clock in the evening. They had lost about 1200 men in the ascent.

But another action of daring had still to be performed. The road from St. Gothard to Altorff leads through what is termed the Urner Loch, and over the Devil's Bridge. The Urner Loch is a tunnel eighty yards in length, and blown out of the solid rock, and about 600 yards in front of the bridge over the Reuss, a river fordable, indeed, but thundering in rapid course through high, steep, rocky banks. The pass hardly admits of being turned, and is of a nature not to be encountered except in the wildest mountain regions. The retiring French had broken down one arch of the bridge, but had made no attempt to barricade the Urner Loch.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Suwaroff arrived at the pass. The leading battalions threw themselves gallantly into the dark, steeply descending abyss, whence some new and unknown species of destruction seemed vainly to waft its shadowy terrors upon the hearts of the advancing soldiers. Troop followed troop, the rearmost pressing the foremost rapidly down the gorge; — nor halt, nor stay was possible, and the leading ranks, hurried tumultuously forward, found themselves before the broken arch of the bridge, and received with a murderous fire of musketry from the opposite rocks. Wounded and unwounded went down the precipice with frightful crash; and frightful was the situation of all, for death came on wings of fire from above, and threatened in the foaming waves of the Reuss below. In this hour of fear the Russians gave proof of the greatest courage and resolution. They descended, under constant fire, into the bed of the river; forded the rushing stream, though breast high; ascended the opposite side, and overcoming all resistance, drove the enemy from their formidable position. Though this was no doubt effected by superior numbers, who were

enabled to extend themselves along a considerable front, yet it must still be acknowledged as a brave and noble deed of war.

The bridge was soon restored, and on the 22d, the army being joined by General Auffenberg with 5000 Austrians, reached Altorff on the Lake of Lucerne; and here it was that Suwaroff first became aware of the dreadful error into which the incomprehensible conduct of the Austrian staff had led him. The St. Gothard's road ends in the waves of the Lake of Lucerne at Altorff, and the enemy had of course not left a single vessel for the conveyance of the allied troops ! ! ! By land the Kizig Kulm appears to defy all passage: rising from the valley of the Shachen, this frightful mass of rocks stretches its naked arms high in air, threatening, like landmarks fixed by the hand of fate, to debar all further progress. It is only over the highest ridge of the mountain, and by paths deemed dangerous even to hunters and shepherds, that the army can reach the valley of the Muotta, and the road to Schwyts; and even this must be quickly accomplished; for since two days the roar of cannon has been heard above the roar of the cataracts, and the world's destiny may hang upon an hour's delay.

Massena no sooner learned the departure of the Archduke Charles for Germany, than he saw the advantage which might be taken of so great an error on the part of the allies. The immediate overthrow of the Austro-Russian army under Holtze and Korsacoff offered the only chance of turning the fate of the campaign, and perhaps of saving republican France, the government of which had sunk to the lowest ebb in public estimation. If the intrepid Suwaroff joined the allies with his victorious army, then the fate of Switzerland was decided; the *moral* of the French troops ruined, and France itself thrown open to invasion, at a moment when there was no government round which the national patriotism was likely to rally. The peril was evident, and yet Massena hesitated long; and if the blow which he struck became decisive, it became so, as much from the want of skill displayed by his adversaries, as by his own energy and ability. Three weeks had elapsed since the departure of the Archduke Charles, and Suwaroff, though arrested for five days at the foot of the St. Gothard, had carried that formidable post, and was already in full march towards Altorff: a day's delay might now bring certain ruin.

Early on the morning of the 25th of September, the French forced the passage of the Limath, twenty miles below Zurich, and defeated a Russian division which attempted to oppose them. It is only justice to say that the arrangements for the operation were made with great ability, and that the execution was distinguished for skill and gallantry. On the 26th, the decisive battle of Zurich was fought, the Russians were completely routed. On the same day, Soult defeated the left wing of the allied army under General Holtze, who was killed in the action.

This battle of Zurich was, in its consequences, the most important of all those fought by the armies of republican France. It turned the fate of a campaign which threatened the safety of the country, and dissolved the most formidable and prosperous coalition which had yet been formed against the new order of things. The next campaign was little more than a gathering in of the fruit of this one battle; the Austrians were then, with broken hopes, alone in the arena; England had withdrawn from the scene of continental warfare, and Russia had abandoned the cause altogether.

On the 26th of September, the very day that Soult and Massena achieved this great victory, Suwaroff arrived at Altorff with an army already much loosened in its discipline by want and exhaustion. For five days the Russians had been constantly ascending and descending rugged mountain

paths, carrying on a new and dangerous species of warfare, —forcing passes, climbing rocks, fording rivers, — they had been exposed during the whole time to the most inclement weather, and from the convoys not being able to keep up, had been destitute of all provisions, except what they had taken from the French, or collected from the inhabitants. The train of stragglers and beasts of burden extended all the way from Altorff to the St. Gothard.

Under these circumstances, a couple of days' rest seemed indispensable to the army, but the continued roar of cannon told that it could not be granted; and Suwaroff determined to cross the mountain by paths such as he had not as yet encountered, and such indeed as no army had ever, long as wars have been carried on, before attempted to ascend. To demand this new exertion from troops reduced to the state in which the Russians were on their arrival at Altorff, required no ordinary resolution; to obtain compliance was a proof of the powerful sway which the commander exercised over the minds of his followers. An ordinary general, if we can suppose such, or one so situated, would have halted or retired; but Suwaroff was too conscious of his strength to recoil from these difficulties, and too proud to support the idea of being absent from a battle-field which any power of mortal exertion could yet have reached. His impatience brooked not one instant's delay, nor was an instant lost.

On the morning of the 27th of September, the army commenced the passage of the gigantic Kizig Kulm. The distance from the Schachen into the Muotta valley hardly exceeds nine miles; but the path is so steep and dangerous, that a single traveller requires seven or eight hours to perform the journey; and the 200 Cossacks who preceded the columns, only arrived in the valley at 5 o'clock in the evening, having been twelve hours on the march. Suwaroff reached Muotta with the leading division, at 8 o'clock in the morning, having been all night on the mountain; and the rear division only came up at sunset on the 29th, sixty hours after the departure of the van. No sooner was the main body at a distance, than the rattling of musketry told that Le Courbe was already attacking the rear-guard; and the fatigued, barefooted, and heavily-laden soldier was forced to exert the last breath of life to escape destruction from the foe, and to drag himself along from rock to rock over paths rendered slippery, and doubly dangerous, by the rain and by the collected cataracts descending from all the overhanging cliffs. Every chasm and ravine was filled with sick, straggling, and exhausted men, and with lamed and dying beasts of burden. How many perished in this dismal march, because the last spark of life gave way before the haven of hope was reached, or because a false step hurled them headlong down the frightful precipice, has never been mentioned; but the peasantry of these retired valleys speak, even to this day, with wonder and astonishment of this unrivalled expedition.

At Muotta, Suwaroff heard the disastrous news of the battle of Zurich, and then only became aware of the full peril of his own situation. The attack made by Le Courbe on the rear-guard had been easily repulsed. But Massena, having left a corps to pursue Korsacoff, was advancing from Schwyts with the greater part of his victorious army, while General Moliter was already in possession of the passes leading out of the Muotta valley. Nothing but the greatest boldness and daring could save a suffering and exhausted army so situated. On the morning of the 30th September the troops began their march towards Glarus; which, if not exactly a retrograde, was no longer an offensive movement; it was, for the moment at least, a total abandonment of the intended conquest of Switzerland. Even edging

away from the enemy cost the proud spirit of Suwaroff a terrible effort, and he yielded only to absolute necessity; for it was evidently impossible with his worn-out troops, destitute of cavalry and artillery, and short of ammunition, to face three times their number of French soldiers flushed with recent victory. General Moliter was driven on before the advanced columns; he defended position after position with great bravery, but was constantly forced to give way. On the 1st of October, and while the van of the army was thus engaged, Massena arrived from Schwyts, and fell with his victorious troops on the rear. This attack was either so badly made or so bravely resisted, that the French experienced a signal overthrow, and were forced to retire, leaving a vast number of killed and wounded on the field, and 1000 prisoners, together with five pieces of artillery, in the hands of the conquerors. This is, under all the circumstances of the case, one of the most extraordinary victories ever achieved in war: it is like the wounded bear crushing, in his dying grasp, the heedless huntsman who ventured to follow him to his last den of death and despair.

The army reached Glarus on the same day, and having there found a magazine of provisions, Suwaroff despatched General Auffenberg to secure the passes into the Grisons, and gave the remainder of his army three days' rest. Surrounded on all sides by vastly superior numbers, even this delay seemed dangerous; but the inactivity of the French justified the measure, and on the morning of the 5th, the army resumed its toilsome march. To reach the valley of the Rhine they had to pass the lofty mountain-ridge, called the Panixberg, less difficult, indeed, than the Kizig Kulm, for it is crossed by a bridle-road, but the snow which had fallen for two days had covered the face of the hill and rendered it completely trackless. The wearied soldiers who, for fourteen days, had been toiling incessantly to climb the rocky masses that met them at every turn, began to fancy themselves under the power of evil spirits, determined to effect their destruction by enclosing them in these labyrinths of desolation. On the morning of 6th they ascended the Panixberg: far as the eye could reach from this mighty Alpine height the whole country presented only one vast desert of snow; no path, no mark of human habitation was visible; nor did a single bush, or pine, offer the possibility of kindling a spark of cheering fire. On the eastern side, a cold wind had congealed the snow and covered the face of the mountain with a complete sheet of ice; so that the fall of the foremost men and horses was the only warning for the rearmost to seek better paths. The whole day was passed in this manner, and it was with difficulty that the advance-guard and the head-quarters reached the village of Panix late at night. The main column, encumbered with sick and wounded, remained all night under a frosty sky, on the top of the snow-covered mountain. More than 200 men, and all the remaining beasts of burden, perished during this night: the few mountain guns still left had to be thrown down the precipice, and it was only on the evening of the 8th that the last of the stragglers reached the village. On the 10th all the remains of the army were assembled at Ilanz, where ended the sufferings of this Alpine march. In the valley of the Rhine the troops found supplies, and a good road leading to the Lake of Constance. The French made no attempt to impede the retreat after the action of Glarus, and showed a singular want of energy and ability in all their operations against the Russian field-marshal. It was evident that Massena had no wish to risk the laurels of Zurich in a desperate combat with the conqueror of Novi.

The Archduke Charles had taken Manheim, and forced the French to raise the seige of Philipsberg, — operations which could have no influence

on the fate of the campaign, — when the news of the disasters in Switzerland reached him. He instantly hurried back to the Danube, and arrived with his whole army at Donauschwingen on the 7th of October, at the very time when, on his side, Suwaroff reached Ilanz. Here another golden opportunity for deciding the fate of the campaign was again offered to his Imperial Highness. Korsacoff, terrified by the orders of Suwaroff, who, on peril of his life, commanded him not to retire another step, had already turned upon the pursuing foe, though with little effect; but had the Archduke joined him with the whole of his unbroken army, and fallen with this combined force upon the scattered enemy, success was almost certain. The French were already half vanquished by the ardour of pursuit; elated with conquest, they had thrown themselves after the allies, and in long, thin, unconnected columns, were traversing, like a mountain torrent, split by intervening rocks, all the valleys and ravines of Switzerland, from the St. Gothard to the Lake of Constance; so that an efficient and compact body could hardly fail to crush them in detail. But though success was at that moment more necessary than ever, not to check an enemy, but to gain an ally, — for the Russians were already loud in their complaints of actual treason, — the Archduke remained, as usual, inactive in his camp. Victory is a female, and as pitiless as the rest of her sex when scorned; and never smiled upon his Imperial Highness again. The ruin of mighty lands had, unfortunately, to pay the forfeit of the gentleman's errors and of the lady's caprices.

On the 12th of October Suwaroff removed to Feldkirch, from whence he sent to the Archduke Charles a plan for a combined movement against the enemy. Writing to his friends at the same time, he expresses his conviction, however, that no efficient assistance is to be expected from the Austrian field-marshal, without whose aid the Russian army is no longer in condition to bring offensive operations to any successful termination. This expectation was but too truly fulfilled. The Archduke, instead of promising full and active co-operation, and striving to sooth and gain the old, and naturally irritated soldier, criticised the plan, — proposed other measures,—without saying a word about aiding them; thus appearing only to advise or instruct, and ended by asking for any early meeting in order to arrange future operations. This was the last drop of water which made the goblet overflow. Suwaroff sent an evasive answer, showing the full bitterness of his feelings. And when, on the 16th, an aide-de-camp of the Archduke came to renew the application for a meeting, the old man's anger could contain itself no longer. "Tell his Imperial Highness," said Suwaroff, "that I know nothing about defensive warfare; I only know how to attack. I shall advance when I think proper, and shall not stop in Switzerland, but proceed immediately into France. Tell him farther, that at Vienna I shall be at his feet; but here I am at least his equal. He is a field-marshal, and so am I; he is in the service of a great emperor, and so am I; he is young, I am old. Victories have given me experience; I have no counsel to take from any one, and take none except from God and my sword." Having once given scope to his passion, he broke out into bitter complaints against the Austrians, and declared his intention of retiring into winter-quarters. All attempts of the Archduke to make him change his resolution were unavailing. Suwaroff proposed to establish his head-quarters at Augsburg, and his Imperial Highness was inconsiderate enough to remonstrate against the choice of that particular place, as it interfered with the Austrian line of communication. "Would it be more agreeable," replied the old marshal, "that I should retire into

Bohemia?" Writing to the Archduke on the 1st of November, he says, "In your letter of the 30th ult. you make use, in regard to me, of the word 'retreat:' against this I beg to protest, having never, in the whole course of my life, known that word, or 'defensive war;' which cost us 10,000 men in the Tyrol at the opening of the campaign; a greater loss than we sustained during the whole course of it in Italy."

As long as wars are carried on by men of mere earthly mould, influenced by human feelings and passions; so long must a knowledge of human character form the first requisite of an officer; and yet it is nearly the last attended to in all ranks; and the extreme want of tact and judgment displayed by the Archduke Charles and the Austrian cabinet in their intercourse with Suwaroff, must detract greatly from their claims to fitness for the high situations which they filled.

In the first instance the Russian army only fell back to Augsburg; but the representations of Suwaroff, the Grand Duke Constantine, and other officers, had been so unfavourable to the Austrian government, that the Emperor Paul recalled the troops and renounced the alliance. The Emperor Francis, with whom Suwaroff had always corresponded in the most friendly terms, as well as the Archduke Charles, used every effort to detain the field-marshal; but in vain. All they could obtain was a promise that he would wait for further orders at Prague, and return to the field if commanded. As no such orders arrived, he proceeded on his march, and led the army back into Russia. That he had great reason to complain of the Austrian government, is certain; but this sudden abandonment of the cause, which he and his sovereign looked upon as an honourable one, and in support of which he had performed so many brilliant actions, — the unexpected forsaking of an ally, called to the field by Russian promises, — seems hardly to admit of any defence: for in his high station it was a crime to allow personal anger to influence public conduct. His march through Switzerland was one of victory rather than of defeat; and such even the result would have proved, if, with the conviction of having performed great actions, and with the consciousness of being equal almost to the greatest, he had not allowed a hatred of the Austrians to spring up in his breast and smother all the better feelings of his nature. By yielding to unworthy resentment, he excluded himself from the brilliant career allotted to him; exchanged the noble part he was called upon to act in directing the efforts of civilised nations, for that of a mere Tartar khan, who in a moment of barbaric rage, calls out to horse, and gallops back to his deserts, followed by the whole of his savage horde.

Suwaroff, had been invited to Petersburg where he was to be received with triumphal honours; but he was taken ill on the road and confined to bed for several weeks at Kotryn. During this time his enemies contrived to excite the displeasure of the weak-minded Paul against him. In the course of the campaign Suwaroff had occasionally neglected some of those points of military etiquette on which little minds place such great value, and the emperor issued an order, which he caused to be read at the head of every regiment, and which was to the effect that, "the general-in-chief, Prince Italinsky, deserved the utmost censure for having disobeyed the orders of the emperor." The blow struck the old man severely, and again threw him back on his bed of sickness, and he was often heard to exclaim that he had lived too long. He recovered sufficiently however to proceed to Petersburg, which he only entered after dusk; and though received by the guard with military honours, he went immediately to the house of a relative in a retired part of the town, where none of his friends were allowed

to visit him. This mark of imperial displeasure, together with the grief occasioned by seeing himself totally abandoned by the world in the hour of affliction, pressed heavily upon him, and he declined rapidly. The emperor relented indeed, at last; but it was too late: exhausted by toil, suffering, sorrow and anxiety, the old man breathed his last on the 18th May, 1800, in the seventy-first year of his age.

HISTORY OF THE LATE DEBATE.

Having in our last number, and in reference to the debate upon the motion of the Earl of Roden, discussed at considerable length the merits of the Marquis of Normanby's government in Ireland, we think it unnecessary to enter into any very extensive details in relation to the same subject upon the present occasion. As, however, the debate which has just been concluded in the House of Commons upon the resolution proposed by Lord John Russell has elicited some rather unexpected exhibitions, and is likely to lead to some very important consequences, it will be desirable to take a general view of the present condition of the whole controversy. It will of course not be forgotten that upon the 21st of April the Earl of Roden, deputy grand master of the Orangemen of Ireland, made a long address to the House of Lords, for the purpose of proving that crime had never by any former government been suffered to go forward to the extent to which it had been allowed to proceed under the government of the Marquis of Normanby. It will also be recollected that the statements of fact made by the noble Earl in the course of his speech rested for the most part upon the communications of certain magistrates, who to all mankind, except the the noble Earl himself, were and are altogether anonymous; as not only the names, but even the local habitations of the so called conservators of the peace, were at their own request kept a secret from the world; and that in so far as the statements of Lord Roden could be fixed down to any particular time or place, they were completely refuted by the Marquis of Normanby, whose speech upon the occasion made an end in the minds of all candid persons to all doubt about the merits of the case.

Our readers will also recollect that in the article to which we allude, we ourselves established the utter absence of truth which distinguished some of the statements which had been trumpeted with the greatest vehemence,—as the extraordinary tale about the murder of Mr. Reynolds, who was not murdered at all; that we called upon the public to suspend their judgments upon the remainder of the anonymous allegations, until the production of some authentic information upon the subject; and that all the anticipations which we then expressed as to the result of further discussion and of more explicit and authoritative intelligence have in every respect been completely fulfilled. We concluded, from the circumstances which we have mentioned, that the proceeding of the Orange party in the House of Lords was not really what it professed to be, but that there was in view a different object from that at which they pretended to aim.

With regard to the end which the noble deputy grand master really pro-

posed to himself, we do not think that any judicious person can entertain any doubt upon that point. It seems to be quite evident that his object, and that of the party who supported him upon the occasion, was to transfer the executive government of Ireland from the Castle of Dublin to a select committee of the House of Lords. To establish in "the bosom of the seigniory" a "council of ten," or of eighteen, which, after having governed Ireland upon the principles and for the purposes of an Orange oligarchy, would in time be prepared to extend the same happy form of administration to the remainder of the empire.

The introduction of witnesses in masquerade was an appropriate concomitant to such an effort; and we doubt not but that if the plot had only been successful, we should behold in due time a very considerable similitude in much more important particulars between the constitution of England and that of Venice. This naked assumption of the executive power into the hands of the aristocracy is entirely without precedent, since there has existed in this country any distribution of public power having any pretensions to the designation of a constitution. When the House of Lords actually possessed the whole power of the state, they had the discretion to exercise it through the medium of that branch of the legislature which *professed at least* to represent the general body of the population; and in a country where, according to the theory of the constitution, the government was said to be conducted for the general interests, and in accordance with the public opinion of the whole community, so much deference was paid to this hypothesis that the members of the House of Commons were allowed to assume the appearance of controlling every part of the administration. It was thought that the Reform Bill very effectually altered this condition of affairs; and whatever may be said of the defects of that measure in its composition or in its consequences, it has had, for a time at least, the effect of inducing a general belief that it had abolished the supremacy of the aristocracy in the legislature. The aristocracy themselves were so completely amazed by what appeared to be so vast an alteration in their condition, that for some time

> "They lay astounded on the oblivious pool,
> Grovelling and prostrate —
> No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

Having, however, slowly returned to a sense of their actual condition, they began to discover that the state of affairs was not so bad as it appeared; and accordingly, after a little time, they tested the reality of their power by legislative obstruction; and finding that the popular branch of the legislature, headed by the administration, submitted, as we think, most injuriously and ingloriously to such obstruction, they have now made an effort to seize the executive authority, and so to concentrate within their own body the whole power of the state.

In these circumstances it became the imperative duty of the leader of the ministry in the House of Commons to resist *in limine* this daring encroachment; and accordingly, upon the very day when the select committee was appointed, Lord John Russell gave notice that he should take the earliest opportunity of calling upon the House of Commons explicitly and directly to express their approbation of the course of government which had been condemned by the House of Lords. This motion came before the House of Commons on Monday, the 16th instant; upon which occasion Sir Robert Peel moved an amendment in the following words: —

"Resolved — That, on the 13th day of March last, a motion was made in this House for the production of various documents connected with the state of Ireland in respect to crime and outrage, including communications made to the Irish government relating to offences connected with Ribandism, and all memorials, resolutions, and addresses, forwarded to the Irish government by magistrates or other official persons, in respect of crimes and outrages committed in Ireland, and the answers thereto.

"That the period included within the returns so called for extends from the commencement of the year 1835 to the present time; and that the motion made for the production of them was assented to by this House, no opposition to it having been offered on the part of her Majesty's government.

"That, on the 21st day of March last, the House of Lords appointed a select committee 'to inquire into the state of Ireland since the year 1835, in respect to crime and outrage, which have rendered life and property insecure in that part of the empire.'

"That, in consequence of the appointment of such committee by the House of Lords, it has been proposed that this House should resolve, 'That it is the opinion of this House that it is expedient to persevere in those principles which have guided the executive government of Ireland of late years, and which have tended to the effectual administration of the law and the general improvement of that part of the United Kingdom.'

"Resolved — That it appears to this House that the appointment of a committee of inquiry by the House of Lords, under the circumstances and for the purpose above mentioned, does not justify her Majesty's ministers in calling upon this House without previous inquiry, or even the production of the information which this House has required, to make a declaration of opinion with respect to one branch of the public policy of the executive government, still less a declaration of opinion which is neither explicit as to the principles which it professes to approve, nor definite as to the period to which it refers: and that it is not fitting that this House should adopt a proceeding which has the appearance of calling in question the undoubted right of the House of Lords to inquire into the state of Ireland in respect to crime and outrage, more especially when the exercise of that right by the House of Lords does not interfere with any previous proceeding or resolution of the House of Commons, nor with the progress of any legislative measure assented to by the House of Commons, or at present under its consideration."

The first four paragraphs of this amendment are what Mr. Charles Knight would call "Contributions" to the Parliamentary History of the Year 1839. Whether that eminent publisher will think fit to include them with the numerous interesting and important publications with which he has already favoured the world under the same designation, is, however, a little doubtful. Having thus recited in the first resolution the events of the 13th of March in the House of Commons, and of the 21st of the same month in the House of Lords, he goes on in the second resolution to submit that the preceding facts, taken *in cumulo*, did not justify the government in calling upon the House of Commons to make an absolute and express declaration of their opinion upon the matter which is now the subject of inquiry before the Lords. The amendment had therefore no reference whatever to the merits of the question in issue; and it was merely an elaborate and complex formula, constructed for the purpose of deprecating discussion. The discussion, however, has taken place; and considering its own importance, as well as its probable consequences in several respects, we think that we cannot occupy the remainder of the space devoted to this article in a more profitable manner than by giving a short summary of the whole debate, interspersed and followed by such observations as appear to ourselves to be appropriate and important.

Lord John Russell opened the discussion by referring to the proceedings in the House of Lords; in reference to which he very pertinently observed, that the name of the mover himself (the Earl of Roden) was sufficient to excite suspicion in Ireland. (Loud cheers.) "When we know," said Lord John Russell, "the officer in command, we can have little doubt of the colour of the flag." The constitutional principle which regulated and restricted the respective authority of the two Houses of Parliament his lordship laid down in the following words: —

"You cannot have the policy of the executive carried on according to the opinion of the House of Commons and also according to the opinion of the House of Lords: when they differ you must take the opinion of one or the other. I say the opinion of the House of Commons ought to be expressed on the subject; and I say if the opinion of the House of Commons differ from the opinion of the House of Lords, then — according to the practice of the constitution of this country — according to the power vested in the House of Commons — the opinion of the House of Commons on this subject ought to prevail."

After which his lordship proceeded to lay open the original causes of the present evils of Ireland. This part of the subject, which is of such unlimited importance, has been so seldom touched upon in the discussions which have taken place in Parliament, that we shall make no apology for quoting the passage at some length. We purpose ourselves to take the earliest opportunity of completely developing the case in this respect. Lord John Russell observes —

"Now, sir, I come to that which is no doubt the important question, upon which this House, if they agree with me so far, ought to decide, and on which I fear I must trouble them at considerable length, and with much detail. For we are resolved to bring before them,—in order that the house and the country may know what at least have been our views with regard to the state of Ireland, that they may not be led away by partial statements with respect to the outrages and crimes which have taken place — that they may not conclude from the words of this resolution of the House of Lords that outrages and crime have so prevailed because the administration of the government have been in the hands of men of liberal inclinations, and of liberal policy — but that they may see to what are owing the crime and outrage existing in Ireland,— to what it is owing that at the present time crime and outrage have not been repressed, but that there still remain evils the seeds of which were sown in other days [cheers], and which require not four years but forty years [cheers] to be successfully eradicated. I will go back for this purpose to a year at the commencement of the reign of George III. In the commencement of the reign of George III. we find accounts of attacks upon houses, of persons going about armed forcing others to give up land, of persons going about disguised at night, of witnesses being threatened, of force being used, and combined force, in order to carry into effect the objects which the conspirators had in view. Now this state of things, lawless and turbulent as it was, was not very much different from the state in which other countries have been — not very much different from the state in which this country is represented to have been in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. Neither was it exceedingly different from the state in which Scotland was represented by one of the ablest of her writers to have been at the period of the revolution of 1688. There was nothing in the circumstances of those periods to which the wisdom of the ministers of Elizabeth and the wisdom of the ministers of William III. was not capable of applying a remedy. Is there anything in the nature of the Irish people which forbids that outrage and crime should be successfully met, and a remedy effectively applied? I think no one can deny that, looking at the upper classes of society, no men have shown greater talent, greater pregnancy of wit, or greater aptitude for the pursuits of arts and arms than the people of Ireland. As to the lower classes, whether we view them as soldiers in the service of their country — or workmen in the various departments of labour — no men have been more remarkable for valour or industry, or have evinced more of the qualities by which a country can rise to eminence. There is nothing in the character of the people themselves which forbids that their evils should be successfully met. But I will read what was said upon the causes of the state of things existing in Ireland not very long after — about ten years after — the passing of the Whiteboy Act. It is useful that I should state this; it is proper that the House should know of it, because honourable members are aware how much the Marquess of Normanby has been condemned for declaring that 'property has its duties as well as its rights' [cheers]; and it is, sir, in my opinion, the neglect of those duties in past times which has led to much of the misery of the present time [hear, hear!]. I wish to read upon this point the opinion of Mr. Fitzgibbon — afterwards Lord Clare; one who, it must be admitted, was not a very popular nobleman; and who was afterwards a great leader in the government of Ireland [hear!].

"After alluding to the attempt to raise the price of labour, he proceeds to say — 'I am very well acquainted with the province of Munster, and I know that *it is impossible for human wretchedness to exceed that of the miserable peasantry in that province. I know that the unhappy tenantry are ground to powder by relentless landlords.* I know that, far from being able to give the clergy their just dues, *they have not food or raiment for themselves: the landlord grasps the whole;* and, sorry am I to add, that, not satisfied with the

present extortion, some landlords have been so base as to instigate the insurgents to rob the clergy of their tithes; not in order to alleviate the distresses of the tenantry, but that they might add the clergy's share to the cruel rack-rents already paid.' That was the character given of the landlords by Mr. Fitzgibbon, as the Attorney-General, I should like to know what he would have said if he had been told that it was not competent for him to express the simple opinion that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' Would to God that Mr. Drummond's opinion and his description on this subject could be only accounted correct as to the past time, and that he could make an exception as to the existing landlords of Ireland! I have now to quote another description of the state of the country, and the cause why it was not remedied. It is from the work and letters of Arthur Young, who after stating that the people were treated better and better, says: — 'The age has improved so much in humanity, that even the poor Irish have experienced its influence, and are every day treated better and better; but still the remnant of the old manners, the abominable distinction of religion united with the oppressive conduct of the little country gentlemen, or rather vermin of the kingdom, who never were out of it, altogether still bear, very hard, on the poor people, and subject them to situations more mortifying than we ever behold in England. The landlord of an Irish estate inhabited by Roman Catholics is a sort of despot, who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor to no law but that of his will. To discover what the liberty of a people is, we must live among them, and not look for it in the statutes of the realm: the language of the written law may be that of liberty, but the situation of the poor may speak no language but that of slavery. There is too much of this contradiction in Ireland; a long series of oppressions, aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission. A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, labourer, or cotter dares refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but unlimited submission. Disrespect, or anything tending towards sauciness, he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security. A poor man would have his bones broken if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence.' This is the description, in very plain and humble terms, of the then condition of the peasantry. I shall take another description on this matter from a writer, whose name I may mention as that of a man than whom there never was one of more philosophy, of more eloquence, or of more reflection, as a statesman. The extract is from Burke, who, in writing to Sir Hercules Langrishe with respect to Ireland, observes — 'You, who have looked deeply into the spirit of the popery laws, must be perfectly sensible that a great part of the present mischief which we abhor, in common (if not all that exists), has arisen from them. *Their declared object was to reduce the Catholics of Ireland to a miserable populace, without property, without estimation, without education.* The professed object was to deprive the few men who, in spite of those laws, might hold or obtain any property amongst them, of all sorts of influence or authority over the rest; they divided the nation into two distinct bodies, without common interest, sympathy, or connection. One of these bodies was to possess all the franchises, all the property, all the education; the other was to be composed of drawers of water and cutters of turf for them. Are we to be astonished when by the efforts of so much violence in conquest, and so much policy in regulation, continued without intermission for near one hundred years, we had reduced them to a mob that whenever they came to act at all many of them would act exactly like a mob, without temper, measure, or foresight?' This is an extract which shows, I think, most plainly and most truly, what was the condition of Ireland at the time."

The noble lord next adverted to the laws, unexampled in atrocity, which had been enacted for the repression of the outrages which grew of necessity out of such a state of society; and then added, "that he found in the legislation of the period no measure having for its object to remove the cause of those evils by improving the condition of the people. The consequence of this omission was, that whilst the most important and extensive improvements were taking place in the condition of every other people in Europe, the history of Ireland presented nothing but a series of the same disorders, outrages, and calamities which prevail at the present day. During the whole of the period to which he alluded, the government of that unhappy country was in the hands of the party of the noble earl who led on the attack upon Lord Normanby, and who would have us believe that a liberal and merciful government, which had for the first time done equal and impartial justice to the people, had thereby led to the increase of outrage and of crime." As an instance of the recklessness with which such assertions had been made upon the present occasion by that party, his lordship referred to the despatch of Lord Oxmantown to Mr. Littleton in 1834, in which he

represented the Irish peasantry as a horde of savages and fiends, whose crimes rendered the country uninhabitable, and forced the peaceable part of the population to emigrate to America; whereas the same noble lord, in speaking at the late meeting in the King's County of the character of the same peasantry up to Lord Normanby's arrival in 1835, painted them in colours which brought back the recollection of the ancient shepherds of Sicily and Arcadia. It had also been affirmed, and we believe not untruly, by Lord Oxmantown, in the despatch referred to, that it was at that time safer to violate the law than to obey it. Adverting to this assertion, Lord John Russell declared that such a state of affairs resulted from the impression which generally prevailed amongst the people, that in criminal trials of every description fair and impartial justice was not to be expected from the established tribunals of that country. We ourselves, like every body else acquainted with the sentiments and feelings of the Irish population, can bear testimony to the existence of the impression of which we speak; and we have no hesitation in saying that, to a great extent, it was well founded. That juries were continually packed for the condemnation of culprits, and that in the most shameless and sanguinary manner, is a fact as notorious as that Ireland is an island in the Atlantic ocean. That such proceedings have occurred at comparatively late periods, in the presence and with the apparent sanction of the judges, is equally certain; that prisoners were tried by persons who were notoriously inflamed with the fiercest hostility to them, and that even the committing justice (!) has sometimes passed into the jury box and become an active party to the ultimate conviction: these are matters equally out of controversy. That the administration of justice should in such circumstances be not only suspected but abhorred by the population, is a result which can surprise nobody. During Lord Normanby's government, for the first time this system has been abolished, and a fair and impartial trial secured to every individual; and the result, as may be supposed, and as we are informed by Mr. Matthew Barrington, is that the circuits "exhibit the most satisfactory evidence of the improving condition of the country, and of the increasing confidence of the people in the administration of justice." We think it unnecessary to dwell any longer upon Lord John Russell's speech, as it will be more satisfactory to touch upon some of the remaining topics in another part of this paper. We agree, however, with the "Morning Chronicle" in thinking that "some very important inferences are to be drawn" from several parts of it, and to those parts we shall take care to revert upon a future occasion.

After Lord John Russell had resumed his seat, Sir Robert Peel rose to move his amendment; and we shall venture to say that so extraordinary an address as that of the right honourable baronet was never heard within that house. The professed object of the right honourable baronet was, of course, to justify the proceedings of the House of Lords, and to prevent the House of Commons from adopting the resolution which approved of the manner in which Lord Normanby had administered the government of Ireland. Yet, having this object in view, he said, "I do not say that the Irish government has encouraged crime" —— "I will not vote any censure, nor concur in any censure of Lord Normanby," —— "whose government is, in several respects, entitled to my highest approbation." Quintilian has observed that the surest evidence which any man could have of the correctness of his judgment and the purity of his taste in literature, was the fact of his deriving great delight from perusing the productions of Cicero: *Ille se multum profecisse in hac re sciat cui Cicero valde placebit.* We believe that the quantity of virtue and wisdom contained in any man's opinions and

conduct upon the subject of the administration of Ireland will always be very exactly indicated by the degree in which he is gratified by the contemplation of Lord Normanby's government; and we cannot, therefore, help sincerely congratulating the right honourable baronet upon the "proficiency" which he has made in this respect since the time when he governed Ireland himself, and when the humanity, wisdom, and impartiality which distinguished the government of the noble marquess, and have formed a precedent for all posterity, were so far from being exhibited by the right honourable baronet, that very few persons were sanguine enough to anticipate that they would ever be exhibited by any governor at all. To return to the speech of Sir Robert Peel, it was, in so far as it applied to the amendment, an immense expansion of the nothingness and indirectness of the amendment itself. It consisted of a huge fasciculus of allusions, evasions, qualifications, exceptions, limitations, and suppositions, "antitheses and parisoses;" having nothing direct or practical, and scarcely anything even palpable to the touch of ordinary intelligence, and resembled altogether the operation of manipulating a cloud. An extract or two from the speech will, we think, completely exemplify and justify the observations which we have made upon its character.

The right honourable baronet says: —

"But coming to the motion before the house, there are two propositions which I have to adduce in support of my amendment, and in destruction of the resolution of the noble lord. In the first place, I submit that it is not suitable to the character or functions of the House of Commons to make *abstract* declarations of opinion respecting the public policy of government, *unless under peculiar and special circumstances;* and in the next place, that the objections to abstract declarations of opinion are infinitely aggravated when they are sought to be the cause of an *unjust* conflict with the House of Lords. If I establish either of these propositions, I then think I shall have given a conclusive answer to the noble lord's resolution. I say, in the first place, that declarations of confidence should be resorted to *with extreme caution;* they should be rather inferred by the general support which this house gives to the executive government, and the manner in which it deals with the measures proposed for its consideration by the ministry, than declared by *abstract* resolutions of this sort [hear!]. *There certainly are occasions which may justify a government in calling for such an expression of confidence on the part of the House of Commons;* but the occasions are rare indeed which should justify the selection of one particular feature in the policy of the government, to the exclusion of the general consideration of the whole course of policy of the government; and it would be leading to great embarrassment, both to this house and the government, if such a practice were often resorted to. It would be difficult to conceive the existence of any government, however perfect in its general policy, which should not make some errors, or adopt some individual course of policy which the House of Commons could not justify or approve of if appealed to for its opinion; and then this evil would result to the country from our coming to a vote of partial approbation or condemnation, that we should leave the public in utter doubt and ignorance whether the House of Commons approved or not of the general conduct and policy of the government. It would be impossible for any government to stand in the face of such a system of procedure on the part of this house, because if any ground or point of policy were to be selected, upon which they might be successfully assailed, the defeat of the government must be the result [hear, hear, hear!]. *Still I am ready to admit that there may be occasions in which a partial declaration of confidence on the part of the House of Commons may be justified.*"

In reference to this, we must, in the first place, observe that we do not understand how a declaration which expresses the approbation of the House of Commons concerning the executive government of Ireland by Lord Normanby from April, 1835, to the beginning of 1839 (for that is in substance the nature of Lord John Russell's resolution), can with any propriety of language be called an *abstract* declaration at all. We were certainly under an impression that an abstraction was a very different sort of article from the present resolution. But, not to dwell upon verbal subtleties, we take leave to ask whether the *circumstances* in which the resolu-

tion has been moved are not of that *special* and *peculiar* character, which, according to Sir Robert Peel himself, afford a justification of the course which has been adopted? Is it not a very special circumstance that the House of Lords should, under the futile and flimsy disguise of the appointment of a committee of inquiry, give utterance to a fierce and sweeping denunciation of a government which in several respects is honoured with Sir Robert Peel's own highest approbation, and that they have falsely and calumniously denounced, as the abettor and encourager of crime and outrage in Ireland, a nobleman concerning whom Sir Robert has declared he will vote no censure, nor concur in any censure upon him, and that he will as little give any countenance to the declaration of the Earl of Roden that Lord Normanby had given more encouragement to the perpetrators of outrage in Ireland than any of his predecessors? Is there nothing special in the imputations made in the House of Lords upon Lord Normanby, which imputations — if Sir Robert Peel's views and conduct be correct — must be as false as they are fierce? If ever circumstances were special, these are — so very special, indeed, as to be entirely unprecedented. But it appears that the irregularity of resolving this "*abstract* resolution, except under *special circumstances*," would be much aggravated if the abstraction is to be made the cause of an *unjust* conflict with the House of Lords. But if the resolution of Lord John Russell be a mere abstraction, how can it conflict with any thing? Even the proceeding of the House of Lords is described as a sort of abstraction of another kind. The "seigniory," by resolving to inquire into the crimes and outrages *which rendered life and property insecure in Ireland from* 1835 *to* 1839, did not intend to censure any body at all, or even to affirm any thing in a positive shape. So says Sir Robert Peel; "so say they all of them" upon the same side of the question. Yet it would seem that the words printed in italics enunciate a very positive and a very important proposition; and if the speeches are to be taken as a commentary upon the motion, we may safely conclude that a more positive, or more special, or more personal proceeding, never was adopted in that house. But if we are mistaken in this matter, whence comes the collision? What are the bodies to collide, and what the causes? There are, according to the account of Sir Robert Peel, neither one nor the other. But supposing a collision to be possible, it is evidently a contingency and a futurity. If the "council of ten," or of eighteen, shall adopt the sentiments and the language of Sir Robert Peel about the Marquis of Normanby's government in Ireland, and resolve that it is highly desirable to continue to carry on the administration in that country upon the principles which have been adopted of late years, why, "then and in that case," there will be no jarring all, but "harmony unmixed." But if a collision is to take place, who will have been the authors of it? It does not appear that as yet we have very decidedly established any legislative law of the road for the regulation of collisions of this kind; but it is quite certain if the collision were to occur between two stage instead of two state coaches, that the collision would be attributed to the party who had made the first move, and gone to the wrong side of the road. We do not think it necessary upon our own parts to say any more upon this point. We cannot, however, leave it without drawing the attention of our readers to a passage in which the subject has been touched upon by Mr. Horsman, in a letter to one of his constituents, with so much sound sense, good temper, and discretion, that we think her Majesty's government will do well to give a candid and careful attention to the suggestions which it contains. The following is an extract of the letter: —

"The chief objection urged against Lord John Russell's motion was its tendency to bring us into collision with the House of Lords. I own that, with me, that was its greatest recommendation. I am no enemy to the Lords, unless they show themselves enemies to the people. I would not deprive them of any of their rights, but neither would I suffer them to trample on the rights of others. For some time past they have systematically impeded the functions of the government, and stemmed the progress of wholesome legislation. The time is now come for us to decide how the country is to be ruled; whether by a liberal majority in the House of Commons, or by an illiberal and irresponsible majority in the House of Lords. The collision is not recently begun; for five years past the two houses have been at variance, and that of the people has ever given way. For the first time in the history of this country, we see its affairs administered by men who have been brought in by the popular will, and yet are unable to achieve a single popular measure. Long and patiently has the nation watched for some effort of the government to emancipate itself from the thraldom of the Lords; but its disappointment has been equal to its patience. Some there are who think that even now, at the eleventh hour, the struggle is to be made. I confess my fears on that head are stronger than my hopes — I look in vain for any such symptoms of reviving energy; and I regret to find I am not a solitary example among the adherents of the ministry who are compelled to feel towards them less of confidence than goodwill."

Upon the other parts of Sir Robert Peel's speech it is unnecessary to say much. The vehemence with which he expressed his determination to say "no" to the resolution of Lord John Russell only showed the necessity under which he laboured of screwing his courage up to the sticking place by internal excitement. This, and all the other gross inconsistencies of his speech and conduct upon the occasion, were the inevitable results of his position as the leader of a party who have neither learnt nor forgotten any thing, and with whom it is presumed, at this time of day, the right honourable baronet can have very little in common. He expressed his disapprobation of the calumnies which are annually poured out in Exeter Hall against the Catholic priesthood of Ireland. The Earl of Roden, in the House of Lords, denounced the same priesthood as the objects of indispensable extermination; and similar sentiments were expressed in the House of Commons by Mr. Plumptre, who appropriately represents the orthodoxy and enlightenment of the Tom-Courtenayites of Kent. There can be very little accordance of judgment and very little sympathy of feeling between persons entertaining opinions and sentiments so contradictory as those professed by the right honourable baronet and a large body of his followers. But although he occasionally is ashamed to march through Coventry with them, yet the exigencies of his ambition prevent him from surrendering his commission and allowing any other individual to be

"By merit raised to that bad eminence."

we think that the whole of his speech upon the late occasion is a complete exhibition of the state of mind necessarily produced by this condition of circumstances.

Passing over several of the other speeches, we arrive at the oration of Sir Robert Bateson, one of the most decided members of the Roden party, who characterised the population of Ireland in the following words: —

"*The people of Ireland were a warm-hearted, generous, honest, and susceptible people*; but they were susceptible of bad as well as of good feelings, and they were not allowed to follow the dictates of their own feelings, but were worked upon by interested persons, who kept them in a state of constant excitement. *Poverty made them an easy prey to those who designedly wished, for base, sordid, and selfish purposes, to excite them* [hear, hear!]. Those persons had to answer for the present state of Ireland. They had to answer for the bloodshed that had unhappily disgraced Ireland; and he could tell the honourable gentlemen opposite this, that if they ceased from agitation, and, without reference to Protestants or Roman Catholics, Whigs or Tories, lent themselves to advance the real improvement and benefit of the people, *to educate them in the knowledge of their duty to God and man*, to provide employment for them, and to abstain from exciting the tenant and labourer against the landlord and

master, the people of Ireland would soon be in a very different condition to that in which they were placed at present [hear, hear !]."

The perusal of this passage, and especially of the parts printed in italics, must be highly amusing to all who are acquainted with the history of the party to which Sir R. Bateson belongs, and who are, therefore, aware that the whole policy of that party at all times "at the beginning and now both was and is" to perpetuate the poverty and prevent the education of this "honest, generous, and warm-hearted people."

Sir R. Bateson was followed by Mr. Grote, who had no objection to bestow the highest encomiums upon Lord Normanby's government; which vote, however, he could not give without declaring that "the government of the noble marquis shone out in remarkable contrast to the general course of proceeding of her Majesty's ministers." He stated further, that "he could not conceal from himself that there lay wrapped up in the literal and primary sense of the resolution of Lord John Russell a negation of a vote of censure, and therefore unavoidably a vote implying more or less of *general* approbation and confidence." For our parts, we are unable to perceive any traces of that which intruded itself so irresistibly upon the vision of the honourable member. The objection of Sir Robert Peel upon this point was, that the government had *only* called for a *partial vote* of approbation upon a *particular branch* of their policy; whilst even Mr. Leader, who generously tendered the ten votes of himself and his friends to Sir Robert Peel for the purpose of turning out the administration upon the merits of their general conduct, lamented that the *decemviri* could not make such a move upon the present occasion, as the ground chosen by the ministers was entirely too narrow for the performance of such a *manœuvre*. The account given by Mr. Gibson of the perplexity into which he was thrown by the number and variety of the glosses which the commentators of the Commons House had put upon the text which had been transmitted from the Lords, certainly very comical: —

"Then, with respect to the question whether the vote of the House of Lords involved a censure upon the ministry. A great deal of difference of opinion seemed to be entertained upon this point. The right honourable baronet denied that it was a vote of censure. The honourable member for Wakefield said it went a great way towards it. The honourable member for Wiltshire said it was an implied censure; and a noble lord had said it was a *prima facie* censure. An illustrious duke in another place [order!] had said it was not a vote of censure. The ministers, however, all said it was a vote of censure; and as for himself, as his experience in parliamentary proceedings was not sufficient to enable him to say whether or not it was a vote of censure, he should, therefore, give no vote at all on the preliminary question."

Nobody can say that this conduct was not very judicious. Having arrived at the conclusion that he knew nothing about the matter, he determined to leave the decision altogether in the hands of the cognoscent; and instead of following the complicated course of Sir Robert Peel, and resolving that it was not proper to resolve any thing about it, he abstained from a decision without going through the formality of resolving to abstain, and so saved himself one step in the process of doing nothing. Mr. Gibson was followed by Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, from whose excellent speech we have only room to extract the following passages: —

"So little faith did the right honourable member for Tamworth place in the progress of crime and demoralization amongst the Irish people, that his advice was to give them municipal reform; and the right honourable gentleman the member for the University of Dublin could not, with all his talents and influence, induce more than forty members to listen on a former night to his catalogue of charges against his countrymen. The honourable member

for Belfast had last night repelled with indignation the charge of the honourable and learned member for Dublin, that he was a reviler of his country, and indulged in general protestations of affection for the people of Ireland. He could not help thinking, however, that both the honourable gentleman and some of those who succeeded him took a curious way of testifying their goodwill by calling on parliament to treat the Irish as a band of cut-throats and assassins; and by not only drawing up a bill of indictment against a whole people, but pronouncing a verdict against them without inquiry, and impugning the right of exercising any mercy towards them [cheers]. It was a strange subject of delight to represent those who belonged to the same country as distinguished by atrocious barbarism and unmitigated crime [cheers]. He wished to ask the honourable gentlemen opposite one question — 'are you prepared to adopt the policy which you must be conscious will be forced on you by the great mass of your supporters, and take on yourselves the responsibility of office?' When the independency of our Indian possessions was threatened — when an insurrection in the colonies had broken out — and when Russia seemed by no means to abandon her aggressive policy, it was considered imprudent to make any proposition in the House of Commons for an increased military force; and was this the time for the right honourable baronet to take on himself the responsibility of sending four regiments into Ireland (for that number would be required) to keep down seven millions of our own subjects, by waging a tithe war, and to restore Orange domination [cheers]?'"

But perhaps the most important speech delivered upon the occasion was that of Mr. Pigott, the solicitor-general for Ireland; a gentleman of the most unblemished private character, whose rapid advance in his profession has in modern times been only equalled by that of Sir William Follett, and whose promotion has been, like that of the same eminent individual, entirely the result of his talents and attainments. Mr. Pigott has been connected in some capacity or other with the administration of justice in Ireland since the commencement of Lord Normanby's administration; and the following is the statement which he makes as to the relative amount of crimes and outrages committed during the period in question: —

"I will just read to the house what have been the results on all these points, and I trust that they will bear with me for a short time. In the first place, sir, the honourable baronet who spoke last but one in this debate, was quite correct in his assertion; for there has been in the number of the graver offences a marked diminution. I will tell the house the results from 1834 to 1838, as shown by the police returns. Homicide has diminished 13 per cent.; firing at the person has diminished 55 per cent.; incendiary fires have decreased 17 per cent.; burglaries have decreased 58 per cent.; stealing cattle has diminished 46 per cent.; killing or maiming cattle has diminished 12 per cent.; the administration of unlawful oaths has diminished 66 per cent. [cheers]; illegal notices have diminished 44 per cent.; attacks upon houses have diminished 63 per cent. [cheers]; illegal meetings have decreased 70 per cent. [cheers]; and levelling houses has diminished 65 per cent. [loud cheers]. On the subject of convictions in proportion to committals, comparing the years 1823, 1824, and 1825 with the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, the convictions have increased in proportion to committals from 28 per cent. to 43 per cent. [cheers]; the non-prosecutions in proportion to the committals have diminished from 34 per cent. to 21 per cent. Comparing the years 1822, 1823, and 1824 with the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, the convictions have increased in proportion to the committals from 36 per cent. to 43 per cent.; and the non-prosecutions have diminished from 37 per cent. to 21 per cent. Comparing the year 1834 with the year 1838, there has been this remarkable result: — It appears that the convictions have increased from 40 per cent. to 47 per cent. on the committals, whilst the failures by no bills and no prosecutions have diminished from 36 per cent. to 15 per cent., or about 5-7ths [cheers]. All those results, sir, I have taken from printed documents: they are not drawn up from the reports of the clerks of the peace and of the crown, but *they are taken from records which are a check upon those returns, and are made by the inspectors of prisons from the gaol books themselves.*"

Of the accuracy of the *other returns* furnished by the clerks of the peace, and relied upon by Mr. Shaw and the Duke of Wellington, he presents a sample in the following statement, extracted from a communication of the clerk of the peace for the county of Tipperary.

"With reference to the annexed criminal returns, I beg leave to mention that, as clerk of the peace, I have no means of ascertaining the number of committals in the year. I can

only give a return of the number of persons included in the different bills of indictment at each session. So if one person is indicted for three offences (suppose riot, rescue, and assault), by the annual returns he appears as three. These, sir, are the returns from which the honourable member for Belfast took his 27,000 offences; and these are the returns which deluded an illustrious duke in another place [oh, oh! from the Opposition, and loud cheers from the ministerial benches]. I am sure that the noble duke was the least likely person to make any statement which he did not believe to be founded in fact; but it was from these returns, thus prepared, that the noble duke took the number of 700 murders. The letter of Mr. Sadleir proceeded — 'And if his trial is postponed, he again appears as three; consequently the annual returns are incorrect as to persons.'"

So that if a man be indicted for a riot, assault, and rescue, he figures in the report of the clerk of the peace as "three gentlemen at once;" and if his trial be put off, his individuality becomes extended into six persons. There was no attempt made to answer the speech of Mr. Pigott, which Lord Morpeth correctly characterised as a lucid and masterly exposition. We regret that the narrowness of our present limits prevents us from making longer extracts from this important address. Mr. M. J. O'Connell, in the course of a very clever speech, mentioned an answer given by Mr. Swan, the deputy grand master of the Orange Society, in his examination touching the entrance of Lord Mulgrave into Dublin, in June, 1835. Having declared that the noble lord was accompanied by persons who carried banners bearing party inscriptions, and being asked to particularise one such, he gave as an example, one upon which were painted the words "equal laws," which he declared to be in his estimation a *party flag*.* The inscription and the answer very correctly characterise the two parties who are at present at issue in Ireland, as to the mode in which that unhappy country is to be

* The following observations were made upon the same subject by Colonel Perceval: — "The very first appearance of the noble lord (Normanby) was the signal for agitation and rapine. He himself saw the noble lord enter Dublin, surrounded by an immense assemblage of people, bearing banners and flags with the very same insignia as those used in the rebellion of 1798 [cries of no, no!" from the ministerial benches].

Mr. H. Grattan: No such thing!

Colonel Perceval: The honourable member might deny it if he pleased, but what he stated he himself was a witness of. He took out his pocket book at the time, and noted down the circumstance [read, read!]. Amongst other insignia, he saw the harp without the crown.

The reader after perusing this piece of rabid ribaldry, will be astonished to hear that this *harp without a crown*, which the honourable member designates as an emblem of rebellion, is actually *one of the devices upon the shield of the Protestant University of Dublin* — of the university presided over by the King of Hanover — of the same university whose impartial governors rejected, not long ago, the unanimous petition of all the resident students for the revival of the Historical Society, lest it may lead them into political discussions; and very soon after allowed them to establish an Orange lodge. We have now lying before us several volumes given as prizes at the quarterly examinations in Dublin, and the shield of the university, which is exhibited three times in each volume, bears in every instance this rebellious device of a harp without a crown.

To expose the whole of the "ingenious devices" which have been resorted to for the purpose of bolstering up the charges against Lord Normanby would be altogether endless. One of them, however, is so shameless that we cannot avoid bringing it under the reader's notice. The circumstance to which we allude is the charge that a person who had been convicted upon an indictment for rape was liberated, upon the condition of his marrying the party whom he had so injured. Such a compromise is certainly very uncommon in England, although an instance of it actually occurred here within a short time, about a year or two back. But every body acquainted with the administration of criminal justice in Ireland knows that a charge of rape used to be a not uncommon method of procuring a husband; and that it was the ordinary custom, in such cases, for the prosecutrix *to marry the prisoner* IN THE DOCK, *and under the inspection and superintendence of the very judge who sat upon the bench.* Lord Stanley, who attempted a very dull joke upon the subject, could scarcely, we think, be ignorant of this fact. He has resided a good deal in Ireland, and in the very locality where such occurrences were most common; and, even if he had not witnessed it himself, he must have learnt so very remarkable a usage from Mr. Bolton, his steward, who is himself a Tipperary justice. The most astonishing part of the matter is that so disgraceful a custom *was*, FOR THE FIRST TIME, *repressed under the government of Lord Normanby*, and by a judge who was raised to the bench by the noble Marquis — namely, Mr. Baron Richards. Yet this case was brought forward in the House of Commons by Mr. Shaw, himself a judge, and who, although we believe that he never enjoyed any degree or species of practice, yet must have known what was notorious to the whole community.

governed in future. Of the party who exhibited upon their banner the *factious* inscription of "equal laws," Sir James Graham gave the following character in the course of his speech: —

> The people of Ireland were proverbially kind, and generous, and warm-hearted, and brave, and were so charitable that at all times, even when themselves suffering from privation, they were willing to share their small pittance and their last potato with the passing beggar who came to their door.

Concerning the principles which would guide the policy of his right honourable friend, in the event of his being again placed at the head of the government, the right honourable baronet made the following statement:—

> "The resolutions had been advocated as a security against the renewal of Orange despotism. Of all the chimerical visions that ever entered into the mind of man, he (Sir James Graham) believed that the most extravagant. Old things had passed away — all was passing. The sun did go back on the dial. They might as well affect to be afraid of the restoration of the Stuarts, or the revival of the lord-lieutenancy of Strafford. He (Sir James Graham) did not conceive that any government could stand, or ought to stand, which attempted to govern on an exclusive principle. There might be a difference as to the precise means; but after the passing of the Emancipation Act, there could be none as to the principles on which government must be conducted. These principles were a firm and impartial administration of justice, and an equal and fair distribution of patronage with regard to individual character, conduct, ability, and private worth, and without the least reference to religious opinions. This was the principle declared by his right honourable friend near him; and he thought he might appeal to the public as to whether the honour of his right honourable friend was not a sufficient guarantee that those principles would be adhered to by him which he said he would adhere to."

If this be all true, it would appear that the Ethiop has completely changed his skin, and that within a very short period. An infallible authority has asserted that nothing will be but that which has already been. If we apply this principle to the present point, and couple it with an event which actually happened during the short period of Sir Robert Peel's administration, we shall find some reason to apprehend that the vicarious undertaking of Sir James Graham will be in some danger of non-performance.

It was only a few months before Lord Mulgrave's arrival in Dublin, that Lord Claude Hamilton had been appointed a justice of peace for the county of Tyrone, after having, "in the face of the country, been initiated into the Orange Society; after having been publicly decorated with orange emblems, and publicly chaired, in such decoration, through the town of Dungannon by a body of Orangemen, in the presence of the Custos Rotulorum, the Marquis of Abercorn, Lord Castlestuart, and nineteen magistrates, besides several clergymen, and country gentlemen!" The circumstances above mentioned were not only not concealed from Lord Haddington, but were actually detailed by Lord Caledon, the lord-lieutenant of Tyrone, in the letter in which he transmitted to Sir Henry Hardinge the request of Lord Claude Hamilton to be appointed to the commission. The usual course upon such occasions is to lay the request before the Lord Chancellor at once. But Lord Caledon, feeling "*how his hopes of tranquillizing the country had been counteracted*, and knowing, as he did, that the conduct of Lord Claude Hamilton *had caused an increased excitement*," could not directly present Lord C. Hamilton to the Chancellor for appointment "without exposing himself to animadversion." The noble earl goes on to subjoin the following extraordinary statement, per contra: —

> "On the other hand, when I *reflect* that *he has been elected for the county*, and that his rank and station fully qualify him for the appointment, *I know not how to withhold my recommendation*, more especially as I do not believe that the act of which I complain was in itself illegal; and, above all, when

I am *willing to hope* that, if appointed to the magistracy, *his decisions will not be biassed by party prejudice.*" The decisions of a gentleman who was publicly initiated an Orangeman, in the face of the assembled aristocracy and commonalty of the county, — who was publicly decorated (!) with the emblems of that confederation — who was publicly chaired in his new character, and whose conduct, according to Lord Caledon himself, had increased the excitement which counteracted Lord Caledon's hopes of tranquillizing the country!

If ever there was a complete instance, in temporal matters, of hoping against hope, here was certainly a most exquisite example of that self-contradictory confidence. Lord Caledon hoped that Lord C. Hamilton would not *disturb the tranquillity* of the county, or *be biassed by any party spirit*, although the degree in which Lord Claude Hamilton *had been biassed by party spirit* had materially assisted in *destroying the tranquillity* which Lord Caledon *hoped* to have established!

The answer transmitted by Sir Henry Hardinge in the name of Lord Haddington is as great a curiosity as the original document to which it responds. The right honourable secretary commends the conduct of Lord Caledon "in suppressing all party feelings;" goes on to declare, "that the line which he had pursued was in strict accordance with the principles by which her Majesty's councils were then guided (9th February 1835); and that it was only by a *firm and impartial adherence to this system* (of suppressing all party feelings), that the peace of the country could be preserved." Hitherto the composition of the right honourable secretary certainly appears very plausible, and we believe that there are very few readers who could anticipate with what ingenuity the knowledge of the catastrophe is kept out of the possibility of being known until the conclusion of the drama. The composition, however, after having assigned several reasons why Lord C. Hamilton ought *not* to be appointed to the commission, concludes by directing him to be appointed;

"And, whispering 'I shall ne'er consent,' consented;"

the consent being justified by the following consistent, perspicuous, and very satisfactory statement: — "His Excellency, after an *attentive consideration* of the statement of Lord Caledon, thinks it *not* expedient to withhold the commission," &c. We are for the present obliged to postpone all further observations upon the remaining speeches, but shall probably return to the subject upon another occasion.

The effect of the whole discussion, in so far as the Marquis of Normanby's character and conduct were concerned, was to elevate them to even a higher degree of eminence than they had previously attained. The extent to which "all crimes and outrages, tending to render life and property insecure in Ireland," were diminished under his government, and in consequence of the wisdom, vigour, and impartiality with which justice was administered, was exhibited in a new and striking point of view by Mr. Pigott; whilst the increase of the value of every kind of property was shown by Lord Morpeth upon the highest commercial and professional authorities. It even appeared, from the minute and circumstantial statements of the same noble lord, and of Mr. Pigott, that Lord Normanby had not even committed the amiable offence (which might have been expected from the generosity of his nature) of leaning too much to the side of mercy, and that the charges made against him upon that ground were as void of foundation as the others. It has been shown in a very practical and intel-

ligible manner, that the noble marquis was the main stay of the administration, and that any ministry of which he forms a part will always command the ardent support of the people of Ireland; whose conduct, in reference to the present occasion, is entitled to the highest admiration. We cannot help expressing the satisfaction which we feel on perceiving that all the anticipations which we ourselves expressed as to the probable course of the Irish people upon this subject have been so completely borne out by the result. We anxiously hope that they will continue to exercise their political power as they have hitherto done, for the support of the principles of liberality and justice throughout the empire; and that they will continue to merit the gratitude of every friend of justice and good government by their patriotism and intrepidity, without incurring the horrible penalties to which they have hitherto been exposed, and which they are suffering even now.*

After a debate which occupied five days, a division took place upon Sir Robert Peel's amendment on Friday night; when the numbers were,

For the amendment - - -	296
Against it - - - - -	318
Majority for ministers - - -	22

Sir Robert Peel declined to require a division upon Lord John Russell's motion. The question was then put upon Mr. Duncombe's resolution; in favour of which there appeared - - - 81

Against it - - - - -	299
Majority against the motion - - -	218

The circumstances, however, in which the latter division took place prevent it from possessing any importance in any respect.

* It was justly observed by Mr. Berwick in his late excellent speech on the great meeting in Dublin, "that while the condition of the Irish voter places him at the mercy of his landlord—his very existence being, in many instances, dependent upon his tyrant's capricious rage [cheers]—yet have the people of this country rendered incalculable services to reform; that while a a majority of representatives returned by England within five years of the passing of the Reform Bill are ready to restore the dominion of a faction who opposed that measure, three fourths of the representatives returned by Ireland are found on all occasions labouring in the work of reform, preserving England from the dominion of those who, in opposing reform, drove her to the verge of revolution, and swelling the minorities on all those questions which are uppermost in the hearts of all Reformers [cheers].

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE HOUSEHOLD QUESTION.

"Buckingham Palace, May 10. 1839.

"The Queen having considered the proposal made to her yesterday, by Sir Robert Peel, to remove the ladies of her bedchamber, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be contrary to usage, and which is repugnant to her feelings."

Her Majesty's Answer to Sir Robert Peel's Proposition.

The circumstances, to which the above laconic letter refers, are already well known to our readers. In the discussion of them almost every variety of argument has been employed, but the subject is not yet exhausted. Indeed the most important question involved in it waits for that dispassionate investigation which it could not receive from the newspapers, in the heat and fury of a sudden and unexpected contention.

This question, the only one which can now arise in the consideration of this valuable state paper, is, Whether the course proposed by Sir Robert Peel was "*contrary to usage?*" Her Majesty has satisfactorily determined that it was "repugnant to her feelings." To this question we propose, therefore, to confine our observations.

We have searched in vain for what the Tories would call a *constitutional* precedent in support of Sir Robert Peel's *sine quâ non*. In the earlier period of our annals we find innumerable instances of powerful oligarchical factions compelling our monarchs to discard their favourites of all sorts, from ladies of the bedchamber, and ghostly confessors, to their recognised and responsible ministers. Faithful personal friends of the monarch, of every class, genus, and species, were, in those days, sure to be denounced as *evil counsellors* by those who sought the permanent establishment of their own power on the ruins of the royal prerogative. The feuds, which resulted from those attempts of faction against the rights of the sovereign, are too well known to require detail. It is unnecessary to trouble the reader with more than a general reference to them; for however the Tories might be disposed to imitate such proceedings, they would never cite them as precedents.

On tracing the progress of our institutions, it will be found that as the rights of the King, the Lords, and the Commons, became more distinctly defined and better understood, the practice of interfering with the composition of the court gradually fell into disuse. As the influence of the legislature increased that of the closet diminished, and the avowed and responsible minister superseded the secret adviser. The reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. are commonly regarded as the period when the Lower House first acquired that power and authority which have since given it the commanding position which it has held in the management of the national interests. From that time to the present we have not had one quarrel between the rival parties of the state, as to what ladies the sovereign should be allowed to associate with — not one even, as to what gentlemen should form the circle of the King's or Queen's private society; — nor can

the Conservative leader find one solitary sanction of the course he thought fit to propose to her Majesty, unless he takes refuge in the record of the proceedings of the rebellious oligarchs of the middle ages. Perhaps a Tory might, on an emergency, regard these as "*ancient constitutional*" precedents, entitled to all the weight and authority with which "*the wisdom of our forefathers*" may be presumed to invest them.

It is extremely difficult to discover any historical facts whatever bearing even the most remote analogy to the demand made on her Majesty, when viewed in connection with the circumstances by which she is surrounded. Throughout the entire range of English history — since England was a kingdom — we have had but four queens regnant. Mary and Anne were married. In the reign of the former not the slightest attempt was made to interfere with the private arrangements of the household. Does any one suppose that Sir Robert Peel would have made the proposal to Elizabeth, which he made to Victoria, or that, if he had, she would not have committed him to the Tower for his treason, or boxed his ears for his impudence? That vigorous and beneficent lady would unquestionably have punished him, in some shape, for such an attempt to deprive her of the only portion of her "state and dignity" which rendered royalty tolerable.

Up to the Revolution it appears that no part of the household was subject to removal on the change of administration. At that epoch a new principle was introduced, and several of the chief appointments in the household were decreed to follow the course of those in the cabinet. Such was the theory; but, in practice, the occupants were seldom removed for a mere difference of opinion on political matters with the members of the administration. Thus this department was conducted till the accession of the Tories to office under George III., when the principle recognised since the Revolution was almost invariably carried out in practice, and all the gentlemen holding the chief appointments in the household were changed with every administration. In this, perhaps, we are wrong. We should have said, that the Tories invariably removed *all* their opponents — the Whigs removed only a *few*. The former understood the magic power of "backstairs' influence," and of patronage — the latter magnanimously despised it. But though the Tories admitted their own *constitutional* right to dismiss their opponents, it seems that it was not equally clear to them that their opponents possessed a similar *constitutional* right to dismiss them. In 1797 the Earl of Moira thought that no officer in any "department not immediately connected with ministerial functions" should be liable to removal on changes in the ministry*; and in 1812, when the only obstacle to the formation of an efficient ministry, as required by the votes of the Commons, was the demand of Earls Grey and Grenville to remove some of the Prince Regent's household, and when his Highness, having no particular regard for any of the members of his establishment, was willing to surrender them all, he (the Earl of Moira) would not allow him to "part with one of them." But we will return from this episodical digression, and briefly state the mode in which the patronage of the household was disposed of in the various periods to which we have alluded.

We have already observed that prior to the Revolution a change of ministry did not involve any changes in the household: of this the following instances may be accepted as a proof — if proof be requisite. The office of Lord Chamberlain was filled by Lord Manchester from 1660 to 1671; that of Vice Chamberlain by Sir George Carteret from 1660 to 1670, and by

* See his letter to Colonel M'Mahon, as cited in Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, N. S., vol. xxiii. col. 596.

Henry Saville, Esq. from 1670 to 1686; that of Groom of the Stole by the Earl of Bath from 1660 to 1685; and that of Lord Steward of the Household by the Duke of Ormond from 1660 to 1689.

Even after the Revolution there seems to have been a great indisposition to meddle with the arrangements of the household. It was considered an indecent interference with the personal comforts and rights of the sovereign, as a mere private individual, that the complexion of his society should depend exclusively on the whims of the electoral pot-wallopers of the kingdom; and accordingly the changes at first were "few and far between," and particularly during the reign of Anne. Thus the office of Lord Chamberlain was filled by the Earl of Jersey from 1700 to 1704, by the Earl of Kent from 1704 to 1714, and by the Duke of Grafton from 1724 to 1757; that of Vice Chamberlain by Peregrine Bertie, Esq. from 1690 to 1711, by Thomas Coke, Esq., afterwards Lord Lovel, from 1711 to 1727, and by the Hon. W. Finch from 1742 to 1765; that of Groom of the Stole from 1704 to 1710 by the Duchess of Marlborough, and from 1710 to the close of that reign by the Duchess of Somerset; that of Lord Steward of the Household by the Duke of Devonshire from 1689 to 1707, and by his son from 1707 to 1710; that of Lord Treasurer of the Household by Francis Lord Newport from 1689 to 1708, when he died, and was succeeded by the Earl of Cholmondely, who held it to 1713; that of Master of the Horse by the Duke of Somerset from 1702 to 1715, when he resigned; and that of Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners by the Duke of St. Albans from 1693 to 1712. When, notwithstanding the many changes of ministry which took place in that reign, we find so few changes in the male department of the household, can we suppose that the female department was subjected to greater mutations, or, perhaps, we ought to say mutilations? Lord John Russell noticed in the course of the late debate the fact, that though the Earl of Sunderland and Lord Rialton were removed from their offices in August, 1710, their ladies remained Ladies of the Bedchamber till December, 1711, when their father, the Duke of Marlborough, having been dismissed in a manner which they thought unjust, they voluntarily resigned their appointments. This, we believe, is the only instance of any ladies resigning their situations in the household of Anne in consequence of political differences, but the coolness which had then arisen between the Queen and the Duchess would in itself be sufficient to account for their voluntary retirement.

We now come to the third period of this "eventful history," when the practice was adopted by every administration of removing all their male opponents from the chief appointments in the King's household. This was invariably acted on by the Tories: the Whigs seem to have been more averse to altering the private arrangements of royalty, unless the most urgent necessity demanded their interference. Thus they did not remove the Duke of Montague from the office of Master of the Horse in 1783, nor any of the following officers in 1806, — Lord Chamberlain, Earl of Dartmouth; Vice Chamberlain, Lord Edward Thynne; Groom of the Stole, Earl of Winchelsea; Lord Steward of the Household, Earl of Aylesbury; Comptroller of the Household, Lord E. Thynne; — all these held their appointments from 1804 to 1812, except the last, who held it only from 1804 to 1807. The negotiations of 1812 were broken off because Lords Grey and Grenville having inquired "Whether this full liberty extended to the consideration of the new appointments to those *great offices* in the household *which had been usually included* in the political arrangements made on a change in the administration," Lord Moira thought that though "the Prince had

laid no restriction upon him in that respect, and had never pointed in the most distant manner to the protection of those officers from removal, it would be impossible for him to concur in making the exercise of this power a positive and indispensable condition in the formation of an administration, *because he should deem it on public grounds peculiarly objectionable.*" One of the reasons afterwards assigned by that nobleman for considering the exercise of this power peculiarly objectionable was that the removal of those officers would have been an unnecessary humiliation of the Prince, and *would have set the seal of office to accredit every ribald tale of scandal that had been circulated in this town.*" * The power then demanded by the Whig lords was to extend only to "those *great offices in the household which had been usually included* in the political arrangements," &c.; and as a proof that the expression "*those great offices*" was not designed to include the lords or ladies of the bedchamber, we may adduce a short extract from Mr. Ponsonby's speech in the Commons in explanation of the causes which rendered the negotiation abortive: —

"He knew that the practice from the Revolution had been never to change from some situations, and that the *Groom of the Stole* and the Master of the Ceremonies, for example, *were never changed under any administration.*"†

Now the Groom of the Stole is First Lord of the Bedchamber to the King, or first Lady to the Queen. If it was the practice never to change him, how could those in an inferior position be liable to removal? Let us see how that office was actually disposed of. Thomas Viscount Weymouth was made Groom of the Stole in 1782, and held the office to 1796, when he was succeeded by the Duke of Roxburgh, who held it till his death, in 1804. The Earl of Winchelsea was then appointed, and held it to 1812. He was succeeded by the Marquis of Winchester, who held it to the death of the late king, in 1837. The office of Master of the Robes was held from 1797 to 1808 by Lord Selsey; from 1820 to 1830 by Lord Francis Cunningham; and from 1830 to 1837 by Captain Francis Seymour. During the changes of administration in the reign of the late monarch there was no attempt made to remove any persons but such as held "*those great offices in the household,*" &c. &c.; and not a single Lord of the Bedchamber was removed in consequence of his political opponents coming into the ministry.‡ From this brief retrospect the reader can determine whether the Conservative leader treated his queen with the same respect and delicacy of feeling which had invariably been exhibited towards every other member of her house on the throne of these realms.

It has been said that the conduct pursued towards a queen consort should not form precedents for that to be pursued towards a queen regnant; but we imagine that any delicacy due to the one is due to the other, and in a ten-thousand-fold degree, when the latter is young and unmarried. If the households of Queens Charlotte and Adelaide were not altered on every change of administration; if their domestic arrangements were considered of too sacred a character to be continually pried into by political janisaries, and made the subject of discussion in the cabinet or the legislature; if they selected their friends, their officers, and attendants without let or hinderance from any ministerial inquisitors — ought not Victoria to be permitted to enjoy the same privileges? Must she alone be

* Speech in the House of Lords, June 19. 1812: Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. xxiii. N. S. col. 596.

† Hansard's Parl. Deb. ibid. col. 431.

‡ The Tory ministry in 1835 appointed a few lords of the bedchamber, but did not remove those previously in office.

sacrificed to the desperate struggle of an unpopular and rapidly declining faction?

We have shown the mode in which all parties treated the household arrangements of Anne. It cannot be forgotten that she was married and of mature years when she ascended the throne. No ministry attempted to force into, or out of, the household of Charlotte, their friends or their enemies. She had the same Mistress of the Robes from 1761 to 1793; her second Mistress of the Robes, the Marchioness of Bath, held her office till 1808.* Her Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Aylesbury, appointed in 1780, continued in his office till 1792, when he was succeeded by the Earl of Morton, who held it till 1808.* Charles Fitzroy, Esq., appointed her Vice Chamberlain in 1768, held it to 1782. The Honourable Stephen Digby held it from 1782 to 1792; and his successor, William Price, Esq., held it from 1792 to 1808.* With the ladies of her household no ministry were silly enough to interfere. The household of Queen Adelaide was composed almost exclusively of persons opposed to the Whig administration, which however never attempted to remove them.

It is unnecessary to adduce further proofs of the unprecedented character of the Peel proposition. The honourable baronet has himself admitted that it was unprecedented. "Sir, the policy of these things depends not upon precedent — not upon what has been done in former times — it mainly depends upon a consideration of the present crisis." This was his language in the late debate; and it scarcely leaves a doubt that the course which he proposed to his sovereign, and for which he could not find a precedent, was, even in his own estimation, "*contrary to usage.*"

At this point we should, according to our original design, close this paper; but there are a few other topics so closely connected with this extraordinary proceeding, that we cannot dismiss the subject without referring to them.

The Conservative newspapers complain that Sir Robert Peel has been calumniated by those, who charge him with having demanded the power and intimated the intention to remove all the ladies of the household. This was the impression left on the Queen's mind as to the nature of his proposal. In consequence of some observations which fell from Lord Melbourne in the debate of Tuesday, the 14th ult., a cry has been raised about this as an "*erroneous impression.*" On that occasion Lord Melbourne, after stating that her Majesty had informed him of the nature of her interviews with Sir Robert Peel, said that she also informed him that—

"The right honourable baronet made a proposal that he should have the power of dismissing the ladies of her Majesty's household, not stating to what extent he would exercise that power — not stating how many, or whom, it was his intention to propose to remove — but asking the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, and leaving unquestionably upon her Majesty's mind a very strong impression that it was intended to employ that power to a very great extent — to such an extent, certainly, as to remove all the ladies of the bedchamber, as well as some of those filling an inferior situation in the household. Such, my Lords, was the impression on her Majesty's mind — an impression which, from what has since transpired, is evidently erroneous. No doubt such an impression was a mistaken one. The right honourable baronet has distinctly stated that he had no such intention, and there cannot be the slightest doubt upon the point."

We confess that we do not understand how Lord Melbourne leaped to the conclusion that the impression on her Majesty's mind was erroneous. Is it merely because Sir Robert Peel said, that on discussing the subject

* We specify 1808 merely to show that the ministry of 1806 did not remove them. How much longer they held those offices we have not at this moment the means of determining. But it is immaterial to the present subject.

with his friends he had intimated that he would propose no change with respect to those below the rank of lady of the bedchamber, and that it would not be necessary to remove all the ladies of the bedchamber, as some were unobjectionable, "from the total absence of party or political connection?" Such might have been his views as to what ladies it would be expedient, in the first instance, to remove; but if he did not desire the power of removing all, why did he not name those whom he considered objectionable, and ask the Queen to dismiss them? That would have been a plain, straightforward mode of proceeding, and would have removed all doubts, and all impediments to the secure enjoyment of office. But he demanded the power of dismissing all, without particularising any; and there is nothing in his letter to show that he had given her any well grounded reasons to expect that he would not exercise it, *if necessary*, to the fullest extent. Let us examine the letter, recollecting that it was written after the negotiations had terminated, and designed more as a justification of himself with his party and the public, than as an explanation of his views to his sovereign. In this document he says, —

"In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, *so to constitute your Majesty's household* that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, *as far as possible consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the household* should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings.

"On your Majesty's expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

"Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply *a similar principle to the chief appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's household*, upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change."

No one can read this without feeling convinced that the demand was to remove all whom he should deem it necessary to remove, "*consistently with that demonstration*," and to bring all the ladies under the same principle as the Lord Steward of the Household. There is no limitation of the demand to the ladies of the bedchamber. When Sir Robert Peel *wrote* this after the rupture of the negotiation, may we not conclude that he said at least as much, if not more, when flushed with success, and expecting only submission?

Besides, is it not manifest that Sir Robert Peel in demanding this right of dismissing the four or five ladies, whom he alleges to have been objectionable to him, in fact asserted the right to dismiss any ladies that might at any time become objectionable to him — a right which in the course of time might, and in all human probability would, have included the whole household? Is it not a mere verbal equivocation to say, that he stipulated only for a limited power, when that power was to be exercised without any restriction, except such as he might himself think proper to put upon it? If the Queen had allowed him to dismiss any ladies upon grounds to which she did not assent, would not that have been in reality to surrender the whole household into his hands? If he were invested with the power to dismiss in one instance, that power could not be denied to him in other instances, the reasons being similar; so that instead of being a power with limitations, it was actually an unlimited power. Indeed, whatever contemptible evasion of his real object Sir Robert Peel may now think proper to resort to, the Duke of Wellington, with a candour honourable to his character, admitted

that object in full in his speech of explanation. "I confess," said his Grace, "that I do not think that any set of men could undertake the government of the country, *unless they possessed universal influence and control over the whole household.*" There is the fact stated as clearly as it can be put into words. No, no, Joseph Surface, there was no "erroneous impression" in the case.

The Conservatives have, according to ancient custom, invoked the aid of the constitution on this trying occasion. But what can the constitution have to do with the composition of the Queen's household more than with the composition of her medicine, or the composition of her toilette? There is not a nobleman in the kingdom who cannot appoint his own treasurers, chamberlains, huntsmen, and tradesmen. The system of interfering with the arrangements of the royal household was commenced barely for the purpose of conferring so much additional patronage on the minister, at a period when corruption was deemed necessary, nay *constitutionally* essential, to carrying on the business of the government. It was not the constitution which called on him to invade the sanctuary of royalty, and post his myrmidons at its portals, but his and their insatiable appetite for plunder. We believe that the result has not been very beneficial to the country. It made the sovereign the mere puppet of the party, who got him into their toils, and who exhibited him in their vanguard when attacking the rights of their countrymen, in the same manner as wily foes have ever done, when they have captured the monarch of a people too foolishly loyal, and made him the instrument of their subjugation. Of William III. we are disposed to say little. Anne was the mere tool of the parties who got her into their leading strings. The two first Georges were very like little children in the nursing arms of the Whigs, looking on themselves as somehow entitled to get pap and playthings from their protectors, and bound in turn to give the sanction of their names to every scheme of exaction. The country would have fared better than it has done, had the two last Georges consulted the wishes of the people more frequently than they did those of the narrow-minded coteries by which they were encircled. The power of the minister to beset the sovereign with his creatures is certainly unwarranted by any recognised principle of the constitution. The sovereign should be at liberty to select his friends from all parties of the state — to consult men of every political complexion — to know and be known to all — and to be as unshackled and as free in every respect as any of his subjects. "The wisdom of our ancestors" never contemplated that the monarch should know and care as little about the wants and wishes of his people as he did about those of the inhabitants of the moon — that he should be the mere imbecile toy of a coterie, and that his brain should not shelter an idea not sanctioned by the impress of ministerial authority. Such, however, is the modern "*constitutional*" doctrine. The Duke of Wellington in the late debate exposed the danger of allowing the Queen to have "*political conversation with her ladies.*" "*He had known the inconvenience of an anomalous influence of this kind exercised, not by ladies such as those in question,* BUT IN THE WAY OF SIMPLE CONVERSATION."

A word to the wise ! ! !

We do sincerely hope that the people will now exert themselves in this cause, which is really their own, and that they will endeavour to restore the ancient authority of the sovereign over the patronage of the household — or at least to preserve what remains of it. If they once yield up their young and artless Queen a close prisoner to the Conservative faction, they will speedily have cause to repent of their folly.

THE SPANISH ROMANTIC DRAMA.

"LIFE, A DREAM."

"Que el gusto y disgusto
Desta vida son
No mas que una leve
Imaginacion." CALDERON.

"PRINCESS SCHEHERAZADE! if you are not asleep tell us that story." Lest our readers should suppose from the gravity of our previous pages that we are in the condition of the Arabian princess, we deem it incumbent on us to make an attempt to amuse them. "*J'apprends d'etre vif*," said the German detected in the act of leaping over his chair. Perhaps our attempt at liveliness may be voted of the same description.

In these days when, in England, the lyrical drama supersedes what is called the legitimate theatre, notwithstanding the efforts of many of our eminent writers to support it, the contest between the classic and romantic schools goes on the same as ever on the Continent. Gries and Schlegel, in Germany, have produced beautiful and entertaining translations from the Spanish poets, opening up a new mine of dramatic literature never heretofore explored; and from having seen in a contemporary journal of established reputation the doubt expressed of a possibility of rendering justice in English measures to the Spanish originals after the manner of the German translators, we are stimulated to make the attempt.

The principle of the romantic literature, be it remarked, is that of individuality, and the depicting of man's religious opinions, or internal springs and motives of action.

In the classic literature, on the contrary, the poet sees man in his external acts only, and considers his virtue and vices in the abstract; for which reason the protagonist wants individuality to distinguish him from other men governed by a certain and determinate passion. The Avare, Misanthrope, and Tartuffe of the classic theatre, are thus mere avarice, misanthropy, and hypocrisy personified. As the classic poet, in his fables, treats solely of general characters, he always proposes to himself some fixed moral end; whilst the romantic, looking upon this as an accessary, and only pretending to the formation and picture of individual characters, the morality, more or less vague, which he deduces from his inventions, must result from the single acts of his personages. The metaphysics of the passions and the long monologues, are, on this account, indispensable; for without them the poet can neither depict the internal sentiments of the soul, nor graduate the imperceptible march of those movements which, at every step, modify the individual man. In the classic, where it is not needed to mark the essential difference between the same passion applied to distinct persons, the spectator foresees the catastrophe, and does not exact great emotions, nor any profoundly internal combat, until the *dénouement* of the piece, when his expectations are regularly verified by some explosion of passion. Orosmane, for example, in Voltaire's "Zaire," is a jealous man, or, rather, a personification of jealousy, reduced in its expression to the external acts by which it manifests itself in the generality of mankind. Thus he imparts none of those intimate secrets of the conscience, which are only communicated to the public by supposing the protagonist to converse with himself. A portrait executed under these principles is easily reduced to the rules of the unities. But would it succeed as well were we to take Calderon's "Tetrarch of Jerusalem," and confine that beautiful romantic creation within the

limits of a classic tragedy? The result would be to present a Mariamne as cold and insipid as the French heroine.

For Orosmane to suspect the fidelity of his mistress it is necessary that she inspire distrust by actions, innocent, it is true, but certainly equivocal, and which she might have avoided. Zara, without ceasing to be Zara, might have tranquillised her lover; whilst Mariamne, without ceasing to be a woman, charming, virtuous, and beloved, could not have freed herself from the jealousy of her spouse. Zara gives a motive for the suspicion of Orosmane, and by saying a single word could have put an end to it. Mariamne, on the contrary, is innocent, not only in the eyes of the spectator, but in those of Herod himself; and the occasion of his jealousy need not be sought without himself, for it lives within his soul, circulates through his veins, and is the prop of all that constitutes his moral existence. To decide the catastrophe in this tragedy, it is unnecessary that Mariamne appear criminal in the eyes of her husband; it is enough, for this purpose, that she is a woman, that she is beautiful, and that no one can behold her without loving, or suspect for a moment that she could be capable of inconstancy. There should be every difference between the expression of Orosmane and the Tetrarch's respective sentiments. The one, all classic, represents the jealous affections as inherent passions in the human breast, expressing them by actions which, in similar situations, all men would commit. The other concentrates them within his soul, and portrays the conflicting torments and combats, not as pertaining to the human species, but to a specific individual of it. All jealous men recognise themselves in Orosmane. The Tetrarch alone can feel, act, and think like the Tetrarch.

In perusing the works of these old dramatists we cannot help seeing that their merit does not solely consist in making good verses, as some pretend, but in being really excellent poets, notwithstanding their defects. Who, for instance, can compete with Lope in fertility and invention? Who can deny to Calderon the foremost rank in the art of combining his plans, and directing and making the most of his situations, in the perfection of his narratives, and in the mode of presenting his ideas so eminently poetical? Who can refuse to admire in Tirso the harmonious fulness of the rhymes, the grace of the language, and the humour that abounds in his dramatic works? And what shall we say of the ingenious Moreto, the first poet who placed on the scene the true comedy of character, and drew it with as much perfection as the great Moliere, of Guillen de Castro, Tarrega, Aguilar, Ruiz de Alarcon, Belmonte, Montalvan, Velez de Guevara, Diamante, Solis, Roxas, and Moratin? The collection now published is a proof of this.*

Among the varied spectacles which the gorgeous procession of Calderon's theatre presents we shall select one, called "Life, a Dream;" not that it is remarkable for a greater portion of the mystic gloom which is regarded as the peculiar feature of his muse, or that it contains any of those "deepest wells of passion and of thought" which we expect in the poem of a great dramatist gifted with lofty powers of fancy and intellect, but simply because the idea of placing a modern Pyrrho on the stage is novel and highly dramatic, and the moral lesson drawn from it is not distorted by any of those monstrous exhibitions so frequently displayed in his other religious dramas. This piece has been acted upon some of the German stages, and affords great scope for the powers of an actor. In presenting a few extracts, we shall endeavour to follow the metrical forms and hyperbolical flights of the original. Every reader of Shakspeare must recognise its resem-

* Senior, Pall Mall, 1839.

blance to the drunken tinker Christopher Sly, in the "Taming of the Shrew."

The first Jornada opens with the appearance of the heroine and her servant the Gracioso, on a mountain, where they have lost their horses; for unless this were told, there might be some difficulty in identifying the hippogriff to whom the lady addresses her soliloquy.

Enter, on the peak of a mountain, Rosaura, in a man's travelling dress, and descends, repeating the first verses.

Rosaura. — Thou hippogriff, whose wild career
Outstrips the wind's fleet wings, appear!
Oh whither, ray without a fire,
Thou plumeless bird — thou beast that cannot tire —
Amidst this rocky labyrinth,
Hast thou now wandered to expend thy strength?
Farewell! — Remain upon this height,
Where I, thy luckless Phaethon, must alight;
And lost, despairing, and undone,
Explore its cliffs that hide the waning sun,
No other path for my descent,
Save what my wildering destinies present.
Polonia! ill dost thou, with danger
To welcome to thy soil a hapless stranger;
And, with her blood upon thy sand,
Inscribe her entrance on thy rugged land.
Yet with my fortune it accords
For, ah! what country is it that affords
Pity to an unfortunate?

Clarin descends from the same part.

Clarin. — Say two, nor leave me out when you debate
Your woes; for if we two have been
Who, from our country, sallied forth in spleen
To seek adventures, and were two,
Amidst distresses and misfortunes, who
Came hither on our journey bound,
And two who traversed all this mount around,
I deem you bound by some constraint,
Putting me in the risk, to put me in the plaint.

Rosaura. — Clarin, I did not wish to give
Thy name a place, lest thy prerogative
Of comforting thine own distress,
And soothing thy peculiar wretchedness,
By weeping it, I take away;
For such the pleasure is, a sage doth say,
In grief, that, for the right to speak,
We often purposely misfortunes seek.

Clarin. — A drunken, old greybeard was he!
Some one, I hope, in tender charity,
Belabour'd him with might and main,
To qualify him after to complain.
But what, Seniora, must we do?
On foot, alone, and lost, at this hour, too,
In this same desert mountain here,
When yon pale sun hath fled the hemisphere?

Rosaura. — Whoever saw such strange events?
But, if it be not fancy represents
Some mock illusion to my sight,
Methinks I see by yonder changeful light
A castle!

Clarin. — Either my desire
Deceives me, or the signs more clear transpire.

Rosaura. — Rustic and plain, amidst the bed
Of these rude rocks, a palace lifts its head,
In such a simple, modest style,
As if it were a rugged pile,
Neath crags o'erhanging which the beams

Of day obscure, that in the dusk it seems
A shapeless fragment, from their height
Cast down.
Clarin. — Approach then while there yet is light;
'T is best, Seniora, credit me,
A little nearer all these things to see;
And to admire you may begin,
When the good folks admit us snug within.

The door of this building being open, the travellers venture forward a few steps. Suddenly they are alarmed by the clanking of chains within, and the lamentations of some person in distress.

Rosaura. — Hark! didst thou hear that mournful cry?
Clarin!
Clarin. — Seniora!
Rosaura. — Haste, and let us fly
The dangers of this haunted tower!
Clarin. — Now when it comes to this, I want the power.
Rosaura. — Look! does not yonder shine a light,
Or star, or exhalation of the night,
Which tremulously wanders o'er the room,
Teaching the light to counterfeit a gloom?
'T is so; for, by its reflex, I
Can now a dismal prison's bounds descry:
An inmate there — a man, to misery doomed,
Clothed in the garb of wild beasts, lies entombed:
O listen to his mournful wail!

Discovers Segismund, clothed in skins, with a chain and light.

Segismund. — Ah me, the deep heart-rending woe!
Alas! will naught my sighs avail?
Then flow my tears, my sorrows flow.
Ye heavens! that I may calm despair,
I seek, with thoughts distracted torn,
Since doomed these cruel pangs to bear,
To know my crime in being born;
Tho' being born I know I sin,
And justice hath sufficient cause
To use her rigorous power, because
Man's greatest sin is to be born;
And I would only now desire,
To clear my faded mind's delusion,
To know how, 'midst this sad seclusion,
I could such greater sin acquire
As would deserve more punishment:
And are not others also born?
If so, what joys, which I forlorn
Ne'er tasted, do their lives present!
The bird is born, and in a dress
Adorned with beauty exquisite;
And scarce this flower is formed for flight,
When through the ethereal wilderness
It wings its way rejoicingly,
Forsaking its maternal nest, —
Yet I, of nobler soul possest,
Do yet enjoy less liberty.
The beast that 's born with lines and scars
Which cunning nature's skill imparts
Is scarce an emblem of the stars
(Thanks to the learned pencil's arts),
Than taught by human cruelty
The use of its outrageous strength,
The monster of its labyrinth
It lives — and, with more instinct, I
Do yet enjoy less liberty! —

The fish that 's born, scarce in the sea
Beholds itself, when, through all parts
Of the abyss, it then departs
Exploring its immensity, —
And yet, with greater free will, I
Do yet enjoy less liberty! —
The little rivulet is born,
A serpent, that amidst the flowers
Glides, rejoicing in its powers ;
And scarce the flowers the banks adorn
Of the silver stream, than melody
Proclaims their beauty, and the plain
Leads it sloping towards the main ;
And yet, with more of life, must I
Still enjoy less liberty!
In coming to this passionate
And thrilling thought, volcanic rage
Like Etna seems to animate
My soul, and I would disengage
My furious arm, this breast to tear!
What law or justice, to my prayer
Denies a privilege so small,
But which is yet so principal,
A gift that God hath kindly given
To birds, to springs, to flowers, to all things under heaven?
Rosaura. — Fear and compassion agitate
My mind!
Segismund. — Who hears my mournfulness?
Clotaldo! are you there?
Clarin. — Say yes.
Rosaura. — No: 'tis but an unfortunate!
Who happening o'er the mount to pass,
Was lost among these wilds, alas!
And heard thee mourn thy piteous fate.
Segismund. — Then must I give thee death, that thou [*Seizes her.*
My plaints unmanly may'st conceal ;
Therefore prepare thyself, for now
Death those lips must ever seal.
Clarin. — I 'm deaf, and therefore could not hear.
Rosaura. — If thou from mortals dost descend,
Enough 't is at thy feet I bend.
Segismund. — Thine awe inspires me with a fear,
Thy tender voice thrills through my frame,
Thy presence, too, suspends my hand :
Who art thou? for I understand
So little of the form and name
Of earth, that this sad tower my home
Hath been — my cradle and my tomb ;
And altho', since my natal hour,
If this be living, I 've remain'd
Within this melancholy tower,
Amidst a rustic desert, chained ;
And tho' I never saw nor spake,
Save to one man alone, whose love
Hath felt compassion for my sake,
From whom my forms and thoughts I take
Of earth, and heaven, and all above;
And tho', amidst chimeras dire,
Horrors, shades, I may be called
A man, 'midst savages enthralled —
For men a savage to admire :
And tho', amidst these woes so great,
Each varied life I meditate ;
Knowing the beasts, the birds that sing,
The stars' bright orbits measuring,
And skilled in love and courtesy,
Thou alone hast first suspended,
By thy sweet voice's melody,

The passion of mine agonies;
The vision of my wandering eyes,
And my brightest dreams transcended.
Each time I look, some new delight
Ravishes my enchanted sight;
The more I gaze, the more I would
Prolong this strange ecstatic mood.
O eager eyes! tho' it be death
To drink, drink on; and in this fashion,
Seeing, to see her steals my breath,
Yet do I die for the sweet passion.
But may I still gaze on and die,
For I know not, whilst I thus adore,
If it bestow my death to sigh,
What it would give to gaze no more!
But were it worse than direst fate —
Madness — death — o'erpow'ring woe —
Its rigour thus I undergo;
Since life to the unfortunate
Death to the happy must create.
Rosaura. — Now, in my eager haste to fly,
My wonder, and astonishment,
I scarcely know what to reply:
I only know that Heaven hath bent
Towards this spot my wandering feet,
That I might this just lesson meet: —
That one who mourns her own distress,
Might view another in worse wretchedness
They tell of a sage, that one day he
Was brought to such sad poverty,
As to sustain himself alone
Upon the roots and herbs he gleaned:
"A mortal like me is there one?"
To himself he said; and when he leaned
Aside his head at once, he found
An answer, for a sage did glide
Behind his steps, and from the ground
Gathered the leaves he threw aside. —
Murmuring at my fortune, I
Lived in this world, and when I said,
Lives there a man more wretched made?
Heaven comes in mercy to reply —
Since when I turn my thoughts, I find
Thou wouldst have gathered all my pains,
And joyfully esteemed them gains;
But if, perchance, thou art inclined
To listen and to share with me
My griefs in magic sympathy,
Griefs that to my soul appear
Beyond my strength to bear — give ear.

Clotaldo and the armed attendants, who rush in to interrupt the dialogue, hastily remove with signs of alarm the mysterious prisoner, whose picturesque discourse had awakened Rosaura's curiosity; and, having accomplished this, after some opposition from Segismund, Clotaldo demands of the intruders how they could have ventured to trespass on grounds which were forbidden to be approached, on pain of death, by any subject of Poland. The excuse, that they are strangers, will not avail to liberate them; and though Clotaldo shows compassion for their misfortune, he nevertheless orders them to surrender their arms. Rosaura, in despair, delivers her weapon; desiring him, at the same time, to keep it in remembrance of this adventure, should she be condemned to die, as there is a mystery attached to it regarding her fortunes, trusting to which alone she had come to Poland in search of a friend to assist her in avenging a wrong. Clotaldo, upon examining the

sword, discovers in it a pledge of love given by him in his youth to a lady, so that the person before him is his own child — his son as he deems. After a struggle between loyalty and affection for a dishonoured child, the former prevails, and he departs with his prisoners to the king.

But we must give a little more of the exposition, in the words of two additional *dramatis personæ;* to whom, after a salvo of artillery, we beg leave to introduce the reader.

Flourish of trumpets, and enter, on one side, Astolfo and Soldiers, on the other, the Infanta Estrella and her Ladies.

Astolfo. — Gloriously the bright rays, flashing
Like meteors, mingle with their peal
The sound of flutes and cymbals clashing,
Whilst warbling birds and fountains steal
Upon us every interval
In melody, and in their joy
As they advance, each dying fall
Salutes thee as their queen, Seniora,
Armed like Pallas to destroy,
And the birds as their Aurora,
And the flowers, too, as their Flora —
For Aurora, in her joy —
Pallas, Flora — all thou art,
And queen in my enchanted heart.

Estrella. — If human voice we must compare
With human actions, ill dost thou
Such courteous feelings to avow,
When thy warlike signs declare
Another meaning. Doth this sword
With thy flatteries well accord?
O think 't is an unmanly act,
Fit only for a savage vile,
The mother of deceit and guile,
Falsehood with the tongue to plead,
And thus to injure whilst you smile.

Astolfo. — Greatly art thou misinformed,
Estrella, since with doubts unjust
My faith and honour you mistrust;
Thoughts like these I never formed.
I pray you with attention hear
If rightly I our case declare: —
Eustorgio, king of Poland, died,
Leaving his son Basilio heir,
And two young orphan girls beside,
From whom our lives and crowns we gain. —
(I wish not of the rest to treat,
Which scarcely I need here repeat) —
My aunt, thy mother, Clorilene,
Whom of her crown just Heaven deprived,
Placing a nobler on her brow,
The elder daughter was, and thou,
Her child, through her this right derived.
Gay Recisunda next, thine aunt,
My mother, who, in Muscovy,
Married a noble duke, and I
From her was born. Now, pray you, grant
Me leave, Seniora, to revert
Towards the other principle.
Time doth Basilio now compel
To appoint an heir — but more expert
In secret studies than to reign,
He waxes old in childless age;
Meanwhile, his crown and appanage
We both endeavour to obtain;

Thou hast a worthier right pretended,
Born of the elder; I averred
That I, a son, should be preferred,
Tho' of the younger child descended.
Our fixed intentions we relate
Unto the king, who then replies,
That much he wished to compromise
Our claims, and to communicate
With us, appointing this the day
And this the spot; with which design
I left my dukedom — thou left thine —
And to this country bent our way.
O might love's blessed deity,
On whom that sure astrologer,
The vulgar voice, doth now confer
The pleasing power to remedy
Our wrongs, proclaim thee to be queen,
But queen in my enchanted heart,
Our uncle giving thee his crown —
Thy worth bestowing its renown,
When, my dear life, my soul, thou art!
Estrella. — Ah, yes! 't is most distinctly seen
What mean thy courteous compliments!
But yet, I would not be outdone
By thee in generous sentiments;
And this high throne I would have won
For thee alone: yet would my love
Be much dissatisfied to prove
What I suspect — that all you say,
The miniature which you display
Around your neck, proves false.
Astolfo. I will
Content thee as to that; but now
The time is wanting to fulfil
This promise, for each instrument
Doth with its brazen tongue avow
The king comes with his parliament!

King Basilio having returned their respectful salutations, begins a lengthy oration to his assembled courtiers, by telling them that he is a renowned and learned astrologer, but regretting exceedingly that he ever tampered with the deceitful science. He also lets them into a greater secret, namely, that he has a son and heir whose existence had never till this present moment been dreamt of. To Segismund, it seems, his "inauspicious star" threatens a thousand treasons and misfortunes. He is doomed, in short, to see his father's venerable hairs laid prostrate at his feet; and as, in his first entry into the world, he had given an indication of his furious disposition by the "sad omen of his mother's death," the superstitious monarch immured him from his infancy apart from all mankind in a lone tower. Basilio next declares his intention of trying the effect of his system of education by placing Segismund to-morrow on his throne, where, if he behave with propriety, he will remain for life; but if, on the contrary, he give a loose rein to his passions, he will be restored to his tower, as a foredoomed and irreclaimable prodigy, and Astolfo and Estrella elected in his stead. The plan is approved of by the council.

Clotaldo then enters, and demands pardon for his prisoner's inadvertence, which, as there is now no need of concealment, the king readily grants. Clotaldo, upon dismissing his supposed son, urges him to wash out his insult in his enemy's blood; but when Rosaura, in gratitude for his protection, tells him that Astolfo is the foe, and that she is a woman, he is reduced to the greatest distress.

The second Jornada opens with a conversation between Clotaldo and the

king; to whom the former relates the manner of Segismund's removal to the palace, when overcome by a soporific potion administered to him. The old courtier, however, expresses great doubts as to the success of the experiment. After the king's departure,

Enter Clarin.

Clarin (*apart*). — At the price of four good blows,
Which it cost in running hither,
From a red coat halberdier,
Whom I bearded for his dress,
I come at last to see what passes;
For there 's not a window surer
Than that which, without asking leave
Of usher or of officer,
A man still bears within himself,
Since, at all kind of spectacles,
He may appear by impudence.
Clotaldo (*apart*). — This is Clarin, serving-man
Of that, (O heavens!) that wretched child,
Who, dealing in misfortunes, came
To Poland for my ruin. — Ha,
Clarin, what's thy news, my friend?
Clarin. — News, sir! that your clemency,
Disposed to rectify the wrongs
Of Dame Rosaura, counsels her
To re-assume her proper garb.
Clotaldo. — 'T is well, that it may not appear
Like levity.
Clarin. — And that in changing
Her name, and taking prudently
The name of niece to thee, e'en now
Such wondrous honour she receives,
That dame of honour, in the palace
Of fair Estrella, she resides.
Clotaldo. — 'T is well again, that she for once
Some honour get on my account.
Clarin. — And, also, that she now expects
A time and opportunity
Will come to you to aid her cause.
Clotaldo. — A prudent foresight truly that —
For certainly it must be time
Alone that brings about these cures.
Clarin. — And also that she is regaled
And tended as becomes a queen,
And that tho' coming with her, I
Do, notwithstanding, die of hunger;
Yet no one takes a heed of me,
Without considering that I am
A clarion; and if I but sound,
I may tell every thing that passes
To Astolfo and Estrella;
For clarion and a serving man
Are two that keep a secret ill,
And it may be, if I be left
In silence and neglect, I 'll show
No clarion to the world around
Can utter forth a louder sound.
Clotaldo. — Complaints like thine are founded well,
So I shall see thee satisfied,
And in all things attend to me.
Clarin. — Behold! where Segismund's arrived.

Enter Musicians singing, and Attendants handing garments to Segismund, who enters in astonishment.

Segismund. — Immortal powers! what scene is this?
Oh Heaven! can I this sight believe?
It is in vain that I conceive!
'T is surely all a dream this bliss!

I, 'midst sumptuous palaces!
I, 'midst silk and fine brocade,
Attended by a vast parade
Of slaves in rich and gorgeous dress!
To have awoke from out my slumber
Within that bed, and then around
A crowd of servants to have found
Thronging in such countless number!
To say I dream were to mistake —
Am I not Segismund who reign?
Well know I that I am awake —
Oh Heaven! assist me to explain!
Say, then, how could it come to pass
That, whilst I slept, my fantasy
Could cause me all these things to see.
No! such it surely never was;
But whosoever it is or was
Who kindly placed me in this state,
All I ask is, let him wait,
And soon he 'll see what comes to pass.
First Attendant. — How melancholy we appear!
Second Attendant. — No wonder, in such reverie
To whom would this not come?
Clarin. To me.
First Attendant. — And shall they so enchant thine ear.
[*To Segismund.*
Sing a measure.
Segismund. — No; no more
Their song I wish. —
Second Attendant. — Perchance it would
Divert thy melancholy mood.
Segismund. — No; I rather choose the roar
Of loud and warlike strains to hear.
Clotaldo. — Great prince, your highness unto me
Must first of all your hand bestow,
That I may pay the debt I owe
Your grandeur on my bended knee.
Segismund. — How now, Clotaldo? who with pain [*Apart.*
Did in a dungeon long maltreat me,
Here at my feet comes to entreat me —
What thought is this whirls through my brain?
Clotaldo. — Amidst the doubts and the confusion
Of this thy new estate, I fear
Thy mind conceives it all illusion;
But I approach these doubts to clear,
If it may be, and therefore since
'T is right thy rank to understand,
Thy mind and reason to expand,
Know, then, thou art Polonia's prince —
Her lawful prince; and if retired
From all mankind thy days were spent,
'T was but to live obedient
Towards the heavens, which have conspired
Thy throne and kingdom to o'erspread
With a thousand ills, when thee
The laurel leaf of sovereignty
Encircles. Thus the stars have said;
But trusting to thy princely mind
To o'ercome the stars' malignity,
(For to o'ercome their power will he
Be able who is so inclined;)
Thou to the palace wast conveyed
From the lone tower where thou hast slept,
Whilst in a potent slumber deep
All thy senses were allayed;
The king, thy father, and my lord,
Will come to visit thee, and then
All other doubts will he explain.

Segismund. — Ha! traitor vile, thou slave abhorred!
What need have I of knowing more,
Since now my birth you represent,
To prove to all my proud descent,
And height to which my power can soar?
How to thy country hast thou done
Such wilful treason, to deny,
Against all right and royalty,
This kingdom to thy monarch's son?
Thy prince from all mankind withdraw,
And hide him from himself?
Clotaldo. Ah me!
Segismund. — Thou wert a traitor to the law,
And used the basest treachery
Towards the king — to me unkind;
And thus the law, the king, and I,
For all these crimes and sins combined,
Condemn thee by these hands to die.
Second Attendant. — My lord!
Segismund. — Beware, or soon I'll show
If you dare cross me, 't is in vain.
By Heaven, sir, if you don't refrain,
Over the window there you go.
Second Attendant. — Fly, Clotaldo!
Clotaldo. — Ah! sir, stay.
Alas! for thee so high esteeming
Thyself, forgetting thou art dreaming.
Second Attendant. — Consider!
Segismund. — Get thee gone, I say!
Second Attendant. — In him 't was lawful to comply
With each command his sovereign willed.
Segismund. — 'T was wrong this one to have fulfilled
'Gainst law, and then his prince am I.
Second Attendant. — 'T was not for him, sir, to respect
The law or justice of the plea.
Segismund. — That thou art crazed I much suspect,
That with me thou durst make so free.
Clarin. — The prince says admirably well,
And you all act exceedingly ill.
Second Attendant. — Who gave thee leave to speak thy will?
Clarin. — I took the leave my mind to tell.
Segismund. — Say, who art thou?
Clarin. — A foolish clown,
That all men in like mode persuades,
Good for nothing Jack of all trades,
As in the world was ever known,
And master of these vagabonds.
Segismund. — Thou alone in worlds so new
Hast pleased me.
Clarin. — Sir, for your affection,
Much I thank and honour you.
Believe me, for all Segismunds
I have the strongest predilection.

Enter Astolfo.

Astolfo. — Happy a thousand times the day,
O prince! on which thou first art seen,
The sun of Poland, to display
Thy splendour and thy light serene,
On all the heavenly orbs around,
Enlightening the horizon far!
But since thou com'st forth like day's star,
And, like him, midst the hills art found,
Arise, then; and though late we heap thy
Honours on thy royal brow,
Since on thy head they flourish now,
Late may they perish!
Segismund. — Oh! God keep thee! —— (*contemptuously.*)

Astolfo. — That you don't know me from my look,
Must be the cause that no more you
Respect me: I 'm Astolfo, duke
Of Muscovy; your cousin, too.
Segismund. — If with "God keep thee!" you I greet,
Is 't not a complimenting strain?
But since now boastfully you treat
Of whom you are, and thus complain,
I give not honour due, next call
I 'll say, God keep thee not at all!
Second Attendant. — Your highness will reflect with care,
That being among the mountains born,
A higher rank by him is worn.
Segismund. — It irks me that with such an air
Of consequence he came, and that
The first thing, when he spoke to me,
Was on his head to place his hat.
Second Attendant. — Consider, he is a grandee.
Segismund. — But I am greater.
Second Attendant. — I suggest,
Some more respect be used between
Great lords than is with others seen.
Segismund. — Who made thee judge of what is best?

The Infanta Estrella next enters to pay her respects to her new relative, who is, of course, at first sight "*eperdument epris*," as the French say. Though never till now blessed with the sight of one of the fair sex in her proper garb, Segismund pays her the most highflown compliments; and being no Caliban, courteously imprints a kiss upon her hand, to the great uneasiness and jealousy of Astolfo. The attendant who had on a former occasion presumed to exchange words with the prince hazards his advice another time, at which his master is so incensed, that he fairly tosses him over the window. Last of all, the king, his father, enters, and a scene of mutual recrimination ensues, without the least signs of respect or repentance being displayed on the part of Segismund; after which

Enter Rosaura in a woman's dress.

Rosaura (*apart*). — Following in Estrella's train
Hither I've come, and fear to meet again
The duke, for 't was Clotaldo's prayer
That I should not to him myself declare,
As it my honour's safety might decide,
And I unto Clotaldo's care confide
My cause, to be by his advice controlled,
Since to his love I owe the rank I hold.
Clarin (*to Segismund*). — Say, what is that hath given thee most delight
Above all things that here have met thy sight?
Segismund. — Nothing do I admire,
All was foretold me; but if I desire
Aught in this world, t'will be
Woman's divine enchanting majesty,
And I remember me I read
Whilome in books, that what 'bove all displayed
Nature's divinest plan,
As being a world within himself, was man.
I think the work to which most care was given
Was woman; for she is herself a heaven,
And by her beauty's spells,
As far as heaven does earth, she man excels,
And more, if it be one I now admire.
Rosaura (*apart*). — The prince is here; I therefore must retire.
Segismund. — Ho! woman! stand at least;
Join not the west unto the orient east;
Nay, fly not at first sight,
And join the bright day to the gloomy night;

Segismund. — Ha! traitor vile, thou slave abhorred!
What need have I of knowing more,
Since now my birth you represent,
To prove to all my proud descent,
And height to which my power can soar?
How to thy country hast thou done
Such wilful treason, to deny,
Against all right and royalty,
This kingdom to thy monarch's son?
Thy prince from all mankind withdraw,
And hide him from himself?
Clotaldo. Ah me!
Segismund. — Thou wert a traitor to the law,
And used the basest treachery
Towards the king — to me unkind;
And thus the law, the king, and I,
For all these crimes and sins combined,
Condemn thee by these hands to die.
Second Attendant. — My lord!
Segismund. — Beware, or soon I'll show
If you dare cross me, 't is in vain.
By Heaven, sir, if you don't refrain,
Over the window there you go.
Second Attendant. — Fly, Clotaldo!
Clotaldo. — Ah! sir, stay.
Alas! for thee so high esteeming
Thyself, forgetting thou art dreaming.
Second Attendant. — Consider!
Segismund. — Get thee gone, I say!
Second Attendant. — In him 't was lawful to comply
With each command his sovereign willed.
Segismund. — 'T was wrong this one to have fulfilled
'Gainst law, and then his prince am I.
Second Attendant. — 'T was not for him, sir, to respect
The law or justice of the plea.
Segismund. — That thou art crazed I much suspect,
That with me thou durst make so free.
Clarin. — The prince says admirably well,
And you all act exceedingly ill.
Second Attendant. — Who gave thee leave to speak thy will?
Clarin. — I took the leave my mind to tell.
Segismund. — Say, who art thou?
Clarin. — A foolish clown,
That all men in like mode persuades,
Good for nothing Jack of all trades,
As in the world was ever known,
And master of these vagabonds.
Segismund. — Thou alone in worlds so new
Hast pleased me.
Clarin. — Sir, for your affection,
Much I thank and honour you.
Believe me, for all Segismunds
I have the strongest predilection.

Enter Astolfo.

Astolfo. — Happy a thousand times the day,
O prince! on which thou first art seen,
The sun of Poland, to display
Thy splendour and thy light serene,
On all the heavenly orbs around,
Enlightening the horizon far!
But since thou com'st forth like day's star,
And, like him, midst the hills art found,
Arise, then; and though late we heap thy
Honours on thy royal brow,
Since on thy head they flourish now,
Late may they perish!
Segismund. — Oh! God keep thee! —— (*contemptuously.*)

Astolfo. — That you don't know me from my look,
Must be the cause that no more you
Respect me: I 'm Astolfo, duke
Of Muscovy; your cousin, too.
Segismund. — If with "God keep thee!" you I greet,
Is 't not a complimenting strain?
But since now boastfully you treat
Of whom you are, and thus complain,
I give not honour due, next call
I'll say, God keep thee not at all!
Second Attendant. — Your highness will reflect with care,
That being among the mountains born,
A higher rank by him is worn.
Segismund. — It irks me that with such an air
Of consequence he came, and that
The first thing, when he spoke to me,
Was on his head to place his hat.
Second Attendant. — Consider, he is a grandee.
Segismund. — But I am greater.
Second Attendant. — I suggest,
Some more respect be used between
Great lords than is with others seen.
Segismund. — Who made thee judge of what is best?

The Infanta Estrella next enters to pay her respects to her new relative, who is, of course, at first sight "*eperdument epris*," as the French say. Though never till now blessed with the sight of one of the fair sex in her proper garb, Segismund pays her the most highflown compliments; and being no Caliban, courteously imprints a kiss upon her hand, to the great uneasiness and jealousy of Astolfo. The attendant who had on a former occasion presumed to exchange words with the prince hazards his advice another time, at which his master is so incensed, that he fairly tosses him over the window. Last of all, the king, his father, enters, and a scene of mutual recrimination ensues, without the least signs of respect or repentance being displayed on the part of Segismund; after which

Enter Rosaura in a woman's dress.

Rosaura (*apart*). — Following in Estrella's train
Hither I've come, and fear to meet again
The duke, for 't was Clotaldo's prayer
That I should not to him myself declare,
As it my honour's safety might decide,
And I unto Clotaldo's care confide
My cause, to be by his advice controlled,
Since to his love I owe the rank I hold.
Clarin (*to Segismund*). — Say, what is that hath given thee most delight
Above all things that here have met thy sight?
Segismund. — Nothing do I admire,
All was foretold me; but if I desire
Aught in this world, t'will be
Woman's divine enchanting majesty,
And I remember me I read
Whilome in books, that what 'bove all displayed
Nature's divinest plan,
As being a world within himself, was man.
I think the work to which most care was given
Was woman; for she is herself a heaven,
And by her beauty's spells,
As far as heaven does earth, she man excels,
And more, if it be one I now admire.
Rosaura (*apart*). — The prince is here; I therefore must retire.
Segismund. — Ho! woman! stand at least;
Join not the west unto the orient east;
Nay, fly not at first sight,
And join the bright day to the gloomy night;

Remove those eyes and lips,
And, doubtless, thou wilt cause the day's eclipse;
But sure mine eyes deceive.
Rosaura. — What I behold I doubt, and yet believe.
Segismund. — The beauty she would hide
I've seen before.
Rosaura. Sure I this pomp and pride
Beheld before in strife
Within a dungeon.
Segismund. — Lo! I've found my life,
O woman! for that name
Has on a man the most endearing claim.
Who art thou? dost thou know,
Thou to thy prince dost adoration owe,
Tho' ne'er beheld by thee? But I
My claim by other rights will justify.
Methinks, I've seen before
The heavenly beauty which I now adore.
Fair creature, what 's thy name?
Rosaura (*apart*). — I must dissemble — I'm Estrella's dame,
Midst stars a feeble ray.
Segismund. — No, say not so: a bright sun rather say
From which her star's pale light
Borrows its splendour, shining but by night.
I saw amidst the bowers
That, in the kingdom of perfumes and flowers,
The rose's deity
Was held as empress, born of fairest tree;
I saw, midst jewels fine,
In the rare knowledge of each various mine,
Preferred the diamond stone
Above them all, as it most brilliant shone.
I in the clear and high
Republic of the still revolving sky,
Beheld that loftier far
Than all the rest shone the bright morning star,
And in the highest spheres,
Where the sun calls the planets his peers,
Beheld him in his might,
Hailed the great oracle of day and night.
How then, if, midst the jewels, stars, and flowers,
The fairest and most beauteous have most powers,
And shine the most exalted, canst thou own
Obedience to less beauty than thine own,
As, being lovelier far,
Rose, diamond, sun, and flower, and morning star?

Enter Clotaldo from the side.

Clotaldo. — Young Segismund I would redeem, [*Apart.*
For I it was, in truth, who nurtured him:
But, lo! What 's this?
Rosaura. Thy favour I revere;
And let my silence eloquence appear;
When thus embarrassment confounds the mind,
She best discourses, who no tongue can find.
Segismund. — Nay, thou must not absent thyself! Remain!
Wherefore wouldst thou depart in such disdain,
Darkening my sight? O stand!
Rosaura. — This favour of your highness I demand.
Segismund. — Such violent speed to make,
Is not to ask the licence, but to take.
Rosaura. — If you wo'n't give, to take it I expect.
Segismund. — Thou 'lt make me pass to rudeness from respect;
For this resistance is the worst of ills —
A fatal poison, which my patience kills.
Rosaura. — Yet though this poison, which you name,
Of fear and passion mingled, overcame
Patience, yet, of respect to me,
It would not dare the conqueror to be.

Segismund. — Merely to prove, if I possess the might,
Thou 'lt cause me to neglect thy beauty's right;
For much, believe me, I 'm inclined
To vanquish what seems to another mind
Impossible, as I 've now shown,
When, o'er the palace-window, one was thrown,
Who said I dared not treat him so;
And thus, 't is evident, my power to show,
Thine honour through the window I would throw.
Clotaldo (apart). He ventures on, still more and more.
What must I do? O heavens! Must I deplore,
For a vain foolish thought,
Mine honour, to this second peril brought?
Rosaura. No; 't was not doomed in vain
That this poor kingdom, in thy cruel reign,
Would suffer the extremes
Of woe and treason, from thy tyrant schemes.
But what more could we claim
Of one who has nought human but the name?
Presumptuous, haughty, blind,
Proud, arrogant, with wild barbarian mind,
'Midst savage monsters born.
Segismund. That thou might'st not repeat thy furious scorn,
We showed ourselves so kind and courteous,
Thinking thereby to win thy love to us;
But if we be all that they represent,
By thus replying, shalt thou this repent.—
Holla! Leave us alone there! You exhaust
My patience. Lock the doors fast! [*Exit Clarin.*
Rosaura. O, I 'm lost!
Remember——
Segismund. — I 'm a king,
A monarch, tyrant; vainly now you cling.
Clotaldo. — O sad heart-rending sight! [*Apart.*
I shall assist her, though 't is death to fight. [*Comes forward.*
My lord, restrain your wrath!
Segismund. — Hast thou a second time, then, crossed my path!
Foolish old man! How now!
A tyrant's wrath a trifle, deemest thou?
What is thine errand, say?
Clotaldo. — The cry of one in trouble, I obey,
To tell thee thou must school
Thy passions, if thou longer seek'st to rule;
Nor be, though thou the king of all may'st seem,
Thus cruel, for perhaps 't is but a dream.
Segismund. — To madness you provoke
My passion when my mercy you invoke
By disenchanting me. Thy death shall try
If it be truth or dream.
Clotaldo. Thus, then, do I
Attempt my life to save. [*Endeavours to prevent the drawing of his dagger.*
Segismund. — Let go thy hold: unhand my sword, vile slave!
Clotaldo. — Not till men come this way
Will I unloose.
Rosaura. O heavens!
Segismund. Let go, I say!
Thou hoary fool, thy breath
Thus do I stop by strangling thee to death. [*They struggle.*
Rosaura. — Help! Help! O fly! O hold!
Clotaldo's slain! [*Exit.*

Enter Astolfo as Clotaldo falls, and interposes between them.

Astolfo. What is 't I now behold?
Prince, could thy generous mind
Thus to have stained thy valiant sword designed,
When his grey hairs implored?
For shame! My lord, put up your naked sword!

Segismund.— When first my weapon 's dyed
In his detested blood.
Astolfo. Thus at his side
Do I protect him in his need;
And much rejoice to serve him by the deed.
Segismund.—'T will serve thee but to die; for in this way
I also learn to avenge me, and repay
With death thy past affront.
Astolfo. I but defend
My life, thus majesty I don't offend. [*They fight.*

Enter the King, Estrella, and Attendants.

Clotaldo.— Harm him not, senior!
Basilio. How in this place steel?
Estrella.— It is Astolfo. Ah! What pangs I feel!
Basilio.—Tell me what wrong hath passed.
Astolfo.—'T is nothing, sire, since you have come at last.
[*Sheath their swords.*
Segismund.— Sire, it is much, altho' you have arrived:
That fool, of life I sought to have deprived.
Basilio.— Dost thou no more respect assign
To these grey hairs?
Clotaldo. O, Sire, what, then, are mine?
Thou see'st they nought avail.
Segismund. Thoughts vain and weak!
Honour for hoary heads in me to seek!
Perchance those locks may come,
Prostrate at my feet to see themselves o'ercome:
Not yet is vengeance due
Exacted for the wrongs I 've borne from you. [*Exit.*
Basilio.— First, ere thou see that sight,
To sleep thou shalt return ere it be night;
For all that 's past, and all thou didst attempt,
Being this world's prosperity, was dreamt. [*Exeunt.*

The stage being now left to Astolfo and Estrella, the latter, still affected by a slight jealousy, demands the surrender of the picture she had beheld around her lover's neck. He departs, to comply with her demand. Meanwhile, Rosaura enters, and is requested by Estrella, from motives of delicacy, to receive the miniature from the duke, on her account. In this awkward situation, Rosaura is recognised by Astolfo, who insists, spite of her dissimulation, in not intrusting the picture to her keeping. A struggle for the miniature ensues. Estrella, returning, demands an explanation of the scene. Rosaura pretends that, having a picture of herself on her person, she had happened to drop it at the moment of Astolfo's entry, and that he now refused to restore it. She appeals for the truth of this statement to the picture itself. Estrella examines it; and, being convinced by the resemblance it bears to her maid, gives it to Rosaura, who makes her exit. The infanta next demands the one which Astolfo had departed to bring; and, upon his stammering out an excuse, casts him off in disdain.

Prince Segismund, like another Christopher Sly, is then borne back to his prison, in a deep slumber.

Discovers Segismund sleeping on the ground, as in the beginning, and enter Clotaldo, two Servants, and Clarin.

Clotaldo.— Here must you leave him; for his pride
Must end to-day where it began.
Servant.— The chain I'll fasten in the plan
In which it formerly was tied.
Clarin.— Make thou no haste, young Segismund,
To awake from out thy sleep, and see
Thy glory changed to misery;
'T was but life's shadow, nought beyond.

Clotaldo.—For him who knows thus to discourse,
'T were best a chamber to provide,
Wherein he may have room to chide
And chatter till he 's dumb or hoarse.
Seize that man, and under ground [*To servants.*
Fast lock him up!
Clarin. Why so, I pray?
Clotaldo.—A clarion, that such tunes can play,
Is safest where it cannot sound.
Clarin.—Have I, forsooth, for such a deed
As a father's death conspired and strove, or
Thrown an Icarus just over
The window? No, not I, indeed!
Dream I or sleep? Why shut me in?
Tell me the cause?
Clotaldo. Thou art Clarin.
Clarin.—A cornet now will I become,
Or instrument both deaf and dumb. [*They bear him out.*

Enter King in disguise.

Basilio.—Clotaldo!
Clotaldo. Sire, is't thus you come?
Basilio.—A foolish wish hath hither brought
Me wandering—what is done, to see
With Segismund:—O, wo is me!
Clotaldo.—Behold!
Basilio. Ah me! He little thought,
My child, in hour unlucky born,
To feel so near his wretched fate:—
O prince, most unfortunate,
Of all thy vanities now shorn!
But soft, behold he stirs at length:
He moves his arm, and now has gained
His vigour; for the cup he drained
No more enervates all his strength:
His sighs are louder, breathings firmer:
What dreams he of? What does he now?
Clotaldo.—Why, he begins to move and murmur;
And hark! He speaks! Then listen thou!
Segismund (*speaks in his sleep*).—He, who a tyrant can defeat,
Must be a prince both good and grand.
Die, Clotaldo, by this hand:
My humbled father, kiss these feet.
Clotaldo.—To me he threatens death.
Basilio. To me
Harsh and impious cruelty.
Segismund.—Before the world's admiring stage
Let my imperious valour shine—
Triumphant o'er his king's design
See Segismundo's generous rage.
But wo is me! Where am I now? [*Awakes.*
Basilio.—But me he must not recognise;
Remember that thou must disguise:
I go to hear what he 'll avow. [*Retires.*
Segismund.—And am I then? can I be he
Who comes to view himself here bound
Within a prison, and around
The proofs of his captivity?
Is 't not my former sepulchre?
The tower! Yes, Heaven guard my mind!
I 've dreamt of many things, I find.
Clotaldo.—'T is time for Segismund to stir;
' Tis for awaking now the hour.
Segismund.—Now is the hour, indeed, for waking.
Clotaldo.—All day long thou hast been taking
Slumber deep, since from the tower
I followed the proud eagle's flight,
There didst thou lie, and ne'er awoke.

Segismund. — Nor have I yet my slumbers broke,
Clotaldo: I believe me right
In thinking that I still am sleeping:
Nor am I wrong in thus asserting:
For, if all things were dreamt which I,
My senses in oblivion steeping,
Thought I saw before me, why
Doubt not all I see uncertain?
For when I sleep, I clearly see
That when I wake I clearly dream.
Clotaldo. — What thou has dreamt explain to me.
Segismund. — But yet, supposing that we deem
It was a dream, I will not say
What I have dreamt, but what I saw,
Clotaldo; listen, then, I pray:
Methought I woke; and, in my awe,
Beheld me on a couch reclined,
Which, for its bright resplendent die,
With the gorgeous flowers of spring might vie: —
A thousand nobles there inclined,
And, at my feet, the name divine
Of prince bestowed; and, in their state,
Jewels, garments, plumes, did wait
Attending to my nod and sign.
My senses calm thou didst convert
Into wild joy: when to convince
My doubts, thou saidst, "Thou art and wert
Polonia's true and lawful prince."
Clotaldo. — O! marvellous good luck was thine!
Segismund. — Nay, 't was not good; for, tiger-like
In my wrath, I sought to strike
Once, nay twice, — I would have slain
Clotaldo.
Clotaldo. — Such reward for me?
Segismund. — I was the lord o'er all, and fain
Would have avenged their treachery.
One woman only I did love:
And that 'tis truth I well believe;
For all the others changes prove,
The whilst this thought alone doth cleave. [*Exit King.*
Clotaldo. — The king has gone, moved to compassion [*Apart.*
By his lament. So, whilst we spoke
Of eagles, and until you woke,
You thought of ruling in this fashion.
But, Segismund, it more beseems,
Even in dreams, to honour those
Who, for our virtue, interpose: —
Good is not lost, though done in dreams. [*Exit.*
Segismund. — 'T is true, and therefore let 's redeem
This cruel mind and wild condition,
Savage fury, mad ambition:
If, at times, we mortals dream,
As all must do, since we live in
A world so singular and rare,
Merely to live and draw the air
Sufficeth us to dream and sin:
And my experience truly spake,
That men but dream, in vapour thin,
That which they are till they awake.
The king dreams he is a king, and lives
In his deception all commanding,
Governing and reprimanding.
And the applause that he receives
Is written in the wind, and death
Converts to ashes. Ah, sad fate!
His glory and his mighty state,
When, with his dart, he stops his breath.

Then he should heed who seeks to reign,
Seeing that he is doomed to wake
In death's dream; and the rich mistake
Who dream of cares their riches gain;
The poor man dreams the misery
He 's doomed to suffer and outlive;
He dreams who labours for his fee;
He also dreams who 'gins to thrive;
He who arms or injures, dreams;
And, in this world, in the conclusion,
Each man dreams that which he seems,
And no one knows 't is all illusion.
I dream, that here, with wonted strife,
I rail to walls; I also dreamed,
That in a station more esteemed,
I saw myself: then, what is life?
'T is a frenzy, 't is a madness,
Short-lived joy, that ends in sadness.
Phantoms, that, like fairy elves,
Shine, and vanish, do we seem;
For our life is but a dream,
And a dream the dreams themselves.

The third Jornada opens with a speech by Clarin, in his lonely tower, in which he attempts a few witticisms on his own hunger; but, apparently, it is no joking subject, as they are all exceeding "mauvais ton." A noise is heard. The door of the prison is burst open, and a company of soldiers hail him as their prince. Clarin, at first, is at a loss to conceive how he comes to acquire such honour; but concluding it must be the fashion of this kingdom to elect a prince one day, and shut him within a tower the next, he resolves to accommodate himself to his fate, and begins to assume the airs of his office, when the true Segismund, hearing the disturbance, enters, and dispels the illusion. The soldiers, having saluted him as their monarch, describe an insurrection of the people against the council assembled for the election of Astolfo, and invite Segismund to assume the command of an army assembled for his rescue. It is almost impossible to persuade the prince a second time of the reality of these appearances.

Segismund. — Once more, O heavens! once more do ye desire,
That I dream power and dignity for a time
To dissipate? Once more do ye ordain
That I behold, 'midst shadows and illusions,
The pomp and majesty, that with the wind
Disperse and vanish? Once more must I prove
The hazards and defeated hopes to which
All earthly power is liable when born?
No, no, it must not be; it must not be;
Behold me once more subject to my fate:
And, since I know this life is but a dream,
Go shadows, that to my dead senses feign
Body and voice, seeing that it is truth
Ye have no lasting substance. No more pomp,
Or foolish glory, seek I: vain illusions,
Which, at the lightest breath of air, disperse
Even as the flowering almond-tree, whose boughs
At the first zephyr, from their crowning bloom,
Scatter their pride and ornaments around.
I know you all, I know you all; I feel
The same must pass with every one who sleeps.
Ye have no charms for me: when, undeceived,
I know too well that life is but a dream.

Soldier. — If thou dost fancy that we now deceive thee,
Turn towards yonder eminence thine eyes,
And there behold the multitudes that wait
Thy dictates to obey.

Segismund. The other time
I saw the same as clear and as distinct
As I now see ; yet was it all a dream.
Soldier. — Coming events, my lord, still cast their omens ;
And what you dreamt the last time augured this.
Segismund. — Thou say'st well : 'twas the omen, and, in case
This should prove true, since life is so short lived,
Let 's dream, my soul, — let 's dream another time —
(With heed and caution tho') that we may wake
From out these pleasures at a fitter hour.
By bearing wisely thus, if undeceived,
Our sorrow will be less ; for, to make light
Of what we lose is to advance our heed.
And, with this foresight, that, though all were true,
Power is but lent, and soon must to its lord
Be rendered back : let 's forward to our fate.
Vassals, I thank your loyalty : in me
You see one will bravely strive to free you
From foreign bondage. Sound to arms, and soon
You will behold my valour. From the stars
I shall extract the truth, that I must view
My royal father prostrate at my feet,
But what, if I awake ere this, perhaps [*Apart.*
'T were better to conceal what I would say,
Supposing that I fail to do the deed.
Soldier. — Long live Prince Segismund !
All. — Hurrah ! hurrah !

Enter Clotaldo.

Clotaldo. — What outcry 's this ?
Segismund. Clotaldo !
Clotaldo. Sire, at length [*Apart.*
On me he will expend his rage.
Clarin. I swear,
He 'll have him tossed from off the battlements.
Clotaldo. — Here to thy royal feet I come to die.
Segismund. — Rise, rise, my father : thou must be my guide, —
The north star, by whose light I choose my path ;
For now I know that to thy loyal care
I stand indebted for my youthful lore : —
Come to my arms !
Clotaldo. What say'st thou ?
Segismund. — That I dream !
And would act well, that I might not omit
To do good e'en in dreams.
Clotaldo. If 't is thy boast,
Great prince, to act with virtue, surely now
'T will not offend that I entreat thee — pause.
Against thy parent wilt thou levy war ?
I cannot counsel thee, or lend mine arm
Against my king ; behold me at thy feet —
Command my death.
Segismund. O, villain, traitor, slave ! [*Apart.*
But, heavens ! I must restrain : I know not yet
If I be waking. Thy great worth, Clotaldo,
I envy and esteem thee for : depart,
And serve the king. I 'll meet thee in the plain.
Now, sound to arms ! [*Exit.*
Clotaldo. A thousand times I thank you. —
Segismund. — Fortune, I go to reign ; then wake me not
If I now dream ; and, if it be the truth,
Let me not sleep : but be it truth or dream,
To work good is the matter that imports :
If it be true, because 't is so ; if not,
To gain friends for the time when we awake. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Basilio and Astolfo.

Basilio. — Ah! who, Astolfo, calmly could restrain
The fury of a wild, unbridled steed?
Who could a river's rapid course detain,
Whose foaming torrents towards the ocean speed?
Who could the mountain avalanche retain,
Or from beneath its thundering course impede?
Yet easier far might one such strength acquire
Than calm the fickle crowd's licentious ire ——

And so forth for some six or seven additional stanzas. All are now in confusion. The king flies. Astolfo hastes to give battle to the foe; and Rosaura, reduced to despair, resolves to attempt the hazardous experiment of making an appeal to the conquering Segismund, who appears marching at the head of his army, tempering the impetuous sallies of his arrogance, which from time to time burst forth with the remembrance that it is all a dream, out of which he must soon awake, with the satisfaction or repentance of having acted virtuously or infamously. He listens to the long recital of Rosaura's story, and is more and more perplexed at the evidence of the reality of his former misery and grandeur; and, after musing on the instability of both, concludes with —

Let us be wise to avail ourselves of bliss
Which is before us placed: — she 's in my power;
My soul adores her beauty; let me now
Enjoy the occasion; for love breaks the laws
That guard inviolate the faith with which
She threw herself before my feet to sue.
This is a dream; — since 't is so, let me dream
Of some true happiness, and afterwards
Let sorrow come; but yet with mine own words
I now come to convince me 'gainst myself.
If but a dream — a poor vain glory — who
For such poor mortal glory would resign
A heavenly crown? Past joy! is 't not a dream?
Whoever felt heroic bliss who did not
Say to himself, revolving in his mind,
Doubtless I was but dreaming when I knew it?
This touches mine own case; if, then, I know
Enticing pleasure be a brilliant flame,
Which every wind that blows converts to ashes,
Let 's fix our thoughts upon eternity.
Which is the long-lived fame, where neither bliss
Reposes, nor is grandeur laid aside.
Rosaura is not honourable — what then?
Honour it more becomes a prince to give
Than basely steal away. God help my mind!
Must I of her poor beauty conqueror be
Rather than of my kingdom? Let me shun
The strong temptation. — Ho, there! sound to arms!
To-day must I give battle, ere the night
Her dusky mantle spreads o'er rays of gold,
And buries in the dark green western wave
My star's bright rays for ever.

In the conflict he is victorious. The humbled monarch is discovered hidden among the trees of the mountain; and being brought before his son, throws himself at his feet. Segismund regards him for some time in silent emotion, and at last breaks out into a passionate declamation against the folly and cruelty of opposing the will of Heaven by such unnatural treatment of him. His better nature at length prevails, and he raises his father to his arms. Astolfo is made to wed Rosaura, and Segismund supplies his place in Estrella's affections.

THE FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS OF JUNE.

THERE is perhaps no season in which the flowering shrubs of British gardens make so brilliant a display as in May and June, particularly in the latter month, from the addition of the rhododendrons and roses. In this respect we have great advantages over our ancestors, for nearly all the most beautiful of our flowering shrubs are of modern introduction. The different ornamental kinds of Ribes, the American barberries, and many other of our most beautiful shrubs, have been introduced since 1824, and two thirds of the remainder since 1810. It is amusing and scarcely credible to see how very few ornamental shrubs and low trees were known to our ancestors. In the days of Queen Ann, and of George I., almost the only ornamental trees and shrubs were variegated hollies, and a few of the commoner kinds of roses. What our ancestors wanted in the variety, and, we may add, quality, of their shrubs, was, however, made up in the great quantity of each sort that was planted. High box, yew, or holly hedges, wildernesses of hornbeam, and bowers of roses, were the staple ornaments of their pleasure grounds, and a few lilacs and laburnums were introduced by those who wished it to be thought that they possessed a taste for botany. During the whole reign of Ann, according to Loudon's "Arboretum Britannicum," not above half a dozen flowering shrubs were introduced; and in the reign of George I. not above nine or ten more. About the middle of the century, the American rhododendrons and kalmias began to be planted in English gardens; and from that period to the present time, the taste for, and, consequently, the importation of, foreign trees and shrubs have increased so rapidly, that between 1811 and 1830 above seven hundred new ornamental trees and shrubs were introduced into British pleasure grounds. The finest trees and shrubs of these introductions have also speedily become well known and in general cultivation, and instead of lingering for a century or two as formerly, in the hands of a few individuals, they are now found to spread in a few years, even before they have lost the first freshness and bloom of their novelty, into cottage gardens; and the demand increases so fast, that collectors are at this moment in almost every unexplored region of the globe catering for the vigorous appetite that has been created.

One of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, one of the most numerous, families of flowering shrubs now cultivated in our gardens, consists of the numerous species belonging to the genus Ribes. Nearly all the ornamental species of this genus are of quite recent introduction. Till lately, but few persons had any idea that the genus Ribes included any plants worth cultivation but the common gooseberry and the red and black currants; for though some few other species were introduced about the middle of the last century, they were not sufficiently ornamental to attract general notice. In 1812, the first really ornamental kinds of Ribes were introduced, viz. those with yellow flowers. The handsomest of these (Ribes aureum) has large golden yellow flowers, which generally appear in May, and which are succeeded by blackish yellow fruit, very inferior to the common currants of our gardens in size and flavour. The common yellow-flowered currant is one of the earliest flowering kinds, but there is a variety of it which does not flower till the middle of June.

In 1822, Ribes multiflorum was introduced; and though its flowers are green, they are, perhaps, more beautiful than those of any other species, on

account of the long and elegant drooping racemes in which they are disposed. This species flowers a fortnight or three weeks later than the other kinds, and it is one of the very few species of this genus that are found wild in Europe, it being a native of Croatia. Though a most abundant flowerer, it seldom produces fruit; and the fruit, when it does appear, is a red currant of small size and very little flavour: the leaves are large and handsome; and the whole shrub, though seldom growing to a large size, forms a vigorous, healthy-looking and compact bush. It is comparatively little known; but it is sufficiently common in the nurseries to be sold at a low price; while, as it is quite hardy, it requires very little care in its cultivation.

Ribes sanguineum, the red-blossomed currant, was introduced in 1826; and when we look at the immense number of these shrubs lately planted in the Horticultural Society's garden, and consider how many are scattered over the country, it seems scarcely credible that so short a time has elapsed since its introduction. The history of this shrub is rather curious: it was discovered about fifty years ago on the north-west coast of America, by Archibald Menzies, Esq., who was surgeon and botanist to the expedition under Captain Vancouver. But though this gentleman brought specimens of the flowers to England, no farther notice was taken of the shrub; and it was never introduced till seeds of it were sent home by Douglas in 1826. Ribes speciosum was discovered by Mr. Menzies in the same manner, and specimens of it brought home, though the living plant was not introduced till 1829. The flowers of the latter plant are scarlet, and bear a slight resemblance to those of the fuchsia; but they are too small, and too widely apart to make so brilliant a show as those of Ribes sanguineum. The fruit of Ribes speciosum is a gooseberry, but it has no flavour; that of Ribes sanguineum is a black currant, resembling in appearance and taste a bilberry. Ribes glutinosum is only a variety of R. sanguineum, with paler flowers, and a slightly viscid stem. Ribes malvaceum is another variety, with flowers that have a lilac tinge; and there is another variety of Ribes sanguineum, which is always acknowledged to be such, and which has deep scarlet flowers.

Ribes niveum, introduced in 1826, and Ribes cereum, in 1827, have white flowers; those of the latter species being sufficiently large to be showy. The leaves of R. cereum are round, and covered with a white waxy substance, whence the plant takes its name. Ribes niveum is almost the only ornamental species of the genus that has a palatable fruit: it is one of those species which form a link between the currant and the gooseberry; it resembles in form, colour, and manner of growth, a black currant, but when cut open it is decidedly a gooseberry. It has a very agreeable and somewhat perfumed flavour; and though rather too acid to be eaten raw, it is excellent in pies and puddings.

Ribes punctatum has bright yellow flowers, and fragrant evergreen leaves. It is a native of Chili, introduced in 1826, and is too tender to live without a wall in England. It is yet scarce, and it has never ripened fruit in this country; though, as it throws up suckers, which no other gooseberry does, it is easily propagated, It is very ornamental, and in warm sheltered situations it is certainly well worth cultivating.

The Escallonias are pretty little shrubs, introduced since 1827; the flowers of which, taken separately, bear some resemblance to those of the currant. Escallonia rubra has red flowers, produced singly, or in very small side bunches; and E. montevidensis has white flowers, produced in a large handsome terminal bunch.

The family of flowering shrubs which may be considered next in beauty to the currants consists of the Barberries and Mahonias: these are very numerous, and they are all beautiful, though not half so much cultivated as they deserve to be. Every body knows the common barberry (Berberis vulgaris), though but few persons are aware of its numerous varieties, the fruit of some of which is sweet, — of others, seedless, — and of others, yellow, white, violet, black, or purple. The barberry bears rather a bad reputation, from its alleged power of infecting corn growing near it with the mildew. Modern botanists have, however, proved that the parasitic plant, vulgarly called the mildew, which attacks the barberry, is of a different genus to that which attacks wheat.

The pretty South American barberry (Berberis dulcis), which was introduced, in 1831, from the Straits of Magellan, has drooping, bell-shaped, yellow flowers, hanging on long footstalks. The berries are sweet, round, and black, not unlike black currants. The plant is quite hardy and evergreen.

The Nepal barberries (Berberis floribunda, asiatica, and aristata) ar eall very handsome bushes, and produce abundance of flowers. The fruit of Berberis aristata, called Chitria by the natives, is dried in Nepal, as grapes are in Europe to make raisins. Berberis dealbata is a Mexican species, with evergreen leaves, which are of a glossy green above, and white below, and scarcely any spines. This species is very scarce and dear, it being sold last year at a guinea a plant.

The common ash barberry (Mahonia aquifolium) has glossy, holly-like leaves, and upright racemes of rich yellow flowers: it is a native of North America, and was introduced in 1823. This species was ten guineas a plant as late as 1830, but plants may now be procured in the nurseries at 3*s*. 6*d*. or 5*s*. each. This rapid fall in the prices of new plants, and, in short, of every thing that is new, is one of the most striking effects of the diffusion of knowledge. Formerly, even so late, indeed, as the beginning of the present century, rare plants were only bought by wealthy individuals, and they retained the high prices at which they were originally sold for many years afterwards, because there was not a sufficient demand for them to make it worth while to propagate them extensively; now, no sooner is any thing new introduced, than it is known to every body, and every body wishes to possess it.

There are several other species of ash barberry, all of which are in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Turnham Green, and all of which bear their large branches of brilliant yellow flowers in May and June.

The thorns begin to flower early in April, and continue till the latter end of June, the different species producing their flowers in succession: the earliest is Cratægus purpurea: this is not a handsome tree; on the contrary, it has a miserable, and rather a stunted appearance, but its flowers are remarkable from their black anthers, and the fruit for the variety of its colours, white, pale yellow, red, and purple haws being found on the same tree. C. nigra is another early blossoming kind, with very small black fruit. This tree is said to attract nightingales, because, according to Mr. Loudon, "it is particularly liable to be attacked by insects, and because numerous caterpillars are to be found upon it about the time that nightingales are in full song."

In May and June appear the blossoms of the common hawthorn, and those of all its numerous varieties. Perhaps no tree has produced more varieties than this. Loudon enumerates thirty kinds, and we believe there are many more. The most remarkable of these is the Glastonbury thorn,

which is generally in flower at Christmas. The Glastonbury thorn is, indeed, in leaf, flower, or fruit almost all the year; and it has, generally, all three at once on it at Christmas. The original tree grows at Glastonbury; and, according to the legend, was the staff of Joseph of Arimathea, which being stuck into the ground on Christmas day miraculously took root, and instantly produced leaves, flowers, and ripe fruit. Queen Mary's thorn has drooping branches, and long fleshy fruit, which are good to eat. The original tree is said to be still standing, and, if this be true, it must now be nearly 300 years old.

The other varieties of the hawthorn have probably originated from seedlings observed in some hedge, and transplanted into a nursery. In this manner the beautiful scarlet hawthorn was discovered, and also the double-flowered kind, which is so ornamental in our shrubberies, both when its blossoms first expand, and are of a pure white, and when in about a fortnight they begin to take a pinkish tinge, which deepens gradually as they decay. Some of the varieties have bright yellow fruit, and in some it is quite black; in some the leaves are shaped like those of the oak, and in others they are slender and deeply cut, like those of the fern. One kind grows stiff and upright, like the Lombardy poplar, and the branches of another kind are curled and twisted together like gigantic ringlets. In some the leaves are variegated, and in others smooth and shining; in short, it is scarcely possible to set any limits to the varieties. The red-blossomed hawthorn was one of the earliest discovered, it having been found in the time of Ray; and we may easily imagine what a valuable acquisition it must have been to the slender stock of flowering shrubs possessed by our ancestors. It is somewhat remarkable that all the red-blossomed hawthorns have not been propagated from the same tree, but that several red-blossomed seedlings have been found at different times, and at different places. Nearly all the other varieties appear to have been discovered accidentally; and their number is accounted for by the fact of more plants of the hawthorn being raised from seed than of any other tree, from the great length of time that the hawthorn has been used for a hedge plant.

The cockspur thorn is a noble species, and it has some singular varieties. One of these C. crus-galli salicifolia has a flat head, spreading like a miniature cedar of Lebanon. A dwarf sub-variety of this, which does not grow more than five feet high, is well-adapted for planting in children's gardens. C. coccinea, or the scarlet-fruited thorn, C. glandulosa, and C. punctata, are all well worth growing in a shrubbery, or on a lawn; and when seen together, they will be found very distinct.

The principal large-fruited thorns are Cratægus Azarolus, C. Aronia, C. orientalis, or odoratissima, and C. tanacetifolia. These plants are all late in flowering, seldom expanding even their leaves till the latter end of May or beginning of June, and being sometimes much later. The fruit of all of them is not only eatable, but very good. C. orientalis and C. tanacetifolia have both whitish leaves; the fruit of the first is of a brilliant coral colour, and of the latter yellow. There is a variety of the first species with fruit of a port-wine colour; and Lee's seedling variety of the latter is one of the handsomest plants of the genus. Notwithstanding the resemblance of the leaves, these two species are easily distinguished, not only by the colour of the fruit, but by their habits of growth; C. orientalis being a handsome spreading tree, and C. tanacetifolia upright-growing.

One of the late flowering varieties is C. parviflora, which does not flower till late in June, and which bears pear-shaped green fruit. The leaves of this species and its varieties, and of C. virginica, are very small. C. cordata

is the latest flowering of all the kinds, as it rarely produces its flowers before the middle of July. There are many other species, and among others C. microcarpa, with its brilliant bright scarlet fruit, and C. mexicana, with its large yellow fruit, looking like golden pippin apples; but we have said enough to show what ornamental plants the thorns are, not only in their flowers, but in their fruit. Cratægus, or mespilus pyracantha, may be added to the above, as it is a very ornamental shrub, not only from its evergreen leaves, but from its brilliant scarlet berries, which are so abundant as to occasion the French to call it *buisson ardent*. In short, every tree belonging to the genus is worth growing; and we are glad to see that Mr. Loudon in the "Arboretum Britannicum," and Dr. Lindley in the "Botanical Register," have contrived within the last two or three years to bring ornamental thorns into fashion.

The amelanchiers, the commonest species of which is well known under the name of the snowy mespilus; the coteneasters with their coral berries; the ornamental kinds of pyrus, including the mountain ash, the Siberian crab, the garland flowering apple-tree, and showy Chinese crab-tree; the Photinia serrulata, with its large showy bunches of flowers, and beautifully-tinted leaves in spring and autumn; the loquat-tree, with its large woolly leaves; the Nepal white beam-tree, and many others, deserve especial notice from the planter and landscape gardener.

Among the flowering trees of May and June may be reckoned that splendid climber Wistaria consequana, or, as some call it, Glycine chinensis. The flowers of this tree resemble those of the laburnum in form, but are of a delicate lilac. Nothing can exceed the vigorous growth of this tree, or the profusion of its blossoms: the specimen in the Horticultural Society's garden at Turnham Green covers nearly 200 feet of wall. This splendid plant is a native of China, from which country it was brought in 1816. At its first introduction, and for a year or two afterwards, plants were six guineas each; but they are now to be had in any nursery for a shilling or eighteen-pence.

Next to the wistaria may very appropriately be placed the laburnums, which, notwithstanding their beauty, are now become so common as to be little valued. Some of these are sweet-scented and remarkably long in their drooping racemes of flowers. The purple-flowered laburnum, as it is called, though in fact its blossoms are of a dirty pink, is a hybrid between the common laburnum and the purple cytisus, and it possesses the extraordinary power of reproducing its parents. Trees of this kind in different parts of the country have been known to produce a sprig of the purple cytisus from one branch, and of the common laburnum from another, without any grafting, and yet each quite distinct.

The Judas tree (Cereis siliquastrum) is another ornamental tree belonging to the Leguminosæ. This tree produces its pretty pink flowers on its trunk and thick branches, and the flowers have a slight acidity that makes them form an agreeable dish, when dipped in batter and fried as fritters. The tree takes its name from its being supposed to be that on which Judas hanged himself; but Gerard gravely assured us that this was not the case, as he hanged himself on an elder!

The peat-earth plants belonging to the order Ericaceæ are a host in themselves. The rhododendrons, the kalmias, the arbutus, the heaths, and their allied species, are all so beautiful that no garden should be without them. The rhododendrons, it is well known, vary very much in the colour, though not much in the form, of their flowers, and some of the hybrids between the Nepal tree species and the common kinds are extremely

splendid. The rhododendrons are generally considered American plants; but one of the commonest kinds, R. ponticum, is a native of Asia Minor. The number of varieties and hybrids of this species almost exceed belief: between thirty and forty named kinds are in the nurseries. It has been said that honey, which Xenophon tells us produced so injurious an effect on the Greeks in their celebrated retreat, was produced by the flowers of this shrub; but others attribute this poisonous honey to the Azalea pontica.

Rhododendron catawbiense, so called from its principal habitat being near the head of the Catawba, is the most common American species, and it is a great favourite, from its hardiness, and its being an abundant flowerer. The hybrids raised between this species and R. arboreum, the Nepal tree rhododendron, are not only very handsome, but they are much hardier than those raised between the Nepal species and R. ponticum; and they stood out without protection during the severe frost of 1837–8, when all the hybrids raised from R. ponticum were killed.

R. maximium is the tenderest of the American rhododendrons, and the longest before it flowers. The plant also is not healthy looking. It was introduced in 1736, but did not produce any flowers in England till twenty years afterwards. There are two varieties of this species, one with pure white, and the other with fragrant flowers. Besides these there are several dwarf rhododendrons with leathery leaves, and small brilliant coloured flowers.

Some of our modern botanists include the azaleas in the genus rhododendron; and it is certain that the two kinds hybridise freely together. The commoner kinds of azalea, A. pontica, A. nudiflora, and A. viscosa, have produced almost innumerable hybrids, some of which are very beautiful. Rhodora canadensis, another plant belonging to this order, is worth cultivating for the earliness of its flowering.

The Nepal rhododendrons, and the Indian and Chinese azaleas, are very beautiful, but they require the protection of a greenhouse.

The kalmias are called by the Americans, Calico flowers; a name admirably adapted to express the peculiar appearance of the flower, which is more like an artificial flower cut out of cambric, muslin, or calico, than a real one. The different kinds of whortleberry and cranberry, the heaths, and all the newly made genera formerly comprised under the genus Erica, the Andromeda and the Arbutus, complete the list of these plants, all of which are splendid ornaments to the British gardens in June and July. In some places the rhododendrons and azaleas have been sown in the woods, as at High Clere and Bagshot Park. At these places and at Waterer's nursery at Knaphill, near Bagshot, these plants in the flowering season are completely a blaze of beauty. The rhododendrons, grafted standard high in Waterer's nursery, so as to form small trees with drooping branches, are particularly beautiful, and would be very ornamental on a lawn.

The roses are the last of the flowering shrubs that we shall here notice, and their beauty is so universally acknowledged, that it requires very little comment. The number and variety of the roses are not, however, generally known; but it is a fact that Messrs. Loddiges possess nearly two thousand named species and varieties.

Amidst this wilderness of sweets it would be difficult to choose, had not the whole mass been arranged by Messrs. Rivers of Sawbridgeworth and others, under seventeen or eighteen different heads. Here are the moss roses, twenty-four sorts, including the white moss, which is very delicate, and extremely difficult to keep alive, and the dark crimson moss, called the

Rouge du Luxembourg. Of the cabbage or Provençe roses there are twenty-five sorts: these were the hundred-leaved roses of the ancients; and as the flowers are, perhaps, more fragrant than those of any other species, it is from these roses that rose-water and oil of roses are generally made. The perpetual roses, of which there are fifty kinds, are most beautifully tinted with a rich glowing colour; and they are valuable for the great length of time that they continue producing flowers. There are eighty-nine sorts of the hybrid China roses, seventy of the China roses, fifty-one of the tea-scented, and twenty-five of the white roses, all very beautiful, and tolerably distinct. The conserve of roses, and other medical preparations of this flower, are prepared from the damask roses, of which there are twenty-five sorts, and the French or Provins roses, of which there are ninety-nine sorts. The French rose has less scent than most of the other kinds, and yet it is often confused with the fragrant hundred-leaved rose, from the similarity of the words Provins and Provençe. The former of these names only signifies, however, a small place near Paris, where roses of this kind are grown in large quantities for the use of the Parisian druggists.

Of the climbing roses there are fifty-three sorts; and these, when trained over a wooden frame, or pegged down to cover a sloping bank, have a beautiful effect. The fairy roses, of which there are sixteen sorts, are very delicate and pretty; and the noisette roses, of which there are sixty-six sorts, are very beautiful. Besides these, there are Macartney roses, musk roses, Isle de Bourbon roses, Scotch roses, sweet briars, and many others. One of the prettiest of the new roses of 1838 is the double yellow, or rather cream-colour sweet briar. There are many other flowering shrubs well deserving of notice, but these will serve to give some idea of the floral riches of June.

SONNET.

We know not why we love, but love the more
  Because the reason seems inexplicable:
Were we this curious problem to explore,
  'T would make even reason's self unreasonable,
Showing it foiled by its own subtle art.
  Love reasons not, yet love a reasoner is,
Which doth convince the judgment through the heart,
  Making rare use of its antithesis.
We know not what love is, yet is love known,
  As we know things on instinct, by the time
Through which, like birds, taking no note, we 've flown
  In giddy sunshine: — for it is the clime
Love makes by which 't is traced — like flowers, betrayed
Before they 're seen, by the perfuméd air they 've made.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY

No. II.

The Italian question is a question of the people. In her people resides all the force of Italy. Her revolution is either a petty revolt, or at once a revolution of nationality: now, to speak of nationality, is to speak again of the people, for whom, upon whom, and by whom only can nationalities now be founded. Local rivalries and ambition, the sentiment which incites men to individualise every thing, the germs of federalism, or, to express all this in one phrase, the fractional spirit, belongs naturally to castes, or aristocracies, it matters little whether of birth or money: the spirit of fusion lives in the people; in it is lodged the principle of unity, for unity, when it is not despotic, has equality for its essential foundation, and equality implies the labour of all. The history of Italy is the history of her people: all the great deeds which she has achieved, have been the work of the people, or of the church, when the church and the priest were of the people, and represented its cause. The nation in all its most striking features has ever been the democracy: when the democracy disappears, its history changes into a history of servitude, and is fabricated abroad. Of old, we see no nobles in the front rank any more than we descry the figure of a Charlemagne; we observe none of those long, historical struggles, which have moulded almost all other nations, in which, at one time, the nobles have taken up the cause of national progress against an oppressive monarchy; and at another, the monarch, in opposition to a turbulent nobility, has effected the unity of the country and the gradual emancipation of her cities. The nobility with us has never been a combative and initiatory caste. You may write its history as you might write that of the *condottieri*, without trenching in the least on the history of the nation. The nation has never combatted for its development, except by the people — and here I mean its intellectual and artistical, as well as its merely political development; for with the exception of two or three celebrated characters, who however also took in their writings their stand amongst the people, as, for instance, Alfieri, it is from the bosom of the people that all our great men, writers and others, have arisen. The focus of Italian civilisation was always a city: it was by turns Milan, Florence, or Venice. When there were rivals for intellectual pre-eminence, cities only were on the list, such as Milan and Pavia, for instance; we never find that the contest was between a caste and a city. The nobility itself felt so well its own impotence, its incapacity to found anything, or to live of its own life, that it sought a standard abroad, and made itself Ghibelline; when that was no longer of avail, we find it, precisely at the time when it was dominant in almost all the rest of Europe, coming to demand of us plebeians admission into our cities, and reception into some guild of merchants: where it was predominant, as at Venice, we find it leading to tyranny and to such disgraceful cowardice as that of 1798. At the present day, generally speaking, equality is triumphant in Italy, both in her social constitution and in her manners, if not in her political institutions. There is no feudal servitude, no concentration of territorial property in a few hands; and no influence, physical or moral, is exercised by that which we call a nobility, where the latter is not possessed of fortune. In those states

where it appears to be powerful, for instance in Naples and Piedmont, its influence is merely a loan owed to the royal favour which it humbly courts. And even the feeble influence thus obtained belongs only to individuals: the noble families lead an insignificant life, having no hold upon the nation by their origin, which is almost always foreign, or by the nature of their institution, which is for the most part disgraceful*; or by the recollection of services conferred by their ancestors upon the country, since the historically glorious names of the middle ages are now almost all extinct.†

There does not exist in Italy at present a single element which can be called predominant, or which gives signs of vitality. Hence the few recollections which still act upon the imagination in Italy are all recollections of the people: at Genoa, their subject is the famous mortar of 1746‡; at Naples it is Masaniello; Rienzi in the Transtevere, and the *carroccio* perhaps at Milan. It would be in vain to ask the population of these cities about their dukes and barons. All is dead on this volcanic and corroding earth, and dead too for ever; all except that which never dies, — the people. There and there alone is still a vital circulation, still a fountain of strength.

This vital principle, available for every enterprise which is truly Italian, visible in the deeds of the present, as well as of the past, has been hitherto mistaken, forgotten, or betrayed by the leaders of all the Italian insurrections. The people, the giant of revolutions, has never been summoned to combat for the cause of its country — nay, more, its leaders have always sought to pass it over, to exclude it from the theatre of action; they have ever been afraid of it; they have so managed public affairs, that it should never take part in them; they have put it from the first '*hors de cause*,' and have afterwards reproached it with inaction.

Hence, thank God, the Italian question has never been tried, and we have everything to hope.

I revere experience; but I believe that it cannot be applied, except where there exists a basis of analogy. To judge the future by the past, without reference to the principles dominating both, appears to me a signal error. Every possibility of demonstrating what will be from that which has been, vanishes, as soon as the question is placed on a new ground. How, for instance, are we to calculate the chances of a republican insurrection, by the success or failure of a monarchical insurrection? How by a movement, which is only supported by a caste, are we to judge what an entire nation could do, were it to enter the arena? But such judgments pass current every day, and are sanctioned by the name of experience. I believe that a very different method is necessary, in order properly to determine the questions at issue, viz. that of examining and of reducing to its most simple formula the principle which has dominated the past, and of comparing it with that which will probably guide the future: the events will always be in direct proportion to the degree of power, and to the universality of the principle in action.

The nation in Italy has never appeared on the arena. The revolutionary movements have always miscarried, because, though created and prepared in a national sense, and for a national object, they have always been from

* During several centuries, the popes ennobled systematically their nephews and their children, legitimate or not; such is the origin of almost all the present Roman noble families.

† "Piedmont," said Charles Albert, on approving before the insurrection of 1821 the choice made of the Spanish constitution, "does not possess the elements necessary for the establishment of a chamber of peers."

‡ This is the mortar of which the sinking, as is well known, caused the popular insurrection of 1746 against the Austrians. Its impression has been perpetuated on a flag-stone of the Quartier de Portoria. The Sardinian government wished to remove this, but was prevented by the women of the lower orders.

the very commencement deprived of this character, and impelled in a radically opposite direction.

Thus misguided, deceived, deprived of their natural object, and placed under the exclusive patronage of an antagonistic principle, and one foreign to the nation, these revolutions, like every thing which is false to the law of its origin, have necessarily perished from impotence and discouragement.

The Italian movement of 1820–21 was the work of the Carbonari, and it called into operation all the errors of that vast association, which has not, perhaps, been yet impartially judged; and of which I am sorry to be able here to say only a few words.

Carbonarism — that great *liberal* association, in the sense attributed to that word in France during the struggles of the Restoration, — had something in it which necessarily frustrated all its efforts of realisation, viz., an absence of a fixed and positive belief, and, as an inevitable consequence, of unity. Rising about the time of the fall of a gigantic, but tyrannical unity, the sovereignty of Napoleon, in the midst of the fragments of a shattered world, where young hopes and old pretensions came on every side into constant collision, where popular presentiments, still somewhat vague, clashed with recollections of a past which it was sought to exhume and reinstate, Carbonarism bore the impress of all these elements, and stood in a somewhat equivocal form in the twilight, which at that period of crisis prevailed throughout Europe. The royal protection which it met with it at its onset, as long as it was regarded as a mere instrument of warfare against imperial France, contributed still more to impress on it that vacillating direction which led into a fatal path the national idea on which it was founded.* True, it threw off afterwards, when it saw itself betrayed, the yoke of its protectors, but it could not abandon altogether a false march and false habits: it preserved above all that tendency to look for leaders to the heads of society, and to regard the regeneration of Italy as to be accomplished by the higher classes, and not by the people, which is the sole lever of grand revolutions. This was its first and capital error — an error inevitable for every political body which has not a firm, enthusiastic, and religious belief in a broad principle, fruitful in results, which may serve it on every occasion as a standard. Carbonarism, properly speaking, had none; or, if it had, there was only inscribed on it a simple negation; it was a signal for overthrow, and not a message of re-construction. When it set itself to examine the Italian problem, it found that all were agreed on the quest of independence, but not on the question of unity, and less still on that of liberty: on the one hand there was a party for representative monarchy; on the other, that of a republic, of a popular government. Alarmed at difficulties, which its chiefs were unable to overcome, it struck into a middle path; it adopted for its watch-word "*Independence and Liberty*," — nothing more: as to the manner of comprehending and defining a word so vague and often so deceptive as liberty, it left that to the future, to the nation, as it called the classes on whom it more immediately depended, when once the revolution had been effected. By a similar middle measure, it substituted the word *union* for *unity*, and thus left the field open for every possible hypothesis: with respect to equality, it was silent; or, if it was compelled, now and then,

* It is well known that Carbonarism was introduced into the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in 1811, with the approval of the minister of police, Maghella, and of the King of Naples, Murat. It was thus enabled to spread amongst the officials. In 1814, though proscribed by Murat, it demanded and obtained the patronage of King Ferdinand, then in Sicily: its offers were welcomed by him and by Lord Bentinck, and were of course repaid by persecutions as soon as the re-establishment of the ancient form of government had rendered them useless.

to speak of it, it did so in a manner so uncertain, so slightly conclusive, that its words might be taken, according to the individual tendencies of its members, to refer either to Christian, or civil, or political equality. In this manner, without giving any solution to the doubts which agitated the minds of men, without saying, without knowing even, what it had to propose to the men who were to become, if occasion required, the victims of its will, that which it had to offer to the people whom it proposed to lead to insurrection, Carbonarism set about collecting recruits. These it found, as many as it wanted, in every class — for in every class there were crowds of malcontents, all of whom it received without demanding any thing from them except a promise to aid it in overthrowing the existing state of things; and it found them with amazing rapidity, for in its very vagueness and in the profound mystery in which it enveloped its most trifling acts, there was something fascinating for the imagination of the Italian. Having a presentiment of the exigencies of this multitude, which it dragged after it through the labyrinthine windings of its vast and complex, if not confused, hierarchy, and knowing that at the bottom it had nothing very satisfactory to offer, it assumed numerous strange unintelligible symbols, which served to mask its hollowness: unable to meet the reason, it imposed on the senses of its followers, by the spectacles of its *vendite* or assemblies; then it enjoined a blind obedience to its orders; but as this injunction was rather a means of defence than of action, it never pushed very far the practical maintenance of this pretension. Hence its subsequent laxity of discipline, its Jesuitical reservations, its habit of treating with levity that which ought to have been a sacred tie, religiously contracted and maintained: to make up for this, however, its numbers and resources augmented, and reached a pitch of which it is difficult to form an idea. With such a mass of power, there were the means of re-making a whole world.

Carbonarism — in the direction which it took — knew nothing of its own power. Though it entered the ranks of the people, it had no faith in the people, amongst whom it sought recruits rather in order to pass them in review, and to attract by that means men of rank in society at whom it aimed, than in order to lead them frankly into action. It was equally at a loss to understand the eagerness of the youth, who with pure souls and full of enthusiasm, enrolled themselves in its ranks by hundreds, dreaming of their country, of a republic, of war to death against the Austrian, of regaining self-esteem and respect of foreign countries: it placed them under the guardianship of old men without faith, and without prospects, who had imbibed the ideas of the empire, and whose coldness and frivolous punctiliousness belonged to the latter. Afterwards, when it saw itself impelled to act by the impossibility of remaining secret any longer, and when it felt the necessity of unity for action, not being able to find this in any great principle, it sought to place it in a man. This was to decide for monarchy. This was to ruin the cause of Italy.

Italian regeneration will never be the offspring of the monarchical principle. I am not here indulging in a general theory; I speak exclusively of Italy— a country of which the position in Europe is altogether exceptionable, and of which the destiny, if we study it in its history from the time of the Etruscans till now, is exceptional also. Monarchy may be spoken of as a regenerating instrument, where it is implanted by conquest, or formed by degrees as a result of the existing elements in the heart of the country— where athwart struggles and sufferings it has founded the national unity— where on the one hand it rests on a long and glorious tradition, and on the other on a powerful aristocracy, which is in some sort its preserver. But there,

where monarchy has not only been unable during an existence of some centuries to found a nationality, but where its existence has every where been one of the greatest obstacles to the establishment of the latter — where, foreign in its origin, in its institutions, in its policy, grafted on the country at an era of decay, always subordinate to one or other of the great European powers, it has never done any thing to put a period to the ills of the people, or to the abasement of the nation; there, in short, where it can boast no splendid annals, no venerable traditions, no nobility, and indeed no support whatever, and where, as we have shown, there exists only one element endowed with proper vitality, with which it has nothing in common, — how can we hope that it should be capable of furnishing a lever powerful enough to raise and remodel a whole people, to elevate it from discouragement to faith, from mistrust to enthusiasm, from individuality to devotion? A people whose history is that of Italy, and which has no political schools or orators, cannot be enamoured of such things as the balance of three powers, or as the complex mechanism of constitutionalism. It may be devoted to an idea simply popular and republican, to a standard of democracy; sometimes to a man, but only when that man is a Napoleon. But have Napoleons ever shown themselves during the first days of an insurrection? Moreover, royalty set up as a standard of Italian emancipation, must now, must always, frustrate its grand result — the formation of a nationality. It is precisely in the choice of a monarch that the almost extinct traces of mistrust of local vanity, which are ready to vanish altogether before the grand idea of a solely sovereign Italian people, would again reappear in their former force. Where should we choose? Where in Italy is the Royal Family? Where is the man who, by the splendour of his name or of his actions, merits the adherence of the whole Peninsula, and is capable of inspiring confidence to all its inhabitants? Naples will never bow before a Piedmontese king, nor Piedmont before a Neapolitan. A man is one thing — a principle another: the former belongs to one particular country — the latter to all in common. Men fraternise in an idea, in a belief, because these, in soaring above all, never wound the innate sentiment of equality. But this is not the case when an individual is in the question; he is a man amongst men, and may arouse the susceptibilities of all. Only three measures could be here adopted, — the election of a foreign sovereign — the organisation of a federation of Italian princes as they are — or the raising on the bucklers of the army the chosen of victory, the conqueror on the field, whoever he might be. The first measure leads to the destruction of all nationality under the weight of foreign influence; the second leads to weakness abroad, and perhaps to the dissensions of the Middle Ages at home; the third tends directly to the military tyranny of a Napoleon; moreover, it provides for anarchy the chances of an inevitable *provisoire*. The men in Italy who decide for one or other of these measures call themselves *practical;* their adversaries they term theorists and poets!

In fact, the foresight of the chiefs of the Carbonari did not lead them so far. Materialists and men of re-action, and of very limited views for the most part, they had neither political conceptions nor a sentiment of social unity, nor faith of any kind. They preached political liberty, and at the same time, as if man were not a single whole, as if education could be divided, they preached literary servitude. They called themselves Christians, and then, confusing in a strange manner superstition with faith, and the Pope with religion, they withered the virginal enthusiasm of youth with their Voltairian scepticism, and with their negations borrowed from the faith of the eighteenth century. They were, in short, sectarians more or less expert,

and not men of a national religion. Thus, though not believing in reality in constitutionalism, and though laughing at monarchy, they still chose it; because, in the first place, it could furnish them at once with resources; and, in the second, because it spared them the trouble of directing the masses, in the midst of whom they felt themselves ill at ease, and in whom they could only descry elements of disorder: and finally, — and this is the second capital error of almost all the chiefs of the Italian movements, — because they flattered themselves that royal baptism conferred on an insurrection would stay the sword of Austria in its scabbard, or at any rate would procure for it the aid of some great power — of France or England, for instance. They saw treading in their footsteps Charles Albert of Piedmont, and the Prince Francis at Naples — the latter, a consummate hypocrite and traitor from the very beginning; the former a tyrant by nature, without genius, and without principle — ambitious, but incapable of greatness. They said to one of these — perhaps to both — "Thou shalt be king of Italy," — and they left to the future the task of conciliating the absurd and incompatible pretensions of these two revolutionary princes.

The future came, and it showed what are the effects of the absence of principles in men who offer themselves as chiefs of revolutions; it proved that it is not a numeric figure which constitutes power, but the degree of cohesion between the elements which that figure expresses. The insurrection was effected without an obstacle. Immediately afterwards dissensions broke out. All the men whom the Carbonari had enrolled, without inquiring into their belief, or into their ideas of the future destiny of the nation, but to whom they had only uttered this one word "overthrow!" when they found that they had fulfilled their mission, re-assumed each his individuality, and began to dispute with each other about what it was necessary to establish: one thought he had been conspiring for a single monarchy; another was an advocate of federalism; some were for the Spanish constitution; others for the French charter; and others again — and these then formed the minority amongst the conspirators — were for a republic, or for the re-establishment of the Italian Republics. All complained that they had been deceived; and they either opposed the provisional governments, or remained aloof inactive. In fact, there were ten oppositions instead of one. The government reproached the parties with every where embarrassing its position; every where in fact, from the commencement, it was viewed with distrust: but what had it done, and what did it now do, to merit confidence? Itself a party, and the most feeble too of all, since it had only a name to inscribe on its standard, it felt so well its own weakness, that it dared neither to advance nor to recede; and it sought an excuse for its inaction in the very distrust with which it was regarded, and which it ought to have dissipated by redoubled activity. This was in its power, in spite of the difficulties which accompany an explanation which ought to have been made beforehand, and which is forced to be given in the midst of the agitation necessarily attending the first days of a revolution: elements enough existed for the formation of a nucleus, which might have been placed at the head of the people which only required to be summoned to action, at the head of the youth which was seeking to organise itself by voluntary companies. But for all this, revolutionary science was necessary, and they were ignorant of it — the liberty of movements, and they had it not. In giving to the Italian insurrection a royal chief, they had fettered it, had bound it with a multitude of ties which some of them, perhaps, may have wished to unloose, but which could only be cut asunder. For events, both good and evil, are the fruit of logical laws; and from the moment that they had, in adopting, even as a transition-constitutional monarchy, in-

directly adopted the principle that the people was not ripe enough to emancipate itself and to be governed by itself, and that it must be placed under guardianship, they were bound not to urge it too much into the arena, not to excite over measure, not to arm it: hence it was necessary to seek a point of support and resources from other quarters, to have recourse to diplomatic agency, to sound the *bureaux* of foreign governments, and to earn a few promises by making concessions: and from the moment that they had, as at Naples, placed the king—that is to say, the man against whom the revolution was made—at the head of the revolution, it was necessary, in respecting the powers which the monarchical constitution accorded to him, to leave him the free choice of his ministers and of the chiefs of the army, the power of introducing weakness and treason at first, and afterwards of going to conspire with the allies, and to anathematize the insurrection at Laybach. All this and worse was done.

The account of the Neapolitan movement is very incomplete in Colletta's "History of Naples," and this is the only author who has written on it honestly. It remains to be described, and I cannot even give the outline of it here. The insurrection failed, after having experienced, one by one, all the consequences of its false position; after having, from the commencement, denied its national tendency, in rejecting the fraternity of Pontecorvo and of Benevento, cities belonging to the Roman states, but surrounded by Neapolitan territory, which had flown to arms, proclaimed also the Spanish constitution, and requested to be incorporated with Naples; after having decreed that the war should be a defensive war, and that the Austrian army then traversing the Roman states, ought not to be regarded as inimical till it attacked the Neapolitan frontiers; after having, in short, done its best to dissipate the revolutionary fervour of Central Italy. But the Piedmontese insurrection which broke out when those faults had already been committed — which might have avoided them all — which found Lombardy unprovided with soldiers — which could have thrown into it, a week after the movement, 25,000 soldiers to take the line of the Adige, to invest Mantua, and to give the signal for a rise, *en masse*, in all the states of Northern Italy and Central Italy, and to cause the ferment still prevalent in Naples to end in Austrian vespers, —What did it do to fulfil the mission which it had undertaken? Nothing. It was impeded by the same fetters, confined within the same fatal limits, and cursed with the yoke of a provincial and diplomatic prince. The same influence which had prevented it from breaking out two months before, when Naples was not yet reduced to submission*, governed all its acts, and destroyed its vitality.

The effect is pitiful when one follows in the history of the Piedmontese movement — even that traced by the pen of Santa Rosa, a man upright, of undoubted integrity, a sincere lover of his country, whose virtues and death I honour, but whose intelligence was not equal to the circumstances in which he was placed, and who had also to write his own justification — all the misgivings, inconsistencies and errors, we might even say crimes, committed in consequence of the impracticable programme given to the insurrection,

* It was after the 12th of January, 1821, the day on which the government caused to be slaughtered at Turin the students of the University, who protested against the infraction of one of their privileges, that the movement ought to have been effected.

The necessity which the conspirators from their engagements were in of obtaining the consent of Charles Albert, caused a delay. Afterwards, after having, on the 6th and 8th of March, signified his approval, he made on the 9th arrangements which rendered a movement at Turin impossible. The conspirators were informed of this, and countermanded their own orders. In spite of this, the insurrection broke out on the 10th at Alexandria. The conspirators persisted in making Charles Albert the chief of it.

from the unparalleled proclamation by which Charles Albert, chief of the revolutionary government, granted an *amnesty* to the troops which had founded the latter, to the negociations of the Junta with the Russian Ambassador, Count Mocenigo, who offered on the part of his master a complete pardon to the conspirators, and some *hope* of a constitutional charter. It is pitiful to see men of courage and patriotism, to whom the mandate to deliver their country has been consigned, trembling between the exigencies of the revolution and the forms of monarchical legality which they had consented to recognise — forced to draw their inspirations from a man whom they despise, and who, they know, is disposed to betray them — seeing the right, and not daring to do it — pretending to change the institutions of the country without removing any of the persons in the administration, or at the head of the army — leaving the government of Navarre to Count de Latour, and that of Savoy to the Count of Andezeno, both known enemies to the revolutionary cause — speaking in their proclamation of a European epoch, and not daring to utter the name of Italy, foreseeing war, feeling that the people alone was capable of furnishing the means of supporting it and still doing nothing to interest it in the revolution, but every thing to keep it back, for fear it should not follow the programme agreed upon, refusing arms to those who demanded them, abstaining from convoking the electoral assemblies, avoiding every measure destined to ameliorate its lot, and mutilating, as much as possible, the only one that the popular initiative had wrested from a Junta. *

What then did they seek? and in what did they centre their hopes? When Charles Albert deserted them, they felt themselves lost: the last chance of the royal legality with which they had essayed to create a nation vanished with him. When the enemy arrived, he found them unprepared, without military resources, without a plan, and without hope. They fled in disorder, and hastened to embark at Genoa, protected by the people who had risen previously, and whose support they had rejected, and who had since remained with folded arms, sombre spectators of all that was done, well convinced that neither its cause nor its men were there, and which nevertheless still went, at these last moments, to offer them in defence of Italian liberty, their blood, their city, their recollections of 1746. These they refused, and departed; only, in order to prove that they had fled, not before the Austrians but before a sophism, they almost all went to perish, after performing prodigies of valour, which the people who witnessed them have never been able to forget, for the liberties of Spain and Greece.

Such were the deeds of the Carbonari, an association which penetrated so deeply into the Italian soil, but which wasted its strength in the pursuit of a chimerical object—it was a vast and powerful body, to which there was only wanting a head. There was an absence in it not of good intentions, but of ideas; not of the feeling, but of the science, of nationality. Misled by a superficial observation of some foreign countries, it sought to call forth a common country, by raising a standard which was not its own. Seduced by some strange Utopian vision, which betrayed all the inexperience of a first attempt, and a total want of that faith by which alone great deeds are effected, it imagined it was able to accomplish that which will be the greatest event of modern times, without a war, without violent shocks, without popular efforts, only by changing a few words in the institutions of

* Genoa having effected its insurrection on the 23d, against the wish already known of Charles Felix, the Junta having been installed, reduced to one half the price of salt, and suppressed some entrance duties; the central government annulled the suppressions, and decreed that the price of salt should only be diminished one fourth.

the country. But leaving aside these faults, all committed by the chiefs, what courage, what numerous instances of devotion, undivulged, but fertile in results, ennobled the youth who formed the lower ranks of this association! How glorious was the constancy in the educational mission! How heroic was the martyrdom which was so often its price! A mission which extended from the palace to the cabin, which called into play in some sort that sentiment of equality which with us Italians is innate, and caused the national fusion to advance with a giant's step — a martyrdom which effaced, under a religious seal, any thing which might approach to mere re-action in the creeds of some of the leaders, and initiated by one and the same baptism into the Italy to come, the representatives of every province and of every class, the priest, the man of letters, the patrician, the soldier, and the man of the people.*

If Carbonarism is not itself a revelation, it has paved the way for one — if it has not defined liberty, it has popularised the feeling of it — if it has not founded a social creed, it has cleared the ground of all the superstitions, of all the prejudices, which were opposed to its establishment. And these effects were evident from the character of the movement of Central Italy in 1831, which will be the subject of my third letter.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

*** We find in a work of M. Angeloni two curious documents concerning Charles Albert, which we are glad to be able to quote here as illustrative of his character: — M. Angeloni knew at Paris in 1819 the Piedmontese general, Gifflenga, who was then loud in his love of Italy and liberty, bidding him hope for better times, spoke of efforts directed to this end, and advised him to send to the Prince of Carignano a letter and a copy of his work "L'Italia uscente il 1818," &c., a work which proposed to the Italians a government similar to that of the United States. He himself offered to deliver both the one and the other. They were sent, and the letter which M. Angeloni addressed to the prince bore the date of the 24th of March, 1819. The following is the answer which was sent to him in the name of the prince: —

"His Serene Highness, the Prince of Carignano, in whose service I am at present, commissions me to thank you for a copy of your work on the present unfortunate condition of Italy, which you have sent him through General Count Gifflenga. The prince cannot but admire and praise your discourses, as well as the warm love of your country which prompts you to publish them. Would to Heaven that they could be comprehended in the whole of this beautiful land, and could encourage more and more the Italians to enter into that union of thought which alone is able to give us force sufficient to enable us to conquer ourselves that which we hitherto looked for in vain from foreigners. At all events, the cause of our country is not lost so long as courageous men like yourself consent to expose themselves to

---

* The proscriptions of the Carbonari were not only numerous at Naples and in Piedmont, but they extended over all Italy. Two priests were condemned in the duchy of Modena, — one to perpetual imprisonment; the other, Joseph Andreoli, professor of eloquence, and a model of every virtue, to death. When he heard his condemnation read, he demanded if he was the only person who was to die: he clapped his hands and thanked God aloud, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative.

The confession necessary for his condemnation to capital punishment, was torn from him by a stratagem: the director of the police, Giulio Besini, announced to him his acquittal; and just before liberating him, he prevailed on this simple and upright creature to allow that he was a Carbonaro, by appealing to their ancient acquaintanceship, and by representing such a confession as a testimony of gratitude to the Duke: as soon as the fatal word was pronounced, he was led back into prison and condemned. This occurrence however is not singular. Other confessions were torn from prisoners whose faculties had been impaired by a mixture of the infusion of the *atropos belladonna* with their drink; and there are in France, at the present time, some exiles in whom the effects of this poison are still visible. The number of condemnations in the duchy of Modena alone amounted to from 130 to 140. In Lombardy, thirteen individuals were condemned to death on the 18th of May, 1821, as guilty of high treason, simply from having been enrolled as Carbonari: several of them were arrested at a ball, given during the carnival of 1819-20, by the Count Porzia, vice-delegate of the emperor at Rovigo, that is to say, five or six months before the 25th of August, 1820, the day on which the law forbidding Carbonarism was promulgated. More than a hundred persons were condemned in Piedmont, and a much greater number still in Naples.

every risk in order to make their fellow citizens acquainted with their true interests. His Highness hopes one day to be able to thank you in person for all that you are doing at present for the good of Italy, and to prove to you how much at heart he has it, to justify the praise of his conduct which your letter contains.

"This is the commission which I have received from the prince. I pray you to believe me, &c.

"G. COLLEGNO,

"one of the Scudieri of his Highness, the Prince of Carignano."

This letter was transmitted to M. Angeloni by one Nasi, secretary to the Piedmontese embassy. On the 4th of June, M. Angeloni sent his works to M. Collegno, with a letter a little in a courtier's style. He received on the 22d of June the following answer: —

"Having received your letter of the 4th, I have thought that I could not better fulfil your intentions than by presenting it to his Serene Highness. The praises and prayers of a man who loves his country sincerely cannot be otherwise than dear to him, and will encourage him more and more to undertake one day the great cause. May these prayers be at length heard and these praises merited. His Highness, in ordering me to answer you, commissions me again to express to you the sentiments of gratitude, which, as an Italian prince, he entertains towards you."

In 1826, an agent of the Piedmontese government was sent to M. Angeloni with offers to induce him to give up these letters, but he refused. ED.

SONNET.

FAREWELL! it is a common word, and day
By day is uttered by the multitude:
But when in that one breath doth pass away
The vital hope that had our life endued
With love of life, filling with noble thought,
And glorious action, that which else had been
A dream obscure; — when from that word is wrought
An agony that, to the world unseen,
Within the core of the bereavéd heart,
Like fire doth quiver, and like ice congeal; —
When, to survive in their own spheres apart,
It sunders two betrothéd souls; — the seal
Of thought for no use farther marks it, save
To syllable sweet love into the grave!

SCULPTURE IN ENGLAND.

FLAXMAN'S LECTURES.—EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE ELGIN MARBLES.—THE NELSON MONUMENT.

Lectures on Sculpture, as delivered before the President and Members of the Royal Academy. By JOHN FLAXMAN, Esq., R.A., Professor of Sculpture in the Royal Academy of Great Britain, Member of the Academies of St. Luke, Rome, Florence, Carrara, &c. *Second Edition. To which are now first added, An Introductory Lecture, and Two Addresses to the Royal Academy, on the Death of Thomas Banks in* 1805, *and of Antonio Canova in* 1822, *and an Address on the Death of Flaxman.* By Sir RICHARD WESTMACOTT, R.A. With Fifty-two Plates. London: 1838.

Catalogue of the Seventy-first Exhibition of the Royal Academy, London. 1839.

The Elgin Marbles. London: 1839.

"*The Nelson Testimonial:*" *a Letter to the Committee appointed to select a Design for a Memorial of the Achievements of the late Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson.* By WILLIAM BEHNES, Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen. London: James Fraser, 1839.

WAS there ever a period in the history of English art which promised a bright day to native sculpture? It was to perpetuate an affirmative answer to this question that the Lady Chapel, at St. Peter's Abbey, Westminster, which contains the shrine of Henry VII.'s tomb, was erected at the beginning of the sixteenth, and has been suffered to exist till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century. For the previous 400 years the arts of writing and illumination, of carving and tapestry, of painting and sculpture, had been systematically and liberally encouraged and successfully cultivated in England. The twelfth century had hardly closed when the magnificent and tasteful sculptures which still adorn the west front of the cathedral of Wells were executed by native artists. At that time the cathedral of Amiens, the home of French sculpture, and the cathedral of Orvieto, the pride of Italy, had no existence. Cimabue, the restorer of painting, was hardly out of his cradle, and Nicolas of Pisa had but commenced the practice of an art in which his Tomb of St. Dominic, at Bologna, has rendered him so celebrated. The sculpture of Egypt existed 1000 years in a state of progressive advancement, and from the dawning of art in Greece until it was engulphed in Rome, a period of 900 years was allowed for the gradual development of the sculptor's power. What hopes, then, might not have been entertained of English art, had the three periods, of which the first began with Wells and ended with Westminster, been suffered to elapse without interruption, and in the continued practice and encouragement of statuary?

It must be conceded that the love of high art is not native, nor has it ever been, perhaps, the passion of this people. The works of the Britons in imitation of Roman art, even in columns and tessellated pavements, are poor in design, and of no high character in execution; but it must be remembered that the school existed little more than 200 years: for a century at the beginning and end of the establishment of the Roman period in England, is not too much to allow for an entire absence of British co-operation, above the line of mere labour. The statues and enriched

altars of that period are barbarous, and are often hardly distinguishable from the rude effigies of the Saxons in the tenth and the Normans in the eleventh century; but the rapid progress of a taste for Roman refinements, and the general diffusion of imitative art — of temples, and baths, and altars, and edifices of various character — is remarkable, when contrasted with the torpor of Egypt when the Ptolemies fell, the apathy of Greece when absorbed in Rome, and the deathful repose of Italy after the inburst of the Barbarians. We must not forget either that the teachers of art to the Britons were not professors, but legionary soldiers, ill instructed, and incapable of inculcating, by their coarse practice, the principles of art. These things considered, and allowing for a burial under the earth for upwards of fourteen centuries, the rude efforts of the British sculptor are very wonderful works indeed. They have been found in greatest quantity in the Roman province of Valentia, along the line of the Roman wall, and probably the most important collection of these works is to be found in the museum of the Antiquarian Society of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

They were all foreigners who ministered to the taste and pride of the Saxon prelates; they were skilled in architecture, but their use of sculpture was limited and impure. The British converts to Christianity were content to wonder at the creations of art, and gazed with mingled awe and indifference on the remains of Roman art, on the works of the foreigners, who adorned their churches, and on the taste and skill of the Normans, who used them slavishly in the formation of their great works. Yet the strangely sculptured obelisk, called Sweno's Stone, near Elgin, and the richly carved monumental stones near Brechin, and at Meigle, are probably of this period.

From the Third to the Eighth Henry, however, was the period of English sculpture, and the profusion of statues which existed just before the Reformation can hardly be believed. Edifices, domestic and ecclesiastical, were adorned with them, and with them were the way-side shrine and frequent cross enriched. Many thousands remain to this day. There are more statues in Henry VII.'s chapel, the produce of one period, than have been produced in all England, during the last twenty-five years. It was in 1538 that Henry VIII. ordered the removal from the churches of all images which had been worshipped, or to which idle pilgrimages had been made; and in 1541 the Duke of Somerset commanded all statues or pictures, and "images," to be thrown down and destroyed, without distinction: but, even in 1650, the work of desolation was far from complete; for then the puritan council commanded the destruction of the crosses, the greatest ornaments of England at the period; and, notwithstanding the wide-spread rage of destruction, the freedom granted to every man to destroy or take away, the positive commands of authority to waste and spare not, and although this iconoclastic spirit had been maintained for upwards of 100 years, thousands of statues still survive the indiscriminating persecution and the blind rage of destruction to which all the works of art were subjected. What then must have been their multitude? and, as we have a right to suppose that the most idolized were the most celebrated, and at least, in all probability, the best wrought; and, as these were certainly the first destroyed; how able must have been the English chisel, when the works we now so much admire were, of course, vastly inferior to those which, on account of that very superiority, perished in the first assault!

As no great good is unaccompanied by evil, so the pure light of the Reformation was greatly darkened by this barbarous crusade against all that was great in art. The image-maker fled to countries where his humane

ising craft was not proscribed, and foreign lands now taunt England with the works of her banished children. The appeal to truth had overthrown the empire of the imagination, and the affections were chilled in the process. A purer faith, a better reasoned worship, freedom of thought, and a vast advance in civil and religious liberty, were blessings for the purchase of which no price could be too great: but it is to be regretted that a waste of the accumulation of years, and a check to the progress of the fine arts, such as they may never recover, were thrown into the bargain.

It is true that the sculpture of that day was not the great — the abstract — the ideal. Portraits of kings, and queens, and saints, and celestial or infernal personages, the telling of a tale, or the unfolding of an allegory, were the subjects most in use. Yet it was so with the ancients also. History and mythology were the elements of the arts. The heathen temple and the Christian church were consecrated to similar ideas on similar principles; and the architecture, and sculpture, and painting, which adorned them, differed only in their degree of cultivation, in the circumstances of climate, and the greater or less civilisation of the people. The remains of the fifteenth century, if studied with a liberal spirit, and the due allowance made, will bear comparison with what is left of Greece and Rome. The chaste severity and clear understanding of the antique, founded on a more perfect science and a more wisely directed study of nature, would be sought in vain among the great works of the West in the middle age; but the latter are equally true to their destined purpose, and not less productive of their intended effect. Their principles, although less pure, are equally well understood, and no less rigidly applied: and in variety and profusion, and the magnificence of combination and contrast, they excel. The progress of sculpture in England was interrupted just when it began to aspire after excellence, and when it had attained the first step in the progress to perfection. As anatomy and geometry began to be studied, and experimental science diffused, the mechanical excellence and the poetic imagination of our sculptors would have been directed to the perfection of form, and with critical knowledge would have come purer taste and more correct judgment, and a Banks and a Flaxman would have found all prepared that they had to create for themselves. The Rysbachs and Roubilliacs, who engrossed the little employment offered in England to the sculptor from the Reformation to the civil war, were unequal to our own Cibber; and nothing worth the name of art, either foreign or domestic, was produced among us till Banks, the first fruits of the Royal Academy, having escaped the vitiated taste of the then prevailing school of Bernini and Puget, drank at the pure fountain of Michael Angelo; and, although ungifted with great genius, produced works of classic taste and fine feeling, such as may be said to have begun the restoration of art in England. Flaxman was incomparably his superior. The Shield of Achilles, at the British Museum — the Venus and Cupid, at Mr. Knight's, in Portland Place — the Fury of Athanus, at Ickworth House, Suffolk — his Cephalus and Aurora, at Mr. Hope's — and, above all these, Michael and Satan, at Petworth, — have secured to his fame an immortality, which the patient industry, indomitable energy, simplicity, and benevolence, that set off in their true light his great talents, eminently deserve. Flaxman did not scorn to be employed by Wedgewood in suggesting forms for his various vessels of earthenware — a truly classic occupation. He served the princely merchants trading to the East Indies, and found in them tasteful and liberal patrons; the nobles failed not in some degree, although certainly not to the due extent, to enrich their

mansions with his works; and, at the latter end of his career, the royal favour promised him a wider field of exertion, and a nobler foundation for his well-earned fame; but the nation and the government, as bodies, were alike indifferent to his talents or the glory of encouraging them; and the people possess none of his works, except his monuments in the churches. Among these, the most remarkable are the monuments of Nelson, Howe, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's; of Lord Mansfield and John Kemble, in Westminster Abbey. Had England possessed a Pericles, she might in her Flaxman have found a Phidias: but George III. had no idea of sculpture; and his successor, though well-inclined towards the arts, from his munificent and somewhat fastidious spirit, was miserably devoid of taste. In his reign much was done and spent; and had equal pains been taken to do well and lay out wisely, architecture and sculpture would have advanced indeed. To work for St. Paul's, in memory of the heroes of his country, was now the privilege of the English sculptor; but opportunity and inspiration were controlled by narrow views and limited means: few works possessing a character of true greatness are found within those walls. The real cause of this failure was, perhaps, the absence of all foresight and confidence on the part of those at whose disposal were the national monuments. Had such a man as Flaxman been engaged to form a grand plan which should be gradually carried out, for the adornment of St. Paul's, and the commemoration of the war and our victories, the pettiness and absurdities which degrade both might have been avoided. Had not the Capella Sistini been placed at the disposal of Michael Angelo, that boast of modern art would never have existed: but example is lost upon us. The absence of any ædile power—the want, perhaps, of a minister of public works in England, prevents in great measure, the development of any grand idea. What we resolve to do is done at once by individual means: and, the steady pursuit—for long years, and under changing governments — of one established plan, either in architecture or the sister arts, is barely known. Lately, a better spirit has arisen in street architecture, which will doubtless have its effect on sculpture; but, to insure the accomplishment of any great work, the supremacy of one directing mind must never be disputed. Had Sir Christopher Wren been allowed to carry out his plan of improvements in the city,—and, still more, had he lived later with that power, every year adding its portion to the pre-arranged work, and every new erection happily subordinate to the general effect, — the many pleasing parts would have tended to one magnificent whole, which would now have been developing its beauty. So, in the sculptures of St. Paul's, the want of pre-arrangement and general design has reduced the monuments to a multitude of unconnected statues and incongruous ideas, instead of each illustrating the other, and all blending in one great and harmonious design. The relievos, dedicated in portions to the recital of certain parts of the history respectively; the groups assigned to their appropriate places, and connecting links established between statue and statue; a distinct portion reserved for the eminent in the arts of peace; and the naval separated from the military, of those whose glory was in deeds of war; a settled and consistent costume; established and expressive symbols; the studied incatenation of inscriptions; and the observance of that order, which, without forcing sameness or uniformity on the separate statues, or in any way binding down the spirit of the individual artist, would have secured an harmonious whole, and made each part powerfully to aid the general effect:—such were the precautions, the neglect of which has destroyed capabilities unrivalled in Europe. This waste of the means of greatness is unreasonably visited on the artist, but it is due to the

indifference of government and the opposition of churchmen, who, in other countries the patrons of the arts, were here unfortunately opposed, on principle, to their progress. The erection of a national monument in architecture, with an express view to the disposal of sculpture, to contain statues, &c., of the heroes by sea and land who, during the last war, raised the name of England high among the nations, was contemplated at the right time, but the government preferred to spend as much money on fireworks and Chinese pagodas, as would by this time have gone far towards the expenses of such an erection. Had that monument been erected, the interior of St. Paul's might have been dedicated to more appropriate memories than those of battle. A Howard, a Johnson, a Reynolds, and the pious Heber, are all the monuments of this class. Jenner, Watt, Wilberforce (as embodying an idea); Newton; the educators, humanisers, peacemakers, and benefactors of the country and mankind, should be remembered in marble, within the metropolitan church, at the expense of the nation.

The opportunity of establishing these national monuments was certainly at the close of the war, and Flaxman was well qualified to have designed them. His was a happy period for the foundation of a great work, and for the commencement of a school which ought to carry English sculpture to its desired place. The originality and vigour of his mind, which rose in proportion to the demands on them, only required scope and stimulus. Such a field would have fired with a noble enthusiasm, and have elevated his soul to the noblest heights. The immediate commerce with foreign countries by the most distinguished men of our own, had created a taste for sculpture which began to be better understood. Banks had shown that English genius was not uncultivable; Flaxman had proved himself equal to his contemporaries on the Continent — equal in hand and eye, and superior in power and sentiment. Canova then, and Thorwaldsen since, could alone compete with Flaxman; for, with some splendid exceptions, mediocrity is the mark of our time rather than of our country: a fact the more remarkable, as this may be considered the peculiar period of science, not only in research but in diffusion. Now the progress of the fine arts must depend on the previous cultivation of the sciences, without which they cannot exist in perfection. Mr. Simpson, in his lectures on orthophrenic education, said, the other day, that the poets were the true moral philosophers. No doubt of it, — and the great artist is the truly scientific man. Great intellect arrives at once, and, by its intuitive power, at the same conclusions which laborious science gradually works out. The utilitarian would banish the fine arts while he cultivates practical science, unconscious that the one is the soul of the other. The man of profound science is a true critic in art; but he and the artist arrive at their end by paths so opposite, and express themselves in forms so different, that they are hardly intelligible to each other; yet the results of their several processes are nearly the same; and ancient art is a union of understanding and sentiment; the former mathematically demonstrates, the latter appealing to a *sixth* sense, which appears to be denied to some, and to be given lavishly to others, but which is really the result of the rare combination of well-poised qualities of the mind in man, as its exciting cause in sculpture is the felicitous union of parts in the most exquisite proportions — a subtle harmony, felt, but not to be described.

The cultivation of the sciences has always preceded the successful practice of the fine arts, and we may therefore reasonably conclude that the scientific taste of our day will lead to a period of the great in art. On the know-

ledge of geometry, numbers, optics, perspective, and anatomy, as subservient to and inspired with genius, depends the excellence of sculpture.

Now not only were these sciences better understood in Flaxman's time than formerly, but the appliances and means to make a sculptor had grown rife in England. To the Townley and Hamilton collections, in the British Museum, were added the metopes of the Parthenon and the frieze of the Phigalian Temple of Apollo. Casts of the finest groups and statues of antiquity grew common in our academies and in the galleries of the great. We, in common with all Europe, reaped the greatest advantages from the inestimable treasures of ancient art discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some of the best works of Canova were in England, and remain here, particularlyhis group of the Three Graces, in possession of the Duke of Bedford, and his beautiful recumbent statue of a Nymph in the royal collection. Every work of Flaxman's was an addition to the wealth of the country, in pure taste, and often with forcible execution. Francis Chantrey began to develope the graces of his style, which, though more remarkable for delicacy of design and grace of execution than for power, originality, or any of the loftier qualities of art, was yet so true in its imitation of nature, and, as in his famous group in Lichfield Cathedral, so tender in its feeling, as to make him an honour to the British school. Greatness and power are not his attributes; and a false patronage and the pursuit of wealth have too often humbled his efforts to those of mere portraiture; yet, since art must ever look to vanity for a large share of the support it is to meet, we should rather rejoice at the fancy and poetry he contrives to throw into his portrait-statues than condemn him as a mere bust-maker. He has chosen his walk, however, perhaps directed by his capacity, and has thereby shut himself out from the higher and more glorious province of his art. Flaxman was the first lecturer on sculpture appointed by the Royal Academy; and it was about the same time that the then regent (George IV.) presented that institution with the invaluable series of casts which the academy first fitted up in its dark closet of a council-room, at Somerset House, and has now stuck against the wall of its entrance hall, at the National Gallery. The statues, in both instances, being so arranged as to impress the spectator with the greatness of their size, rather than the innate greatness which made the originals the glory of Rome and the shame of Paris. Flaxman says, "their presence has converted the council chamber into a Homeric olympus, where none approach without the mingled sentiments of delight and awe." This is exactly the effect that the pope's present to the regent ought to have produced; and we cannot but regret that they were not given to the National Gallery, under an injunction that a fitting place should be provided for them. The public see little of these noble casts, (which in Rome were made to supply the vacant pedestals when French force ravished the originals from the imperial city,) except during the exhibition of the Royal Academy's pictures, when the Laocoon stands over the check-taker, the Venus and Minerva act as waiting-maids, and the Apollo Belvidere as groom of the chambers to the one-shilling customers, who are much too impatient for new pictures to waste their time in looking at old statues, even if they were so placed as to be seen to advantage. To the student, however, these casts are among the many valuable means this country possesses of advancing his studies.

The collections of the Queen, of the Duke of Sutherland, of the late Lord Egremont, of Earl Spencer, of Lord F. Egerton, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir R. Peel, and many other noblemen and gentlemen, contain treasures of art in sculpture as well as in painting; and the lectures

of Fuseli and Flaxman — perfect contrasts in style and manner—will enable the student to appreciate them. The libraries of the Museum and the Academy possess copies of all the expensive and valuable works that the last century has given to the illustration of sculpture; and the *vivâ voce* lectures of Sir Richard Westmacott must not be overlooked. With these means sculptural genius cannot perish for want of food in this country.

But if among these means all were wanting but the Elgin Marbles—that collection of all that is beautiful, all that is intelligible, all that is educating in ancient art — the scholar would need no other teacher. In these wonderful works all her principles may be traced, all her powers are amply developed, all her charms displayed. There is not a swell nor fall of the marble, not a curve nor flexure of the outline, that does not combine the most poetical yet accurate study of nature with the most correct observance of scientific rule. When we contemplate these true glories of ancient art, observe their amazing force of expression, their perfect freedom and grace, their endless variety, their sentiment, their truth, we are lost in admiration. The store of words would be vainly exhausted in describing even this effect, much more in detailing their individual excellences. Volumes have been written in vain. They must be seen, and studied, and sought with affectionate regard, and wooed by repeated suit, before they reveal the secrets of their perfectness. The contemplation of any species of perfection is exalting to the imagination and stimulates to virtue; but, in the perfection of art, poetry and science lie in each other's arms; and the delightful, the elevating, and the useful, are happily combined. We would have the student of sculpture keep his hand and eye for them: let him avoid books, and lectures, and inferior means, and imbibe first and for ever the sense of perfect beauty and unexcelled skill in those immortal marbles. Let these be his scriptures in art, the objects of the devout religion of his eye. If he thirst after deserved fame, let him drink deep of this fountain, and live for ever.

With all these advantages, what is the state of sculpture now, and where are we to look for the result of so much and such excellent instruction? Our squares and public places are not without their monuments of kings, and warriors, and statesmen. But do the modern instances excel the old? Mr. Wyatt's literal George III., on his ideal horse, in Cockspur Street, and the plaster figure of George IV., over the station-house, at King's Cross, are the last metropolitan erections in honour of royalty. The Dukes of Kent and York are remembered as generals; and the latter is, by way of triumph, perched in bronze at the top of a tall, severe, and naked column of granite, as if to suffer punishment rather than receive honour. The portrait-statues of Pitt and Canning, in Hanover Square and Palace Yard, on their pyramidal pedestals, are harsh, heavy, and terminal; and to Nelson and Wellington no monument is *yet* erected, except the Achilles in the park, which includes the latter among the brave men to whom their country-women dedicate that unmeaning and inappropriate colossus. These certainly are no proofs of the advance of art. Our monumental sculptures are better, and our busts are best. But this is not the legitimate effect of the Elgin Marbles. The imaginative and the ideal are wanting, and no one devotes himself to art in the abstract. The Duke of Northumberland, Earl Grey, and other noblemen and gentlemen, have lately ordered works of a higher class; but the instances are few where sculpture is loved for its own sake. Private patronage is chiefly turned to busts and monuments, and the country does nothing. Even Mr. Barry's design for the new houses of parliament is denuded of its enrichments and all its intended sculptures. But there are means to reconcile vanity and art, and to confer a favour at

once on history and sculpture in that design. Let the tracery of the interior of both houses spring from heads in relievo, and let these heads be portraits of the members of each house at the time of erection. Some 800 recollections of our day would thus be handed down to posterity. Busts of the distinguished men who already belong to history might be thus given at the expense of the country; and every peer or M. P., who wished to be immortalised without establishing a claim on the country, might add his own mite, with his own bust, to the adornment of the chambers of legislation, and to the illustration of his period. If neither our squares, nor churches, nor palaces, nor mansions, show the progress of sculpture, shall we find it in the exhibition of the Royal Academy? There are 113 subjects, which, if any man were asked to accept as a whole, he would probably refuse to find room for. Sir Francis Chantrey is an academician and trustee, yet he sends nothing from his overloaded studio to support the exhibition, and show to stranger visiters that in the mechanical part of his art the country possesses one unrivalled sculptor. Sir R. Westmacott, an academician, an auditor, and professor, can afford nothing to the exhibition but the pedestal to his statue of Lord William Bentinck, on which is represented, in basso-relievo, an interrupted suttee, and the recumbent statue of a sleeping child in marble — the Lady Susan Murray — a little thing in all respects. Do these men love the art they live by? or, now that it has raised them to fortune, do they scorn to do any thing towards the instruction and encouragement of those who have yet to run their course, — any thing for the enlightenment of the public mind, and the training of the public eye, and the improvement of the public taste, to the ultimate advancement of the art itself? How different was the conduct of Canova! Honoured with a title, and endowed with little more than a competence, he devoted all his superfluity of means, and all his treasured skill, in his last days, to the noblest purposes. He dedicated a church to God, in gratitude for those talents which had been given him, and determined to adorn it with all the powers for the possession of which he felt grateful. Such a work would have been in every sense his monument; — a homage to religion, an ornament to his country, and an ever-living testimony of his own genius, while it preserved to posterity his purity and humility, and held out a lamp to the path of the student. Every body knows that it was grief at the failure of his project, vexation at the delay of the work, and trouble at the discovery that his means would not reach the end proposed, that brought to a rapid close the life of the warm-hearted old Marquis of Ischia. Courteous and courageous, pious and patriotic, Canova, it is but just that thy genius and talent should embalm for all futurity thy upright walk and warmth of heart.

The other academicians who are sculptors, Bailey and Gibson, have sent, the former *two* and the latter *three* works to this year's exhibition. Bailey's statue of Thomas Telfourd, the engineer, is a noble work. The figure massive and composed, the head finely moulded, the features like, and with the happiest expression; the drapery easy, and procured without effort from the loose coat; the form well understood and distinctly expressed, and then slightly but naturally draped in the ordinary costume. His second work is a group (between the statue and the bust in size) of the son and daughter of Sir F. Shuckburgh, which is well imagined and executed with neatness. This has the "prettiness" of manner which is too characteristic of the artist, while his Telfourd is broad and forcible, and exhibits a power of which his previous works convey a faint idea. In the flutter of his ornament, in the statue of Earl Grey, &c. he had nearly frittered away his reputation. In the present instance, he is still but the portrait sculptor. The bust and the

monument are but the objects of a low ambition; but it is otherwise with Gibson, whose first production is Love cherishing the Soul while preparing to torment it,—perfectly classic and imaginative. The Psyche is a butterfly, the Love a boy, not *Cupido* but *Amor*, or both combined in *Eros*,—personified youth, and freshness, and love. The figure is, on the antique model, perfect, and with a grace and truth in all the forms which promise well for modern sculpture. His Venus and Cupid, a basso-relievo, in marble, is fine but less ideal—a mere mother and son of any period, with well expressed forms and faces. The Venus Verticordia is a clever study of the antique, and serves with the others to show that Gibson is certainly in the right path. He has feeling, taste, and skill; his wants are power and originality. He will follow with success, but is not able to lead. He does honour to the existing school, but will never found a new one. Grace and classic feeling are hardly less conspicuous in Wolff's Girl with a Goat and Tambourine: the unformed limbs of youth are, however, too truly given; the ideal of a habit of exercise would have allowed even to the girlish form a better model. There is something so sweet, however, in this group, and so chaste and classic in the conception, that slight faults cannot betray us into censure. We must not omit to notice the boldly relieved head in Carew's Good Samaritan, a bas-relief of great spirit. After these we might mention several admirable busts, and although not in an exalted walk of art, yet as clever specimens in their style, the Dorothea of J. Bell, a very pleasing cast; the Statue of Henry VII. in Caen Stone, by C. Smith, one of a series for Mamhead Park—a design honourable to the patron as to the artist; and several instances of more than moderate ability and some promise: but originality and genius are absolutely wanting in the exhibition. Where is Lough? The sculptor of Milton's Satan has more in him of the spirit of Flaxman then any one of his contemporaries, but he has no subject in this exhibition. Why? Is it that the academy are careless of those who do not court them, or is the sculptor more concerned for himself than his art, and resents, with an ignoble anger, the misplacing of his last year's group? In petty differences, concerning matters of no moment, how much of the soul and spirit is wasted that should, by individual energy and the cordial co-operation of all, be powerfully applied to the advance of the art itself! Public indifference, and the false taste of the modern Mæcenæ, are less dangerous to art than the captious jealousy and excessive self-esteem of the artists themselves. Lough's Captive, modelled at Rome, is a figure of matronly beauty, simple without severity, full without voluptuousness, delicate without feebleness, graceful without affectation. The attitude is one of deep and absorbing grief, not excited by personal suffering, but the anguish of mind for the misery of others occasioned by that suffering. The face is eloquent with this expression: the well understood form of the figure, the flowing outline, and the feeling, the flesh-like living feeling, of all the parts, are proofs of freedom and power in execution which, added to the genius of the conception, place Lough almost alone among the original and poetical of our sculptors; yet, except by his immediate patrons, and the few who will take the trouble to look for unobtrusive merit, Lough is not duly appreciated. It appears, then, that, setting aside busts, and portraits, and mere statuary, the real works in this exhibition worthy of the name of sculpture are few indeed, and the hands so employed still fewer. But does the exhibition of the Royal Academy afford a fair test of the state of sculpture? The architect, the professor, the editor of Vitruvius, the erudite and classic Wilkie, when his National Gallery was completed, is said to have exclaimed, "Bless me! I forgot sculpture," and immediately to have stuck behind the building that conceited little after-

thought, the semicircular saloon. Forgot sculpture! Had the professor forgotten architecture, too, the public would have gained the loss of that piece of honeycomb, the National Gallery. Indeed it is not surprising that the artist is undesirous of decorating this "hole in the wall" with his productions. The exhibition of the first and second years at the new Academy averaged 130 subjects, while the present year (the third) the number is 113, and the paucity of merit is more marked than that of number. The academy should have two large saloons of sculpture — one in which the antique casts, &c. should be seen to advantage, and the other for the exhibition of modern works. What is a statue without space and light? and who should know how much sculpture depends on both if the Royal Academicians do not?

The government have bought pictures for the public, and the public are grateful: we have never heard a complaint against the expense of the Museum, or the National Gallery, or any other means of improvement which the public are called on to pay for and enjoy. But the government raises no statue. A vast number of individuals, however, have united to raise, by subscription, statues to Nelson and Wellington. The history of these transactions has thrown some light on the state of sculpture in England, the power to appreciate it, and the will to encourage it. The city statue was subscribed for and entrusted to Sir Francis Chantrey — with great propriety, as it appears to us. Not that we so estimate Sir Francis as to conceive him capable of producing a truly great work; but because his position and his fame, native and European, demand of his countrymen a fair opportunity for the exercise of his talent in almost the highest line of his profession. The share taken by government in this work was the supplying of some old cannon for the bronze of which the statue will be cast. It is to be completed in four years, and the artist will not probably be restricted to a thousand pounds or so in the ultimate expense. The site of this intended statue is the corner of Cornhill, opposite Cheapside, and near the Mansion House: its character is equestrian, and the size heroic. Neither the style nor the site entirely satisfies our views of the subject; but we will not digress into objections: we shall content ourselves with rejoicing that English valour and sagacity are to be commemorated by English talent, and the city to be adorned with a work of art at the expense of the citizens.

No sooner was the statue decidedly entrusted to Sir F. Chantrey than the friends of Mr. Wyatt got up another subscription for the erection of a Wellington testimonial at the west end of the town. That the real object of this undertaking was the employment of the sculptor has been made clear in the course of the proceedings; and, if such a purpose had been avowed instead of disclaimed, who could have blamed the patrons of art? But patriotism, and taste, and all the virtues were assumed as the motive, and a large sum of money was subscribed, a committee formed, who met, discussed, arranged, and at length settled that the statue should be mounted first on a horse, and then horse and all on the archway opposite to Apsley House, and leading into the Green Park, and that Mr. Wyatt should be employed to execute it. Now, as on all such occasions, a great number of noblemen and gentlemen who had consented to be of the committee had carefully abstained from taking any share in its labours, or encountering any part of its responsibilities; and these honourable men, who ought to have guarded the public against what looked not unlike a job, although we are far from accusing the committee of any such intention, and what would certainly have given us, as the Wellington at the west end, something not un-

like the King of Cockspur Street, now came forward, and accused the committee of partiality, and of hurry, and of holding meetings without notice, and of various high crimes and misdemeanors, which were all resolvable into their own neglect of a duty which they ought either to have declined or discharged. Whether we are to have a Wyatt Wellington, or whether the malecontents of the committee will have spirit enough to reverse its decrees, remains to be seen; but we believe, however painful, and perhaps unfair, to the selected artist, the monument will be transferred to other hands, but not, we hope, into those of Sir F. Chantrey. If one George III. is enough for Mr. Wyatt, let one Wellington satisfy Sir Francis: there are able men behind.

Warned, however, by this alleged intrigue, and shocked, at least, by the reproaches hurled at the Wellington committee, the gentlemen selected by the subscribers to the Nelson memorial resolved on a public competition, which took place last March. The gallery of Mr. Rainy, in Regent Street, was accepted by the committee for the exhibition of models and drawings, and many artists and amateurs competed for the prize. Architects and sculptors were alike encouraged to try their talent; and the exhibition was expected to afford a fair view of the amount of ability in these arts as they existed in this country. And it was fair to suppose so. Than Nelson never was a hero so heartily beloved, never was a country more proud of a son, never were actions more capable of artistic illustration, nor a character more inspiring of lofty sentiment and high feeling than his. He was himself a genius with whom genius was likely to sympathise, in the astonishing boldness of conception, and in the rapidity and dash of execution. He scorned all pettiness of detail, all trifling quibbles of the schools; he was content to trust to the dictates of his own original mind, and won his battles, not according to rule, but by the force of genius; and it might be expected that the artist who would commemorate his actions would catch a spark of his fire; and, scorning the pedantry of precedent, unfettered by rule, and excited to greatness by the contemplation of greatness, would have produced something at once surprising and appropriate, something new yet recognised, daring but allowed, grand yet intelligible, bold, significant, expressive, and commanding admiration rather than soliciting approval. Was any thing of this kind exhibited? Nothing approaching to it. But in its place every variety of eccentric device, every extravagance of bewildered imagination on the one side, and on the other every form of the cold and tame. Among the multitude of designs, few indeed were fitted to be the monument of any thing but the dulness of him who had conceived it. We will not waste words on the rocks from which flowed fountains, and on which sat tritons in the most amiable confusion, with the most inexplicable purpose; nor with the confectionary or pastry models of mock Egyptian and ungenial Greek temples; nor with the monstrous light-houses, nor the more absurd fountains, which decorated the rooms. The committee divided the designs into the column, the obelisk, and the pile, in which architecture and sculpture were combined, and selected from each class a specimen for the first, second, and third prize,—but not one for execution. The column was of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a statue: it was the design of Mr. Railton, and, although no way remarkable, was correct and pleasing as a column — a column *apropos* to what? certainly not to Nelson. The obelisk was the design of Mr. Bailey, and, had the competition proceeded, would have probably carried away the majority of suffrages. It was an Egyptian obelisk of granite, surrounded at the base with allegorical figures in bronze, — among them a lion, a Britannia, a Nelson, and a number of sea-gods and goddesses "swimming," as somebody

said, "round the world for sport," but meant, according to the artist, to signify that Nelson's victories were as extensive as the element on which they were gained, which, if they did express, their significance was as simply complex as Lord Burleigh's nod. The architectural composition was the design of Messrs. Fowler and Sevier, and was finished with remarkable beauty for a model, but was distinctly wanting in all the characteristic features of a monument to naval glory. Mr. Rennie, Mr. Coffee, Mr. R. Westmacott, and some others, appear to have approached more nearly the simple and severe standard which might be expected to guide this work: they all agree in a sculptured pedestal, columnar or pyramidal, surmounted by a statue. The pervading thought in these designs was certainly the true one; and he who succeeds best in embodying it will probably be the selected artist. But to accomplish this design great power and judgment are required; and perhaps the public would be unwilling to receive the grave and true for the frivolous and showy. But to return to the history. The committee had announced this selection, and the day was fixed for their final determination. In the meanwhile the press had spoken, the committee had consulted all who were likely to know any thing of the matter, and they resolved to re-open the competition, a resolution which does them the greatest credit, and which, we believe, the public owes to the Duke of Wellington and Sir Ridley (now Lord) Colborne. Sir Hussey Vivyan had taken under his patronage Lieut. Siborn, and had resolved to move the committee to decide on a temple which should contain the model of Waterloo, now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, and a model of the battle of Trafalgar on a similar scale. From what we have seen and heard of the models in preparation, we have no doubt that the approaching competition will do more honour to English art; but we have no very high hopes of seeing such a tribute to Nelson as will at once satisfy the critic and the public — the true test of fitness in the design and of ability in the artist; but when we look abroad at the monuments of the Continent, ancient and modern, we do not see the design which we should desire to see naturalised for the Nelson monument. Here is a difficulty not carefully considered by the critics. The monument should be one to the glory of England's navy; it should record by intelligible figures the localities of those victories, and the means by which they were gained, and the ideal of the men who won them; and Nelson should be the climax, — the point to which all should tend, — the grand feature, the aim, object, the soul of the composition.

We have endeavoured to show that at one period English sculpture had attained an eminence from which all but the summit of perfection was in sight. We have attempted to explain the causes that interrupted its progress. If we are right, the greatest evil of the interruption is over, and the stream of art again flows easily on. The advantages we possess in the splendid relics of ancient art, to direct its progress, cannot be calculated. As yet they have not produced their natural effect; but the advance of art is slow, and more especially is this true of sculpture. The country must acquire a taste for the beautiful, and a knowledge of its own treasures, before the artist can be stimulated to the necessary exertion. Money is no due reward, nor ordinary fame a sufficient stimulant to greatness. To be praised by those who know is the artist's aim; and, until a whole people are educated to an understanding of art, the applause of that people will fail in its effect. We have all to do, but we have the means of accomplishing all; and we hope the Nelson monument will mark the commencement of a new era in English art — the era of the great and the original; and the final period of the tame, the feeble, and the imitative, which, from the time of William Austin to that of John Flaxman, have been the characteristics of sculpture in England.

THE EXPEDIENCY OF A RURAL POLICE.

First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best Means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales. London: C. Knight & Co. 1839. 8vo. pp. 416.

> "An vigilare metu exanimem, noctesque diesque
> Formidare malos fures, incendia, servos,
> Ne te compilent fugientes; hoc juvat?" HOR.

No little sensation has been created throughout the country, from the very extensive circulation of an Abstract of the First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in the counties of England and Wales. As the subject has been much canvassed at quarter-sessions, and other public meetings of the magistrates throughout the country, we feel induced to draw their attention still further to a subject calculated to prove so immediately important to them individually and collectively, and to excite in no ordinary degree the attention of the whole community.

Previously to entering upon the minutiæ of the leading propositions in their Report, we would offer a few observations on the general expediency of the object to which that Report is directed, inasmuch as some are inclined to doubt the necessity of any further security for their property and persons, having hitherto escaped from those depredations and outrages which the present project is intended to remedy.

In order to prove the utility of this intended change in the method of advancing the peace of the country, it must be shown that the advantages to be reaped from its adoption will exceed the expenses attending the outlay for its proper maintenance. This has already been demonstrated in a most satisfactory manner by the admirable working of the metropolitan police force, both as to the security of person and protection of property at a most economical rate. It may be retorted that the metropolitan police force can be no criterion whereby to ascertain the advantages of a similar institution in the country, the latter having none of the wretchedness and vicious characters wherewith the metropolis so greatly abounds; but any one at all acquainted with the character of the rural population, even in those districts where manufactories do not greatly abound, will feel at once the futility of any such objection; and were it really the case, that our agricultural population in its present state required no protection, still, when the larger towns are furnished with a trained force on the same footing as that of the metropolis, the various descriptions of town-delinquents will be driven out into the country, and thus a police force will be rendered quite as necessary for the latter as it is for the former.

That which has been partially achieved, in particular portions of the country, with success, may surely be extended, with equal success, to the whole. The system has already been tried in several small towns, and found to be productive of the greatest benefits; so much so, that there can be little doubt but that those towns would much rather double the salaries of the police officers than be deprived of their services. On the line of the Great North of England Railway there are several whose inhabitants consider that they owe the peace and safety which they enjoy solely to the appointment of an active police officer in each. Moreover, it has been found that vagrants almost invariably avoid these towns in their routes. The principle upon which the commissioners ground their system — that of

centralisation — will render these officers of much greater service to the country, from their being each members of one great and uniform whole. Notices of crimes and misdemeanors, with full descriptions of the persons of the supposed depredators, can thus be readily transmitted throughout the kingdom, so as almost to preclude the possibility of an escape. These scanty observations show that here there is no expatiating on the field of imagination, that this is no new-fangled scheme wrought out from the region of conjecture, but one founded on that sure and infallible basis — well-established experience, followed up with the most cautious and mature deliberation.

It has been suggested that the project under consideration will infringe on the liberty of the subject, and be a curtailment of that political liberty and freedom which the people of England have so long enjoyed. Assuredly it would be but indiscreet, and very far from good policy on the part of any government in this our day, were it to put forth a measure which might reasonably be thought to encroach upon the sacredness of "freedom's glorious cause" in any shape. We think, however, no such presentiments need be entertained with regard to the one at present under consideration.

Our liberty is ever liable to be assailed by two great counteracting powers — those of government and individuals, and which have ever been a mutual check upon each other; the encroachments of the one having a direct tendency to restrain, in some degree, the power of the other. In broaching, therefore, any plan of reformation calculated to affect the polity of this country, it should be made manifest that the benefits to be gained on the one hand will supersede any objection which might suggest itself from the diminution of power or loss of liberty on the other. This general position can be fully established with reference to the present project; for, as far as the personal freedom of the subject is concerned, there is no question but that it will be materially protected and rendered much more secure than it has been hitherto: in comparison with which the imagined accumulation of power dwindles down to a mere shadow. Nay, would not despotism itself be preferable to an all-prevailing sense of insecurity?

But, at the same time, it cannot be expected that cultivated minds, and those who extend their views beyond their own personal and immediate protection, will rest satisfied until every semblance of an approach towards tyranny, every encroachment upon their rights and liberties, however minute, shall have vanished from the scheme. To clear away, to the satisfaction of every reader, the few doubts which might thus arise on the subject, would necessarily occupy a larger space in these pages than our present object would warrant; we shall, therefore, only observe, that he should put into the counter-scale the security which our personal freedom must derive from the project when carried into effect, and he will find it greatly to preponderate: further, that the power imagined to accrue to those in whom the appointment of a constabulary force shall reside would be found to be of little avail, were any insurrection to arise from the excitement of the public mind or otherwise; as each officer of the establishment would be no more led to forsake his own private opinion, interest, or bias, on account of his office, than any workman in a cotton factory would, under similar circumstances, succumb to the will of his employer. History furnishes many instances to bear out this assertion; but, even under the supposition that it is a false one, the power conferred, when the sketch of the Report has been gone through, will be shown to be of but comparatively little import.

The principle of centralisation — the leading feature in the system — has in some instances been rendered odious to the feelings of this country, from

the necessity of its connecting with government a subordinate body of men who would be likely to become domineering and arbitrary, and from its tendency to sow seeds germinating on the establishment of a despotic rule. In others, and those by far the most numerous, it has been hailed with almost universal approbation, and has conferred upon some of the institutions of this country benefits which need only to be slightly glanced at to be highly appreciated by every one. That which appears to approach nearest in its internal formation to the proposed force is the excise-office. What confusion, disorder, and irregularity would have existed had the body of men forming this establishment been hitherto acting under no general rules, and had they been apportioned throughout the country at random, and without regard to the different grades of officers which at present exist! One portion of the body would be acting under a more salutary scale of regulations than another, without any means of conveying the improved method to its adjacent district; whilst, having no immediate superiors to watch over and direct their movements, the greatest overbearance would be practised through pique, and the utmost latitude be given to delinquents through partiality or favour. These are only a very few of the consequences which would ensue from the absence of this principle, and which would be equally applicable to some other of our comprehensive systems of management, as, for instance, the present administration of the poor-laws, that admirable piece of machinery — the post-office, our courts of justice, the stamp-office, custom-house, &c. It is not within the province of this paper to indulge in any lengthened emcomium on the grand outlines of these really admirable institutions, and we will therefore conclude this portion of the argument by recommending those who take any interest in the measure of a rural police to give them their most serious attention.

The question as to whether the present constables are sufficient for the conservation of the peace may be easily disposed of. Generally speaking, they are wholly inadequate and unfit for that purpose; and, ignorant and inert, neither know nor seek to know in what their actual duty consists. Indeed, this can hardly be a matter of surprise, when we consider that, in many instances, the office is only temporary, and that there is no inducement, by way of emolument or otherwise, to excite their activity. They are often induced by local connections and prejudices to excuse offenders, or to exercise oppression towards those of their neighbours who are the objects of their enmity, but more especially towards the poorer classes, who have frequently no means of redress. Some refuse to render any assistance unless remunerated for their services, whilst others, through timidity or fear, allege a multiplicity of excuses in the shape of illness, important business, and the like. Then the appointment is frequently conferred upon those who are incapable of great activity, from being far advanced in years; and it is well known that not only are they in many instances extremely difficult of access, but that in some townships an appointment never takes place. The office, again, is avoided as much as possible by farmers, and the more industrious class of labourers; consequently it falls the more frequently on the idle and dissipated.

Blackstone thus speaks of them: — "They are armed with very large powers of arresting and imprisoning, of breaking open houses, and the like, of the extent of which powers, considering what manner of men are for the most part put into those offices, it is, perhaps, very well that they are generally kept in ignorance." The powers are certainly great, but not too great for the very nature of the office, unless when placed in hands where it is likely to be perverted; but

"Where ignorance is bliss
'T is folly to be wise"

ought not be applicable to any public officer who has certain and definite duties to perform.

The maleadministration of parochial justice has long been considered a crying evil against the good government of this country; and, should this measure meet with the sanction of the legislature, it will only be one step towards the formation of what has ever been a great and manifold desideratum, viz., a well-organised local or parochial government. The principle of governing by small communities, as tending towards the formation of a healthy sound government, though out of place here, is well worthy of the serious consideration of the legislature, and would be productive of the most incalculable advantages to this country.

We will now proceed to give the chief recommendation from the first report of the commissioners, and comment shortly upon the several clauses in their order.

It is proposed

"I. That, as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised in the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new metropolitan police force."

With regard to this regulation — the superiority of the management of the metropolitan force being generally admitted — few objections can reasonably be made, beyond the fact, that the exchange of intercourse which subsists between the superintendent, district-superintendent, inspectors, and serjeants of the metropolitan police, cannot be made so immediately available to that for the country. The distance which must necessarily separate them from each other will prevent that ready communication between the different grades of the officers of the establishment which tends so much to the well-ordering of the corps, and to the maintenance of that unanimity so indispensable to their efficient formation. This, however, appears to be rather a concomitant evil than an objection.

"II. That for this purpose on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county."

Here there is no power vested in the magistracy. They are merely to inquire into the inefficiency of the present conservators of the peace and report thereon; the commissioners undertaking to prescribe the number and condition of the officers to be appointed. It has been recommended that the appointment of the officers should be with the guardians of the poor-law unions, as opposed to the commissioners and the magistracy. This would seem at the outset a very plausible and apparently popular plan, as tending to give greater and more general satisfaction; but it will ultimately be found, what indeed is generally admitted, that the lower orders are by far more jealous of those persons who are equal with, or only a remove above themselves, than they are of their more elevated superiors. The guardians, we are persuaded, have already a *quantum sufficit* of business upon their hands, independent of this perfectly extraneous duty; indeed it appears to be totally incompatible with their office, and certainly inconsistent with their other duties. They would frequently be led to confer the appointment upon men whose capacities for the office would be lost sight of in the

wish to gratify some personal feelings, or to provide a means of subsistence for those who have no other possibility of gaining a livelihood. Would it not be objectionable, also, on account of the probability of their appointing such men merely as were resident within the limits of the union, in the stead of — what is certainly a desideratum — perfect strangers to the office? Of course this last would apply with almost equal force to the appointment being with the magistrates, as limiting it to those persons within their district jurisdiction.

It appears, therefore, to be the safest and best method that the appointment and ordering of the intended force should be entirely under the control of the commissioners, magistrates, and superintendents of the police; they being also far more conversant with criminal matters than the guardians of a poor-law union.

"III. The force should be paid one fourth from the consolidated fund, and three fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole country."

This clause has probably been more canvassed than any one in the list, inasmuch as it is that which comes nearest to the pocket. The suggestion which stands opposed to it is that the three fourths of the expense should be raised by a rate made in the particular districts where the services of the force are deemed requisite; and not that each district should be compelled to contribute indiscriminately, and towards the protection of other property than that within its own limits. That would be considered a harsh and unjustifiable enactment which should compel a peaceable and thinly populated district to contribute towards the protection of a manufacturing and more thickly populated portion of the county, where crime is continually committed, and where wretchedness and vice abound. Many of the associations which have been formed for promoting the apprehension and prosecution of felons average two or three prosecutions each during the quarter; whilst others, equally alive to the offences cognisable within their district, scarcely average that number in as many years. Nor is there so much disparity between the populations of each in point of numbers as to account for this variation in the amount of crime committed. What reason, then, can be assigned why the latter should partially defray the expenses of the former? Certainly, as the proportion for each district would vary in accordance with the force required, the preference appears to be in favour of a rateable district contribution to that of a whole county, where the rate would be equalised throughout.

"IV. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed."

Here again has the objection most ridiculously been urged — the placing too much power with the magistracy; and it has been the cause of no little umbrage to many who are jealous of the power already in the possession of that body; but those who are aware of the benefits derived to the country from their gratuitous exertions, and of their proper application of the power they possess, will not consider the present clause as one calculated to augment that power one iota. Nay, will it not rather be an addition to their already arduous duties? Were any other body of men of equal authority appointed to superintend the proceedings and receive the reports of the force, in lieu of the magistrates, the requisite salaries for such appointments would suggest a much greater objection than that which arises from the fear of granting too much power by the present arrangement.

By a recent act* of the legislature, the magistrates, in cases of emergency — the very period when the fear arises of the power vested in them being perverted — are empowered to swear in all persons who are willing to act as special constables, in order to quell any violent proceedings which they have reason to think to be in contemplation. How, then, can the present measure in any way accelerate their power, when they have thus at command an unlimited number of assistants? Did the legislature grant them this power without sufficient deliberation? Did the country ever apprehend any danger from it? No: the magistrates have ever possessed the confidence of the country in all matters of a criminal nature, and there is scarcely an instance on record to show that it has been misplaced.

The practicability of the police officers laying their reports before the magistrates at petty sessions has already been sufficiently put to the test, in those districts where a police officer has been appointed; and it has been found to answer every expectation.

"V. That the superintendents should be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions; and that the serjeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions."

It may be a matter of surprise to some why the appointment of the intended force should rest with the commissioners of police, whilst their dismissal, as we see by the present clause, is within the power of the magistrates. The intention would appear to be to provide officers who can be exchanged from district to district at discretion, and who are perfect strangers to the people on the one hand, and, as they will be continually acting under the directions of the magistrates, to render them in some measure amenable to that body for their conduct on the other.

Again, as to the power conferred on the magistracy. The office of high constable has been held hitherto at the will of the magistrates assembled at quarter sessions, and yet we believe there is not a single instance on record to show that any of them have been dismissed, unless upon grounds perfectly justifiable. The office is one of great antiquity; and history does not furnish us with an instance of their being made the tools of any party, further than from what their own private interest or opinions suggested.

The superintendents of police will be upon the same footing, though standing in rather an altered relation to the magistrates, in consequence of their appointments not having been derived from that body. The power to be vested in the justices at petty sessions over the serjeants and constables will, for the same reason, be less than what they at present exercise over the petty constables; and as the former will, in all probability, in many instances, entirely supersede the necessity for the latter, this clause will eventually, instead of increasing, diminish their power in a much greater ratio than any other clause in the report is calculated to increase it.

"VI. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and if approved of by him shall be binding."

This is a most salutary provision, and likely to prevent much irregularity, as there are many local resources and advantages of which the commissioners

* 5 & 6 Will. 4. c. 43. enacts, "that in *all cases* where it should be made to appear to any two or more justices of the peace, &c., upon the oath of any credible witness, that any tumult, riot, or felony, *might be reasonably apprehended*, and such justices should be of opinion that the ordinary officers are not sufficient, they are authorised to nominate and appoint *so many as they should think fit and necessary* for the preservation of the public peace." It then extends the power for the appointment of special constables, given by 1 & 2 Will. 4. c. 41., viz. "that *all persons willing to act* as special constables shall be capable of being appointed and acting."

of police could not be aware, and which would, without this arrangement, have been entirely lost sight of.

"VII. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding."

Somewhat of the same local information, so readily to be obtained by the method recommended in the last clause, would, with all due deference to the commissioners, be to a certain extent advantageous for the present one; as the magistrates, from their accurate knowledge of the country, and their many years of experience, would be enabled to furnish numerous suggestions and advantages applicable to the present state of the different portions of a county where they for the most part reside. To be sure, it must be admitted, that the superintendents, when appointed, will readily acquire a competent knowledge of the different localities in the districts over which their jurisdiction may extend; but why not at once obtain that really practical information which may be had so readily?

"The trained force which we propose is of little more than one constable to 2000 inhabitants."

About the proper medium, were a uniform number requisite throughout the country, and each district requiring a similar state of protection; but, as this is far from being the case, would it not be very desirable that information should be obtained of the relative position of the inhabitants in each district, many of whom in the agricultural counties are so widely disseminated, that in some cases it might be doubtful whether an officer to 1000 would be deemed adequate? And these districts, be it remembered, are amongst those where the attendance of the police is extremely requisite, being infested by those travelling depredators who are by far the most obnoxious to the farmer. For here they can resort in perfect quietness, and free from molestation, at the same time extending their ravages to the adjacent and more thickly populated districts, without danger of detection.

Here we have the limits of the power to arise from the appointment of the officers — 1 to 2000, or, as suggested in a few remote instances, 1 to 1000. This really insignificant proposition, when coupled with the improbability of its being swayed during the time of any civil commotion by the will of the few, affords very strong grounds in favour of the before-mentioned supposition, that the liberty of the subject will be but little disturbed by the intended organised force.

Some difference of opinion has been expressed, as to whether it would be requisite to extend the force over those portions of the country which are purely of an agricultural nature, it being thought an injustice to entail a considerable burden, in the way of expense, on the small farmers, who will have no proportionate return. This has already been almost entirely dissipated at the outset of these remarks; but, in order somewhat further to elucidate this trivial objection, we would offer a slight sketch of the most reprehensible characters and objects common to an agricultural population, and which may prove worthy of the attention of a superintendent to be appointed for the more northern agricultural counties of England.

The most prominent are those marauding hordes who, being furnished with horses and carts, have opportunities of plundering with impunity, and facilities of escape denied to the mere strolling beggar. Journeying from market to market with covered carts, they plunder whenever an opportunity occurs; and, having a ready concealment at hand, set detection at

defiance.* Some, by affecting an outward pretension to merchandise, lull suspicion to rest; whilst others, of a bolder front, disdain to have recourse to any such artifice, and openly travel through the country with no apparent object in view.

Travelling colliers, as they are termed, are also a continual prey upon the farmer, and in the very worst manner, turning a whole drove of asses and mules during the night into the best pasture they can meet with. Well may the farmer complain of the failure of his crops!

There exists another set of pilferers, the extent of whose schemes and devices for plunder is confined to a most praiseworthy and valuable class in an agricultural district — the unwary and open-hearted farmer of limited means. At the neighbouring market or fair, these swindlers, having a prepossessing exterior, impose upon the honest simplicity of the farmer by assuming an air of kindness and generosity, and which seldom fails of ensnaring those whom they have singled out for their prey.

Those autumnal visitors who reap a portion of the fruits of the harvest under the mask of a display of horsemanship — a distant grade from Astley's — are highly to be reprobated, inveigling, as they do, the lower orders into a trumpery lottery, the highest prize of which invariably goes to the party with whom the itinerants lodge, as a set-off against bed and board. Thus do they elicit from the poor reaper the hard earned wages which his industry may have procured him, and at the only period when he has an opportunity of adding to his little store, in order to provide against the inclemency of the winter season. Surely some method might be devised by the legislature whereby to arm the magistrates and police with sufficient power to suppress such pests of society as these.

Lastly, in the small country towns and villages, there are abandoned characters who obtain a livelihood by harbouring during the night all the characters above described, as well as every wandering beggar. We have known from twenty to thirty turn out in a morning from one of these wretched hovels. Here is a root which ought to be struck at, which the law does not reach, but which might gradually be removed by the adoption of the system we have been considering.

We might run on with numerous other classes of delinquents, some moving about over the whole kingdom, having London as a sort of centre or head quarters; others stationary in particular neighbourhoods; but the list would carry us beyond all reasonable limits. The above enumeration is confined to such as are not generally known, and which do not appear to have been brought under the notice of the commissioners. Turning to the report, we find various descriptions of vagrants described in detail, and upon the most authentic testimony.

The most prominent body of delinquents in the rural districts, are vagrants, who appear, say the commissioners, to consist of two classes: first, the habitual depredators, house-breakers, horse-stealers, and common thieves; secondly, the vagrants, properly so called, who seek alms as mendicants. The report gives extracts from the confessions of four depredators of the migratory class, and one mendicant, setting forth in detail their previous career of depredations, and the descriptions of their associates. As we have not room for a large portion of the evidence, we think it may be most interesting to the reader to give one of these stories entire. If it is not worked

* One of this description was convicted of sheep-stealing, at the last sessions for the north riding of the county of York, and transported for the term of fifteen years. He travelled with an open cart, but had a loose cover concealed under the seat to screen the animals he stole. This system he had carried on to a great extent throughout the last winter.

up so graphically, it is at least as instructive and characteristic as the history of Jonathan Wild or Oliver Twist. It consists of short condensed notes of the confessions of a young thief, confined in Cold Bath Fields prison.

"A twelvemonth ago he and P—— were together in Cold Bath Fields, where they planned a thieving journey to Kidderminster.

"They built a dog-cart, stole two dogs from Smithfield, bought hardware, brooms, &c. at a shop near Farringdon-street, to the amount of 17*s*. While they were purchasing the articles, two companions stole for them a dozen and half of hand-brooms from the door; they valued them at 5*s*., making, as four were concerned, 1*s*. 3*d*. each; — P—— and H—— paid them 2*s*. 6*d*. They also took with them twenty sixpences and ten shillings bad money, which they concealed in a large false bottom of the cart. Thus equipped, H—— with 5*s*., P—— with 15*s*. 6*d*., they started off about twelve at noon, in the winter or end of autumn. At Wandsworth they sold a mat for 1*s*. 4*d*. and a broom for 11*d*. They went on to Wimbledon and called at a public-house, where they had a pint of beer, for which they gave a bad sixpence. The landlady served them, and then went into the inner bar and continued serving. The boy H—— reached round and took four silver salt-spoons, which were on a shelf; he would have taken the salt-cellars, but was afraid they might soon be missed. They decamped, bought some bread and cheese, and hastened out of the town in about ten minutes after the robbery. At Kingston they went to a travellers' house and sold the spoons to their landlord, who gave them board and lodging for the night and next day, with 5*s*. for the bargain.

"They proceeded on their journey, and at about half-past ten a coach passed them on the road; a small trunk was fastened on behind the seat. P—— ran after the coach, climbed up, and cut it down. It contained a quantity of papers, and nothing else. They tore the papers into shreds, and, having destroyed the box, they hid the pieces. This box was subsequently advertised, and a reward of 50*l*. offered for the recovery.

"At the next town (the boy did not recollect the names of the places), about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston, they went to a public-house; it was market-day. H—— made cloth caps, and in the course of the evening he sold a dozen and a half, at 1*s*. 6*d*. each, to the countrymen in the tap-room. They stole a great coat which belonged to one of their customers, and hid it in the false bottom of their cart. There was a hue and cry for it; some suspected the boys, but the landlady said she could be answerable that the poor lads were innocent. Having proceeded next day on their route, they sold it to a passing countryman for 3*s*. H—— considers it to have been worth 7*s*.

"For three weeks they lived entirely on the produce of what they sold, and ultimately arrived at Kidderminster.

"They put up for a short time at a travellers' house. Houses of this kind are in every town, price 3*d*. or 4*d*. a-night; they have a common kitchen, where the trampers cook and live. (P—— confirmed this, and stated that the better sort pay 6*d*., and have the attendance of a girl to cook.)

"At every lodging-house on the road H—— met plenty of trampers, and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St. Giles's. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, and some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of good houses. They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3*s*. a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5*s*. and average 3*s*. 6*d*. per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside. (All this is confirmed by P——.)

"P—— having been employed at a carpet-manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H——. Every day these boys stole balls of twine and string from this place. They daily went there to take whatever they could lay their hands upon, and have brought out two and three dozen balls of a day in their great-coat pockets, finding a ready market for their plunder in the rag-shops. The first lot they sold was worth about 1*l*., and they got 10*s*. 6*d*. for it. They did not dispose of any stock-in-trade while in the town, but lived by plundering the manufactory and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.

"P—— and H—— were very punctual in attendance at the churches, where they always robbed. They took three watches — one was pawned for 15*s*., the other two for 1*l*. a-piece. P—— is very clever at 'easing a yokel of his watch.'

"They went to a fair about fifteen miles from Kidderminster, leaving their dogs and cart at a public-house about two miles from the scene. P——, who can play at 'prick in the garter,' soon got a mob, and soon found 'betters.' He allowed them to win nearly all the money he had, and then won it back with double interest. In the mean time H——, who never appeared to know P——, was very busy rifling the farmers' pockets of their money-bags. (He minutely described the bags as being to him a matter of great singularity.) He

took eight bags in a short time, but the richest of the eight contained only 15*s.*; he also took seven handkerchiefs. One of the party having lost a bet, applied to his pocket, but missed his purse; a row ensued, every one felt his pockets; the robbed and the swindled gave vent to their anger, and, having secured P——, took him to a pond and ducked him. H—— decamped when the storm was brewing, as he had all the bags and property about him. This occurred at about four in the afternoon, and at about nine P——, having concealed himself after his ducking, joined H—— at the public-house, and off they set in their vehicle.

"They left the neighbourhood and shaped their course for London. On their journey back they entered a gentleman's house, about half-past eight in the evening. It stood upon a hill, and was to let. They opened the kitchen-window, and rummaged all over the house for about an hour, taking away a great-coat, some glass decanters, and a hearth-rug. On arriving at the next town, which was about ten miles off (and they travelled in the night after this robbery), they told the landlord they had something to sell. His wife went out and returned shortly after with a man, who bought the lot for 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*; but H—— remarked, 'The fellow swindled us, for the decanters were worth all the money, but we were glad to get rid of them at any price.' At some distance from this town they came near a large village, and saw several persons coming towards them, when P—— put down the table for the 'garter story.' H—— began betting, and the people, when they came up, stopped to see the fun. Shortly they began to play, and H—— began to thieve; at length they became exasperated at their losses to P——; H—— had retreated, and, having packed away the property in the dog-cart, was moving off, when the storm broke out, and P—— again got into a scrape. He was severely thumped and beaten; H—— was accused of being an accomplice, and they were both locked up in the cage till next day, when the magistrates acquitted them, remarking that P——, if guilty, had received punishment enough, and as for H——, there was no charge against him. It remained a mystery amongst them what had become of the stolen property, for neither boy had been out of their sight, and yet nothing was found either on them or in the cart. They never suspected the false bottom.

"About thirty miles they stopped a night at a public-house, and became friendly with some soldiers who were billeted at the house, being on a march with their regiment. While the soldiers were telling their adventures, the boys stole 2*l.* from them. The next morning the alarm was given, and P—— was again the scape-goat. H—— fled, and hid the purses here and there about the stable-grounds as quickly as possible; some he threw down the privy, and they were found by one of the soldiers. The landlady in this instance took part with the boys; and, as no other person had been in the company, the soldiers, though there was no proof, had no alternative but to suspect the boys, or one of their own comrades: however, the boys got clear off.

"At a short distance (that is, about twenty miles) from London, they stopped at a gentleman's house to hawk some things, and, while the servant went upstairs with some hearth-brooms, P—— slipped into the parlour and brought out a watch and a silver egg-stand. The servant bought about 5*s.* worth of things on her return, and they made the best of their way from the premises. In five days after they were in London, having added to their plunder from the gentleman's house a pair of silver salt-cellars, which they stole from a public-house where they slept. This plunder they brought to London. The silver was sold for 3*s.* 6*d.* the ounce; the watch for 15*l.*"— *Report*, p. 43. et seq. 8th edit.

The following classification of these predatory vagrants taken from the confession of an experienced vagrant, may be found not only very curious and amusing, but extremely useful. The man alluded to described the various classes as follows:—

"1st. Men who go about the country almost naked, begging clothes or food. They get about 3*s.* a-day. They have good clothes at their lodging-house, and travel in them from town to town, if there are not many houses in the way. Before they enter the town, they take them off, as well as their shoes and stockings, put on their Guernsey jackets, send the bundle and the woman forward to the lodging-house, and commence begging at the first house they come to. Knows a man who was recently clad from head to foot in new clothes at a shop in Billericay, by the son of the rector in a neighbouring village, all of which clothes, including hat, shoes, and stockings, he sold about half an hour afterwards, by auction, in the tap-room of a low public-house, to his companions, and they all got drunk together with the proceeds. These fellows always sell a gift of clothes.

"2d. Men who are ring-droppers. Travelling tinkers make sham gold rings out of old brass buttons. H—— D—— is a noted fellowat this work; his wife and mother go with him and drop the rings. They live in St. Giles's, and travel for a month or two. They sometimes make 20*s.* or 25*s.* a-day.

"3d. Fellows who go round to different houses, stating their master's stock of rags has been burnt, or that a sudden supply is wanted, and that they are sent forward to collect them. The rags are called for, and one fellow marches off with the bundle, leaving one or

more talking with the housewife, who is gravely cavilling about the price, and as gravely informed that the master is coming round, and they leave some private mark on the door-post, which they say is the sign to indicate to him the quantity and quality taken, and the amount to pay; so they walk off, and 'never tip her any thing.' The rags are carried to the keeper of a rag-shop, who gives quires of paper in exchange, which they carry round to small villages, and sell to small shopkeepers, or at farm-houses. All rag-shops 'stand fence for anything,' and buy any stolen property, or metal, from iron hoops to gold rings.

"4th. A set of fellows who go about in decent apparel, leaving small printed handbills at cottages and farm-houses, wherein are set forth the wonderful cures of all sorts of ailments effected by medicine which they sell. The following day these bills are called for, and the credulous people buy small phials of this nostrum, at various prices, from ten shillings to sixpence, according to the tact of the beggar and the folly of the party. The mixture is only a decoction of any herb or rubbish that may be at hand. He (B——) was told by one of this class that he had just sold a bottle of 'stuff' to a poor woman who lived in a cottage on Warley Common, Essex, and who had been long ailing. She gave ten shillings for it, and it was only salt and water, some tea, and coloured green with nettle tops. These fellows obtain more money than any other class of impostors, sometimes as much as 2*l.* a-week, and they seldom go to London.

"5th. Men who travel about the country in shabby-genteel attire, stating that they had been well off formerly, but are reduced by recent misfortune. Some are burnt-out farmers or shopkeepers; some first-class workmen out of work, owing to the bankruptcy of their employers; some captains, who have just lost their ships upon the coast. This story is always used after a heavy gale of wind. Some carry begging-letters, which are written for them, price 1*s.* This is very profitable, if well managed. The 'Lady Bountifuls' are great supporters of these fellows.

"6th. Fortune-tellers. Many women, when tramping with the men, dress themselves like gipsies, and contrive to get a tolerable daily booty, at least 3*s.* or 4*s.* a-day.

"7th. Trampers who have nothing to sell, but manage to live merely by begging.

"8th. Thieves—'prigs'—generally go in couples; walk into a country shop, where there is an old woman and a candle; buy something, drop a sixpence; get the old lady to bring the candle round to look for it, while the other fellow is filling his pockets with whatever he can lay his hands upon.

"9th. Match-sellers. 10th. Ballad-singers.

"11th. Fellows who boil up fat and a little soap over night, run it out in a cloth, and next morning cut it up like cakes of Windsor soap. It's all bad, but they drive a good trade.

"12th. Fellows who go from house to house stating that they live in some neighbouring town, and ask for "umbrellas to mend." An active fellow in this line will make a clean sweep of all the umbrellas in a village before dinner. These umbrellas are produced in the London market on wet days and dusky evenings.

"13th. A Jew seldom thieves, but is worse than a thief; he encourages others to thieve. In every town there is a Jew, either resident or tramping; sure to be a Jew within forty-eight hours in the town, somehow or other. If a robbery is effected, the property is hid till a Jew is found, and a bargain is then made."* — *Report*, p. 61. et seq. 8th edit.

* Notwithstanding the attention that has been devoted during the last thirty or forty years in this country to that important branch of legislation, the suppression of offences against property, it does not appear that we are at this moment much in advance of our ancestors. Sir John Fielding published a very curious work about the middle of the last century, in reference to the penal laws of the metropolis, in which he described very circumstantially the various kinds of thefts and cheats to which the unwary public were then exposed, and by which, it would seem, that vagrancy and delinquency in that day presented pretty nearly the same characteristics they exhibit now. The work to which we allude was partly compiled from the manuscripts of Sir John Fielding's brother, the celebrated Henry Fielding, who had investigated the whole subject with that acuteness which in another form he brought to bear so successfully upon the habits and manners of society. One section of the volume, entitled "Cautions to Shopkeepers and Tradesmen in general," contains an account of the different classes of petty rogues that then infested the metropolis and other places; and one or two extracts from it will show that the whole system has undergone scarcely any perceptible modification. We fancy we can trace the hand of Henry Fielding in the following sketch of the ring-droppers: —

"The next class are those who find a paper full of gold rings, which they take care to pick up in the sight of a proper object, whose opinion they ask. This set appear very mean, which gives them an opportunity of saying they had rather found a good piece of bread and cheese, for that he had not broke his fast for a whole day; then wishes the gentleman would give him something for them, that he might buy himself a pair of shoes, a coat, &c. The cull immediately bites, and thinking to make a cheap purchase of an ignorant fellow, gives him 20*s.* for four or five brass rings washed over. Or, what is more frequent, and yet more successful, is the picking up of a shilling or a half-crown before the face of a countryman, whose opinion of it is immediately asked, whether it be silver or not, and he is invited to share the finder's good luck in a glass of wine or a pot of

The following passage will give an idea of the character of the depredators who are resident in and infest particular neighbourhoods. The answers from the city of Lincoln state, that

"'It would be difficult to give their numbers with any thing like accuracy. They are principally poachers, who make no disguise of their vocation, but proceed on their excurs ons, with their snap dogs at their heels, in the afternoon, before dark, and bring home their game in the light of the morning.'

"It is stated that in the borough of Ludlow there are many such characters: —

"'Perhaps forty in number, idle and drunk, who each keep a dog: no visible means of obtaining a livelihood.'

"It is also stated that in the borough of Chesterfield —

"'There are many — the number cannot be stated: their habits are to prowl about the borough and immediate adjacent villages, under pretext of begging or seeking work, but whose real objects are to look at the premises where they call, to see what booty can be gained by plunder at night.'

"In answer to the inquiry as to the cause of the impunity of such characters, the authorities of the borough of Devizes answer —

"'To no other cause than that they follow these practices in the adjacent country, and in places beyond the observation of the constables on their parade duty.'

"A communication from the borough of Maidstone sets forth that there are —

"'Many bad characters living in the town, who support themselves by committing depredations in the neighbouring villages. An effective rural police would put an end to such a practice, and the characters in question would then be soon reduced to the necessity of either leaving the town or maintaining themselves by work.'" — *Report*, p. 25. 8th edit.

There is no redress against these grievances to be had at the hands of the constables. Sometimes, as in the case of a man who committed murder at midnight *, the constable refuses to get up from his bed, though repeatedly and urgently called upon. Sometimes, in case of beer-shop disturbances, or general riot, this functionary says, "Nay, I mun gang out at way for I 'm constable." † Sometimes, on being told that the body of a dead man has been found, he answers, "Yes, I saw him dead *there* three hours ago, but I have had trouble enough in finding one dead man: — I'll be —— if I ever find another." ‡

The following case also affords a striking exemplification of the total inefficiency of the present constabulary force: —

"Some time ago, at between three and four in the morning, a farmer on the Mendip Heights went into a field to attend his sheep, and after being a short time there, he perceived two men going into the field, and putting a halter on a horse's head, mounting it, and riding out on the high road. He immediately mounted his horse, and followed the men to a public-house, where he saw them stop. He rode as fast as he could to the public-house; the men were then in the act of drinking beer. He told the man at the public-

ale. The harmless countryman, pleased at such an invitation in a strange place, is carried to an alehouse, where the sharper's friends are waiting for him, and where betting or playing at cards is soon proposed, and the countryman most surely tricked out of all his money, watch, and every thing valuable he has about him."

He next describes a set of sharpers who hang about the inns, and intercept the porters who are sent with boxes and parcels, by first learning the address to which they are sent, and then meeting them on the steps of the house as if they were waiting for the goods. In order to give a greater appearance of truth to the business, the sharper, says Fielding, "abuses the porter for his delay, damns him, and tells him he was just coming for it, that he had a great mind to give him nothing; the porter asks pardon, the gambler pays him, and takes possession of the goods, with which he decamps the instant the porter's back is turned." We have also, in this curious work, a very full account of the class who contrive to take fine houses by stratagem, and even to get possession of estates, and run in debt with tradespeople, by assuming false names, and making a great display; a class which, in the present day, has lost nothing of its lustre. Others assume the calling of coal merchants, and in that character apply to some tradesmen to buy goods, telling him that he is out of cash, and that if he chooses, he will pay him in coals, with which he is overstocked; the tradesman approving, the sharper goes down to some wharf, and orders a chaldron or two of coals to be delivered at the tradesman's house for his use. This description of cheat Fielding designates as the gambler who attacks the understanding. But we have not room to illustrate these ancient rogueries any farther.

* § 46. † Ibid. ‡ § 129.

house, who was a constable, that there were two suspicious people in his house, who had taken a horse out of 'Farmer So-and-so's field, and that he ought to detain them.' The man said, 'I cannot do it, I have something else to attend to; I have my brewing to attend to to-day; somebody else must do it.' The farmer remonstrated. He said he could not do any thing in it. The men left the house, and the farmer followed them to another public-house farther on. The excuse that the man made there was, that he had his cattle going to the fair, and that he could not give up his time; that he was not sufficiently encouraged, or something of that sort. The farmer, determined not to lose sight of the men, mounted his horse again, and followed them, when they were detained at length by a police officer and another man." — *Eighth Report*, p. 197.

In providing a remedy for these great and pressing evils, it appears to us that the great difficulty is to obtain the advantages of a trained and organised constabulary, that shall be available at whatever point it is most wanted at any particular time on any extraordinary emergency, and shall be in constant readiness to act at all points, at all times, on ordinary occasions, and at the same time not to lose the advantages, whatever they are, of the superintendence of the local authorities. The former is now rendered absolutely necessary by the facilities which civilisation, with its concomitants, has given to the thieves, of moving silently and rapidly from one part of the kingdom to another, however distant. The latter is absolutely necessary too; for the English people are jealous, and justly so, of any interference with their management of their own affairs. We say justly so; for from their ancient habits of managing their own affairs, that is their local affairs, have arisen many of the benefits they enjoy as a nation. The commissioners appear to us to have met the difficulty with great skill in the following recommendation. "On account of the acknowledged necessity," they say, "of obtaining men from a trained force, unconnected with the districts, and of changing them from time to time, as well as of reducing the numbers within any district, we propose that the appointment should be with the commissioners of police, and that the magistrates should be invested with the control of the appointment, by the dismissal of the constables, or the removal of the chief officers appointed." * The commissioners do not recommend the immediate, absolute, and general adoption of their proposed plan. They propose that the adoption of their plan should be gradual and voluntary. Gradual it must necessarily be in order to be efficient; for, as they remark, in the organisation of a rural or provincial constabulary force, time would be required for the arrangement of the force in the several divisions, for the selection of stations, and for the adaptation of attendances on the magistrates at the petty or quarter sessions, for providing the performance of such miscellaneous services as those we have described, and for other arrangements which involve much consideration of details. Voluntary it may be, and yet soon become very general, if not universal, throughout the country. They state, in the course of their report, that applications have been made from nearly every parish on the exterior of the boundary of the metropolitan police to be included within it. They think there is no reason to doubt the general and voluntary extension of this desire in favour of a force expressly organised to meet the wants and conveniences of the rural or provincial districts, aided by the contribution of a portion of the expense.

The following is a recapitulation of some of the chief conclusions set forth in the report: —

"I. Having, with a view to judge of the extent of any requisite remedy by means of a paid constabulary force, made a general investigation as well as to the state of crime as to the present state of the unpaid constabulary, we find in respect to the state of crime —

* § 280.

" 1. That the public information as to the number of crimes committed, inferred from the extent of crimes judicially pursued and punished, is widely erroneous. (§ 1, 2, 3, 4.)

" 2. That there is an average of upwards of 100,000 commitments annually to the gaols of the able-bodied population of England and Wales for criminal offences. (§ 12.)

" 3. That there are from 11,000 to 20,000 persons constantly in the criminal gaols, of which number a large proportion are persons known as living wholly by habitual depredation; and from inquiries made in a large number of the individual cases of prisoners confined for thefts in these gaols, we find that on the average such prisoners in the rural districts, where there is no trained constabulary, have been at large living by depredation during average periods upwards of five years; and that the criminal prisoners in the gaols in the towns, where there is a paid and trained force, have not been able to pursue their depredations more than half that time. But that nevertheless, in either districts, prisoners are liberated with the prospect and the temptation of a career of unknown but long duration for the future, before permanent removal by process of law or by natural causes. (§ 10, 11.)

" 4. That with relation to the particular crimes committed by such habitual depredators, no information is possessed by the unpaid constables. (§ 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.)

" 5. That it results from a special investigation of the habits of the classes of habitual depredators; that a large proportion of them are migratory; that they migrate from town to town, and from the towns where they harbour, and where there are distinct houses maintained for their accommodation (§ 35, 36, 37, 38, 39), they issue forth and commit depredations upon the surrounding rural districts, the metropolis being the chief centre from which they migrate; and that they harbour in provincial towns in proportion to their magnitude, and in proportion to the facilities for plunder, or to the absence of protection in the surrounding districts. (19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 20, 31, 32, 33, 34.)

" 6. That, judging from particular cases in which we have made inquiries, a large proportion, if not always the majority, of prisoners in the county gaols, for offences committed within the rural districts, are persons who have migrated from the towns to the rural districts. (§ 24.)

" 7. That from the impunity enjoyed by the classes of depredators, migrant or resident, property is rendered insecure; in some places so much so on the part of the labouring classes as greatly to impair the value of property to them, and their motives to industry and frugality. (§ 31. 43.)

" 8. That in the rural districts agricultural produce is subjected to extensive depredation, which often interferes with the most advantageous course of production. (§ 41, 42, 43. 146, 147, 148. 207.)

" 9. That a large proportion of the highways are left without any protection whatsoever from any constabulary or other civil force. (§ 51.)

" 10. That on the highways of a large part of the country commercial travellers and strangers who travel singly, otherwise than by public conveyances, and carry money about them, abstain from travelling after dark, from fear of robbery and violence; and that farmers return from market in company, from the like fear, after dark. (§ 51. 207.)

" 11. That the products of commercial industry *in transitu* on the highways being almost entirely without protection from any civil force, are subject to extensive and systematic depredation. (§ 52, 53. 55, 56.)

" 12. That in the absence of due protection, property carried by sea in ships which are wrecked on those parts of the coast where shipwrecks occasionally or frequently occur, is subject to extensive habitual depredation, and life is endangered or lost under circumstances of barbarity disgraceful to a civilised nation. (§ 58, 59, 60, 61.)

" III. 1. That the free investment of capital and employment of labourers, and the progress of manufacturing industry are impeded and endangered, and combinations carried on by violent and unlawful means; that murder has been resorted to; and that threats of murder, and arson, and personal violence are resorted to by such combiners as means to effect their objects. (§ 66, 67. 71. 75, 76, 77, 78. 80, 81, 82, 83, 84. 86.)

" 2. That for the prevention of the disturbances peculiar to such districts, as well as for the prevention of the more ordinary breaches of the peace, amidst the new and increasing population, no other efficient force than a military force is provided. (§ 86. 88, 89, 90. 97. 130, 131.)

" 3. That such force is inadequate for the purpose of the prevention of disorders; and that from the reluctance which is felt in having recourse to it for the purpose of repression, it is rarely used until considerable evil has been occasioned.

" 6. That in consequence of the extensive dereliction of the constitutional principles of penal administration, self-protection is extensively resorted to by private individuals separately, as well as by individuals associating together for mutual protection. (§ 117, 118. 122, 123.)

" 7. That there are upwards of 500 private or voluntary associations for self-protection in different parts of the country, by the payment of rewards for the apprehension of felons and the expenses of their prosecution, independently of a large number of associations for self-protection by subscription for the maintenance of private watchmen, and of other

private associations for the removal of various evils, such as the suppression of vagrancy and mendicancy, which it is the business of the government to prevent or repress." (§ 118.) — *Eighth Report*, p. 343. et seq.

In conclusion, therefore, the commissioners propose: —

"I. That as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised on the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new Metropolitan Police force.

"II. That for this purpose on application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county.

"III. The force shall be paid one fourth from the Consolidated Fund and three fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole county.

"IV. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed.

"V. That the superintendents shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter sessions, and that the serjeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty sessions.

"VI. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and, if approved by him, shall be binding.

"VII. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding.

"§ 298. The principles embodied in our recommendations being based on extensive experience, we feel confident that, however they may for a time be impeded by adverse interests, those interests and the prejudices engendered by them will yield before the light of future experience, which will lead to the ultimate adoption of measures on the principles of those we propose. If one uniform and trained force be efficiently directed to the prevention or repression of crime, we cannot doubt of success.

"§ 299. We can find no solid grounds for the supposition often entertained, that a large amount of crime is a necessary evil incident to the present condition of society, and that the most ignorant and base of the community may defeat the exertions of a well-appointed agency instituted for the repression of their crimes.

"§ 300. The appointment of a proper force for the prevention or repression of crimes has sometimes been viewed with apprehension, on the supposition that such a force might be used to impair the political liberty of the subject.

"If we were to admit that a diminution, instead of an increase of the political liberty of the subject, were the probable consequence of the establishment of an efficient constabulary force, we should nevertheless be prepared to show that the evils we have found in existence in some districts, and the abject subjection of the population to fears which may be termed a state of slavery, which the objectors would endure from a groundless fear of the loss of liberty, form a condition much worse in all respects than any condition that could be imposed by any government that could exist in the present state of society in this country. We do not believe that in this country any government could possibly exist, which subjected the people to domiciliary attacks, and to have their houses broken open and plundered, and their lives endangered at night, or which caused a large proportion of the population to abstain from travelling singly after dark, for fear of being put in danger of their lives, and stripped of their property by armed men, — which allowed its agents to pillage or maltreat the unfortunate people wrecked on the coasts, or which generally inflicted such evils as are now inflicted by upwards of 40,000 thieves, robbers, or marauding hordes of various descriptions, against whom the honest in almost every part of the country have been driven to associate for self-defence. Neither do we see any motives which could induce any government in these times to impose political restraints so oppressive or so mischievous on any industrious community as we find imposed by illegal means on the manufacturing population of the city of Norwich and other parts of the kingdom; nor do we believe that by any form of the abuse of the powers of a government, it could use any such agency as secret committees have employed in the manufacturing districts to coerce the honest and industrious, but peaceable, to purposes injurious to them, by actual murder or the fear of life or maiming, or the threats of such fire and pillage as were displayed in the burning of the city of Bristol. — *Eighth Report*, p. 350. et seq.

RECENT POETRY.

The Deluge: a Drama, in Twelve Scenes. By JOHN EDMUND READE, Author of "Italy," &c. London: Saunders & Otley, 1839.

Fra Cipolla, and other Poems. By Sir JOHN HANMER, Bart. London: Moxon, 1839.

Prothanasia: and other Poems. By THOMAS WADE. London: Miller, 1839.

Songs and Poems: in Three Parts. By THOMAS TOD STODDART, Esq., Author of the "Death Wake," &c. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons, 1839.

"I NEED not tell you," said Mr. Milnes, in a speech at the Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund last month, upon the occasion of his health being proposed in connection with the Poets of England — "I need not tell you what Poetry is; you all know what it is as well as I could tell you. It is the grandest and the simplest of all forms of literature. Poetry is the highest tree in the forest, and the smallest flower." Parliament and politics have not yet spoiled Mr. Milnes; and, although we do not much relish this comparison of poetry with a tall tree and a small flower, because it brings with it odd associations of certain arborical and floral curiosities that occasionally glare upon us in places where neither trees nor flowers have any business to be found, still there is a pith of profound truth in the passage, which, making due allowances for the *tournure* of an after-dinner speech, cannot be too strongly commended to the private thoughts of the great multitude, who have a vague notion that poetry is a mystery.

Truly has Mr. Milnes said, that they know as much about it as he could tell them. He could do no more, at best, than interpret emotions that are common to all mankind. He might find language for the thoughts and feelings; but the thoughts and feelings were there, whether he put them into words, or let them lie in darkness like the uncrystallized carbon. The mountains, and the forests, and the waters, and all sights and sounds of created things, are full of poetry, from the remote stars sleeping in the pavilions of the clouds to the flowers in the depths of the invisible caverns of the sea; and all men understand this glorious poetry of nature in the degree of their individual sensibility, and according to the intensity of the circumstances by which that sensibility is influenced. To suppose that there is something in poetry which requires a philosophical or critical exposition, which is beyond or above the comprehension of the millions, something which cannot be felt until it is explained, is to mistake false enthusiasm for true — the pretence and finesse of Imitation for Art itself. Of a verity Poetry is as intelligible as light: if it be not intelligible, the defect is in the faculties of the poet, and not in the discernment of his audience.

Need we guard ourselves against being suspected of confounding Poetry and Metre — the Spirit and the Forms of Poetry? We believe the distinction is thoroughly understood by every body, if not in its strict elementary definitions, at least in its essential differences, and this is all that is wanted to keep poetry alive in the world as long as the world lasts. The various modes of poetry are adapted — as modes — to various classes of educated intelligence; and the epic, the lyric, the dramatic, and the pastoral, have each their fitting public. But whatever is good in them all — whatever has a relish of nature and of love in it — those little gleams of universal truth that grow up into household words and familiar types of every-day sensations, of practical experiences, and of the caprices that flit across the ima-

gination between dreams and realities — those incidental fractions of verse, which are by far the most profound parts of poetry, because they are the closest to our sympathies — these are understood by masses of men to whom the mechanism of measures is a sealed enigma. There is no truth more entirely true than this, that the final test of poetry is the recognition, by general suffrage, of its fidelity to the nature it reflects. The best poetry is the most popular — although popularity is sometimes, for different reasons, slow of progress, and sometimes transitory and capricious.

When people say they have "no taste for poetry," they really mean that they do not enjoy all kinds of verse they happen to meet; or that being sated and sickened by verbal processions and imagerial draperies, they do not care to go in search of poetry through similar tracks. Now it would help to increase the believers in the religion of poetry, if it could be shown to these self-doubters that they are all the time as much in love with it as their neighbours who make such an exhibition of their zeal, and such a fuss about the ceremonials of their faith. The people who do not read books of poetry, and who sincerely dislike such books (because they have never found any thing in those they have read to *touch* them), are nevertheless moved by a thousand influences that are essentially poetical, but of the existence or operations of which they have lived all their lives utterly unconscious! Are not these non-conductors of metrical lightnings sometimes fond of gardens, or of angling, or of racing, or of children, or of boating, or of long walks in the country, or of drawing, or of music, or of some one or some dozen other delights that fill up their spiritual being with exquisite sensations and escapes of happiness from the crush and turmoil of prosaic existence? Every one of these vents, out of which the spirit flutters into enjoyment, are entrances to the regions of poetry. The solitary angler who labours up a mountain stream, fishing, as a true angler ought to do, against the current, with the trees around him, and the clouds sailing overhead, and the low winds whispering in the reeds, and the multitudinous music of the birds and the waters occupying his ears with delicious murmurs, has that faculty of rapture in him which is the congenial recipient of poetry. The pleasure he feels is a pleasure he would be incapable of feeling had he no relish for poetry: the poetry enters his soul, subdues his turbulent passions, and spreads its religious calm over his whole nature. He is silent in the tangled solitude — he has no mind to break the stillness voiced with floating harmonies; and that tacit surrender of his spirit to the impressions of the scene is the effect of that very agency which he finds no communion with in books. Life is full of poetry — throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreement, its picturesque aspects, its mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, projects, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and wastes its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointments, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry; and, which is something more to the purpose, no man can help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from its enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night.

But poetry as an Art is not this poetry of which we have been speaking,

but a mighty agent to give it an intelligible shape,—to reduce it to harmonious outlines, and inform it with a universal language. This is the poetry of books, and whenever it is not as clear as the pellucid diamond it is naught. Now, for the ultimate end in view, it is perfectly immaterial whether this is done in prose or verse; but as the world has agreed that it is best done in verse, for the sake of the play of fancy which that form peculiarly admits of (a sort of game of romps of the imagination through bars and wickets), so it is ordinarily understood that poetry comes out upon us in this mode and fashion of versification. Verse once adopted, there is no end of its fantastic varieties — the modifications being, as all the world knows, innumerable throughout past ages; and, as all the world may reasonably conjecture, infinite in ages to come. Yet notwithstanding this inexhaustible capacity in the production of forms, it is in poetry as in architecture, music, and painting, — a few striking kinds or classes have become gradually supreme over the confusion of a multitude; and the assent of mankind seems to have recognized these, as containing within themselves all the Shapes of Verse that are essential to the expression of beauty, of power, thought, character, and the rest of the human and intellectual aims that are embraced by the Art throughout all its wide and diversified regions and influences.

The present period of time is said not to be poetical, and, no doubt, with truth in one sense. Steam and cast iron, and, above all, an active progress in the practical business of life, which at intervals shuts out the day dreams of the soul, have intercepted the frequent enjoyment, and still more the frequent production, of the higher kinds of poetry. But if we have less of the higher kinds, we have more of the central level of verse, between excellence and mediocrity (for there is nothing below mediocrity) — a sort of middle current, that runs on freshly and fluently; while the upper stream seems to flow languidly, like a wave hushed in the still meridian. This sort of mid-living poetry is not much esteemed, because it falls short of those great examples which are within every body's reach; and because men, when their judgments become educated in such lofty schools, often affect, in the very pride of their knowledge, to despise more than it deserves that which is confessedly inferior to the models with which they believe they possess a sort of exclusive acquaintance. But this is mere bigotry of the mind, and want of sympathy. It is not because the poems that come within the description to which we have referred are not equal to the elevation of the subjects they attempt that they do not contain a deep and healthy germ of feeling, out of which high aspirations and noble tendencies flower like sweet blossoms gushing into the air from a rich and warm soil; it is not that the poet does not feel and long for that far-off and unrevealed glory which he vainly struggles after, but that he wants the power to give force and vitality to his emotions. But we are, nevertheless, required to note the amount of incapable enthusiasm, if we must so call it, that is thus for ever labouring in vain — the zeal that eats in upon itself — the passion that is nourished by its own heart — the energy blind in the depths of its action, and bringing out no visible signs of its strength, but a thousand tokens of a lost strenuousness working against despair! These men are poets in their internal nature, in the mystery of their lives and toils, who, wanting the art to develope their desires, still struggle on in hope and demonstration. We would call old Christopher North to bear testimony to this, but that we are afraid he would break down in his evidence.

We have been carried away into this rhapsody by the volumes with the titles of which we opened. There are in them all traces of ardent tempe-

raments and fine spirits, and snatches of melody as exquisite as if they floated down to us from those invisible strings that vibrate in the gardens of the Paradise of the Houris. And there are also signal deficiencies — flat intervals to traverse before we arrive at the regions of music and perfume; the feeling of Design is not perfect in any of them, and the execution is incommensurate in grandeur with the scope of ambition they develope. But it is in the consideration of these defects that our sense of the liberal allowance to be awarded to the imperfect yearnings of the Poet softens the measure of criticism, and adapts it more genially and cordially to the true deserts that lie infolded even in these general blemishes. It is the easiest process imaginable to exhibit the beauties of poetry; and it is the rarest thing to find its failures attributed to their real source. The stunted capacity that gropes through the fillagree work of a structure, failing to recognize the harmony of particular parts, each composed of a multitude of small and elaborate features, or, which is still more important, the Oneness of the Whole, is exactly the sort of capacity that is cut out by nature to find fault. Oh! what sensibility there is in the critics who are perpetually showing us lame feet and broken stanzas; who luxuriate, with an air of enjoyment, over imperfect images and obscure phrases; and who, blind to the magnificent sweep of the procession, fasten their ferret eyes on some feather that has fallen awry, some dishevelled tress, or some accidental speck in the embroidery of a jerkin! These, also, are the critics who, to make compensation for the lack of warmth and deep feeling, pick out bits that have nothing remarkable in them, and extol them to the skies with a sort of spurious rapture; for, without the happy discernment that lights at once upon the beautiful and the true, they only acknowledge the necessity of saying something, now and then, in a grateful and flattering tone, calculating — we are afraid with too much reason — upon the acquiescence of the crowd, who are ignorant of the *art* of poetry, in the decisions of the oracle who is presumed to know all about it. But if this very crowd, instead of taking every thing for granted that is thus oracularly delivered, were to look in upon their own emotions, they would discover abundant justification for venturing to doubt the judgment that would thus fascinate and surprise them into admiration where it is not always regulated by just and accurate perceptions.

We do not propose to analyse or to criticise the poems which have beguiled us into this wandering maze of suggestions, but rather to show their quality, and initiate the reader into the pleasures they spread out before him. Mr. Reade, whose poem of the "Deluge" we place first, because it is the most ambitious in its plan and scope, is the author of other pieces; one of which, "Italy," we noticed some months ago in this publication. Of the "Italy" we spoke in terms of strong commendation; it was a fervid and glorious burst of imagination, filled with noble sentiments, and statuesque images. The "Deluge" belongs to a different class. In form it is dramatic, and its subject is derived from that dubious book of Enoch, which has engaged so much of the controversy of the learned, and which, amongst other strange things, reveals to us the affinities subsisting between the spiritual and the animal natures. The problem — whatever may become of it in the schools — is at all events a tempting basis for poetry, and has already been employed with success by two of our most distinguished modern poets. Mr. Reade's design possesses the great advantage of being exceedingly simple and distinct, and of embracing in the most intelligible forms the whole range of the subject. The action is limited to two days; the scene is on and immediately around Mount Hermon; and the chief personages

are the two angels, Israphil and Oraziel, the spirit lovers of two sisters, Ozoara and Astarte. The characters of the sisters are skilfully contrasted, Ozoara being self-willed, and possessed of indomitable mental energy; and Astarte, a struggling, gentle-hearted being, whose mighty devotion for Oraziel is troubled and agitated all through by an earthly and more natural passion for Irad. The events — or rather the progressive emotions and pangs — that arise out of these relations of the several actors, conduct us gradually to the awful catastrophe of the rising waters. The lovers assemble on the crest of the mount as the flood roars and lashes upwards; Irad in vain warns the beautiful and trembling Astarte — her heart is in her streaming eyes that implore her winged lover; the ark at last passes away, and hope is over; Ozoara, firm and resolved to the end, flings herself headlong into the abyss as Israphil is borne into the clouds; and Astarte, anticipating the fiat, dies before the bright presence, to whom she had surrendered up her soul, has vanished from her sight. The catastrophe is in strict keeping with the individuality of the characters, and the fate of the delicate Astarte is beautifully and judiciously opposed to that of her stern sister.

Turning back to the pages of the drama, let us open a few of the passages through which the main arteries of the design may be said to run. The early struggles of Astarte, before her heart was yet quite assured of its feelings, before she had yet quite abandoned her love for Irad, and while there was yet enough of mere human purity left to keep her in suspense between the spiritual influence and the earth-passion, are indicated with some power in the following portion of a dialogue with Irad.

> " *Irad.* Astarte!
> That name was a familiar sound; and now
> The very word that once was music sounds
> So strange that it doth startle! — look on me.
> Astarte! we were reared together; we
> Were pledged to each upon the gates of life:
> We grew together; I, the stronger plant,
> And thou, the hidden violet: how I loved thee!
> Turning away from Enoch's haughtier maids,
> To dwell on thy retiring beauty. Thou —
> Yes — thou didst love me then: oh! blessed be
> The memory of those hours, when we sat
> And heard the bird of evening's song, and watched
> The sunset hueing the rich clouds, and felt
> The beauty and the feeling of the hour
> Draw us together to the inner world
> Of our own bosoms, as the outward failed!
> Those tresses then lay on thy neck; those eyes
> Looked into mine — our very breath was mingled,
> Drawn from one heart, inspired from one vast soul.
> " *Astarte.*—Think not I have forgot those hours, which were
> The sunniest of my life: those days of peace,
> And hope, and innocence, when my young heart
> Sought nothing further than its earthly joys;
> When no vague hopes, no restless wishes were
> Awakened, leaving in my breast a void
> Unfilled, and wasting it with vain desires:
> I was then worthier thee, for I was like thee.
> " *Irad.* — Then what hath changed, and made thee as thou art?
> The same indeed in outward form; and oh!
> More beautiful than——
> " *Astarte.* Irad! not to love
> Such as thou art, would prove my bosom dead
> To memory and gratitude. My heart
> Is all unchanged, unbroken are those ties——
> " *Irad.* — Then wherefore wilt thou not unite our loves,
> Making my earthly life a paradise,

From which I cannot be expelled? Thou knowest
Thy sire will barter with my kinsmen——
" *Astarte.* Nay,
Give me but time, and I will tell thee all.
I am as yet no mate for thee; my heart
Is wayward and unsettled as the tree
Tossing to every wind: vague thoughts and hopes
Are shook from it like leaves, but soon to pass
Away, and be forgotten."

In the delineation of such a character as Astarte the great difficulty consists in exhibiting the weakness that is natural to her condition, and yet to preserve it from falling below our sympathies. Mr. Read has hardly kept her out of this predicament. She sinks without showing enough of womanhood to raise her to our level. She gives herself up with a timidity and shyness that depress the tone of her moral nature. We are made to think lightly rather than tenderly of her, and to suspect that had the contest of her affections been between a choice of kinsmen, accident might have as easily subdued and decided her (if decision enters at all into the case) as the supremacy of power at either side. And all this, which tells so much to the disadvantage of Astarte, is rendered still more palpable by the firmness and fire-eyed resolution of Ozoara. Mark how this opposition is brought out towards the closing scene, where the sisters with the angels stand on Mount Hermon prepared to die. The following outbreak of natural regrets is from the lips of Astarte, whose nature quails before the coming ruin.

" Farewell,
O thou dear earth, that I have loved so well!
Farewell the dim and leafy places, where
These eyes first opened to the azure air,
And drank in all the glories of the day,
Stamped in my heart, that cannot pass away! —
The love, the life, the beauty which there dwells;
The stars that seemed like God's own oracles,
Making me feel, while gazing on each shrine,
Although they spoke not, that their homes were mine!
Farewell the twilight imaging that heaven
I never now shall see: and my own flowers,
Mingling their sweet breath with my own;
Gladdening the earth with their bright eyes, which I
Have loved as living things, and felt,
Watching them in my solitary hours,
They were my heart's companions given —
That human sympathies within them dwelt;
For in the sunshine I have seen them glad,
As if my joy they had!
And droop their heads beneath the sky, o'ercast
With a fine sorrow! — They, too, die like me,
But not alone:
When their bright hour is past,
They leave behind them for their memory
Some odorous breathings, and a few light leaves,
Frail playthings of the wind — the wind that grieves,
Or seems to grieve, about them!
I shall pass,
And die unknown: — lost — buried in the mass
Of a departed world. I shall not rest
On the sweet pillow of some human breast;
I shall not hear the soothing sympathies
Of human love! the silent-speaking eyes,
Whose feeling found no vent in words, but made
Their silence, more than eloquence, pervade
The answering spirit, until even to die
Became but slumber's last tranquillity;

A blessing — on my loved one's breast reclined,
Feeling I felt my love, my life behind!
Oh, that I thus had died, and never known
Love's desolating passion! but had flown
Lightly from earth as gossamer doth rise,
Serenely wafted to the twilight skies:
Or slumbered like the violet unseen,
Known only by its breath that it had been!
While human eyes and human hearts had found
My grave, and sanctified the holy ground
With tears drawn from the memories of love —
With prayers that had been borne to me above;
And made a haunt of that familiar spot,
Where I, in death, should not have been forgot!"

We have quoted the whole of this, because it is highly wrought and full of human pathos. But the daring language of Oroaza outstrips and bears it down by an irresistible mental ascendency.

"And where are they, the elect who shall be saved;
Who tremble at the fate that we have braved;
Who in their caves and caverns shrink from death,
The wretched remnant of the seed of Seth?
They of inferior race, and mind, and powers;
Strong only in their selfishness o'er ours,
And bartering love of gain: strife we resigned;
Our triumph the supremacy of mind!
Shall they be rescued, and we perish?—Yes —
These are the things that live — 't is ever thus —
Wanting alike the courage and the will
To dare or do aught great in good or ill.
How carefully are they concealed from view,
Ere the great wrecks of life and death ensue!
To watch from some safe nook, with placid eye,
The desolation of a world roll by!
We must tread in our fathers' path, and bear
And meet our fate, and die — but not despair;
While they eke out their dregs of human life.
So let them — soon will end their petty strife,
With wants, and agonies of which 't is made.
We shall not have to blush that we betrayed
Our selfish fears, abandoning our kin,
The great and good, to meet the death of Sin;
Shaming our nature and our origin!"

These extracts have grown so largely upon us that we must leave them to make their due impression upon the reader, contenting ourselves with one passage more — the description of the Deluge.

"Behold the hills are heaving like the waves
In their great agony, and from their caves
And shattered brows are hurling torrents forth,
That, like eternity, in their fierce path
Sweep all before them; or cast down below
The toppling rocks with each convulsive throe;
Now flashing forth volcanic streams — now gone,
As if extinguished; ever and anon
The winds awake the lightnings in their wrath,
From their deep womb of clouds, which hurtle forth
Their arrowy vengeance; every vale and height —
Each mountain — depth — and crag — and yawning cave
Blazes one moment in intensest light;
Swallowed, the next, in darkness as a grave!
Through earth's rent sides the waters of the deep
O'er the low plains deliriously sweep,
In waves like rolling mountains; while the woods
And towers of men are borne before the floods;

Or, crushed in one enormous mass, delay
Their course a moment — until heaved away.
Then, swept like chaff before the whirlwind, all
Sink in the waters' universal pall."

The "Prothanasia" of Mr. Wade is founded upon the story of Bettine's love — for what else was it? — for Goethe; or rather upon passages in her letters shadowing forth an episode of intense interest, but not wholly free from that dangerous mysticism of the passions which eats like rust into the spiritual creations of German poetry. Gunderode, the friend of Bettine, is here delineated with great power — but darkly. Her mind broods over dreams that lead her to a terrible consummation of her gloomy philosophy; and the curtain falls upon the body of the suicide lying beside the waters of the Rhine. All this is related, not clearly, but with deep and thrilling pathos, darkened throughout by the fearfully indistinct revelation of the terrible thoughts and phantasies that haunt the solitude of the stately and self-deceiving Gunderode. We prefer such sunlight as the following picture of Bettine to the esoteric grandeur of the mental conflict.

"Of Gunderode Bettine was the friend;
The earnest-soul'd and vivid-hearted friend:
Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, mirth-faced, and fairy-framed,
With a clear voice, that, on the pleasured ear,
Rippled a stream-like music; and a step
That kissed the ground as lightly as swift wing
Of swallow doth the meadow's placid lake,
Or insect-severed leaf its quiet grass.

"Bettine's youth was yet i' the early bud
When first she knew the lady Gunderode,
Who then for two years had in Frankfort been
A convent's inmate, a lone canoness:
A timid creature, that was wont to tremble
But to "say grace aloud;" and scarcely dared
Greet her prayer-mates with "Benedicite!"
Upon the ground her little chamber was;
With casement folding-doored, that open'd out
Upon a quiet garden, full of flowers
And balmy shrubs and grass-embedded trees —
A miniature of nature's loveliest scenes!
A silver poplar near the window grew,
And to its pale boughs would Bettine climb,
And from on high read heavenly poesy,
Toned ever to the hour and to the scene,
Unto the garden's tranced inhabitant,
Who sat, or stood, or paced the grass below;
One white hand hidden in her bright brown hair,
And brow down bent, or glancing fearfully,
As the wind wanton'd where Bettine sat,
Up through the quivering poplar leaves."

The beautiful impetuosity of Bettine — a light and aërial creature — upon hearing her friend discourse of death, is exquisitely described in the following lines: —

"Silent long,
And looking gently in each other's eyes,
Stood the death-parted friends: till sobbed aloud,
And fell upon the neck of Gunderode,
Her passionate woman-love; implored and wept,
And pressed her lips, and kissed her throbbing breast
Beneath the orbed grace where she had learn'd
To let the life out from the pained heart:

And pale, convulsed — even as two gleaming lilies
That quail i' the wind together spectrally
Far in the faint light of the dying moon —
Thus sway'd they, folded in each other's arms.

"Beside the casement — throng'd as unripe thoughts
I' the brain of poets, ere they colour'd be,
And pregnant made, and teeming mightily,
By light and heat o' the passions; crowded thickly
As feelings new in the heart of maidenhood,
Ere love comes open-eyed and tells it all —
Grew bunches of young grapes, beneath the verdure
Of an old vine. These tore Bettine off,
And dashed them on the floor, and trampled them
Under her little feet, and cried aloud,
'Thus dost thou, Gunderode, tread on my heart,
And the fruit crush that swells to ripeness there!'
The canoness bowed down her graceful head,
And glanced aside, and paler and more pale
Grew momently; when, suddenly, a thought —
As a bright creature from the lowest deep
Of some transparent pool springs rapidly
And flashes a swift splendour into air —
Seem'd to leap wing'd from her profoundest soul
Up to her cheeks, — there beaming gloriously
Awhile, then vanishing as it upsprang,
And leaving paleness paler for its coming.
And then she rose, and coldest of cold kisses
Upon Bettine's brow most icily
Imprinted; and a painful silence grew
Between them, till they parted: one in tears,
And one in calmness too self-wrought for tears."

Thus breaking off in tears, Bettine retires; but impressions on so elastic a spirit are like tracks in dew. The morning sees her again as volatile as if tears had never gushed from her sparkling eyes. This is touching, and true — the very spring hopefulness of youth.

"The air which by a dancer's winged heel,
Or flitting pinion of aroused bird,
Is sunder'd, closeth not again more quickly,
With softer motion, or less visible wound,
Than did the sorrow-cloven atmosphere
Of young Bettine's clear felicity;
And the next day she sought the priory
With heart as fresh with joy as morn with dews,
And to the chamber of the canoness
Went singing cheerily."

Evening on the Rhine, bringing this melancholy tale to a conclusion, winds up the whole with an appropriate Thought of Grief.

"Sweet evening brooded on the tranquil Rhine:
The flowers all slept; and in the placid sky
Were shining tremulous its earliest stars;
And in kind Nature's eye no tear was seen,
Nor sigh of sorrow heard in her calm voice;
Tho' dark and cold upon the river's bank,
Under a low-droop'd willow, lay the image
Of angels, as they haunt the human soul;
With wounded bosom and blood-stained limbs,
Strew'd hair, and pallid eyes, and livid cheeks —
A pity, and a withering for the heart!

"A boat came floating up the quiet Rhine;
And earnestly talk'd they who sat therein —
Save one, a silent and a weeping girl:
The boatman moor'd his bark beside the willow;

She leapt upon the bank; and on the corse
Fell, like another death.
Ah! this our life
Is a moth's twilight-flight, discerned dim
In the mysterious air a little while,
And then beheld no more; a dreamy cloud
Of light and gloom, which melts into the wind
Even as we gaze.
Weep not for Gunderode!"

"Fra Cipolla," by Sir John Hanmer, is adapted from the "Decameron," and makes a piece of as roguish poetry as can be desired. In the words of the argument, it discovers to us "how Friar Onion showed the coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled, instead of the feather of the angel Gabriel, as he promised, to the people of Certaldo." This, it will be admitted, was a downright monkish cheat; but Friar Onion was a rare fellow, and when he set about cheating, he did it *con amore*. He was the merriest of souls, and, like Goldsmith's chest of drawers, fulfilled in his time two different purposes: —

"The people loved him for his very name,
For most that herb about Certaldo grows,
And rears its savoury head in watered rows;
A household name, and redolent of cheer;
Nor he belied it with a mien severe,
Nor took his gettings churlishly for right;
If priest by day, he gossip was by night;
And all the women loved the tales he told,
And children laughed his antics to behold,
And graver things he had at seasons for the old."

The gist of the joke is, that our most excellent friar preached to the people from a little box, which he assured them contained the feather of the angel Gabriel, and in which the true feather was deposited; but when he went away, an ungodly fellow, who was not touched even by superstition, opened the box, stole the feather, and placed a coal in its stead. But brother Cipolla was not to be thus discomfited; and upon discovering the coal, he declared to the people that it was a relic of the fire which bore the great St. Lawrence into bliss; and he uttered this with such a priestly air, that the fellow who had himself deposited it there, and knew the birth, parentage, and travels of the said coal, was struck in the conscience, half believed the miracle, and kissed the coal with as much fervour as the rest of the wondering crowd.

This story of "Fra Cipolla" forms, however, but a fraction of the volume of poems which Sir John Hanmer has given us, and which, with some rather remarkable irregularities, develope considerable power of fancy, and great freedom of versification. "The Strategy of Death" is, perhaps, of its class, the best of all these pieces; but there are some amongst a cluster of briefer compositions that equally attest the educated mind and artistical power of the author. It is impossible by an extract or two to exhibit the miscellaneous character of a volume of this description; and we must be content with the following picture — tinted glowingly — of Salerno.

"Come out upon the terrace, there is yet
An hour of light, although the sun has set,
Or his pale disk has hidden in the clouds;
And we can, looking down, behold — no crowds
On the once populous quays, but here and there
Some scattered groups, or fishers who repair
By the sea-side their boats, or sail, or oar;
And some there are that slowly to the shore
Pull a long net, whose meshes rise and fall,
Still swaying with the waves; upon the wall

There is a marble figure, which should be
One of the Sirens: pale and silently
She looks over the dim bay once her own.
But we can reinstate her on the throne,
And make sweet music from her lips proceed,
Taking imagination for the deed;
Or call Ulysses, or who else hath seen
On this same spot the enduring stars serene;
Or talk of Paestum, and the Silaro,
And the old boat that doth like Charon's go,
Wafting us to a new and silent land,
Where those three thunder-stricken temples stand,
Or tell the tragic tale that Dryden feigned,
'When Norman Tancred in Salerno reigned.'"

Mr. Stoddart's songs and poems are, like Sir John Hanmer's, of very unequal merit; they are, however, all fresh and genuine, written under immediate influences, and highly descriptive. The angling songs have leaping fish in them, and gurgling rivulets, and flies, and broken boughs, and bring us into the green shadows where trout are most readily taken. Mr. Stoddart is evidently an angler; and that, perhaps, has made him a poet. He writes like one who feels his theme, and who cannot help giving it a shape of verse. Even the lyrical irregularities which it is the peculiar province of music to harmonize, impress us with such sensations as are produced by those gusty breezes that every now and then burst over the streams and ruffle and disconcert both fish and fisher. We know not where a better collection of out-of-door lyrics is to be found than Mr. Stoddard has supplied; and we will make room for a short one, which, although not the most favourable specimen, is sufficiently meritorious to justify the author in taking rank amongst our living bards:

A PICTURE.

We listen by the waters blue to voices that we love;
Sweet flowers are twinkling at our side, and willow leaves above;
Before us feeds the fearless trout, emerging from the calm,
And bleats behind the fleecy ewe upon its wandering lamb.

Delicious musings fill the heart, and images of bliss;
Oh! that all pictures of the past were innocent as this —
That life were like a summer trance beneath a willow wide,
Or the ramble of an angler lone along the river side.

Poetry is not dead amongst us while such poets as these remain to vindicate the muse. The specimens with which we have enriched our pages testify that the art is cultivated still with success, and that it only wants a little more sunshine of quietude to bring it to full perfection.

But there is one beyond all these, greater than them all — the author of that singular production called "State Trials." We read it once, and have not seen it since; but it has left behind visions of beauty and strength, of chivalry and logic, of passion and stately grace; whole panoramas of living pageants, pictures of fresh fields and crumbling castles, of antique halls and dim cloisters, of fortified ramparts streaming with banners, and sequestered chapels with long trains of nuns and monks winding noiselessly like shadows through their aisles — visions that cannot be dissolved by time, but that become strengthened in their hues and forms the longer they dwell in the memory. This work, strange to say, has, with, we believe, only two exceptions, been almost wholly unnoticed by the critical periodicals. It seems as if it startled the reviewers, who, not knowing what to make of it at first, sullenly let it pass in silence, lest they might commit themselves one way or the other. We will endeavour to repair this neglect as soon as we can, — perhaps next month; but in the mean while, we say to the lovers of poetry, read Mr. Moyle's "State Trials."

THE BATTLE WITH THE DRAGON.

FROM SCHILLER.

WHAT's all the rout? What means this crowd,
Hallooing through the streets so loud?
Is Rhodes on fire? And see yon knight,
High on his horse, amidst the throng;
And after him — heavens what a sight! —
That monster, which they drag along:
It seems a dragon by its size,
Its crocodile jaws and its basilisk eyes.

Now on the beast, in wild amaze,
And now upon the knight, they gaze;
And hark! a thousand voices bawl,
"This is the lindworm — come and view it —
That ate up our herds and our herdsmen all;
And this is the valiant youth that slew it!
Many have gone on the monster's track,
But never before did one come back."

And now the glad procession files
On to St. John's dim-cloister'd aisles,
Where, with their prince, in grave debate,
The brethren of the order wait;
When, stepping forth before the rest,
The hero thus his chief address'd: —
"Lo! there he lies, slain by my hand,
The dragon that laid waste the land!
Our roads are free; o'er plains and rocks
The shepherds now may drive their flocks;
And, joyful, in his long-left fane,
The pilgrim's voice be heard again."

He paus'd. "And hast thou then to learn,"
Exclaim'd the prince with visage stern,
"How priz'd soe'er the warrior's art,
The Christian has a nobler part?
Thou 'st shown thy courage in the fight,
And courage well becomes a knight;
But what 's the first of duties, say,
For those who arm in Christ's array?"
"Obedience, sire!" the youth replies,
Griev'd honour kindling in his eyes —
"Obedience, of all tests on earth
The best that proves a Christian's worth."

"And this, this first of duties, thou,"
Resumes the chief, "hast set at nought;
Thou'st spurn'd our law, forgot thy vow,
And the forbidden battle fought!"
"Hear, ere you judge" — with stedfast soul
Pursues the youth — "first hear the whole.

'Gainst law I sought not to offend,
But to fulfil law's noblest end:
Not with rash arm the sword I drew,
Not without thought and caution due,
And means that best might overthrow
The force and fury of the foe.

"Five heroes, victims of their zeal,
Had perish'd for the public weal,
When forth the unwelcome mandate flew
That none the combat should renew.
Yet still, by edict unreprest,
Still burn'd the fever of my breast;
E'en in the visions of the night,
I gasp'd, I languish'd for the fight;
But when the blood-ey'd morn arose
With tidings of fresh deaths and woes,
A wilder anguish seiz'd my soul,—
My rage no longer knew control;
And straight I swore my chance to try,
And triumph in the cause, or die.

"What decks the youth? — what crowns the man?
'Twas thus my self-reflections ran:
What were the deeds achiev'd of old
By those of whom our bards have told,
Whom Heathen blindness, in its love,
Hath rais'd to rank of gods above?
Earth's deadliest monsters they defied,
Quell'd the fierce lion in his pride,
The minotaur's foul strength subdued,
Crush'd the dire hydra's venom'd brood,
And perill'd limb and life to save
Poor mortals from a cruel grave.

"Is it the Saracen alone
That's worthy of a Christian arm?
Is there, save from the Moslem throne,
No danger, no alarm?
A true-born knight should strive to free
His land from every misery,—
Should shrink before no living foe:
Still judgment must direct the blow,
Wisdom its aid to courage lend,
And stratagem with strength contend.
Thus meditating, day by day,
I took my solitary way,
Explor'd each mountain-rock and glen,
In search to find the monster's den,
Till chance at length my efforts crown'd,
And, joyful, I exclaim'd — 'Tis found!

"'Twas known how, with my chief's consent,
On voyage to my home I went.
There scarcely had I touch'd the strand,
When, aided by an artist's hand,
An image of the beast I plann'd;

In size, in form and feature, rife,
It look'd a dragon to the life.
On his short legs, in towery strength
High-pil'd, repos'd his body's length;
His brawny back, his deep-ribb'd waist,
A shirt of triple mail embrac'd;

" Far stretch'd his neck, and vast and dire
Yawn'd, like hell's gates, his jaws of fire;
Fierce, from his throat of darkness, sprung
The forked terrors of his tongue;
His teeth, thick-set in grim array,
Grinn'd gauntly, gnashing for their prey;
His keen small eyes flash'd lightnings round;
His tail, in serpent volumes roll'd,
Now wav'd aloft, now swept the ground,
As man and horse it would enfold.

" Such was the beast I did essay,
Then dress'd it all in ghastly grey.
Half crocodile it seem'd, half snake,
Foul offspring of the Stygian lake.
This done, two noble dogs I found,
For courage as for strength renown'd,
Train'd to the battle and the chase,
And terrors of the urus race;
These I let loose upon the foe,
Stirr'd up their ardour for the fight,
Taught them with doubled rage to glow,
And where with surest wound to bite.

" There, where the parts, scarce wool or hair,
Lie, midst the opening belly, bare, —
I taught them *there* their fangs to lay,
And fasten furious on their prey.
Myself, I press an Arab steed,
Of finest form and noblest breed,
Soothe with soft hand his rising fear,
Or urge with spur his sharp career,
Aiming my lance with force so true
As 't were to pierce the figure through.

" Though my horse rear'd and champ'd the rein,
And my dogs moan'd with wild affright,
I did not from the task abstain
Ere they were harden'd to the sight.
Thus, day by day, I train'd them on,
'Till now the third new moon had shone;
Then, all prepar'd, with rising gale
For Rhodes I spread the eager sail;
And soon — 'tis now three mornings past —
Safe anchor in this haven cast;
Whence landing, without halt or rest,
On instant to the work I prest.

" For — to stir higher my bosom's flame —
Fresh tidings of disaster came:
Two herdsmen, who had sought the moor,
Were found all mangled in their gore;
So, taking counsel from the heart,
I straight resolv'd me on my part,
Call'd out my bounding dogs, in speed
Bestrode once more my fiery steed,
And then, with heedful pace and slow,
Went calmly forth to meet the foe.

" Thou know'st the Chapel of the Rock —
A master's spirit rais'd the pile —
Fast moor'd against the tempest's shock,
And glancing far o'er sea and isle.
Though poor in outward look, and plain,
A miracle its walls contain, —
The Mother with her Babe Divine,
Given by THE THREE KINGS to the shrine.
Thrice thirty steps, midst crag and thorn,
The wayworn pilgrim climbs forlorn;
But when the dizzy height he gains,
What sweet refreshment for his pains!
What bliss, beyond all earth's reward,—
The presence of his Saviour Lord!

" Deep 'neath the cliffs' o'erbrowing height
A cavern lies, half clos'd in night,
Cheer'd by no sun's refreshing beam,
And dripping with the fen's dank stream.
Here hous'd the worm; here, night and day,
Lurk'd watchful for his coming prey:
Prowling around, like the Dragon of Hell,
Even at the foot of God's own cell,
He seiz'd poor wanderers on their road,
And bore them to his grim abode.

" The rough ascent in safety trod,
First — ere the combat I begin —
I kneel before the Infant God,
And purify myself from sin;
Then, with the sun's returning light,
Gird on my armour for the fight,
Descend into the bordering plain,
Leave parting orders with my train,
And lightly vaulting on my steed,
And without witness to the deed,
And breathing still to Heaven a prayer,
Move onwards to the monster's lair.

" Scarce had I cross'd into the vale,
When loud and quick the dogs gave tongue,
And snorting, snuffing up the gale,
My horse in backward circles swung;

For, coil'd up in the sun's warm ray,
Before his cave the serpent lay.
Swift rush'd my hounds to the attack,
But swifter still came rushing back,
As, yawning from his jaws so foul,
The beast sent forth his jackal howl.

" But soon their fainting hearts I cheer,
And fierce they fasten on the foe,
Whilst, with redoubled arm, my spear
Full at his bounding sides I throw;
Yet powerless as a reed it flew;
And, ere the stroke I could renew,
Confounded, aghast, at his towering size,
At his venomous breath and his flaming eyes,
My horse he began to plunge and rear,
And all now seem'd over with my career.

" Down springing from his back amain,
With lightning's speed, my sword I drew;
But thrust and stroke alike were vain
To pierce his rocky harness through.
And now, with tail swift swinging round,
The beast had swept me to the ground;
Already at his feet I lay,
His jaws already grasp'd their prey,
When my brave dogs, to madness stung,
Fierce on the monster's belly sprung,
That rousing, writhing, at their bite,
He yell'd with anguish and affright;

" And swift, ere he could disengage
His body from their burning rage,
All breathless from the ground I start,
Spy out his bosom's barest part,
And slake my vengeance in his heart.
Up to its hilt I drive the blade;
His blood streams, blackening, o'er the glade;
Down rolls the giant mass, whilst I,
Half-crush'd beneath its ruin, lie.
I knew no more; all sense had fled;
But when, at length, I rais'd my head,
I found my servants hanging o'er me,
And the dead dragon stretch'd before me."

He ceas'd. Applauses, long supprest,
Burst wildly forth from every breast.
Mix'd shouts of triumph, rapture, wonder,
Roll, echoing through the aisles, like thunder.
And, first, the brethren, pressing round,
Insist at once he shall be crown'd;
The crowd, in pageant state the while,
Would bear their hero through the isle.
" Peace! peace!" the indignant master cries;
Then fixes on the youth his eyes,

And says, " Thou 'st slain, with valiant hand,
The dragon that laid waste the land;
Thou stand'st a demigod below,
But not the less thine order's foe;
For, dire as was the serpent pest,
A direr harbours in thy breast;
A worm which deeper, deadlier stings,
Which fiercer strife and anguish brings:
That is, a proud, rebellious soul;
A spirit, spurning all control,
To reason, law, and duty blind —
'Tis *that* which desolates mankind.

" Courage the Mameluke displays;
Obedience is the Christian's praise.
For, where the Lord of earth and skies
Walk'd humbly forth in servant's guise,
There first, e'en on that blessed land,
Arose our order's holy band,
Earth's strictest duties to fulfil,
And learn subjection of the will.
'Twas vain ambition urg'd thee on; —
Away, then, from my sight — begone!
For he who Christ's dear cross would wear,
Must not disdain his yoke to bear."

Ill could the people such rebuke,
Such sentence on their hero, brook;
Loud rings the roof with their uproar;
The brethren too for grace implore;
All but the youth: still firm, though lowly,
He bows him to the stern command,
Doffs from his breast each ensign holy,
And, kissing his reprover's hand,
Withdraws. With lingering eyes his track
The prince pursues, — then calls him back,
And cries, " Embrace me, my dear son!
Thy hardest battle now is won.
Here, take the cross; 'tis due to thee,
As prize of thy humility —
Humility, o'er SELF victorious,
Of all earth's triumphs the most glorious."

INDEX TO VOL. III.

A.

Academy, Royal, strictures on some of its members, 532.
Affghanistan, description of the country and people, 422.
Althorp, Lord, his scientific researches in conjunction with Lord Brougham, 98.
Annuals, literary, their injurious influence upon Art, 63.
Architecture, On Style in, 348.
Art, how influenced by annual publications, 63. Progress and present state of, in England, 525.
Atmospheric Resistance on Railways, 185.
Austria and the Italian Liberals, 153.

B.

Ballad Poetry of Ireland, 385. Distinctive characteristics of Irish humour, 386. "Words music, intonation," the constituent elements of the comic song, 392. Notice of, and extracts from, Mr. Croker's collection of the "Popular Songs of Ireland," 393. Croker *versus* Moore, 394. Samuel Lover, 400.
Barry Cornwall, notice of his edition of Ben Jonson's works, 168.
Battle with the Dragon, The, (poetic translation from Schiller,) 563.
Bees, dissertation on instinct as exemplified in, 98.
Books, Notes of a Lover of, 56. 167.
Brougham, Lord, review of his lordship's work on natural theology, 97.
Brunel, jun., Mr., extracts from his published Report on the Great Western Railway, 4.
Buckingham Palace, discovery of a romantic inmate at, 92.

C.

Calderon, the Spanish poet, critical analysis of his "Life, a Dream," 489.
Campaign of 1799, Suwaroff and the, 329. 456.
Canada, notice of Mrs. Jameson's "Summer Rambles" in, 68.
Clerical Dustmen, 93.
Comte's (M.) System of Positive Philosophy, 227. Abridgment of his "analytical scheme," 231. Remarkable omissions in this scheme, 232. Mode of treating the subject of natural theology, 233. The doctrine of "final causes," 236.
Constant, Benjamin, 436. Sketch of his early career, and subsequent advancement to the tribunate, 436. His opposition to the designs of Buonaparte, 441. Retirement to Switzerland, and final return to France, 442. Apathetic submission to female influence, 445. Review of his more prominent political acts and writings, 446.
Contributions to the History of Forgery, 366.
Cooper, the American novelist, his "Eve Effingham" noticed, 82.
Corn Laws, 116. 193.
Covent Garden Theatre, success of the Shaksperian performances at, 85.
Croker, Mr. T. C., review of his collection of "The Popular Songs of Ireland," 385. Strictures on his criticism of "Moore's Melodies," 394.

D.

Darling, Miss Grace, 93.
Debate (Irish), History of the late, 466. Motion of Lord John Russell, and Sir R. Peel's amendment, 467. Analysis of the discussion, 468. Result highly satisfactory to the friends of Government, 479.
Diary of a Dutch Diplomatist in London, 283. 379.
Drama, the Spanish, 488.
Drury Lane Theatre, representation of "Guillaume Tell" at, 88.
Dustmen, Clerical, 93.

E.

"Eve Effingham," notice of Cooper's novel of that name, 82.
Exhibitions, Public, 259. "Love of amusement" a leading principle of the human mind, 260. Comparative view of ancient and modern recreations, 260. "Home amusements" indicative of a high state of civilisation, 263. The drama the "highest attainable point of popular and rational amusement," 263. Increasing facilities for the promotion of a general taste for music and painting, 264. Brief notices of the Diorama, Panorama, Gallery of Practical Science, &c., 265.
Experiments on the Great Western Railway, 7.

F.

Flaxman, remarks on the genius and works of, 527.
Flowering Trees and Shrubs of June, The, 508. The genus Ribes, &c., 508. Roses, their number and variety, 513.
Forgery, Contributions to the History of, 366. Recent change in the public mind with regard to the nature and treatment of this offence, 366. Comparison of the various enactments passed for its suppression, 367. Cases of the Perreaus, Dr. Dodd, Fauntleroy, &c., 370. Abolition of capital punishment, 377. The unmitigated rigours of transportation demand instant amendment, 378.
French Literature, The Present State of, 218. Literature, properly so called, at present non-existent in France, 218. "Despondency

and scepticism" the prevalent sentiments of the French *hommes de lettres*, 219. Popular poetry necessarily banished, 219. Effects of the revolution of 1830, 224. Strictures on the writings of Jules Janin, and others of the same school, 225.
Fry, Mrs., her exertions in the cause of prison reform, 173.

G.

Gardens, hints for laying them out in accordance with the styles of the buildings to which they may be attached, 429.
German Manufactures and English Corn Laws, 193.
Gonzaga, the Portuguese poet, translation of one of his pastorals, 32.
Grace Darling's Levée, 93.
Great (The) Western Railway Inquiry, 1.
Grievances of the Navy, 124.
Guest, Lady Charlotte, review of her Translations from the Welsh, 76.

H.

Hanmer, Sir J., critical notice of his story of "Fra Cipolla," 561.
Hazlitt, notice of a volume of essays by, 83.
"Henry the Fourth," undeveloped characters in Shakspeare's play of, 139.
Historical Speculations of Niebuhr, 351.
Horne, Mr. R. H., his "Studies of Undeveloped Characters in Shakspeare," 37. 139. 239. 361. 450.
Household (The) Question, 481. Unprecedented nature of Sir R. Peel's proposition relative to the ladies of the bedchamber, 481. The Queen's household no part of the Constitution, 487.
Huguenot," "The, Mr. James's novel under that title noticed, 81.
Humour, Irish, distinguishing peculiarities of, 386.

I.

Imp of the Palace, The, 92.
India, viewed in connexion with threatened Russian hostilities, 422.
Influence of the "Annuals" upon Art, 63.
Ireland and Lord Normanby, 289. Calamitous condition of that country originally attributable to English maladministration, 290. Beneficial results of Lord Normanby's government, 292. Groundlessness of the Tory charges against his lordship, 295.
Ireland, The Ballad Poetry of, 386.
Irony, The Socratic, 247.
Italy, Letters on the State and Prospects of, 401. 515. Quotation from Sismondi, 401. The country calumniated by those who should be its best defenders, 403. All check to misrepresentation hopeless in the absence of a free press, 404. Public character and writings of Sismondi, 405. The "Rome of the people" not yet built, 407. Obstacles to the emancipation of Italy, 408. Her history the history of her people, 515. Causes of the failure of revolutionary movements, 516. Italian regeneration can never be the offspring of monarchical principle, 518. Colletta the only honest historian of the "Neapolitan movement," 521. Carbonarism, if not a revolution, has at least paved the way for one, 523.

J.

James, Mr. G. P. R., notice of his "Huguenot" and "Book of the Passions," 81, 82.
Jameson, Mrs., review of her work on Canada, 68.
Jonson, Ben, critical estimate of his literary character, 168.

L.

Lamennais, M., the French philosopher, 317. His humble origin, and subsequent brilliant advancement, 317. Sketch of his character and writings, 319.
Lardner, Dr., account of his series of experiments on the Great Western Railway, 7.
Laws of England, On the Composition and Promulgation of the, 202. Exposure of several striking anomalies, 204. The construction of the statutes in most cases "unintelligible, barbarous, and absurd," 209. Incapacity of those to whom law-making is intrusted, 211. Other legislative evils pointed out, and remedies suggested, 212.
Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy, 401. 515.
Literature, French, present state of, 218.
———, Portuguese, 20.
———, Review of, 68.
———, The Scandal-mongers of, 414. Different classes of dealers in literary scandal, 414. Indulgence in the practice an evidence of baseness of character, 416. Delinquencies of this nature regarded generally with too much lenity, 417. Various degrees of offence, but all censurable, 418. Glance at "Chevely," and the well-known "Diary" of Lady Bury, 419. Turning the weapons of such authors against themselves the only efficient mode of retaliation, 420.
Love and Will, 56.

M.

Manoel, Francisco, English translation of one of his odes, 35.
Manufactures, German, and English Corn Laws, 193.
Mayo, Dr., review of his work on human pathology, 302.
Mazzini, M., his "Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy," 401. 515.
"Merchant of Venice," undeveloped characters in the, 38.
Milnes, Mr. R. M., his definition of poetry, 552.
Mind, Human, Pathology of the, 302.
Month, Notes of the, 92. Notes *on* the 95.

N.

Natural Theology, review of Lord Brougham's work on, 98.
Navy, British, inefficiency of the, 124. Injustice of certain parliamentary regulations, 128. Difficulty of procuring seamen, 129. Pamphlets of Admiral Hawker and Captain Napier, 131. Suggestions relative to obtaining an efficient body of young seamen, 134. Sir John Barrow's "Life of Anson," 136.
Niebuhr's Historical Speculations, 351. Futility of inquiries into the origin of nations, 351. Politics the "predominant element" of Roman history, 352. Niebuhr's opinions respecting the origin of Rome, 353. Anti-poetical style of the Roman historians, 358.

Normanby, Lord, the Irish administration of, 289. 466.
Notes of a Lover of Books, 56. 167.
—— of the Month, 92.

O.

"Othello," undeveloped characters in, 239.
Orangeism, Irish, Lord Normanby's discouragement of, 293.

P.

Pathology of the Human Mind, 302. Incorrect notions with regard to insanity, and mental disease generally, 302. Dr. Mayo's observations on the subject, 305.
Peel, Sir R., strictures on his proposed interference with the Queen's household, 481.
Philosophy, positive, Comte's system of, 227.
Pleasure Grounds, the Planting of, 429. Suggestions for laying out gardens, &c., in accordance with the several styles of architecture, 430.
Poems of Shelley, critical estimate of the, 340.
Poetry (Original):
Battle with the Dragon (from Schiller), 563.
Sonent — "We know not why we love," 514.
Sonnet — "Farewell! it is a common word," 524.
Poetry, Recent, 552. Nature and definition of poetry, 532. Poetic feeling far more generally diffused than is suspected, 553. Characteristics of the poetry of the present day, 554. Critiques on, with illustrative extracts from, Mr. Reade's poem of "The Deluge," the "Prothanasia" of Mr. Wade, Sir J. Hanmer's "Fra Cipolla," &c., 552. 561. Eulogium, *en passant*, on Mr. Moyle's "State Trials," 562.
Poetry, Irish ballad, characteristics of, 385.
Police, Rural, Expediency of a, 537. Benefits already resulting from its partial establishment, 537. Reply to objections, 538. Advantages of "centralisation" illustrated by reference to the working of several public departments, 539. Inefficiency of the present constabulary force, 539. Remarks on, and extracts from, the First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject, 540.
Portuguese Literature, 20. Inquiry into the causes of its present barrenness, 20. Dialogue from Moraes, 22. Ribeiro, Saa de Miranda, Antonio Ferreira, Camoens, &c., 23. Specimen of the poetry of Garzaon; sonnet from Francisco Manoel, 24. Prose writers, 26. "Platonism, Christianity, and Chivalry" the distinguishing characteristics of Portuguese literature, 27. Illustrative extracts from the works of Gonzaga, Manoel, &c., 31.
Praying in Churchyards, and Staying from Church, 94.
Press (The) of the Revolution, 267. Historical value of the French daily papers from 1787 to 1798, 267. Various extracts, illustrative of the causes and consequences of the revolution, 268. Autobiographic sketch of Marat, 276. Character and writings of Camille Desmoulins, 279.
Prisons, review of several official publications on the government and discipline of, 173.
Public Exhibitions, 259.
Pythagorean Silence, The, 44.

Q.

"Queen Mab," remarks on Shelley's poem of, 348.

R.

Railway, Great Western, 1. 185.
Railways, principles usually observed in the construction of, 2.
————, atmospheric resistance on, 185.
Reade, Mr. E., his poem of "The Deluge" reviewed, 555.
Reform of Prisons, 173.
Review of Literature, embracing notices (among others) of Mrs. Jameson's Rambles in Canada — Notes on Naples — Travels in Town — The Mabinogion — Ward's Pictures of Human Life — The Huguenot — Book of the Passions — Eve Effingham — The Roman Lovers — Hazlitt's Essays — Shelley's Poetical Works — The Ballad Poetry of Ireland, &c., 68. 340. 385.
Revolution, French, Newspaper Press of the, 267.
Rome, Niebuhr's speculations in reference to the origin and history of, 351.
"Romeo and Juliet," undeveloped characters in, 361.
Rural Police, its expediency enforced and illustrated, 537.
Russia, Affghanistan, and India, 422. Possibility of a Russian invasion of India, 422. Sketch of the Affghans, 424. The nation at present to be regarded as our enemies, 428. No ground for apprehension in the event of war, 429.

S.

Scandal-mongers of Literature, 414.
Sciences (The) connected with Natural Theology, 97.
Sculpture in England, 525. The love of high art at no time "the passion" of the British people, 525. Tendency of the Reformation to check the progress of the fine arts, 526. Works of Flaxman, 527. Incongruity of the sculptures in St. Paul's, 528. Chantrey, 530. Public and private collections of sculpture, &c., 530. State of modern art — the New Houses of Parliament, 531. Royal Academy and academicians, 532. Government patronage of fine art; the Wellington and Nelson monuments, 534. Probable commencement of a new era in English art, 536.
Shakspeare, undeveloped characters in his plays of "The Merchant of Venice," "King Henry IV.," "Othello," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Tempest," 37. 139. 239. 361. 450.
Shelley, review of the new edition of his poems, 340. Nature and effect of contemporaneous criticism, 340. Obstacles to Shelley's popularity, 342. With him commenced a new era of poetry, 345. His multitudinous imitators of the present day, 346. "Nature" his predominant sentiment, 346. "Queen Mab" not to be regarded as indicative of the poet's real creed, 348.
Silence, the Pythagorean, 44.
Sismondi, M., estimate of his political character and writings, 405.
Social Morality — Suckling and Ben Jonson, 167.

Socratic Irony, The, 247.
Songs, Irish, published notice of Mr. Croker's collection of, 385.
Sonnets, 514. 524.
Spanish Romantic Drama, The, 488. Distinguishing characteristics of classic and romantic literature, 488. Critical remarks on, with illustrative extracts from, Calderon's drama entitled "Life, a Dream," 489.
Studies of Undeveloped Characters in Shakpeare, 37. 139. 239. 361. 450.
Style in Architecture, On, 348.
Suwaroff (Field Marshal) and the Campaign of 1799, 329. 456. Sketch of his military career, 329. Battle of Zurich, 461. Machinations of his enemies; illness and death, 465.

T.

Theatres, The, 84.
"The Tempest," undeveloped characters in, 450.
"Travels in Town," critical notice of, 75.

W.

Wade, Mr. T., review of his "Prothanasia," &c., 559.
Ward, Mr. Plumer, his "Pictures of Human Life" noticed, 79.
Welsh Legends, Lady Charlotte Guest's translations noticed, 76.
Western (Great) Railway Inquiry, 1.
Witsen, M. Nicolas, burgomaster of Amsterdam, extracts from a private journal kept by him during his official residence in London in 1689, 283. 379.
Woolfrey, the widow, ecclesiastical proceedings against, 93.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE;

A

NATIONAL JOURNAL

OF

Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. IV.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1839.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER-ROW

1839.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

CONTENTS OF VOL. IV.

	Page
The Thames Steamers and the Watermen	1
George Sand	23
On Albert Durer and the Modern German and English Schools of Painting	41
Greek Funereal Inscriptions	52
Our Eastern Relations. — Convention between Turkey and Great Britain	60
Studies of Undeveloped Characters in Shakspeare, from Sketches and Suggestions in his Plays:	
Measure for Measure	69
Macbeth	209
Hints to Commentators	73
Review of Literature 80. 178. 281. 375.	558
Characters of Public Men	97
Colonisation of New Zealand	110
Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy	123. 226
The War in the East	139
Illustrations of Antiquity	149
The Cynical Moroseness	159
The Social Condition of Jamaica: a Letter from a Resident Proprietor to a Nobleman connected with the Administration	172
Colonies and Emigration. — South Australia	193
Music in Germany	218
Proposals for a new Act of Parliament to prevent the Use of Horses	237
Byron and Göthe	242
On Exchanges and Banking	255
The Spanish Theatre	258
The American Constitution — political and religious	271
Lord Normanby's Administration in Ireland	289
On the Practicability of Civilising Aboriginal Populations	309
The State and Prospects of Spain	322
Political Studies on the Foreign Statesmen of our time. — M. Thiers 340.	416
The Musician at Norwich. — The Musical Festival	355
The Prospects of the Winter Theatres	369
Martin Luther and the Reformation	385
Fueros and Privileges of the Basque Provinces	429
Ireland — Emigration, Employment	440
Commercial Policy of England. — The German Commercial League: The English Corn Laws	460
National Education. — Mr. Simpson's Letters to the Marquis of Lansdowne:	
Editorial Remarks	470. 521
Letter I.	473
Letter II.	477
Letter III.	526
Letter IV.	529
The Foreign Policy of England	481
On the Extinction of Human Races	495
The Influence of Periodical Literature on the State of the Fine Arts	502
Sketches of Spanish Generals, Carlist and Cristino. — Merino: Cordova	509
Secret Anecdotes of the French Police	534
Some Recollections of Childhood	549

POETRY.

Sonnet — "A Shape of Grief," &c.	40
Past Struggles	78
Elegiac Ode	134
Sonnet — "In hopeless love," &c.	148
The British Queen Steam Vessel	208
Two Sonnets	217
Latin Epigram	241
Lines on Lady Flora Hastings	254
Fortunate Folly	270
An old Tragic Ballad, modernised	279
Human Greatness	321
An Autumn Storm	336
The Church and the Army: a recent Discussion	337
The Walpurgis Night (from Göthe)	405
The Ideal (from Schiller)	426
Fragments from Göthe	408
Sonnet — "A star-like sweetness," &c.	508
The Italian Minstrel	556
INDEX	569

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE THAMES STEAMERS AND THE WATERMEN.

The Laws and Constitutions of the Master, Wardens, and Commonalty of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames. Printed for the Company. 1828.

Rules and Bye-Laws for the Regulation of the Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames, by the Court of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. 1828.

Rules or Bye-Laws of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames, by the Court of Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the said Company. 1828.

New Rates of Watermen. 1828.

Minutes of Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons on the London and Blackwall Railway Bills. 1836.

Public attention has of late been directed so strongly to the prospects of steam in its new application to long voyages, that there has been little chance of the progress of inland steam navigation receiving that notice which it appears to deserve. While those leviathans of the deep, the "Great Western" and the "British Queen"*, have attracted universal curiosity, the small fry, which are latterly peopling our shallow waters at home, have been almost wholly overlooked. Yet on the Thames there has been growing up during the last few years a steam traffic offering various points of interest in the adaptation of the steam-boat to new circumstances, which we think demands and will well repay inquiry. And connected with this subject, there are certain other considerations of economical and social concern, which are equally interesting and important. We allude to the controversy between the Thames steam-boat companies and the free watermen, the new claimants and the established possessors of the traffic of the river. Having carefully watched the progress of this dispute during the busy months of the past season, we have collected certain facts, and arrived at certain conclusions which we propose to submit to our readers at this moment, when the traffic of the river steamers is at its height.

The view from London Bridge gives, perhaps, the best idea of the extent of the steam navigation of the river. Looking downwards, the eye is attracted by a forest of funnels belonging to steamers lying off the Custom-house, and various quays from that point to St. Katherine's Dock, and thence as far as the sight can penetrate. These, however, are chiefly foreign and coasting vessels, and as such belong only partially to our present subject.

* A steam vessel of greater magnitude and power than either of these — the largest, we believe, that has ever been built — and, in respect to internal arrangements, the most elegant and commodious, is shortly to be launched, to ply between England and America. This vessel, called "The President," and commanded by Lieut. Campbell, R. N., is expected to make her first voyage for New York on the 1st of August. — Ed.

But close under the bridge, both above and below it, are clustered on the City side the river steamers; for here it is that the rival Gravesend and Greenwich companies, as well as various others, have their wharfs. Here, during the summer months, prevails throughout the day the constant bustle of arrival and departure; and few spots of this busy metropolis are better calculated to convey, in the spring and summer, a true impression of the out-of-door intercourse and movements of its teeming population. During the winter the scene is comparatively still; fewer steamers are plying, and at longer intervals. We will endeavour to give an idea of the extent of the traffic carried on during the past season (1838); not pretending, indeed, to furnish a complete list of the vessels employed, but noting such as came under our own observation.

To Greenwich, there were steam-boats starting every quarter of an hour, the two companies, the old and new, running alternately. To Woolwich, twelve times a day, from Hungerford Market pier. To Gravesend, the Star company had six boats daily; the Diamond Company, seven; the Commercial Company, one, which proceeded to Sheerness and Southend; the Eagle and Falcon Company, two, from Waterloo Bridge; besides which, there was one from Hungerford. Many, if not all of the Gravesend boats, are accustomed to call at Blackwall; and all receive and put down passengers when required at various points of their course. To Ramsgate, Margate, Herne Bay, and other favourite resorts of the inhabitants of the metropolis, there are likewise numerous steam-boats, especially in the season. The following particulars as to the traffic in previous years may be added from the Evidence on the Blackwall Railway. Mr. John Taylor, a Thames pilot, gives (March 23d, p. 4.), as the average number of steamers passing through the Pool, up or down per day, from May to September, from 120 to 130. Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, states (March 24th, p. 15.) that he counted 96 in a day, between eight in the morning and eight at night, passing the London Docks, up or down. And (p. 16.) that in the month of July, 1,801 was the total number, likewise from eight to eight, which gives a daily average of about 60. This latter average probably comes nearest to the truth; the former was given only as a guess, this as an actually observed fact. The difference is lessened, if we consider the one to include, as it probably does, the whole twenty-four hours, while the other expressly excludes the night. In both numbers it will be remembered the foreign and coasting steamers are included, besides those properly belonging to the Thames.

Turning our attention up the river, to Richmond, there plied last season four boats daily from Queenhithe and Hungerford, one of which proceeded to Twickenham. This was the station on which the first Thames steamers were introduced. The up-river boats which remain to be noticed are of a more recent date, the "London and Westminster" company having commenced operations in 1837, and the "Iron Steam-boat" company only during the last season. The former company had boats every quarter of an hour from London Bridge to Westminster Bridge, calling on the Southwark side of Southwark Bridge and at Hungerford; also to Putney three times, and to the Southampton Railway pier, a little above Vauxhall Bridge, twelve times a day. The latter company's iron boats plied every half hour from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway pier, calling on the City side of Waterloo Bridge, and the Westminster side of Westminster Bridge.

From this enumeration, incomplete though it be, it will appear that the facilities afforded to the inhabitants of the metropolis, for enjoying the fresh

breezes of their noble river, and visiting the various scenes of beauty on its banks, are very numerous, while the competition of the different companies has the effect of ensuring low fares. It is difficult to form a calculation of the multitudes who avail themselves of these means of locomotion, but we will give a few data, which may assist the reader to do so. In the report of the Eagle and Falcon company, presented in the spring of last year, it was stated that in three months they had carried by means of their two boats 66,000 persons to and from Woolwich and Blackwall; and that during the first thirty days of their boats plying from Waterloo Bridge, their passengers to and from Gravesend had amounted to 7,600, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather. In Gravesend boats we have counted 200 passengers, when they have been not by any means uncomfortably filled; and though they are often to be seen with much fewer passengers, they are, on the other hand, especially on fine Sundays, very frequently still more crowded. Supposing an average of only 60 passengers per voyage, the 17 boats each way between London and Gravesend will give upwards of 2000 passengers daily journeying the one way or the other — an estimate probably much below the mark. From the evidence of Mr. Charles White, a proprietor and director of the Star company (April 14th, pp. 15, 16.), it would appear that the average number of passengers during the four best months of the year is 300 to each boat — that they sometimes take as many as 600, and "on one day of public rejoicing carried 900." Mr. Redman, another director of the same company, states (May 14th, p. 9.), that they have received and started about 3,000 passengers in about forty-five minutes; of course with several boats. Mr. T. H. Sinnott, clerk to the solicitors to the Herne Bay Pier Company (March 28th, p. 18.), gives 30,102 as the number of passengers landing and embarking at that pier in 1835, from March 25th to the time when the boats ceased running.

The above-bridge traffic presents certain peculiar features, which will probably repay a separate consideration. It is a kind of omnibus traffic; — not, indeed, that one may hold up one's finger at any point of the boat's course and be taken on board or set ashore; but in the space of less than two miles, between London and Westminster Bridges, we have seen that there are appointed by one of the companies one, and by the other, two intermediate stopping places, which gives passengers the opportunity of choosing among three several points of communication within that distance.

To these advantages is added speed in most states of the tide; the length of voyage between Westminster and London Bridges varying from a quarter to half an hour or somewhat more. An additional inducement is offered by the low fare of the steamers, which is fourpence from London Bridge to the Southampton Railway, or any intermediate distance. The number of passengers by these boats is very considerable; in ten trips, taken at different hours of different days, during last autumn, but never in boats crowded, as we shall hereafter have occasion to observe that these vessels frequently are, we found the average to be 40. Indeed the populousness, if we may so describe it, of the river is so great as to attract the activity of the bill-stickers, who sedulously follow their occupation on the piers and under the arches of the bridges, throughout the whole of the busy season; and they are not a class who waste their labours where there are none to look upon them.

It is curious to observe the adaptation of the machinery of the steam-boat, and the mode of navigating it, to this omnibus-traffic. Small of build, shallow of

draught, and proportionately short in funnel, the up-river steamers generally clear the bridges easily, except at high tide; and then, the inexperienced observer who looks on from the shore in momentary expectation of a collision which shall carry away the funnel, is surprised at the adroitness with which, like geese under a gateway, they stoop their necks and pass on in safety. Again, to one accustomed to the usually lengthy process of "bringing a vessel to," alongside of a pier to land her passengers, it would seem impossible for boats, succeeding each other every quarter of an hour, not to run into one another's way, and present a scene of inextricable confusion at the calling places. But what will not practice effect? A stoppage of a couple of minutes generally suffices to land twenty or thirty passengers, and take in as many more; every one walking on and off with the utmost ease and security. At low water, indeed, it may take longer at some places; but, ordinarily, the boat is off again even in less time. The vessels draw up to the pier much like omnibuses to the office door; and the "ease her," "stop her," "back her," "go a-head," &c. of the steam-boat master, are as familiar in the utterance, and as prompt in the action, as the "hold hard," and "all right," of the omnibus cad.

It was not to be supposed that a change so great as that occasioned by the introduction of steamers on the river, should take place without opposition on the part of those already engaged in the traffic. The Thames watermen, trained by a long apprenticeship to the knowledge of every shoal and current of the river, legally licensed for the conveyance of passengers, and looking to the broad stream as the highway on which to ply for bread, would have been something more or less than men to look on with indifference, while the newly introduced steam-boat was superseding the long-privileged wherry. And incorporated as they are by a charter conferring upon them certain rights, while it likewise imposes upon them certain duties, they possess a power, which they have been by no means slow in using, to resist, to a certain extent, the progress of their rivals. But before we enter upon an inquiry, respecting the matters in dispute, it will be necessary to give some account of the constitution and immunities of the Watermen's Company.

The Thames watermen furnished the subject for various early legislative enactments. Acts of parliament were passed in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and James I., regulating the fares to be taken, and appointing certain forms of government for the watermen; and under William III. and Anne, acts were obtained whose principal object was to systematise their impressment, with a view to manning the fleet. They were not, however, incorporated till the year 1827, by the act 7 & 8 George IV. cap. 75., entitled "An Act for the better Regulation of the Watermen and Lightermen on the River Thames, between Yantlet Creek and Windsor." The company consists of the watermen, wherrymen, and lightermen enrolled before the passing of the act, and of such as become freemen under it.

The freedom of the company is to be obtained only by serving a seven years' apprenticeship to a freeman, or a freeman's widow: the number of apprentices that each freeman may take is limited, and proportioned to the number of his craft. Apprentices are bound only between the ages of fourteen and eighteen; and none are allowed to have the sole care of a boat till they have served two years. The fee for the admission of an apprentice, at the end of his seven years, to the rank of a freeman, is 1*l.* 12*s.*; and he pays quarterly what is called a quarterage of 9*d.* to the company; which is to be applied to the posting of the fares, and the fixing of half-mile posts along

the river. Freemen only (with certain exceptions) are allowed to ply for hire; and no boat may carry passengers without a licence, specifying the number allowed; that number being determined by the size and build of the boat.

The government of the company is vested in the court of master, wardens, and assistants, in all 26 members: they are appointed for life by the act, but removable by the court for misbehaviour, &c. The master and four wardens (one senior, three junior) are elected yearly by the court, subject to the approval of the lord mayor and aldermen. Vacancies in the court, caused by death, resignation, &c. are filled as follows: — the court selects three names from among the freemen, and from these three, one is selected by the mayor and aldermen. The court appoints inspectors of plying places, &c.; binds apprentices and admits freemen; and, in general, regulates the affairs of the company, having power to make bye-laws for its government, but subject to the approval of the court of aldermen.

The court of aldermen are likewise empowered to make bye-laws, and alter those of the company, subject, however, to the approval of one or more of the Judges; and due notice must be given to the Watermen's Company before such bye-laws are submitted for approval, as ordered above. The court of aldermen, likewise, have the power of fixing the fares to be taken; which must, however, be further allowed by three members of the privy council.

In conformity with this constitution of the Watermen's Company, certain bye-laws were passed in 1828, by each of the courts authorised by the act, and certain fares laid down. Of these laws we need only say, that their object appears to be the regulation of the traffic, with a view to the safety and convenience of the public, and the equal division of employment among the free watermen. A few of the enactments will necessarily be quoted in connection with the contest which we proceed to relate. One observation, however, in passing: — the Act of George IV., strange as it may appear, does not even, so far as we remember, mention the name steam-vessel. Indeed, one of the first if not the very first of the legal proceedings on the subject, *Tisdell* v. *Coulee*, had for its object the trial of the question, whether the bye-law of the court of aldermen, regulating the speed of steamers in the Pool, was valid or not — whether, under the act, they had the power of making laws for *steamers?* — a question which was decided in the affirmative. The fact is, that even so late as the passing of that act, the Thames steamers, properly so called, were so few and insignificant as scarcely to attract notice; and the watermen obtained, only just in time, an act which but a few years later could not have passed without important modifications, which the rapid increase of steam power on the river would have imperatively demanded.

The greater part of the legal proceedings of the Watermen's Company against the various steam-boat companies, have been instituted under the 42nd bye-law, enacted by the court of aldermen, prohibiting steam-vessels under a penalty not exceeding 5*l.* from navigating at any rate beyond five miles an hour in the Pool; that is, between London Bridge and the eastern limits of Limehouse Reach, a distance of about three miles. Having carefully observed the progress of these proceedings, we think we can give in few words a tolerably accurate view of the merits of the case presented by both parties.

The first movement took place on Thursday, May 3d, at the Thames Police Office, a public notice having been previously issued that the 42d

bye-law would be enforced. On the part of the Watermen's Company, it was given in evidence, that on April 11th, certain steamers named in a list presented, had been carefully timed in their passage through the Pool, and been found to exceed the legal rate of five miles an hour. Their speed appears to have varied from about seven miles an hour, the lowest, up to fifteen, the highest. On the part of the steam-boat companies, it was contended, first, that the bye-law was indistinct, inasmuch as it did not appear whether the speed allowed was five miles an hour past the land, or five miles through the water; that is, supposing the tide to be coming up, for instance, at the rate of three miles an hour, it did not appear whether the rate allowed for a steamer coming up with it was five miles or eight miles of positive motion from a fixed point on the bank. And when the presiding magistrate held the former to be the plain sense of the law, that is, five miles an hour of positive locomotion independent of the tide, it was urged, secondly, that when the tide is flowing as it sometimes does at the rate of four miles an hour, a steamer coming with it at the rate of only five miles has positively not steerage-way, and cannot be safely navigated at that speed. This is indeed an *ex parte* statement, and watermen and others were brought on the other side, to give an opinion that the steamers might in all cases be safely navigated at the prescribed rate. The opinion of Captain John Fisher, one of the harbour-masters, may probably be considered of weight in such a case. He says (Blackwall Railway Evidence, March 24th, p. 16.), "I think it would be a very difficult thing to legislate as to the speed of steamers, because they are frequently obliged to put on an excessive power in passing tiers and passing vessels, when in fact, if they were not to put on that speed, I think great danger at times would occur." And (pp. 17 and 18.) he states, that a steamer must go faster than the tide to keep herself clear, that the tide runs down three knots and a half an hour, probably on an average two knots and a half; that she must make two knots for herself; consequently in the strongest tide she must go at the rate of five and a half, which is half a knot above the legal rate. And even a pilot, Mr. J. Pennam, who speaks out his mind very fully against the steamers and the swell they make, when asked the lowest rate of speed at which a steamer should come up the Pool, replies (March 24th, p. 12.), "Three miles and a half with the tide is quite enough;" and for spring tides he allows three knots; which makes for the rate which he considers "quite enough," six miles and a half an hour. Samuel Grainger, a lighterman of forty years' experience, gives it as his opinion (May 12th, p. 6.), that if the speed of the steamers were diminished, "although the craft would be benefited, the steamers themselves would be put in jeopardy." Such were the opinions expressed in relation to this subject, two years before the present action was brought: the law of the case appearing however perfectly plain, the magistrate had no course open to him but to convict the offending parties; and he imposed on the captains of the four boats which had been selected for the prosecution, the mitigated penalty of 40*s.* each, and costs.

Similar proceedings took place on May 8th and 21st, and August 21st: the rates of speed noticed were within the limits given above; and the penalties imposed ranged mostly from 40*s.* to 3*l.*, according to circumstances; in one case only, where it appeared that the party had been previously convicted, was the full penalty of 5*l.* enforced.

The impression produced on the mind of any person ignorant of the facts respecting the navigation of the Thames, by the newspaper reports of these legal proceedings, would be, not only that the lives and property of the

watermen and their passengers are put in constant and fearful jeopardy by the "reckless speed" of the steamers in the pool, but that the steam-boat captains take a pleasure in running down the watermen, and pride themselves upon it as a feat of seamanship. Mathews, in one of his inimitable *divertissements*, introduced a hackney-coachman discoursing with his friend on the inner mysteries of their common profession: "Did you ever drive over an 'en?" says he. "No," replies his friend. "I dare say not," is the answer, "I seldom find any one that has; it is one of the difficultest things in natur' to drive over an 'en,—but I have drove over three in my time." The worthy magistrate who performed a part in the following extravaganza, must have fancied that with steam-boat captains, it was esteemed a proof of the nicest skill to "drive over a wherry."

Magistrate: "If some of the captains were sent to the treadmill for three months, that would stop the evil."

The two captains, bowing: "We are much obliged to you, sir;—thank your worship."

For our own part, we knew enough of the Thames steamers and their mode of navigation, to acquit their captains of any intentional mischief, or even of rashness and carelessness: we implicitly accredit the testimony to the character of the captains generally, which "several members of the Watermen's Company stepped forward" to bear to that of the two gentlemen, who, as stated above, bowed in return for the magistrate's handsome compliment,—that they are "very respectable and civil men." Yet, in deference to the repeated expressions of witnesses, solicitors, and others, that "boats are hourly destroyed," and "the watermen and lightermen of the river, and the passengers in the wherries, are constantly placed in great peril," we diligently searched the columns of *The Times*, for the express purpose of collecting all accounts of these accidents with which we could meet. And we especially looked for the results of those days on which evidence had been given before the magistrates, of steamers having been timed and found in some instances to treble the legal speed of five miles an hour. On four of these days of remarked and recorded "reckless speed" in April, and two in May—the first six that we met with,—we found the sum total of wherries, barges, and crafts of all kinds, run down by steamers or swamped by their swell, to be ..... NONE.

We will now give the result of a more lengthened and complete inquiry, extending from April to September of the past year, both inclusive; being six months of great activity among the steam and other craft upon the river. Our data is derived from *The Times*, which has been carefully examined for the whole period, the file of a weekly paper, remarkable for the extent of its information on accidents and offences, which we have referred to throughout the first three months, and other sources of personal observation, which we especially put in train for the purpose. We believe we may confidently assert, that no accident of a serious nature within the term selected can have escaped our scrutiny.

To mention, first, a class of accidents which have properly no connection with the dispute between the steam-boat companies and the watermen, we find five cases of steamers running foul of one another, or of vessels of a larger size than the wherries and barges with which the Watermen's Company have to do. Four of these accidents happened below London Bridge; and were attended with no injury or inconvenience to passengers beyond alarm and slight delay. The remaining one is the case of an up-river boat running against a pier of Westminster Bridge, whereby one

passenger was thrown overboard, but rescued by the keeper of a floating-bath, who has frequently distinguished himself on similar occasions.

Secondly, we have a list of five barges, four laden with coal, and one with barrels of ale and beer, swamped by the swell caused in some instances by one steamer, in others by more. These accidents all happened in the Pool, to which we have already referred as the chief seat of danger, owing to the crowds of shipping that constantly frequent it. The cargoes were, for the most part, lost, and the barges were generally sunk or floated away. In none of these accidents, however, were any lives lost: we rejoice to see how frequently the bargeman is reported a good swimmer, as he ought in all cases to be, considering his trade; and how constantly, in such instances, the watermen of the neighbourhood are on the alert, and render most effectual assistance.

It remains to notice the accidents occurring to boats conveying passengers, of which, by a curious coincidence, we find five again. Of these, all occurred below London Bridge, with the exception of one, which happened near the pier of the London and Westminster Steam-boat Company at Westminster, just as the steamer was starting; three passengers were all saved, the first we must observe by the keeper of the floating-bath, before mentioned. One of the accidents below the bridge occurred to a lady and gentleman who were crossing the river, and whose boat was nearly swamped by a steamer coming down on her way to Greenwich; the boat, half full of water, was towed to land by other watermen who came to her assistance. In a second instance, a boat crossing the stream shot out from a tier just as a steamer was passing, and was run down by her, swamped, and broken; of three passengers, two supported themselves by swimming till picked up by boats, and the third clung to the steamer and was taken on board. In all these three accidents, the boats were under the charge of licensed watermen; in the remaining two such was not the case. A boat with three passengers coming up the Pool, met a Woolwich steamer going down; and the rowers, in their alarm, threw down their oars, and got right in her way: the boat being struck, began instantly to fill; two of her passengers clung to the steamer, and were taken off by watermen, who likewise rescued the third from the sinking boat. Thus far we have had to record no loss of life; one fatal accident remains. A large boat, three tons register, containing seven persons, under the charge of a man who, though not a licensed waterman, has been on the water twelve years as a cutter of osiers, was struck by a Woolwich steamer: the collision threw overboard four persons, two of whom (women) were drowned. One of the passengers (a landsman) thinks the steamer was going as much as nine miles an hour; tried to get them to turn from their course when about 150 yards off, but saw no attempt made to stop the steamer. The verdict returned by the coroner's jury was "Accidental Death," it appearing that the steamer was in the right course, and the boat in the wrong one. The captain, however, who stated that he had commanded steamers twenty years without accident, received a caution to avoid accidents in future even though a boat were in the wrong course.

This summary of accidents in which the Thames steamers were concerned during the six months in question, seems then to show that life and property is not, after all, so fatally endangered even in the Pool, as the public generally imagine. In former years fatal accidents have certainly been frequent, as appears from the evidence on the Blackwall Railway Bill. Mr. James Evans, chief surveyor of the Thames Police (May 24th, pp. 13–14.), gives particulars of five fatal accidents in the Pool, in which nine lives were lost

in little more than four months, between June 9th and October 17th, 1835; and he was prepared with more, but the committee intimated that they had heard sufficient evidence on this point. He was succeeded by Mr. Peter Charles Burrell, who being asked, "*Q.* What is the number of accidents between June and December? you counted them, I believe?" replied, — "*A.* Fifteen men and one boy," — lost, we presume. It is no concern of ours to impugn these statements; they are doubtless correct, and correct, we should suppose, to the very utmost of the actual mischief, as the dangers of the Pool formed a strong point in the parliamentary case of the railway companies. The following statement, however, from the Report of the Blackwall Railway Company, recently published, does not appear to us incorrect. "The case made out in the first application to Parliament was a very strong one, and so far from anything having since occurred to weaken it, it is well known that the steam-boat traffic has enormously increased, the vessels are of much larger size, and, *consequently*, navigate the river with *greater risk to other craft, and especially to persons in open boats.*" The increase of the steamers, both in number and size, is undeniable; and the Railway Company's inference from it, which we have marked with Italics, would seem *à priori* to be a legitimate one. Suppositions, however, must always give way to facts; and the supposed greater risk cannot be maintained in the teeth of the fact, that whereas, in 1835, "fifteen men and a boy" were lost by steamers in the Pool during six months between June and December, while in 1838, during six at least equally busy months from April to September, but one fatal accident occurred, involving the loss of two lives only — so far, at least, as we have been able to discover from the newspapers, in which inquests are seldom omitted. Since, then, it plainly appears that from whatever cause — whether from the greater vigilance of the Watermen's Company, or the growing prudence of the watermen navigating small craft, or the increased skill of those employed on board of steamers — accidents are now becoming comparatively rare, it is evident that the language used concerning them, however just it may have been in former times, is no longer applicable.

We have further to observe, that it is by no means evident that these accidents have been altogether the fault of the steamers, though such appears in general tacitly assumed to be the case; and thus it is that the accounts of such accidents are headed in the newspapers — "Fatal steam-boat accident" — "Another steam-boat accident in the Pool," &c. &c. With respect to the swamping of barges, for instance, we hear constantly that "the swell raised by the steamer was so great," &c., and then our attention is called to the narrow escape of the waterman, and the immense loss of property which the owner of the barge has sustained by similar accidents "during the last six months;" and thus a degree of virtuous indignation is excited in the reader's mind against the steamer which "cut such a swell." All this time not one word is said about the extreme loading of the barge; we are not informed how few inches, even in the smoothest water, the gunwale stood out above the surface. Yet we put it to the experience of every unprejudiced person who has ever passed down the Thames, whether the barges are not frequently laden to so outrageous an extent as to be certain of swamping in any water less smooth than a fishpond in a fine summer day. Had it so happened that the steamers in the progress of invention had preceded the barges, steam having the sanction of antiquity, and holding possession of the public mind, while the barges were the interlopers, we doubt not such accidents would be recorded somehow thus: —

"ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN THE POOL.—OVERLOADING OF BARGES.—As the Gravesend steamer, quick as thought, was proceeding through the Pool on Wednesday last, at her usual moderate pace of from ten to fifteen miles an hour, an overladen barge, with her gunwale within a foot of the water, was swamped by the swell. Every possible assistance was rendered by Captain Go-a-head and his crew, whose nautical skill is only equalled by their humanity; and the waterman was saved by their exertions. We have repeatedly noticed the senseless overloading of these lighters, and wonder how much longer their owners will be blind to their own interest. But the evil is now reaching such a pass, that the interference of the legislature is indispensable. It is intolerable, that a public conveyance of such importance, respectability, and antiquity, as the Thames steamers, should be liable to delays of this nature," &c.

Again, of the five accidents with boats conveying passengers, mentioned above, we think it clearly appears that in three the fault lay with the navigators of the rowing boat, not the steamer; in the other two instances the accounts are hardly sufficiently detailed to enable us to judge. The three that we charge on the rowing boats rather than on the steamer are the following: — 1. The case in which the boat that was run down had just shot out from a tier of shipping, which concealed her from the view of the steamer; — this was the fault of the waterman, who ought to have looked out well before he crossed the channel in which he knew that steamers might be expected at any moment. 2. In the case where the only fatal accident is recorded, the fact of no deodand being allowed shows that the jury acquitted the steam-boat captain of all substantial blame, notwithstanding the caution which they administered to him. 3. The accident to the three landsmen who were conceited enough to navigate the Pool without a waterman, and ignorant enough to throw down their oars when they found themselves in the steamer's way, must be attributed solely to the indiscretion of the adventurers themselves.

So much for the navigation of the Pool, and the legal proceedings resulting from it. On the establishment of the London and Westminster Steamboat Company, whose boats did not appear within the limits of the Pool at all, the Watermen's Company showed themselves prepared to oppose their competitors on this new field also. For some time after the starting of the London and Westminster boats, they were prevented by the Watermen's Company from plying for hire, and were obliged to content themselves with the voluntary offerings of their passengers, dropped into money-boxes fixed on board for contributions towards the maintenance and repair of the vessels. Under what clause of the act or the bye-laws the proceedings were instituted which caused this phenomenon of boats plying gratis, we have not been able to ascertain; there is, however, in the act a clause prohibiting boats from plying without a licence, expressing the number of passengers they may carry; and in the bye-laws of the Court of Mayor and Aldermen, another requiring the master or chief steersman of steam-boats and sailing passage boats to be licensed by the Watermen's Company; under either of which we imagine the action may have been brought. How the proceedings terminated, or whether they have terminated, we have not been able to ascertain: various rumours of a composition between the companies having been effected, are current, but we know not on what authority: one thing, however, is clear, that the steamers ran without obstruction all the past season, and a good part of the previous one, at a regular public fare.

It has doubtless been seen already by the extracts which we have made, that the Watermen's Company possess in their act, and the bye-laws founded upon it, considerable means of legally annoying at least, if not seriously injuring, their competitors the steam-boat companies. When we state

further that other clauses exist which might probably be enforced to the great inconvenience, if not the complete prohibition, of the steam navigation, the reader will be at a loss to account for the apparent lenity with which the Watermen's Company have used their power, and doubt whether to refer it to their disinclination to press matters to extremity, or to their want of funds to maintain the war in the courts. This phenomenon is explained by the fact, that the interests of the great number of free watermen employed on the steamers hamper the Watermen's Company, and prevent them from defending to the utmost their chartered rights. There is not a man engaged in navigating the Thames steamers who is not a free waterman; even the boys employed on deck are mostly regular apprentices. The engine-men and stokers of course are excepted; but the whole of the crew, whose station and business is on deck, have passed their legal apprenticeship — an excellent security by the way for their knowledge of the river and fitness for navigating it with safety. When we consider that the small up-river steamers, of the London and Westminster Company for instance, require for their management on deck, a captain, mate, and steersman, and fore-end boy to look out, and have the fender ready on approaching the pier — that the Greenwich boats are worked by five men, and the larger ones by a still greater number — it will be seen that the watermen employed on board the steamers are sufficiently numerous to make their interests an important check on the anti-steam propensities of the company.

There are not indeed wanting among the watermen those who think their company remiss in their conduct of the contest, who quote with exultation clauses in their act and bye-laws amply sufficient, in their estimation, to put down the steamers altogether, and who express a strenuous desire to use their power to the utmost. Such are to be found especially among the older watermen, long inured to the oar, and looking upon the steam-boat as a wretched smoky modern innovation. There are not, however, many of this sort, we believe; generally they must feel that the steamers will go on in despite of them, and that if the steamers were wholly abolished the traffic of the waterman would experience scarcely any perceptible improvement; for the facilities created by the steamers create in fact the traffic by which they are supported. We mention these facts as symptoms of the decline of that spirit of caste which is still strong among the elder watermen, and which prevents many from taking employment on board the steamers. To a young man indeed just completing his apprenticeship, and looking about somewhat anxiously for a means of exercising advantageously the business he has learned, the service of the steam-boat companies offers certain advantages which are not to be slighted. If he would at once enter on business on his own account, he must somehow or other find money to buy and keep in repair his wherry, or else hire one, whose rent will be a heavy deduction from his gains; and when the boat is provided, he must take his station at some one or other of the already crowded plying places, and wait for his turn among a number of eager candidates. On the other hand, the steam-boat companies offer him regular and certain wages, free from the fluctuations to which the waterman's life at best is subject. Many enter into their service from inability to procure by any means a wherry for their own use; still, however, looking with regret on the watermen as they row by, and fondly wishing they too could still take oar in hand, and respond to rather than raise the cry "Scul-*lers!* scul-*lers!*" when the steamer needs to land a passenger on her way. Many likewise we doubt not, of less adventurous disposition, prefer the certainty of steam-boat wages; and the longer the new

traffic continues, the more firmly it becomes established as a regular and recognised system, the more will this latter class increase, furnishing to the steamers a constant supply of skilful watermen, content with their occupation, and looking to it as their natural means of support.

Besides their chartered rights, the watermen appeal to their public services as a ground of support against their rivals the steam-boat companies. We have seen above, that some of the earliest of the acts relative to the watermen of the Thames had for their object the regulation of impressment; and it appears that at the present time, this body is liable, on the breaking out of a war, to be called upon to furnish five hundred men towards the manning of the navy. This we believe to be a condition on which the rights of the watermen are secured to them; so that so long as those rights are maintained, the watermen have no ground for complaining of their being subject to the levy in question. Nor indeed do they complain of it, they seem ready and willing enough to perform their part of the bargain; but it appears to us that they press somewhat over-eagerly upon the Government the policy of keeping up the Watermen's Company as a means of supplying sailors to the fleet. For we conceive, that on occasion of any future war, however great may be the demand for sailors, and however well fitted the hardy and experienced watermen of the Thames may be to supply that demand, still as our steam marine is becoming very considerable, and appears to be destined to act an important part in future naval warfare, it is by no means sound policy to discourage the Thames steam craft in order to preserve the Thames wherries. For steam-frigates requiring to be manned as well as sailing ones, Government will probably find five hundred men accustomed to the navigation of steam craft, fully as valuable as an equal number of the watermen whom they formerly called from their oars. The bargain, in short, may have been good for both parties at the time it was made; but now it would be preposterous to confirm to the watermen as a compensation for their liability to naval service a monopoly of the river traffic, which experience has proved to be conducted more conveniently and economically by the use of steam power.

In these observations we express no opinion respecting the claim of the watermen to compensation in case of their privileges being curtailed or cancelled. The rationale of compensation for vested rights and chartered privileges appears to be very simple and clear, whatever may be thought of its equity. Let any change be imperatively demanded by the altered circumstances of the times, and it is ultimately effected; and they who suffer by the change receive compensation — if they are able to speak loud enough to obtain it. It remains to be seen whether the Watermen's Company have sufficient weight and interest to obtain a good price for the withdrawing of their opposition; but one thing we conceive is already decided — that their opposition cannot stop, though it may for a time retard, the progress of steam navigation on the Thames. The traffic of the river cannot return to its former channels; the watermen can never again have the sole conveyance of passengers till father Thames turns back his tide and flows from Yantlett Creek to Windsor.

It is impossible for the watermen to compete with the steamers, either in speed or cheapness, in the general traffic between steam-boat stations; but a sufficient incidental traffic remains, which it is in their own power to increase to a very considerable extent. They would do well to take a lesson from their rivals. By the steamers, the fare is fixed and well known; it is paid without trouble or annoyance, and received with civility. By the wher-

ries the rates are no less clearly fixed; for sixpence, a passenger may buy a list of them, and have it always at hand to refer to: by law, each waterman is bound to have a true list in his boat, and to produce it for examination by any passenger on demand, under penalty of forfeiting his fare; but it is notorious that the legal fare is never received with civility, the passenger who proffers it being generally treated with abuse. It would seem as if the watermen, in this respect, act upon the principle which led Mr. Squeers, in the memorable scene at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, to box the ears of the little boy whom he had secured as a pupil, through his vexation at having ensnared no more: just so the waterman, soured by the decline of his business, vents his ill-humour on those who do come to his boat — treatment not the most likely, certainly, to lead to a renewal of the intercourse.

Another petty annoyance — part of the same system — is, that at almost every stairs or landing place passengers are assailed by a little ragged boy with cold-looking bare feet, begging coppers for "Jack who keeps the stairs clean," an office which the watermen are bound by their regulations to discharge themselves, and for which they would seem to have plenty of time while waiting for passengers. These things must be amended before the watermen can expect to make the most of the traffic that remains to them.

That fewer watermen are employed since the introduction of steam power on the Thames, notwithstanding the numbers engaged in connection with the steamers, both on board, and in boats conveying passengers to and from the vessel at various points of her course, is an undoubted fact, as is attested by various witnesses examined before the Blackwall Committee: yet, when we consider the vast amount of labour employed in the production of the machinery, which enables a smaller amount of men to navigate vessels conveying a number of passengers increased beyond all means of calculation, we cannot doubt that the extensive employment of steamers on the river has called into exercise in other quarters a much greater quantity of labour than it has superseded on the river; and so it always is with mechanical improvements; while the old system declines, the new rises into a more vigorous life than ever the old enjoyed. Thus, in the present instance, while the watermen stand idle at their plying places, the workshops of the mechanics engaged in the construction of the steamers are in unceasing activity; and happily the declining and the flourishing occupation are here exercised side by side, so that the difficulty of transferring labour from the one to the other is not increased by distance. This circumstance plainly suggests to the watermen a most important means of accommodating themselves to the change which they cannot prevent. We do not expect that they should quit the oar themselves, and take up the hammer and file; except, indeed, in rare instances, where their skill has proved to be such in the occasional repair of their boats, as to give them a better chance of living by a mechanical occupation than by their own accustomed business; but we point to the new occupation as supplying ample means for the advancement of their children, and as being well calculated to make an adequate satisfaction to the succeeding generation for the temporary injury inflicted upon the present race by the inevitable progress of science.

Having thus endeavoured to give an idea of the present state of the river traffic, the constitution of the Watermen's Company, the powers with which they are invested, and the use which they make of those powers, we come to the consideration of the equity of the present state of things, and the question whether there is any need of alteration in the existing provisions for the government of the river craft. From what we have already stated,

it must appear sufficiently evident, that the interests of the steam-boat companies are not sufficiently represented in the bodies which have the power of making regulations for their government: indeed, they can hardly be said to be represented at all. Their sailors are, it is true, all free of the Watermen's Company; but that company, as we have seen, is not so constituted as to feel the influence of the opinion even of a majority of the freemen, and we do not contend that those employed on board of steamers are at present a majority; and not only is the labour employed by the steam-boat companies totally unrepresented in the court of Warden and Assistants of the Watermen's Company, but their capital, also, large as it is. In the Court of Aldermen, which, as before stated, has a veto over the Watermen's Company, and the power of making bye-laws, the capital of the steam-boat companies has the same chance of making itself respected, and its interests attended to, as property invested in any other way. It has, however, the disadvantage of being comparatively a newly established investment, while the watermen appeal to long standing and vested rights, a difference the effects of which are always felt in civic bodies. This is, however, a natural consequence of a feeling independent of all law, and superior to all legislative enactments, the respect paid to antiquity; and of it, therefore, no reasonable complaint can be made. But we submit, that the present constitution of the Watermen's Company is manifestly unjust towards the steam-boat companies. It may have been perfectly equitable for the watermen to have the power of making laws for the regulation of the traffic, while they alone were concerned in it, and owned every boat on the river; it may have been very fair even at the passing of the watermen's act of incorporation, to confirm to them this power by positive enactment, the steam craft on the river being as yet so insignificant as to claim little notice; but now, when the amount of capital invested by the steam-boat companies has become by no means unimportant, when it is probably equal in amount to that invested in wherries and barges by the free watermen, if not even greater, it appears to us to be by no means equitable that this large amount of capital should be unrepresented in the Court of Warden and Assistants, they (the Watermen's Company) being thus interested parties, while at the same time they are legislators.

As a natural consequence of this state of things, the steamers on the Thames are at present a nuisance in the eye of the law, and liable at any time to be put down by law as such; and enactments almost obsolete are still suspended *in terrorem* over the heads of steam-boat captains, ready at any moment to be enforced at the mere pleasure of the Watermen's Company. Now, we ask the steam-boat companies, are they content still to lie under the lash of their rivals, wincing only when it falls, but humbly thankful when they are allowed to break the law without punishment. It may be, though we very much doubt it, the best policy in a pecuniary point of view, for the steam-boat companies to pay no attention to the dormant powers of the Watermen's Company, content with fighting them on the ground of each clause in turn, as they bring it forward as the subject of legal proceedings; but sure we are, that a bolder and more determined course might be expected from those who have the working of one of the mightiest powers of modern times, than thus to succumb to the fast-failing strength of an institution more fitted to the past than to the present age.

It is not, however, by individual or casual exertions, that the steam-boat companies will obtain such modifications of the Waterman's Act as shall suit it to the altered circumstances of the river navigation, — there must be

energy and unanimity. The bills introduced into parliament last session failed, from the want of this union among the companies; and so far as we were able to judge of the nature of their provisions, we do not regret their loss, as we fully expect they will be succeeded by much better measures. They proceeded too much on the principle of destroying the existing machinery, or erecting new contrivances by its side, instead of the more rational and feasible plan of adapting the old, by reconstruction, to the altered wants of the case. The idea of leaving the watermen under their own company's direction, and putting the steamers under another management, was injudicious, as tending to perpetuate the existing state of hostility between the parties; whereas the two kinds of navigation have surely enough in common to make it desirable to keep them under a common direction, in which the interests of each should be fairly represented. This plan would also be found by far the most convenient in the adjustment of claims of compensation for damage resulting from the collision of steam and other craft, which will occasionally occur even under the most careful management. Again, we would most undoubtedly preserve the institution of apprenticeship: if the present term be needlessly long, let it be shortened; if it be fenced in by unnecessary restrictions, let it be opened; but all experience is in favour, as even our short list of accidents will show, of an apprenticeship as a guarantee for skill and knowledge in the safe navigation of the river. It is plain, also, that the same knowledge of the river being necessary for both kinds of navigation, one apprenticeship is sufficient, and, at the same time, by including rowing and steam-boats under one system of common management, labour will be the more readily transferred from the one to the other as circumstances may require.

It will, we doubt not, be granted without hesitation, that the interests of the steam-boat companies require a revision of the Waterman's Act; it may appear less obvious, but we believe we shall be able to prove that the public safety no less requires such a revision. The Watermen's Company are generally looked upon as the guardians of the public safety on the river, but whether it be from the want of the will or of the power, they have certainly neglected to enforce certain of the bye-laws made under their act, which we hold to be clearly of the highest importance in this respect. In the case which we select as an instance of this neglect, it will be seen that it is the lives of the passengers and the property of the *steam-boat companies* that are put in jeopardy; in the case in which the Watermen's Company have bestirred themselves most, the speed of steamers in the Pool, it is on the other hand the property of the *watermen*, in addition to the lives of the passengers, that is alleged to be endangered. It is perhaps natural for the Watermen's Company, if their means be limited, to pursue such a course; still, if it be proved, that from any cause whatever the public safety is not efficiently secured under their guardianship, we come to the same conclusion, —that the system needs a careful revision.

The 33d section of the bye-laws of the court of Mayor and Aldermen, enacts, under a penalty not exceeding 5*l*., "that no person shall act as master or chief steersman of any steam-boat or sailing passage boat within the limits before stated, till approved or licensed for the office by the master, wardens, and court of assistants;" and further, under a similar penalty, "that he shall not carry a greater number of passengers than allowed by the license granted to his boat; the tonnage of such boat, together with the number of passengers allowed to be carried therein, to be painted upon the after or most conspicuous part of the companion, or some other conspicuous

part of the vessel, in large capital letters and figures not less than two inches long, and broad in proportion." This section appears to have become a dead letter. Respecting the first clause of it, we make no very heavy complaint; the Watermen's Company have probably come to the conclusion, that the mere fact of the owners of a steam-boat entrusting her to the care of a person, is as efficient a guarantee for his ability and experience, as even a license granted by themselves. Still if it be so, if this clause be unnecessary so far as steam-boats are concerned, the word "steam-boat" should surely be struck out; this, in short, is one of the rods suspended *in terrorem*, which we would have removed.

The second clause, however, does appear to us very important, and the neglect to enforce it totally inexcusable on the part of the Watermen's Company, if it be indeed their office to watch over the safety of passengers by the river conveyances. The newspaper complaints of the over-crowding of steamers are becoming nearly as frequent as those before mentioned, of the reckless speed of the steam-boats in the Pool, and they are, in our opinion, much the better founded of the two. The rule, indeed, appears in general to be with those who have the management of steamers, to receive on board as many passengers as offer, so long as there is but room for one more to insert himself edgeways. The Greenwich and Gravesend boats are reported as crowded to excess on fine Sundays and holidays. Besides the inconvenience to passengers, which of itself is discreditable to the companies that undertake to convey them, there is likewise danger of a part of the crowd being pushed overboard, on the occurrence of those fluctuations to which crowds are always subject even on land, and much more on water. These are however large and substantial boats, and there is little chance of an upset, however heavily they may be laden. The London and Westminster Company's boats, on the other hand, designed for above-bridge traffic, are small, seldom amounting to more than forty or fifty tons, and shallow built, rarely drawing more than from two and a-half to three feet of water; yet, on a fine summer Sunday evening, we have seen these tiny craft staggering under a cargo of 200 passengers, all on deck too, making the boat top heavy, as few could be prevailed upon to forsake the fresh air by going below. We have heard even of 260 having been stowed, when the cabins also were full, as the night air became cool. There is indeed a degree of safety in your deck being so crowded as not to have a square inch to spare, your passengers *must* stand still, and so cannot upset the boat by crowding to one side. But suppose any thing to occur to alarm them; suppose such an accident as we have related to have happened to one of these very boats, the running foul of the pier of a bridge. The result would probably be, — first, the shaking off, not of one, but of many passengers crowded round the taffrail, and probably the upsetting of the whole from the motion excited by alarm among the crowd on deck. It will be said, no accident has happened from over-crowding; happily not at present, but is not such an accident as we have supposed possible? Is it not probable? If it be only possible, the Watermen's Company are proved inefficient guardians of the public safety, and a revision of their act is requisite. Our too usual mode of proceeding with respect to accidents, is this, — we allow them to occur by the neglect of the most ordinary precautions suggested by common prudence. Then "an intelligent coroner's jury, after a protracted and laborious investigation," brings in a verdict, charging the owners of the machinery, or whatever it was that caused the accident, with gross and culpable negligence, and inflicting upon them a heavy deodand, as a warning to be more

careful in future. Thus do we first of all lose lives, before we bestir ourselves to prevent lives from being lost. Fearful indeed will be the experiment in the case which we have imagined; such an accident, "at one fell swoop," will exceed the total destruction of life in the Pool probably since the first river steamer disturbed its waters.

We will now endeavour to indicate a few points on which the amended act for the government of the river should contain provisions for the regulation of steam-boats. The very passing of an act for their regulation recognises them as a legitimate conveyance, and at once frees them from the imputation of being a nuisance to be barely tolerated, rather than a great public convenience to be used and encouraged. It being decided that they are not to be put down by law, it follows necessarily that no enactment must be allowed to continue, inconsistent with their safety in navigating the river. The allegation universally brought forward by those connected with the steamers, and supported, as we have shown from the Blackwall evidence, by habour-master, pilot, and lighterman, that the present legal rate of five miles an hour in the Pool is not sufficient in all states of the tide, to allow the necessary steerage-way, must be carefully examined. The bare assertion of watermen, however respectable, must not be taken as conclusive evidence on this point; for in the present state of feeling on the subject they are not disinterested witnesses. And besides, we greatly doubt their competency to form an unerring judgment on the subject; we would not take their opinion unhesitatingly on any point of steam navigation; just as we should not admit the dictum of a stage-coachman respecting the rate at which it would be safe to work a steam-coach on a turnpike road. The facts of the case are readily ascertainable by experiment; and experiments must be made, at all times of the tide, by properly authorised persons, competent, but disinterested, before a rate of speed can be satisfactorily determined. Such a commission it would not, we imagine, be difficult to constitute; probably the best persons to form it would be officers of the navy, chosen partly from those commanding steam frigates, partly from commanders of sailing vessels of war: their experience would enable them to decide most, if not all, the questions at issue; and their total independence of both parties on the river would be a satisfactory guarantee for their impartiality. When once it is ascertained what is the lowest speed at which steamers may be navigated with safety, a rate *at the least* equal to that must be allowed to them, unless it is resolved to put them down altogether. And if this rate, whether four, five, six, seven, or eight miles an hour, be found inconsistent with the safety of wherries and lighters, as at present built and loaded, then the wherries and lighters must adapt their build and loading to the state of the river for which they are intended. The Thames, in short, must be considered as subject to a peculiar kind of swell,—not exactly a land-swell, nor a sea-swell, but a steam-swell; and those who embark upon it in boats unsuited to its navigation, after the fair notice given by a well-digested legislative enactment on the subject, will have no more cause of complaint of upset than the little Cupids whom we see represented in pictures paddling about in cockle-shells upon the sea —a mode of conveyance picturesque no doubt, but somewhat dangerous, except to passengers who, like themselves, have wings to depend upon in case of accident.

In conducting these experiments, the attention of the proposed commission should be drawn to the consideration of the best construction of steam vessels, a subject on which we have yet much to learn. Every improvement

in this respect, diminishing the resistance to their passage through the water, lessens the swell, at the same time that it gives greater power of rapid motion. For this part of their inquiries it would probably be desirable that the commission should be assisted by one or two members of general scientific acquirements, in addition to their own practical experience in steam and sailing nautical affairs. It is curious to observe the difference in the smoothness with which different steamers work: one bustles through the waves, raising a prodigious disturbance both at stem and stern, and *churning* with her paddles most vigorously, reminding the looker-on of a stray goose, twenty yards behind the rest of the flock at feeding time; while another, as rapid as graceful, glides along like a swan, with scarce a ripple before or behind, and only a slight wave proceeding from her paddles. That it is the interest of steam-boat proprietors to adopt improvements, thus economising the power of their engines, while they add so much of beauty and of grace to their boats, and of comfort to their passengers, cannot be doubted; it might, however, perhaps quicken their eye to their self-interest, to license their boats for a speed adapted to their build, and proportioned inversely to the disturbance they create as they pass through the water.

It has often occurred to us, while crossing the bridges, that the nuisance of the steamers passing underneath is so intolerable as to argue great patience on the part of those who day by day endure it; for friendly as we are to steam, we are hostile to smoke; and we can only suppose that so little notice is taken of the subject, from its being everybody's business, and therefore nobody's. We would, therefore, suggest to the commission, as a point of inquiry, whether it be not desirable to impose upon the up-river steamers a penalty for not consuming their own smoke; probably, likewise, on the river boats in general, and on sea-going vessels while in the river, as the nuisance is great to the shipping and the neighbourhood. Abundance of schemes are afloat for the consumption of their own smoke by steam-engine furnaces; the measure proposed would speedily bring the best of them to bear. And meanwhile, the only evil inflicted on the steam-boat companies, in return for the good to the public, would be a temporary increase in expense in the burning of coke, either by itself, or with a proportion of anthracite coal, which produces no smoke. This increased expense in steam navigation would of course be covered by a slight advance in the fares, if necessary; though we believe it would be so trifling as not to require any such measure. We have precedent for an enactment of this kind in the case of locomotives on railways, which are compelled by their respective acts to use coke. And the steam-boat companies themselves would have reason to be thankful for the gentle force which had constrained them to their own profit, when once the system of home-smoke consumption had thus become general; for the smoke, by no means ornamental when turned out of the funnel, is useful and economising fuel when consumed in the furnace.

An important point on which the proposed commission would be called upon to report, is the means of relieving the Pool from the over-crowding of shipping, which is, beyond a doubt, the main source of danger both to steam and sailing craft. Two undertakings of great importance are at present in progress, which will tend, when completed, to effect this desirable object. The Blackwall Railway, the works on which are, according to the late report, all contracted for on condition that they shall be completed by the end of the year, is expected by its promoters to offer inducements sufficient

to detain at Blackwall many of the vessels which at present come up to various points of the Pool: and the Thames Haven Dock, with a branch railway uniting it to the eastern counties line, is likewise advancing towards completion; the object of it is to offer to colliers especially a point for discharging their cargoes with greater expedition and less risk than is at present effected in the Pool. A third plan for the same object as one or both of these, is that of the Deptford Steam Ship Dock Company, to communicate with the Greenwich Railway, which has advertised its intention of bringing a bill into parliament during the present session.

That great additional accommodation will thus be afforded to shipping in the port of London is beyond a doubt. It will be an important point to be considered, whether these new companies should be left to attract craft to their docks and termini by the indubitable advantages they can offer; or whether a legislative enactment is called for, to distribute the craft into classes; as, for instance, to detain the steamers at Blackwall and Deptford, and the colliers at the Thames Haven Dock. Considerable diversity of opinion on this subject prevails in the Blackwall Railway evidence. On the one side, many proprietors and directors of steam-boat companies expressed an inclination to stop their vessels at Blackwall when the railway is completed, with a view of avoiding the expensive dangers of the Pool, and at the same time expediting the journey to their passengers. Others, especially such as are interested in wharfs along the Pool, strongly maintained that no inducements could be offered by the railway sufficient to keep the steamers at Blackwall, without a compulsory enactment, the idea of which they denounced as unjust and inexpedient. Other witnesses connected with the general navigation of the river were pretty equally divided in opinion on these points. A few suggestions which have occurred to us in the course of this inquiry, are offered as an assistance towards arriving at a conclusion.

And first we would ask, why are the *steamers* especially selected as the description of craft that should be detained, either voluntarily or by compulsion, at Blackwall? The Pool is granted on all hands to be over crowded: which vessels, then, must be removed? We should suppose those which are most dangerous in a crowd, as being least manageable; and it seems natural to expect that a steamer, having her source of motion *within herself*, should be more under control than a vessel moving mainly by wind and tide. And what says the evidence? Hear Mr. Joseph Adams, proprietor and managing owner of some Leith and London steam ships (March 29, pp. 3, 4.): — "I have found, from upwards of twenty years' experience in managing the smack company's vessels, that the damages paid by the smack company were greater than we have ever paid for the steam vessels." "*Q.* With respect to the running foul of other vessels, a sailing vessel would be more liable to do damage? — *A.* Yes; they have not the same power to get out of the way." Captain John Fisher, harbour-master (March 24th, p. 20.), states, "I have seen vessels coming up to St. Katharine's Docks with (that is, towed by) a steamer on each side of her;" and he very properly reprobates the practice, which it is plain must be charged against the sailing vessels under whose orders the tugs are acting. The following question and answer from the cross-examination of the same witness (March 25th, p. 7.) will show that other causes of danger exist besides the steamers: — "*Q.* Have you not said before a committee, on a former occasion, that until the steam-boats were in the habit of towing these large vessels up to St. Katharine's Docks we never had the complaints which you describe with respect to the state of the Pool; that formerly we had less than 300 feet (that is, water-way

between the tiers riding at anchor in the mid-river and the vessels moored alongside the wharfs), and we never had a complaint till those large vessels came so high up the river, and caused damage?—*A.* That answer does not allude to steam-boats." We quote it as alluding to sailing vessels of 600 tons burden, or thereabouts; and take for granted that, if the question did not correctly report the captain's evidence "on a former occasion," he would now have protested against the inaccuracy. It seems, then, to be proved, that these large ships, besides helping to fill up the Pool, are not so manageable as the steamers: if they cause fewer accidents by swamping, they cause more by fouling; and such being the case, we submit that the very raising of the question, whether the *steamers*, rather than others, should be compelled to stop at Blackwall, is another symptom of the prejudice against them as dangerous interlopers, and tolerated nuisances, which it has been one object of these remarks to remove.

But even supposing that the steamers were, as seems by some parties to be supposed, always in the wrong, a serious difficulty would attend a prohibition of their navigating the Pool. Take, for example, the case of the Waterloo Bridge and Gravesend boats, which offer to the inhabitants of the Strand and parts further west the readiest way of going down the river to that favourite resort of the Londoners. These vessels being put down by the general prohibition against steamers navigating the Pool, the journey from the Strand to Gravesend, at present so easily performed, would be cut up into three portions — to the Blackwall Railway terminus by omnibus, or by steamer to London Bridge—the railway to Blackwall — and the steamer forward. Similar inconvenience would attend the projected prohibition in the case of all the Hungerford boats that go below the Bridge; and, consequently, we ask, whether the degree of danger still incurred by the navigation of steam vessels through the Pool is so considerable, and at the same time so totally irremediable by better harbour regulations and other means, as to call for a prohibition leading to such decided abridgment of public accommodation?

It will perhaps be said, these Hungerford and Waterloo Bridge boats are so small in build, in order to allow of their going up so high, that they may safely be excepted from the general prohibition, and allowed to navigate the Pool under certain restrictions as to speed; but that the large steamers engaged in the coasting and foreign trade must be prohibited from coming higher than Blackwall, or Deptford at most, in case of the projected steam dock being constructed there. And certainly this exception would so far obviate our objection; a single change of conveyance at the beginning or end of a voyage of several hundred miles would be less felt than two changes in the course of twenty or thirty miles. Coasting and foreign steamers might land their passengers with considerable convenience at Blackwall or Deptford, giving them the option of taking their own conveyance thence, or from the stations of the railways in town, as they might prefer. For the *goods*, however, which these vessels carry, there would be considerable inconvenience in compelling them to stop at the points mentioned. Such as are to be delivered in town would not, indeed, be exposed to more than one trans-shipment, as the wharfinger objectors seem to suppose; for we doubt not the railway companies would make arrangements to load the goods at once from the steamers into the waggons of the consignees, and deliver them at the termini, waggons and all, ready to be immediately horsed away for delivery. A considerable part of the goods forming the cargo of these coasting and foreign steamers are, however, consigned to par-

ties in the country; London is the mere *entrepôt* where they are trans-shipped to coasting vessels or canal boats, which carry them to their ultimate destination. These goods are at present brought up to the very centre of the inland canal and coasting traffic, and loaded, in many instances, at once on board their last conveyance, without the intervention of lighters at all. The compulsory stopping of the steamers at a remote point would render it necessary to trans-ship them in most cases by means of lighters; at least while the traffic continues to flow in its present channels, as for a long time it must.

Having said so much of the inconveniences that would arise from compelling unnecessary changes of conveyances, especially in short journeys, we should not be satisfied without expressing our conviction that this argument has been pressed too far by many, and the inconvenience indefinitely magnified by woful ignorance of the advantages possessed by railways for the conveyance of passengers. The Leeds and Selby Railway comes down to the side of the river Ouse, where steam packets attend to carry passengers to Hull; this (to compare small things with great) is a case tolerably parallel to that of the Blackwall Railway with the steam-boats lying off Brunswick pier. The ease and expedition with which passengers and luggage are transferred is very great; and the fear expressed by witnesses on the Blackwall Railway Bill, "that gentlemen might miss the boat," receives no countenance from fact. Certain trains are waited for by certain boats; and it is only by "gentlemen missing the train" that they will be in any danger of missing the boat — a danger not peculiar to any kind of travelling where stated hours of departure are fixed. It is no part of our object to give particulars of railway arrangements; but, in the face of the question, it would appear as easy to convey Gravesend, Margate, Ramsgate, and Hull passengers from London by the Blackwall line, as Aylesbury, Stamford, Leamington, and Sheffield passengers by the Birmingham Railway.

From these considerations it would appear that the idea of compelling steamers to stop at Blackwall or Deptford, and colliers at Thames Haven, would be attended at any rate with great difficulties. The following mode of proceeding seems more simple and easy, as well as equitable. Let the proposed commission examine into the whole matter of the harbour accommodation of the port of London, and especially let them report on the state of the Pool. Let it be decided what width may be allowed along the wharfs at each side for vessels to lie when loading and unloading; and what amount of accommodation may then be granted for tiers in the middle of the river, still leaving abundant room for the passage of ships up and down. We shall thus have the Pool mapped out into disposable berths, and clear water-ways; then let the berths be filled up by vessels of all sorts, that will only pay the dues, and obey the regulations. But let it be made a *first principle not on any account to encroach on the water-ways.* When the berths are full, no vessel can reasonably refuse to discharge at another, though less convenient point: there being no room, she plainly cannot come into the Pool. Under such a course of treatment, we believe the various descriptions of craft would speedily find their most advantageous points of loading and unloading; certain companies and certain merchants might be allowed to rent certain berths, and room in abundance would be left for all craft, whether steaming or sailing, to pass up and down. And with regard to steamers and colliers, we should find at length some such arrangement form itself as the following. The up-river boats to Gravesend, &c., would ply

through the Pool without danger or obstruction; they would still take up at London Bridge and elsewhere such passengers as found that the most convenient point of embarkation. From Blackwall and Deptford, down-river boats would ply, in opposition to these, and tending mutually to keep one another in order, and serve the public well and cheaply. The steamers in connection with the railways would of course attract such passengers as found their termini their most convenient points of joining; and especially such as, having little or no luggage, cared not for changes of vehicles, looking mainly to speed. So with the coasting and foreign steamers; some would start from one place, some from another, as was found on the whole most convenient with reference both to the passengers and the goods which they carry. With respect to the colliers, a considerable portion of them would at once crowd to the Thames Haven Dock; that is, such as supply the north-eastern portion of the metropolis, for which the Eastern Counties Railway terminus will be the most conveniently situated. Here too the plan might be adopted, of landing the coal at once into the waggons of the consignee, and sending up waggons and all by the railway. And the distance into town to which the supply would reach from the railway terminus would depend on the advantages offered by the new dock and railway over the old channel; for the present coal wharfs up the river would of course remain, for the convenience of such quarters of the town as they are by situation best fitted to supply.

Some such plan as this would, we think, effectually relieve the Pool, by bringing into use the new accommodations which will speedily be provided; at the same time that it would not interfere with the vested rights and interests of parties already engaged in the traffic of the Thames. That traffic is just now in a state of transition, from what formerly was a system, before steam power was known, through what is at present no system at all, to what we hope will ere long be a practical and perfect system. Through this transition state we would have the proposed commission empowered to guide it; and when the dock and railways which are soon to be completed, shall have come into full operation, and the traffic of the river have settled into its new channels, the flood which now troubles the old ones having subsided into a constant and gentle stream, we would then, but not till then, have them surrender their temporary powers into the hands of proper permanent authorities, selected, not from the watermen or the steam companies exclusively, but in due proportion from all parties interested in the river traffic, and constituted by a well considered act the future guardians of the Thames.

GEORGE SAND.

A LATE writer in the British and Foreign Review expresses his astonishment at the silence so generally observed by the periodical press of this country on George Sand. He is the more astonished at this, because he fancies he discovers a tendency gaining ground in a portion of the press, in some degree analogous to the tendency predominating in the works of George Sand; and he then proceeds to assign for this silence certain causes, which we confess appear to us of no great value. These are, on the part of the friends of that remarkable genius, a species of diplomatic tact, a little *ruse* of kindly fellowship, the hope of more easily introducing a few of the favourite ideas of the writer by leaving the name aside, as one calculated to excite too vivid an attention, or perhaps distrust. On the other hand, there would be — at least we have a right to suppose so — on the part of enemies, a sort of terror (for there can be no mention of contempt), that would prefer an affected indifference to a combat hand to hand, against talent so brilliant and varied, and a power of thought so incontestable. We know not exactly how much there may be in this; but, for ourselves, whenever we have thought of this silence, we fancied we discovered other causes, more simple and more natural: — on the one side, the consequences of a position once taken, of a judgment pronounced *ab irato* on performances incomplete and ill understood,—the consequences perhaps also of a political feeling that presided, though in disguise, at the condemnation, and which, for weighty reasons, loves not discussion: on the other side, an anxiety, an uncertainty, mingled with respect, as to the future path of the writer, a fear of being deceived and of being unjust or adulatory in anticipating the final route of a high intelligence matured amid storms, and eminently progressive.

There are intelligences whose mother-principle (one, definite, and unchangeable, like that which rules the architectural monuments of the Indies,) reappears, and reproduces itself whole and entire in each of their works, just as the other reappears in every one of the parts composing the monument; the successive manifestations may certainly enlarge the proportions, but it is to be found identical and complete at the basis of each. There are others, on the contrary, whose conception develops itself by little and little, and progressively, as in the labours of Grecian architecture, and, above all, of Christian architecture; so that its unity shines forth only in the mass: it is only by embracing the mass of its successive expressions, by running through every page in the life of the writer, that we can seize and estimate it; a fragment, a detached portion, will never yield the secret. Schiller — considered in his dramas, not in his lyrical poetry — seems to us to belong to the writers of the first class. George Sand, with almost all the great intelligences occurring in a period of transition, evidently belongs to the second. Hence, therefore, this tendency once recognised, a considerable reserve was imposed on criticism: and this it is that has not been forgotten by those who have kept silent till now; and this also it is that has been as entirely overlooked by those who were the first to speak.

At this present day, silence would be no longer seasonable. The productions of the woman who has adopted the pseudonym of George Sand, are sold and read every where, not only in Piccadilly, but we believe even in Albermarle Street. The anathema hurled against her three years since, seems to us singularly to have lost its force; and of this we desire no other

proof than the language held in the Review we mentioned at the commencement of our article. Moreover, the author has since then entered into a phasis of her development that explains, and, we have no hesitation in saying, redeems, her former aspect. The calm has succeeded the tempest; hope and faith, to doubt and the unquiet tossings of a soul in trouble. Her recent works doubtless contain many things that may still excite just alarm in certain parties, but nothing that can raise a blush in the youngest reader, or disturb the most modest conscience. Perhaps the time has now arrived for an effective protest against a judgment ill-founded in fact and equity. Most certainly Criticism has now-a-days something better to do than to say, "*Do not read.*" She would run the risk of being no longer obeyed. If she sincerely desire the welfare of her readers, she would say, "Read in such a manner, and under the safeguard of such a belief: do not read this without reading that also: never read without distinguishing the principle of the author from that of too great a number of her contemporaries—that which there is in her writings of objective exposition, from that which issues as precept from the depths of her soul." To us this would seem far better than to cry out, *Latet anguis*, and to launch an excommunication at one of the finest talents of our day, leaving inexperienced youth, who will encounter the hazard, were it only from the seductiveness of forbidden fruit, to contemplate its progress without a guide.

We know that the ground on which we are proceeding is slippery. We know that the judgment we seek to invalidate was pronounced in the name of something holy for all time and for all men—in the name of social morality. For no consideration on earth would we offer the slightest insult to this last. Once for all do we here declare, that we know nothing more hideous than genius coupled with immorality. With us art is great only by the apostleship which it fulfils in the sense of the education of the nation and of the human race. In our eyes the artist is either a priest, or a more or less practised mountebank. Severe towards all those whose labour is faithless to the eternal aim of all literature, the investigation and proclaiming of the truth, we are still more so towards genius, for with us duty and responsibility are in a direct ratio to capacity. But even as we have seen the noble name of liberty inscribed in the title of many charters manufactured with the object of shackling all liberty, so we have often heard a performance, the joint offspring of intolerance and superstition, adorned with the name of morality. We felt then, as in the case of George Sand, the right of claiming, in all honour and sincerity, a new trial before a better-informed public. Evidently our ideas of morality, or our applications of the principles she dictates, differ from those which presided at the decree of condemnation. We find in the article that has done the most to provoke a re-examination, certain names* quoted as "authors of better reputation," and whose "comparative inferiority of circulation and popularity prove the real depravation of public morals." And who are these? Coupled (Heaven pardon the reviewer) with the chaste and ingenious talent of M. Alfred de Vigny, are Messieurs Jules Janin and Eugene Sue, who we ourselves, in our article on "The Present State of French Literature," have stamped as the chiefs in the school of *immorality*. We find there the *naïve* affirmation, that if in the general corruption there be still hope for France and for Europe, it is in the personal character of Louis Philippe. We conceive, and certainly in good company, that Louis Philippe, by *his* system, has a right to the first rank among the corrupters of existing France. All this makes us doubt. In this eulogium of the king—in this predilection for the *feuilletoniste* of the *Journal*

* Quarterly Review, April, 1836.

des Debats, and for the parasite of the Duc d'Orleans—have we not a right to suspect some of those sympathies that may at times obscure a superior judgment? Madam Aurore Dupin belongs to the democratic faith; her works breathe a love of the people, and a contempt for aristocracies, great and little; she is allied by esteem and friendship with M. Lamennais and the most marked men of the rising faith; she was seen, when her friends were under prosecution, to encourage them by her gestures from the gallery of the public tribunals. Is there not here enough to disturb the impartiality of every honest *Conservative?* Might not the spirit of politics have slipped in—*anguis in herbâ*—unknown even to the writer himself, under the robe of morality, to throw the fatal *theta* into the urn?

It is not good to prostrate oneself lazily and blindly before the grandeur of intelligence, and to make a vow to follow it without inquiring where it leads. There are moments in which the pale and modest star that God has placed in simple bosoms—and that we call *conscience*—throws more light on the path of truth than does the blazing comet of genius in her haughty wanderings. But, thanks to God, these moments are rare. The giants by intelligence are, whatever they may do, nearer to heaven than we all; and neither is it good to pursue them, as in these days we are but too inclined to do, with distrust and intolerance: for very rarely does Genius—and it is one of the most consoling verities that we have saved from the shipwreck—ally herself with immorality. Just now, one would say, that our principal business is to establish the contrary, so zealous are we to confirm and to aggravate the slightest weakness, the most trifling slip of those powerful by mind. Tolerant enough towards ourselves and the mediocrity about us, we become puritans in virtue as to all that is elevated above the common level. We watch, as convicted of guilt, those beings whose eminently sympathetic organisation is destined to assimilate something of all the evils, of all the passions of their age. We criminate their tears, we stigmatise the least cry of revolt that escapes from their trembling lips, without reflecting an instant if it be not an exclamation of profound grief; we pitilessly curse them for the evil that we have contributed, all of us, to inoculate them with. Is this just? Is it profitable? Are we satisfied that there are so many points of belief left standing, that we may, without much inconvenience, thus weaken the belief in Genius?

To require of the artist that, in all his long career, he should never make a false step—that he should be calm and pure as an angel in the midst of a society agitated and corrupted,—that he should commune with God alone, whilst men, with all their passions and all their intrigues, are pressing around him, is, in truth, too much. That he should recover from every fall—that he should combat bravely and ceaselessly against the ill that is in himself and others—that whilst initiating us into the secret of his struggles, he should teach us also hope and duty—that he should die only when pointing the finger to heaven and the path of victory—this we may, this we ought to require, but nothing further. It is not Faust that chagrins us in Goëthe; it is that, after having there stated the problem of humanity, Goëthe died, without having found for our instruction, as its solution, aught else than indifference.

George Sand has done far more for us all; and it is not well of us to take only a fragment of his work to judge of the entire whole.

There is evil, much of evil now existing in France. There is more or less everywhere, but we have here to do with France alone. There exists there all that characterises a period of transition—want of a common faith, a relaxation of every bond, social disharmony; thence individualism—thence

the oppression of the strong on the weak. This exists not only in politics, but in industry, in literature, in everything, and that even by the admission of those who show themselves the most severe towards George Sand. We have said *in everything*, and consequently, therefore, in family life; for man is one, and if he carry the forgetfulness of the moral law into all his relations with society, it is not, we may be sure, at the threshold of the domestic fireside that he will reinstate it in his heart. If there be the habit of egotism and tyranny abroad, there will be the same also at home. If the weak is everywhere oppressed, the woman must be also. Of this, he who knows human nature will ask no proof.

In a society thus constituted, there must also exist what is inevitable wherever there is inquietude and moral anarchy — complaint, protests, reaction. Each wound draws its moan; each one oppressed makes his grievance heard, in a tone exaggerated, if you will, but always founded on reality; and if woman is numbered in the ranks of the victims, she will inevitably be heard in her turn. In France a protest was raised, in the eighteenth century, against religious oppression, by Philosophy; in 1789, against political oppression, by the Revolution; under the Restoration, against literary oppression, by Romanticism; since 1830, against domestic oppression, by the attempts of the Saint Simonians — attempts to be condemned as absurd and immoral, but exhibiting, nevertheless, an historical phenomena, and an indication of the state of things worth recollection. All these protests are being continued at this day under other shapes; and, whatever may happen, will be continued, until a change more or less radical affords full satisfaction.

Now, amidst this moral dissolution, — between this oppression and complaining, everywhere and for ever reproduced, in a society where the half of the marriages that take place are *mariages de convenance*, that is to say, marriages in which only the *interests* of two families are consulted, never the hearts and dispositions of the married — where, a little later, when the husband and wife begin to feel solitary, the first finds a social tolerance for his irregularities almost unlimited, and the other, at each step, encounters seduction spreading its snares for her weakness — where no power comes to aid the remonstrance of the woman against the errors of the man, and where, to shield her own crime from his vengeance, there is left to her only hypocrisy, — place, we say, a woman great in heart and in mind, endowed with lively passions, frank, high-spirited apart from poetry and enthusiasm,— forcibly weigh down her soul by unhappiness, make her drink drop by drop the sad experience of an ill-assorted union, of a yoke guided by a coarse and unintelligent hand, — emancipate her of a sudden, and throw her into the midst of an immense city, corrupt, exciting, and tumultuous, where her individual miseries are reproduced before her eyes on all sides, yet where the hour has arrived that every sufferer may freely express himself, — then place a pen in her hand, — could she write, at first, aught else than words of reaction, a rash and heated protest? Could you prevent a recollection of what she has suffered from transpiring in her effusions, a reflection of the hell that surrounded her from beaming on pages vividly felt and rapidly penned? And this being so, suppose that this woman, after an energetic complaint — after the agitation of a period devoted to the search after a happiness not to be attained here below, but which every gentle soul with a craving and a capacity for love has been caught dreaming of once in its life, at least, — suppose she gains calmness, and seeks to make her readers partake it, just as she had laid open to them in a book each phasis of her past existence of tempest — that her language purifies itself by degrees of all

scepticism and violent reaction — that she continues frankly to say to society — *There are great iniquities which you ought to correct;* but at the same time proclaiming to the individual, *Better is it to submit and sacrifice thyself, than to be a defaulter and a traitor to duty,* — would you brand with an ill-considered anathema the existence and the labours of such a woman? Living — and this you admit whenever you speak of France — living in a period of transition, on a soil quivering and incumbered with ruins, in a world where every great and generous belief is dead, and the hideous idol of *self, self* egotistical and sensuous, is throned alone in the midst, will you throw the stone at the artist, because his brow has not remained pure as the peaceful lake, whilst the storm is rolling in the heavens and over the earth — because his hymn has not arisen calm, solemn, and religious, as in the era of social order and harmonious belief? Will you confound the accent of grief with the cold language of that band of writers who themselves also see the evil, and depict it in their works in all its nudity, but without feeling its woes, without a struggle, and without making a single step to break from it, and to carry you with them?

Such is George Sand, his life, his labours. *She* has suffered — she revolted, — she has struggled — she has sought, hoped, found; and she has told us *all.* The long series of her compositions form a grand confession. Spirits young, pure, and innocent, not worn by unhappiness, whom contact with the world has not yet endowed with the knowledge of evil, may well — perhaps, should — abstain from reading it; but let the rest, numerous as they are, boldly go through the whole; they cannot, we say it with profound conviction, but rise the better.

It was in 1830, a short time after the insurrection of July, that Madame Aurore Dupin, then four or five and twenty, arrived at Paris. She had just taken one of those steps decisive for the whole of life, that place one thenceforwards in opposition with society—she had flown from her husband, M. Dudevant, at Nohant, near La Châtre. United to him, without the slightest inclination, since 1822, she was the mother of two charming children, Solange and Maurice, who had for a long time formed her defence against the distastes of an ill-assorted marriage, as they now form her most agreeable and favourite occupation. But the chasm between the pair, widened by opposition of character, was too profound for even the love of children to fill up; far from that, their education often became the source of bitter quarrels. These two beings could not love each other; for to love, is to understand one another, and M. Dudevant could understand neither the head nor the heart of his young and pretty wife. This gentleman, who had been a soldier, and of whom we suspect some traits to have insinuated themselves into the sketch of M. Delmare in "Indiana," was a man prosy to a degree, just according to law, loving his money, his personal comfort, and the calm of indifference, distrusting all emotion, ignorant of all enthusiasm, a thorough positive country gentleman, prone to sum up life by figures, and to regulate it by the watch. His wife, a being of poetry, of impulse, and of love, bearing Genius on her noble forehead, often thwarted and always misunderstood in her aspirations towards the infinite, art, and liberty, must have been thoroughly unhappy. An orphan at an early age— her father, M. Dupin, one of Murat's aides-de-camp, having died on the field of honour — confided to the care of her grandmother, whom she often mentions with tenderness*, and enjoying a considerable fortune, she

* "Listen; if you proclaim the republic during my absence, take all that I have at home, be under no constraint. I have lands, give them to those who have none; I have a garden, make it a pasture for your horses; I have a house, make it a hospital for your wounded; I have wine, drink

was able in her early youth to develop, without constraint, her intellectual bias, and that independent character which — under the inspiration perhaps of her own youthful recollections — she has given to her Edmée, that sister of Diana Vernon, in "Mauprat." Suddenly under the necessity of suppressing this, she long-time struggled valiantly to give a change to the peculiar faculties that were stirring within her, to her vocation now new moulded, to the fire of love and poetry that were henceforth to burn, "lost, unheeded, unseen," like the volcano in a desert isle. She poured out the crowd of unshared emotions that her heart contained in a multifold correspondence with her friends, to which she devoted a portion of her nights. She made it her active occupation to relieve misfortune; the poor of Nohant found an angel in the young wife; in the house she inhabited were supplies for their distresses, remedies for their diseases. Nothing availed. On one day, her domestic trials exceeded her strength. She broke her bonds, and left. That day was born the authoress, for necessity as well as her natural vocation placed the pen in her hand. She had brought M. Dudevant 500,000 francs; but, harassed by him, who demanded his wife or the money, she sacrificed the greatest part of it to preserve her independence, and to obtain the privilege of keeping her children with her.

We are telling facts; we judge not. Agreeing with the world on the general rule, we do not recognise in ourselves, or in any person whatsoever, the right of judging a special case, without positive *data* on the nature of the fact. Neither have we any thing to say on her life since 1830, on her travels, or her habits; we know too little of them to speak upon them, and did we know far more, we should still maintain silence. That whether from womanish caprice, as when, at sixteen, in her excursions on horseback, or from the belief that she would find it a kind of protection, she has often assumed the male costume; that she has been seen in various places with a *cigarete* between her lips — sinners that we are, we are compelled to declare at all risks that we do not consider a cigar decidedly *immoral;* — all this is not our business. We like not the intrusion of the press into the recesses of private life, under the pretext of morality; and it appears to us more than indelicate, as regards a lady. The life of *the writer* is whole and entire in his works; that is properly ours; the rest belongs to friendship alone. We should not have permitted ourselves even to touch on the principal event of the life of Madame Aurore Dupin, if it had not appeared to us directly connected with the tendencies of the writer, and if she herself had not often made allusion to it in one of her works.

These works, we have said, contain the history of her soul's life — the most complete autobiography, the most striking in its truth, and useful truth, that we know. Taken as a whole, they offer us an ascending line of progress towards good that is going on even whilst we are writing. *Indiana*, *Lelia*, *Jacques*, the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, *Spiridion*, appear to us to mark the culminating points; her other productions come in, as valleys between the mountains, among the five books we have just named, and establish in some sort their continuity.*

---

it; I have tobacco, smoke it; I have my works in print, stuff them into your muskets. In all my patrimony, there are but two things whose loss would be cruel to me — the portrait of my old grandmother, and six square feet of turf planted with cypress and rose trees. It is there that she sleeps with my father." — *Lettres d'un Voyageur.*

* We are not here making a literary examen; we are suggesting a point of view at once moral and literary, for those who may be desirous of undertaking it. If we were speaking of beauties purely literary, we should place "André," among works of the first class. "Mauprat," generally little appreciated, also possesses in our opinion beauties of a superior order. "Valentine," notwithstanding its incontestable merit, with us ranks after; and after that still, "Simon." The

We know not in what manner "Indiana" has been read, so that an accusation of immorality against the author could be drawn from it; but we do know, that we read it before knowing this accusation, that we have re-read it before writing these lines, and that, on both occasions, we have found in it weighty precepts and a powerful lesson of morality. Without doubt, if by morality in a work of art, we are to understand the absence of all representation of the evil that really exists in the world, or that, following the old rule of classic tragedy, the evil should, visibly and in the fiction itself, bring on its punishment — the morality, in a word, of "Estelle," and "Nemorin," or of the educational fictions of Miss Edgeworth — we confess there is none in "Indiana." But what elisions should we not have to make throughout the whole of literature, did we limit ourselves to a view so narrow, and at the best good only for childhood. The morality of a literary performance appears to us to consist far less in the choice of the things represented, of topics, than in the manner in which they are treated, in the final effect which the book, by whatever means, produces on the soul. Whether virtue be unsuccessful or triumphant, whether evil finds its penalty or remains unpunished, in the work, matters little, if we are taught to revere and love virtue notwithstanding its misfortunes, to abhor evil notwithstanding the seductiveness of the temporal and temporary good fortune that may attend it. Not to the eyes, but to the heart, should the author speak; to our own hearts in particular should he remit the hatred of evil and the punishment of the guilty. Perhaps even from a certain sluggishness inherent to human nature, the moral impression on the soul is far less when the author charges himself with the execution of justice, and she can repose on the emotion produced in her by the representation of the offender in the act of expiation, than when, quitting the theatre or the book without justice being done, she herself feels called on in some way to avenge the innocent, and to blazon crime by an internal emotion to which the author has impelled her. Towards this kind of emotion it appears to us the soul must be impelled in reading "Indiana;" and the end, the inevitable consequence, is aversion for the seducer. Wherefore has it been said that "Indiana" is *a plea* against marriage? It is not even one against the husband. Certainly the inconveniences of a union between two persons whose incompatibility is beforehand written on every feature of their existence, are there strongly pointed out. But is that doing a work of immorality? Delmare, old, infirm, in character violent and domineering, is he, in the opinion of most persons, a suitable companion for a very young, beautiful, and impassioned woman, whose heart rebounds at all oppression? Unions like that, destructive of all happiness, are they not themselves a covert for great immorality, by rendering seduction a hundred times more to be feared? George Sand has made this thoroughly felt; but we would say that she was afraid of being unjust to the individuality she has chosen for the symbol of these particular unions, causing to bear on the woman all the responsibility of the fatal consequences they bring on; so much impartiality, moderation — we might say delicacy — has she thrown into the part that regards M. Delmare. His faults are shown; but not one of the good qualities that are usually met with in similar characters is left in the shade; his fits of despotism are almost counterbalanced by impulses of kindness; and when, just before his

shorter performances, such as "Le Secretaire Intime," "La Marquise," "Savenca," "Aldo le Rimeur," "Metella," &c., are of an unequal classification as respects their literary value. All, however, sparkle with beauties, and we make no absolute exception, save "Uscoque," which seems to us a sin against Art, against Byron, and against the natural tendency of the genius of George Sand. "Rose et Blanche," written in conjunction with another author, must not be reckoned among her works.

death, she places in his mouth a few words of love and protection for Indiana, murmured in his slumber, we feel that her intention is to turn from his hoary head every malediction, and to endeavour that pity be the only sensation. The indignation, the bitterness, the force of the burning scorn that is swelling the author's bosom, is wholly reserved for the seducer. There she is at ease; she has no fear of creating over-excitement. Never was there a portrait sketched with so absolute an intention of calling forth disgust, as that of Raymon; never any with so much art not to render the individuality too hateful at the risk of destroying the effect of the lesson. Raymon, with his talents and success in society — a seducer by liking, and indefatigable from the love of triumph — not accustomed to recognise woman in the *grisette*, descending to her from mere listlessness, and making himself beloved without thinking of the consequences — at times capable of a generous thought, but adept at repulsing it, and at tranquillising his conscience by sophistry — expressing passion with art, and growing really impassioned by force of eloquence — is the very type of the dangerous seducer so often to be met in the world: his love is thoroughly that *love-passion*, a hideous compound of sensuality and vanity, that exercises so powerful a charm — fascination we might say — over the weakness of inexperience. And in "Indiana," he is laid bare to the eye — a hundredfold beneath the husband-oppressor, cowardly, cruel, criminal as selfishness, of which he is the very highest expression. And the consequences of the seduction stand before the face of each of them, all frightful and irremediable; before the seducer, the corpse of poor Noun; before the seduced, the wreck of her illusion. For Indiana is *illusion:* she believes in goodness beyond the line of duty; she trusts blindly to the realisation of the ideal love that she bears in her own bosom, to the sincerity of the passion expressed, to the man's constancy, to a few glowing words whose source she has never studied. It is sufficient to read the letter of Indiana, in chapter xxii., to understand the mystery of her unhappiness; the secret of the book is contained in the ejaculation that the author puts into the mouth of Indiana herself, when Raymon reproaches her with having learnt love from romances, in the usual fashion of waiting-maids: "*What alarms and terrifies me is, that you are right,*" says Indiana. These words appear to us to contain — and we appeal to the sex as judges — a warning for all women of hearts ready to sacrifice duty to hope, more efficacious than twenty common-places of morality. How is it that puritanical criticism has forgotten these? How has it been forgotten that the author was writing, not an apology, but the history of Indiana — that the epithet *crime* is not spared to the flight of Indiana — that a passage of the tenth chapter reproaches her "with being too soon disheartened with her lot, and with not having given herself the pains of trying to make her husband better?" And why is there forgotten the love of Ralph — a love of the heart, respectful, and devoted, uniting in itself something of the threefold affection of the lover, the husband, and the father, a happy contrast with Raymon's harassing, unrestrained, and daring love of the imagination — which, till then mute, dares not manifest itself but at a moment of solemnity, and when the tomb of the *husband* has long been closed? Strange that the criticism which stigmatised the book as *immoral* should have quietly got rid of Ralph by calling him "a stupid cousin."

The same remarks that we have just made on "Indiana" apply to "Jacques," the only one of George Sand's books, by-the-bye, that contains a story of adultery*, if we except "Valentine." It describes a woman who

* M. Nisard in France, the critic of the Quarterly here, and twenty others after them, have nevertheless affirmed that adultery and a hatred to marriage form the subject of all these volumes.

sees not all the evil; a man who falls into it from wantonness of spirit! Is this not too often met with in the world? But it contains also a man who suffers and who dies, irresistibly driven to a disgust for every thing and to death by the selfish error of the guilty pair; and this man, in whom dwell virtue and devotedness — this man, to whom every thing attracts us, whose lofty figure stands out in the book like the statue of a god on its pedestal, whilst not a single sympathy is suggested to us for the cold and common lineaments of the *seducer* — this is Jacques, the *husband*. Jacques, then, is the entire book. If we sympathise with Jacques, the work, as to its moral effect, is absolved. If, whilst reverencing, we pity this man (misunderstood and sacrificed) who has not a single fault to reproach to his love — who lives solely by the heart, and to whom the sophistry of crime is hardly willing to accord a life of the head, a life of ideas,— then we abhor the crime, and we learn to distrust the sophistry dictated by selfish passion. If we feel all of the sublime there is in this husband, who at the eve of death pours out a benediction on the woman who has betrayed him, and whose only anxiety is how to spare her a pang, we are saved; for we it is who shall pass sentence for him on the two criminals. And if there be a woman who may be near falling, from imprudence, from passion, or from the impulse of a too precipitate judgment on her husband, she will say, on reading "Jacques" — "Perhaps I am working the irrevocable misery of a man better than myself;" or expect nothing more from books for her: "Jacques" is not written for women whom sacred love and the angel of modesty has for ever abandoned.

"Jacques" is written for those wives who, erring, not wanton, — hurried on, not corrupted — tremble, fascinated, on the abyss; who would recoil perhaps, could they measure its profundity, but in whom the insinuating voice of the seducer perverts the good instincts and sentiments, in their source generous, that murmur in the recesses of their breast, by decking the crime with the colours of devoted affection, by saying to them, "You are about to make one being happy, without injury to others, at the price only of a few twinges of conscience; you are going to transfer to love what indifference is unworthy of, and cannot comprehend." To such as these Madame Aurore Dupin cries aloud in her "Jacques" — "Stop; you will not fall alone into the abyss: you are responsible for another life, which you will kill with your own. There is one whose whole existence reposes on one word that you uttered to his ear, your hand clasped in his; — one in whom your fall will shake his faith in virtue, in love, in the faithfulness of promises, in human nature, and in God. You spread a desert around him; you wither all his present joys — all his future hopes; you inoculate an immortal soul with despair. Say not that you have only indifference to deal with, that you disturb no happiness, that the cloak of silence will cover your fault, and that none will care to raise it. How know you this? Perhaps this man whom you fancy busied with something else studies your looks, the embarrassed coolness of your caresses, the sudden blush that at times reddens your brow, to read there his destiny, his condemnation. Perhaps, a hundredfold more faithful and

---

"Permit me," wrote George Sand to the former, "to except 'Lelia,' in which there is not a word relating to social institutions. . . . . 'Indiana,' where no adultery is committed. . . . . 'Le Secretaire Intime,' which has for its subject the sweets of conjugal fidelity. . . . . 'André,' which is neither against marriage, nor for adulterous love. . . . . 'Simon,' which ends at the altar. . . . . 'Valentine,' where the old fatality intervenes to prevent the adulterous wife from enjoying in a second marriage the happiness she had not strength to wait for. . . . . 'Leoni,' in which the question of marriage is not at all brought into play." We may add to this list "Mauprat," "Spiridion," "Les Mosaistes," and every thing our authoress has published since her letter to M. Nisard.

devoted than you are, he is silent because he trembles to lower you before him, because he is conscious of his rights, and because it is to you, to your love, and to your virtue, rather than to his power, that he desires to owe his safety. Thus you fall into vice, and you misunderstand virtue: you are basely selfish and forsworn. Your crime is double; the consequences of it may be irrevocable, and repentance itself will be impotent to repair them." Such, in our opinion, is the lesson resulting from "Jacques." Is this immorality? Is it wrong that a woman should not despair of her sex, and that instead of crying, as do our tales of morality — "*You will be infamous and accursed before society, for your husband himself will tear the veil from your shame, and vengeance will pursue you till the last day*," — she should say, — "*None will know of it, but your husband will die of grief; none will know of it, but whilst you will be enjoying in forgetfulness, the father of your children will sink under the weight of the deceit and the dishonour that belongs to you, and which he will still endeavour to spare you.*" Yes, we confess it: our society is wholly founded on force: we educate by terror; at the top of the social ladder we have placed the scaffold for virtue to lean against. But is our system of amelioration so incontestably good and efficacious that we feel the right of branding as a rebel the writer that seeks to introduce into it love, that essays to preserve souls by reasons purely moral? There are women, believe it, whom the material vengeance that you threaten will not frighten. In the paroxysms of certain characters, personal danger will invest the crime with an appearance of devotion towards the object of unlawful love. To such women give "Jacques:" it will perhaps do what your laws have been unable to do.

In a class more elevated, more open to exceptions — near Faust and Manfred — must be placed "Lelia." This is not an immoral work — far from it; but for young spirits, who have not passed the double initiation of meditation and suffering, "Lelia" is a dangerous book. The perusal of it should be under restraint, or at least there should be the means of following it by one of the "Lettres d'un Voyageur," or by those "Lettres à Marcie," so admirable for resignation and faith in the future, that George Sand published in "Le Monde," when it was under the direction of M. Lamennais. "Lelia" is food for the strong; let the weak abstain, for there is in it that which may be the salvation of strong and tried organisations, but which may kill the tender and frail. It is a lesson whose aim is sanctified; but the details are horrible — such, perhaps, as may be necessary to act on society in a state of gangrene. Doubtless, courage was required to trace this picture of desolation, in which hope after hope is unlinked, torn by some diabolical hand from the tree of life, and falling, like dead leaves, into the sepulchre of decay and nothingness; and perhaps the writer, like Dante's shipwrecked voyager, now that she has traversed the gulf and reached the bank, cannot look back and reperuse her own pages without a shudder.

"Si volge all' onda perigliosa e guata."

Courage also is required to read it to the end; for we fear, at each step we take, that we are bordering on the desert of spiritual suicide: as before every general formula we feel a sensation of dizziness; and it is a formula of destruction, of negation without change, that "Lelia" undertakes to teach us. And yet her's is truly a high and sacred formula. The work of destruction that she fulfils, is that of a world worn out and corrupted, that rules over us yet, though in its agony. It is the world of *individuality*, the world that proposed to itself no other end, no other reason for its existence, than the search after prosperity. This, taken as the end of life, necessarily results in selfishness.

Lelia, whether the author intended it or not, is a symbol. The *dramatis personæ* exist not as human beings; they are speaking and moving formulas; and hence it is that they strike on the brain rather than on the heart; they cause us not to weep, as "Indiana" — they make us think. Trenmor is human *reason* — reason pure, solitary, dry, deprived of impulse and sensibility. Stenio is *passion*, — not that of the heart, but empthatically that of the imagination. Pulcherie is *sensualism*, — calm, logical, and elevated even to theory. Magnus is still sensualism, but that of the instinct, fiery, unreflecting, and at enmity with superstition. Lelia is the wandering spirit on the search amid all these varieties; she is the other half of Faust, the woman-Faust, the woman of the world we have just pointed to. What seeks she? Temporal happiness. And what seek all these personifications, all these *ideas* we would say, that are revolving round her like spectres, whom she follows each in turn? Temporal happiness: the one by the enjoyments of the flesh, or by repentance and humiliation before God; another by the exaltation of the poetic faculties; a third by the philosophic calm of stoicism; but all, whatever they may say, are only occupied with their existence. This, indeed, is the mother-principle in Faust; only as man lives more by the brain, and woman by the heart, whilst Faust seeks happiness in knowledge, Lelia seeks it through love; we feel that there rules in Faust a deep craving for power — in Lelia, a deep craving for life, for the expansion of sympathy. In Goëthe, Mephistophiles is destined to destroy power by doubt, much as he appears desirous of satisfying it by degrees. In George Sand, Trenmor destroys love, much as he appears to protect Stenio by his sympathies. Trenmor — Reason — the being who thinks, but whose heart beats not — who, instead of thinking how to *direct* the passions — instruments that God has placed at our disposal for good — fancies "that where they finish, man begins," and in whom the extinct passions have left only a mass of recollections and reflections, whose life is only the intellectual life, the *me* that contemplates and communes not — in a word, the being that muses (§ xiii.) — Trenmor sways Lelia. She has a heart less ardent and less powerful than his mind; her faculties are inferior to his musings. Tormented by a lively thirst for love, but bent on there meeting with absolute and infallible happiness, when she finds it not there, — when in submitting her experience to the cool analysis of individual reason, she finds only the *finite* to satisfy a spirit full of aspirations for the infinite, she curses life and love; — she leaves herself to be tossed between scepticism and faith, and resumes her internal struggle, her desires and her impotence, with this sorrowful cry, "Happy those who can love." Schiller, the poet of grand thoughts, had already given the answer, when he said, "*Those only love that love without hope.*" There is, in these few words, more than poetry: they contain a whole religious philosophy that we do not yet well understand, but that futurity will.

Life is a mission; its end is not the search after happiness, but the knowledge and fulfilment of duty. Love is not enjoyment, it is devotedness; if on the path of duty and devotedness God sends us some beams of happiness, let us bless God, and bask our limbs enfeebled by the fatigues of the journey; but let us not suspend it for long; let us not say — "We have found the secret of existence;" for the action of the law of our existence cannot be concentrated in ourselves; its development must be pursued without. And if we meet only suffering, still march on: suffer and act. God will measure our progress towards him, not by what we have suffered, but by how much we have desired to diminish the sufferings of others, by how much our efforts have been directed to the saving and the perfecting our brethren. Lelia,

like the world she represents, too often forgets this. Bound as she is in the folds of a philosophy that steps not beyond the *individual*, she never rises to the conception of the *social* life of her mission in the world; between her and the crowd there is no exchange; "she has no sympathy for the human race, though she suffers the same evils, and sums up in herself all the sorrows scattered on the face of the earth." She comprehends not God in humanity; she prays not with it; she looks aside at her own weak and solitary individuality; thence it is she fears it, and feels ready to revolt from it. Like her, and more than her, Trenmor, the philosopher, has not knowledge of a social end; he has no communion with what he calls *material life*, but what he should have called *exterior life*. He lives in himself and of himself, "without projects, without desires," so that no person can "make or unmake his happiness." Thought is the sphere of both; action they know not. They pretend to be acquainted with pity, love, and friendship, but it is not so; of these things they possess only the *idea* — not the *feeling;* they can advise, therefore, not persuade; negations and disenchantments are all they have to teach; they save no one — they make no one better. When Stenio separates himself, neither of them knows how to bring him back, and prevent his fall. Trenmor re-appears to him only when the evil is irrevocably consummated. In causing us to be born from one man, and in making us beings eminently social, God willed that our power for good should be enlarged just so much as we shall be careful to steep it in the common spring, and he has condemned to barrenness all philosophy that aims at confining itself within the circle of individuality.

Lelia is the development of this principle as to woman, as Faust — more perhaps by the instinct of genius, and by a logical necessity, than from the intention of the author — is as to man. Goëthe found man marching in the path of science without any other aim than *his* pride and *his* happiness; George Sand found woman marching in the path of love without any other aim than the full budding of *her* faculties, *her* happiness; and both have inscribed at the goal of these two courses — "Impotence and nothingness." By what fatality, by what injustice — so much the greater that Goëthe stopped there, and George Sand has advanced — has the first had absolution, while the latter remains under the burden of an accusation of immorality? Why has it been made a crime for one to have proved by a *tableau* — frightful we confess — that it is an illusion to desire happiness in life and love, of what kind soever it may be, while the other has been praised for having taught that to seek happiness in knowledge and power is an illusion often criminal? Is it from weakness of perception, or from malignity, that criticism has persisted in reading and judging as a vulgar tale what evidently is not so? And if no other resolution than that could be made, ought there not at least to have been recognised in Lelia — what certainly cannot be immoral — a negation of sensualism, a personification of exalted spiritualism? Decidedly, without more acumen, but only with a little more charity, criticism might have seen in this exposition of "a heart all bleeding, in this broken moan, mingled with groans, adjurations, and melancholy laughter," other matter than a subject for an anathema. The reproaches of the Prior of Camaldules to Magnus, the letter of Lelia to Stenio (§ xviii.), and, above all, the beautiful pages in which Stenio, before dying, holds up to our indignation Don Juan, the type of vain immorality, might well, we think, have weighed something in the scale.*

* Instead of this, the reviewer, — "honest, honest Iago," — has gone out of his way to pick out an immoral phrase put into the mouth of Pulcherie *the courtezan*, and has quoted it without explanation, as a maxim of the author! — *Vide Quarterly.*

"Lelia," "Jacques," "Indiana," are, of the longer works of Madame Aurore Dupin, those which have called forth the most exclamations against the immorality of the author; and if we have succeeded in pointing out a more just and more favourable route for the appreciation of these works, our task is nearly completed. We only desire to provoke a fresh and more considerate examination. We ask this, upright in conscience, proud of being the first to demand it in this country, and convinced, on the one hand, that there is benefit in reconciling society with genius — on the other, duty towards the author, if it can be done without inconsistency, in rectifying the decree that bears upon him. Social reprobation is a heavier load for high intelligences than we had believed it to be, and we have not been able to reperuse without emotion the following passage in one of the books of the lady we are speaking of: —

"Oh God, how sweet had been indissoluble ties, if a heart like my own had accepted them! Oh no! I was not made to be a poet, I was made to love! It is the unhappiness of my destiny, it is the hatred of others, that has made me a traveller and an artist. I — I wished to live the human life; I had a heart, it has been torn with violence from my breast. They have left me only a head, a head full of noise and grief, of horrible recollections, of images of mourning, of scenes of outrage. * * * And because in writing tales to gain the bread they refused me, the recollection of my misfortunes has crossed me — because I have dared to say that there are beings miserable in the marriage state, by reason of the weakness ordained for the wife, by reason of the brutality permitted to the husband, by reason of the infamies that society covers with a veil, and protects with a mantle of abuse, they have declared me immoral, they have treated me as if I were the enemy of the human race."

This springs from the bottom of the soul, and merits that attention be paid to it.

Those who shall undertake the examination we ask, will certainly find some hasty passages, some crude descriptions, that we should like better to be able to suppress; they will find some phrases hazarded, in which the abuses, the absurdities, the prejudices, and the vices of society are expressed by the collective word "*society*," some where there is used "*marriage*" in place of "*persons married.*" But, looking over a few details to get at the *ensemble*, judging the spirit rather than the letter, we are sure they will find true and high morality where superficial critics have pronounced themselves scared; the *seducer* depicted, exposed, and branded, under every form, by the side of the *husband*, judged with impartiality, often pitied, sometimes idealized; existing society painted with its vices undisguised, but always with an accent of indignation and affliction, that we never discover in writers such as Sue, Janin, Balzac, and Soulie; — these last condemn with a sneer. They will find that whilst these dispense their most brilliant tints in the colouring of vice, and thin them in their representation of virtue, never in the pages of George Sand is vice presented in a way to seduce the young imagination, never does virtue appear but surrounded with that glory of art that impels us to prostrate ourselves before it; there is always a protest in the face of crime, aspiration after good in the face of evil. They will find that it is not the *institution* of marriage, but the corruption of that holy institution; that not husbands, but *bad* husbands are dealt with; that if she has been led to think that "the scandal and disorder of women are *very often* provoked by the brutality or infamy of men, and that a husband who wantonly neglects his duties in idle talk, merriment, and drinking, is sometimes less excusable than the wife who betrays hers in tears, in affliction, and in repentance," she is at the same time ready to revere "that grand, noble, excellent, *voluntary*, and *eternal* love," which is marriage such as Christianity made it, such as St. Paul explained it; such too, if you will, as that of which chap. vi. title v. of the civil code expresses the reciprocal

duties (Letter to M. Nisard); such as the world, in the midst of which she lives, has but too much depraved.

And above all this, if they shall desire to reflect more conscientiously than has yet been done, they will discover that cry of deep and solemn sadness that springs from almost all the writings of Madame Aurora Dupin — that plea against the illusion of a tendency that consecrates life to a search after present happiness — that ever recurring *refrain* that she has put into the mouth of Jacques, one that our puritans in morality may find too severe, but surely not *immoral:* — "Life is a terrible waste: repose is a chimera; prudence is unprofitable; sterile reason serves only to dry up the heart; there is but one virtue — the eternal sacrifice of self." They will then demand, astonished, how this woman, a writer that fulfils with extraordinary powers a mission in the world of Art so substantially austere, could have been so mistaken, so little understood, so calumniated? And, thinking on the storm of misfortune that swept over her years of youth — on the immense and unsatisfied needs of this ardent spirit — on the blindly hostile, or servilely flattering world that she has had to traverse — on all the strong intelligences that pass away in this crisis of dissolution, dried up in the thirsty sands of despair, or prostituting their divine nature in the bye-ways of corruption — they will pardon the errors and the reaction that has signalised the first part of her course who has never betrayed the cause of truth, who has always pleaded the cause of suffering, and who has never, under trial, lost sight of the goal that alone could save her.

Yes, the trial has been rude, but it has been surmounted. The struggle no longer makes itself felt in the writings of Madame Dupin, unless by a kind of distant tremor, that makes us, children of the struggle, sympathise with her voice as with the voice of a sister — a sister in desires, in suffering, in resignation, and in that faith in a future, that we shall not see perhaps, but to which we owe ourselves entire. The "Lettres d'un Voyageur," to which should be added the "Lettres à Marcie," are, in our opinion, an immense step gained.* This work, full of poetry, and without which it is impossible to appreciate Madame Dupin, is the one we *love* most. It is a vast and beautiful country, calm and fragrant, and dimpled with fresh and limpid streams; true, here and there are tombs, but flowers, graceful as hope, grow above them, and the horizon opens to infinity.

The few pages we are about to give are taken from this book; they form a portion of a *morceau* suggested by the sight of the château of the Prince de Talleyrand, and were printed during his life. We believe our readers will thank us for substituting these for some pages of our own, which would have given them a far more feeble idea of the particular beauty of the book.

"THE PRINCE.

"'For, in short, of what use are we?' said he, sinking on a stone bench in front of the château; 'What noble employment do we make of our faculties? Who will be the better for our passage through life?'

"'We are of use,' said I, seating myself beside him, 'to do no harm. The birds of the field make no projects the one for the other; each of them watches over its own brood. The hand of God protects and feeds them.'

"'Cease, poet,' replied he, 'I am sad, and not melancholy; I cannot play with my grief, and the tears that I shed fall on an arid desert. Dost thou not understand what virtue is? Is it a stagnant pool, where the very reeds are rotting, or is it rather an impetuous stream that foams and hurries on its course incessantly, to give life and moisture to unknown shores? Is it a diamond, whose brilliancy the flint is to entomb in the bowels of the earth,

* "Spiridion," marks another; but it would carry us into a train of ideas that we cannot now follow out.

or is it rather a light that should shoot upwards like a volcano, and cast the magnificence of its splendour over the whole world?'

"'Virtue is, perhaps, neither of all these,' said I; 'neither the sepultured diamond nor the torpid pool, and still less the overflowing river, or the devouring flood. I have seen the Rhone precipitate his impetuous wave at the foot of the Alps. His banks were unceasingly despoiled by his impatience, the herbage had not time to grow and to flourish; the trees were borne away ere they had acquired strength to resist the shock, and the shepherds and their flocks fled to the mountain. All this tract was but a long desert of sand, of rock, and of stunted osier thicket, where the crane, planted on one of its sinewy legs, feared to rest the entire night. But I have seen, not far from thence, slender rivulets noiselessly stealing from the bosom of some secret grotto, and gently spreading o'er the neighbouring pastures that were drinking in their limpid streams. Balmy plants crossed the very bosom of the peaceful flood, and the nest of the water-bird hung o'er its crystal, and its little ones, gazing on themselves, fluttered their pinions, and thought they beheld the arrival of their mother. Virtue, bear in mind, is not genius, it is goodness.'

"'You deceive yourself,' cried he, 'it is both one and the other. What is goodness without enthusiasm? What is intellect without sensibility? You are good, and I am an enthusiast; believe me, we are neither of us virtuous.'

"'Well! let us be contented,' said I with a sigh, 'that we are not dangerous. Look at this palace, think on those who inhabit it, and tell me if you are not reconciled with yourself?'

"'Hideous consolation!' replied he, in a tone that affected me deeply. 'What! because there are serpents and jackalls, am I to congratulate myself on being a tortoise! No, O my God, thou hast not created me for inertness, and the more vice is prowling and yelping around me, the more I yearn to extend my wings and pounce on these vile animals with an eagle's beak. What mean you by your gentle streams and secret grottoes? Do you imagine that virtue is like those poisons that become wholesome in small portions? Think you that twelve good men, vowed to obscurity, and confined to the narrow limits of a retired life, are more useful than one pious man who journeys and who exhorts? The times of the patriarchs are past. Let the apostles arise, and make themselves seen and heard.'

"'Patience! patience!' said I, 'the apostles are on their way; they are coming by different routes, and in small parties; they are called by various names, and are clothed in divers colours. . . . What matter their divisions, their errors, their reverses, and their faults? They calmly answer,—"We shall die, we are men. But ideas perish not, and that which we have cast into the world will survive us. The world treats us as fools, ridicule assaults us, the shouts of the people pursue us, outrages and stones are showered upon us, the most hideous calumnies have wounded our souls, the half of our brethren have fled dismayed, misery eats us up; each day our feeble flock decreases, and perhaps not one of us will remain on foot to hail from afar the horizon of the promised land. But we have sown in the universe of mind a word of truth that shall germinate. Calm and satisfied shall we die on the sands of the desert, as that people of God that covered with their bones the limitless plains of Arabia, and whose new generation arrived, all youth, at the green hills of Canaan." Are these the words of a fool? And this priest who, all alone, one morning crossed his arms on his breast, and rising up in the midst of his prayer, with face and eyes raised to heaven, cried with a loud voice:—"Christ! chaste love! holy pride! patience! courage! liberty! virtue!"—were these priestly words? The walls of his cell trembled at them, and the angels in heaven, moved at them, cried,—"All-powerful God, a brilliant flame has just shot upwards from below, from that prostrate world. We have beheld, and lo! the light traverses immensity, and comes to expire at thy feet; abandon not yet this world, O merciful God, for at times there issues thence a ray that may rekindle the sun of its murky atmosphere; feeble cries, dispersed sounds, complaining aspirations from time to time pierce the sombre cloud that envelops it, and those remote voices that ascend even here, attest that virtue is not extinct in the heart of unfortunate man." Thus speak the angels, and be sure, O my friend, that not one of our good intentions is lost. God sees them, he hears the most humble prayer, and at the hour that we are speaking, these stars, that look down on us and hear us, repeat to him the words of thy suffering, and recount to him the virtuous anguish of thy soul.'

"'O, my friend,' cried he, throwing himself into my arms; 'Why art thou not always thus? Why so many days of apathy or of bitterness? Why so many hours of sarcasm or disdain?'

"'Because I am a man of weak health, and of a weak head,' said I, 'subject to spasms and megrims. God grant me his pardon for being unjust and ungrateful at such hours. The reproaches that I address to Heaven, and the hatred that I feel towards men, recoil on my heart like a wave of corroding bile; the purity of the stars is not tarnished by it, and Providence is not moved at it. Fatigue brings about the return of resignation, and once or twice a month it happens, that between anger and imbecility I feel myself in a good and calm disposition, in which I can receive and pray.'

"'Well, when thy soul attains these hours of calmness and consolation,' cried my friend,

'run and shut thee in thy garret, take the pen and write, — write with thy tears, with thy heart's blood, and be silent at the other time. When thou sufferest, come with us, — go not alone below to pace the length of those humid grottoes by moonlight; light not thy lamp at midnight, and do not stay in the dawning morn with thy elbows rooted to the table, and thy face buried in thy hands. Tell us no more that there are epochs when the good man should tie his hands and his feet that he may not act. Tell us not that Simeon Stylites was a saint, and admit that he was a fool. Tell us not that virtue is like the chastity of vestals, and that it must be interred alive to purify it. Affect not this tranquil indifference, and this voluntary inertness, which ill conceal the energies that distract thee; or, if thou sayest all this, say it only to us, who will endeavour to combat thee; say it only to me, — I will weep with thee, and shall suffer less in not suffering alone.'

"I pressed the hand of my friend, and said to him, after a moment's emotion, — 'Do not think, however, that my individual indolence makes me counsel repose to my ardent friends. When we can prevent a crime, it 's cowardice to wash the hands as Pilate did; but when, as is our case, we are lost in the vulgar mass, reason, and perhaps conscience, command us to remain there. . . . . Let us content ourselves with being upright in this retired life, where uprightness is easy for us. Let us be pure, since every thing is favourable for it in the bosom of our families and our rustic roofs. Let us not go to risk our little cargo of virtue on that surging ocean where so much innocence has perished, where so many principles have foundered. Are you not seized with an unconquerable disgust and a secret horror for active life at sight of this château, where so many foul projects and secret villanies are for ever hatching and brewing in the silence of the night? Know you not that the man who dwells there, has for sixty years been playing with peoples and crowns on the chess-board of the universe? Who knows if the first time that man seated himself at a table to business, there was not in his mind an honest resolution, in his heart a noble sentiment?'

"'Never!' cried my friend, 'profane not honesty by such a thought; that cat-like lip, closed on its fellow, large and overhanging as that of a satyr, a mixture of dissimulation and lasciviousness; those soft and rounded features, indices of suppleness of character, the scornful fold on that determined brow, the arrogant nose, and the reptile eye, so many contrasts in a human physiognomy, reveal a man born for great vices and petty actions. Never has that heart felt the warmth of a generous emotion, never has an idea of loyalty traversed that scheming brain. This man is an exception in nature, a monstrosity so rare, that the human race, while contemning him, has watched him with imbecile admiration; I defy you to bend before the most wonderful of his talents. Let us invoke the God of honest men, the God that blesseth simple hearts.' . . . . . .

"'Your indignation is bitter and your anger is cruel,' said I; 'if this man could hear us, this is how I should address him: — "May God prolong thy days, unhappy old man! Meteor soon to repass into eternal night! light that destiny has thrown on the world, not to lead men to good, but to bewilder them in an endless labyrinth of intrigue and ambition! In its inscrutable designs, Heaven has refused thee that mysterious emanation that men call a soul, — faint but pure reflection of the Divinity, — beam that sometimes gladdens our eyes, and yields us a glimpse of immortal hope, — mild and gentle glow, that from time to time reanimates our dejected spirits, — love sublime and undefined, — holy emotion, that makes us yearn for good with delicious tears, — religious terror, that makes us hate ill with energetic palpitations! Being without a name, thou wast furnished with an immense brain, and with keen and delicate senses; the absence of that divine and unknown something that makes us men, has made thee greater than the first amongst us, and less than the lowest of all. Infirm, thou steppest on men healthy and robust; the most vigorous virtue, the finest organisation before thee was nought but a fragile reed, thou wast master over beings more noble than thyself; that which was wanting in thee of their greatness made thine own, and now thou art on the brink of a tomb, that will be for thee hollow and cold as thine own bosom of petrefaction. Beyond this gaping vault there is nothing for thee, nothing of hope perchance, not even the desire of another life. Miserable! the horror of that moment will be such, as that it will expiate perhaps all the ills thou hast done. Thy approach was fatal; it is said thy glance fascinated like the viper's; thy breath was as the breeze of an April morning, withering the buds and flowers, and scattering them at the foot of the saddened tree; thy voice scared hope and candour from the face of those who approached thee. Animate problem, enigma of humanity, how many blossoms hast thou stripped? How much holy faith and pleasant imagining hast thou trampled on? How many recreants hast thou made? How many consciences hast thou falsified or destroyed? Yet, if the pleasures of thy declining years are limited to the satisfaction of an overfed vanity, to the uncertain enjoyments of a fastidious stomach, eat, old man, eat and breathe the odour of incense mixed with that of thy viands. Who can envy thee thy lot, and wish thee a worse? For ourselves, who pity thee as much for having lived as for having to die, we shall pray that at thy death-bed, the farewells of thy family, the tears of some faithful servant, may not awaken in thee an emotion of sensibility or unknown affection, that no spark may be struck from the flint that serves thee for heart. We will pray, that at the close thou mayest be extinguished

without ever having taken light at the beams of that sun that is instinct with love, that thine eye may not be moistened, that thy pulse may not beat, that thou mayest not feel the flutter that love, hope, regret, or grief excites in us; that thou mayest go to inhabit the damp bosom of the earth, without having felt at its surface the warmth of vegetation, and the sensation of life; that at the moment of passing into eternal nothingness, thou mayest not feel the tortures of despair at beholding hovering above thee the souls that you scornfully disowned, — immortal essences, that you boasted of having crushed under your haughty feet, and that will be ascending to heaven when thine own will pass away like the empty wind; we shall beseech that at that hour thy last word may not be a reproach to the God in whom thou believest not!' . . . . . .

"We quitted our seats, and my friend, returning to his first idea, said to me: — 'Whence comes it then that men (and I among the first, in spite of myself) are so jealous of the gifts of intellect? Wherefore do these alone obtain immortal crowns without the aid of any one virtue, whilst the purest honesty and the mildest goodness remain buried in forgetfulness, unless accompanied by genius or talent? Admit that this is grievous, and that it may confirm to wavering souls, that virtue is labour lost here below.'

"'If you consider it as a labour,' I replied, 'it is indeed a labour lost. But is it not a mild necessity, a condition of existence in hearts that have early and sincerely embraced it? Men pay it with ingratitude, because men are grovelling, credulous, and indolent, because the charms of curiosity have more power over them than the feeling of gratitude and the love of truth; but, in serving mankind, is it not from God alone that we must look for a reward? To labour for men with the sole end of being carried in triumph, is to act with a view to one's own vanity, and that kind of emulation will be extinguished and lost at the first slight that it encounters. Let us never expect any thing for ourselves when we enter on this barren route of devotedness. Let us endeavour to acquire sufficient sensibility to weep and to rejoice over our reverses and our successes alone. May our own heart suffice for us, and may God strengthen and renew it when it begins to fail!'

"'And yet, I confess,' said my friend, pursuing the thread of his reverie, 'that I cannot keep myself from loving this Bonaparte, that scourge of the first order, before whose shade all the secondary scourges, laid in the dust by him, appear thenceforwards so petty and so little mischievous. He was a great killer of men, but a great builder, a bold architect of societies, a conqueror, alas! yes, but a legislator! Does not that repair the evils of destruction? Is not to make laws a far greater good, than to kill men is a great ill? I seem to behold a great cultivator, a beneficent divinity, Bacchus arriving in India, or Ceres landing in Sicily, armed with fire and sword, clearing the soil, piercing the mountains, turning up the moors, burning the forests, and sowing in the ashes and in the wreck new plants destined for new men, the vine and the grain, inexhaustible benefits for inexhaustible generations.'

"'It is not proved,' I replied, 'that these laws are lasting. But admitting that, I cannot love the man whom God has used as a hammer to give us a new form. Like others, I was fascinated in my childhood by the force and activity of this destructive machine, on whom we confer the title of a great man, neither more nor less than on Jesus or Moses.' . . . .

"'But you are aware that there would be much fewer great men in the world, if the title was granted only to good men?'

"'I know it; but call them what you please, these are the only men whom I esteem, for whom I have any affection, and whom I would wish to register in the calendar of human greatness. I should enrol there the humblest, the most ignorant, from the Abbé de Saint Pierre, with his system of universal peace, to Father Enfantin, with his ridiculous dress and fantastic Utopia; all those who to some abilities have joined conscientious studies, patient reflections, sacrifices or labours destined to render man better or less wretched. I should be indulgent to their errors, to the meannesses of our condition, more or less prominent in them; I should forgive them many faults, as was done to Magdalen, if they had loved much. But those whose intent is cold and haughty, those lofty men, who build for their glory and not for our happiness, those legislators, who empurple the world and oppress the people to gain an extended territory, and there erect immense edifices, who are moved neither by the tears of women, nor the starvation of the aged, nor the fatal ignorance in which the children are reared — those men who seek nothing but their personal grandeur, and who fancy they have made a nation great, because they have made it active, ambitious, and vain as themselves, I disown them, I erase them from my tablet—I inscribe our *curé* in place of Napoleon.'

"'As you will,' replied my friend, who was no longer listening. The night was so beautiful, that its contemplation engrossed me; flashes of lightning from time to time blanched the horizon, and shed their pale light on the dark outlines of the forests that stretched along the hills. The air was fresh and penetrating, without being cold. This spot is one of the most beautiful in the earth, and no king possesses a more picturesque park, trees of loftier growth, or turf of greener hue spread over undulations of more fertile land. This fresh and tufted valley is an oasis in the midst of the dull plains that surround it, and prevent a suspicion of its presence. In a ravine, set round with rocks and forests, we sud-

denly come on royal gardens, in the midst of which rises an elegant and poetical Spanish palace, that from the rocky height reflects itself in the waters of a blue river. It seems as if we had arrived in a dream in some enchanted country that would vanish on awaking, and that in fact does vanish at the end of a quarter of an hour, when we have but traversed the valley, and are pursuing the road to the south. Endless plains, yellow heaths, flat and naked horizons reappear. What we have just beheld seems imaginary.

"We followed the path that leads to the grottoes. The poplars of the river stretched over us their tall and slender shadow, — the deer fled at our approach. We reached those forsaken quarries that are clothed with the richest verdure, and whose depths offer a scene truly theatrical. 'Enter this resounding vault,' said my friend, 'and sing me thy *Gloria*. I will go and seat myself below to catch the echo.'

"I did as he asked, and when I had finished, he came back to me, repeating the simple words of the hymn, — 'Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will.'

"'You see,' said I, 'the hymn does not say "Glory on earth to men of knowledge or intelligence." Quietness is the most precious gift that God has to grant us; God alone can worthily bear the burden of glory, and simple men who desire good, are greater before him than great men who commit evil.'"

Such is the tendency of George Sand's writings — such are the principles of works that have been denounced for their immorality, if not without examination, certainly without reflection.

It will be remarked that we have hardly spoken of the purely literary merits of Madame Dupin. It is because on that count we have had nothing to combat. Every body knows that as far as regards the language, the style, the poetry of the forms and imagery, she ranks second among the existing writers of France. She would be the first were Lamennais no more.

SONNET.

A Shape of Grief it is words cannot paint
  That on my weeping heart its gaunt hand places,
And with relentless strength, that leaves me faint,
  Crushes its salt tears out. Time, that effaces
All other memories, makes this immortal,
  As if the deepest woe should also be
The longest-lived: as though it were not well
  To suffer and forget — but, lingering, see
The shadows darkening day by day upon
  The earth, blotting out all things fair and good,
But showing still their spectres in the sun,
  Making the Past our Present. Hope, that stood
Upon the horizon's verge, is vanished,
  And I am left alone, companioned with the Dead!

ON ALBERT DURER, AND THE MODERN GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS OF PAINTING.

It is not long since some of our critics drew the attention of the English public to the immeasurable inferiority of its limners to the rising artists of Germany. English writers, and, above all, English painters, had so often arrogated to themselves the foremost station among the living schools of Europe, that the animadversions of a certain noble and distinguished connoisseur were received as ignorant paradoxes by that irritable race, who, like women, when they hear a shot fired, raised a squall ere they knew who was hit; but were regarded as the decisions of true taste and undeniable learning by all who really had any feeling for art. It cannot be disputed that among our living artists there is no one name worthy to awaken our enthusiasm. Exhibition after exhibition proves that genius is dormant, and art nearly extinct. England, with the exception of Hogarth, has never produced an original painter deserving of being enrolled among the great names of Catholic Europe for having extended the domain of art by the addition of a new sentiment or inspiration. While music, literature, and science have every where felt and obeyed the impulse of the age, and art itself is pervaded by an unknown feeling of indefinite expansion and progress, painting has remained stationary, or retrograded with us; nor will posterity discover in its productions a symptom of regeneration, or a mark of originality to distinguish the present from past ages of barrenness and nullity: — painting, in fact, is not a liberal art in England; and so long as its professors continue as they are, it has no pretensions to be so. When society finds them, like the great artists of the sixteenth century, at once philosophers, naturalists, mechanicians, geometers, and poets, not merely on a level with the acquirements of the age, but extending their respective bounds by original discovery on all sides, we may expect to find the fine arts honoured, and the works of their professors of a more exalted character; but until then, we must be content to yield the palm of superiority to our rivals. And let no one object that the times are different, and that the horizon of art has so greatly extended since the days of Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, or Albert Durer, that life would not suffice at the present day, even with the most consummate genius, to master the various branches of which we speak. Philosophy teaches us otherwise, for if art has extended, methods have simplified; and, in the balance, the efforts of two ages are pretty nearly the same as to labour. Let any one peruse the life of Raphael, of Murillo, of Cellini, or of Da Vinci, and he will learn the prodigious labour they underwent in their studies; let him look at the great Albert Durer,

"Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore;"

but coming forth at the age of twenty years a sublime artist; let him learn how well they wrote; and comprehend with what dignity, clearness, and simplicity their compositions expressed their internal sentiments; and let him then compare the moderns with those who belonged, as old Homer says, to the race of "articulate-speaking men;" and treading under foot

both their works and their apologies, he will turn away his regards to ancient Italy, the sacred mother of the arts and sciences, —

"Das land wo die citronen bluhen."

Germany, that land of dreaming sentiment and ideal beauty, has, on the contrary, in these latter days, awoke from her lethargy of ages, and in the imitation of her ancient greatness, sought the inspiration which created such marvels. The schools of Dusseldorf and Munich, by a happy anachronism, have sought, in the revival of the religious faith and chivalrous manners of the middle ages, to resuscitate the past, and to reinstate in art the religious thought and faith which were then the sources of their beauty and perfection. Works of surprising merit, both of conception and execution, have already sprung from this development, which has been prepared and fostered by the writings of their most eminent poets and critics. Art cannot fail to feel the happiest effects from this sudden and national impulse. Fashion will pass away, and leave the elements of a new and purer taste. The error which seeks to revive the past will endure only for a time, for it has no life in it; and in the words of Scripture, "leaving the dead to bury their dead," a new school will arise from the ruins, and a new inspiration, the reflex of the present age. Like the daughters of Pelias, who slew their father, desiring to restore him to youth, German art has cast into its crucible the life of the past — the life of the fourteenth century; whence is to come, like the world from the flames of the last judgment, a world unalterable, incorruptible, and definitive. That world has not yet come; but it is slowly elaborating, and the future will surely produce it.

It is not merely in the higher requisites of art that our own school is inferior. In knowledge of the human figure, that great basis of all beauty and perfection, the French and Continental artists infinitely surpass us. Artists should be advised, as poets were by Horace, to labour their nine years in the elements of their science, before they commence the labours of the brush, and that surprising knowledge of the human form which enabled Michael Angelo and the great Italians to draw it in any conceivable posture with the most perfect accuracy in the play of its muscles *from memory alone*, and without the aid of any model, would not then be a tradition of doubt and amazement to their pigmy successors. The English method of study is radically defective. In this respect, the French and Germans are not only more learned, but more classical: they follow the identical process laid down by the great masters, by means of which they gained their wonderful precision and freedom of design. By outlining for years with chalk, upon tablets of blackened wood, figures of a natural or colossal size, either from the life, or from antique statues, they acquired astonishing facility, and that freedom of hand which can never be attained by practising figures of cramped and minute proportions. After outlining of a natural size, nothing is easier than to draw small figures, but the converse does not hold good.

It is not our intention however to dwell upon means, but upon results, nor do we wish to pass any invidious remarks upon the present exhibition. We pass over the landscapes of our land surveyors, and the dogs and deer of our Dutchmen, merely noticing that even in the rising art of wood engraving, our superiority as engravers does not blind us to our inferiority as designers, and to the superior beauty and merit of the French. We pass over these topics to examine the German school, the founder and type of which, the representative of his country's genius, laborious, learned and profound in every department of human knowledge, is the great Albert Durer. We do this with the view of examining how far an imitation or

infusion of this school of design might, like the infusion of their romantic literature into the spent and exhausted life of our times, create a new and copious fountain of beauty. In music and painting, this imitation might be carried to some profit, but we must ever protest against the infusion of German mysticism which some writers have poured into our literature; never shall we cease to lament, that German boars should have been suffered to muddy the "clear well of English undefiled;" never shall we cease to lament with Virgil's Corydon —

"Heu! liquidis immisi fontibus apros."

Goëthe has not disdained to write the history of the new German school, and to trace in a little work, which greatly accelerated the rising taste, its progress from the days of Winkelman. Dr. Waagen, who recently paid our English galleries a visit, bears the reputation of being a great artistical critic, with what truth we know not. These writers convey just notions of their subjects only when they cease to affect to see farther into plain matters than their fellows, and to perceive something more in every thing than other people can. The result of their profundity will generally be found to be words; in fact, this general disposition of their countrymen to be more profound than their neighbours, is well illustrated by the joke regarding the German, who having read in some English newspaper a eulogy upon George Cruikshank as the "real Simon Pure," immediately went home and wrote in his biographical notices of the caricaturist, "He is called Cruikshank, but his real name is Simon Pure!" There are certain criticisms on works of art in certain of our contemporaries, which we regard as the very *ne plus ultra* of this mystic conceit and ridiculous affectation of profundity. Some *savant in us* must have written them.

The pagan spirit of the Italian revival of learning could never be acclimatised under the skies of Germany; and yet it was Germany which first commenced all that great movement of the Reformation. It is true Germany protested in the name of the idea, whilst Italy protested in the name of the sentiment and practice. The character of German art, and, above all, the character of its artists, differ essentially from the character of Italian art. In Italy, the revived worship of plastic beauty was followed by a parallel revolution in manners. Practising art after the manner of the Athenians in the days of Pericles, the Italian masters of the sixteenth century lived like Alcibiades; — the suppers of Aretino rivalled those of Aspasia. The Italian school soon came to neglect the basis for the form, and from the sixteenth century, art was reduced, as it is with us, to the simple mechanism of execution. Germany, on the contrary, preserved her quaint manners and austere prejudices, and German art is at all times more profound, more reflective, and more metaphysical than Italian art.

The history of Albert Durer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, so brilliant and progressive, is strikingly calm and simple. Albert has left a collection of notes and letters, recently come to light, in which he has related almost the whole of his life, and from which we shall give some extracts. The son of a Nuremberg goldsmith, and one out of eleven children, he came into the world on "the sixth hour of the day of Saint Prudent, on the very Friday of the holy week, in the year 1471."

"My father's life," continues he, "was very miserable and wretched, and sadly covered with clouds. Almost all his children died, some in the flower of their youth, others while yet babes in the lap of their mother, who mourned continually to see them die. During all his life, he never had for himself, wife, and children, more than the bare necessaries of life, bread coarse and black, moistened with sweat, and gained with labour. Add to this, all sorts of tribulations and adversities, as well as a thousand temptations; but he was

a good Christian, my father, peaceful and quiet, and submissive to Providence, good and modest towards every body, who died looking towards heaven, and who is in heaven now. His whole life was uniform and grave, interrupted by few worldly joys, solemn and silent. He saw very little of men, because he was not fortunate; nevertheless, as he loved them from the bottom of his heart, he was beloved by them. This dear father paid the greatest attention in his soul and conscience to bring up his children in the fear and glory of God, for that was his greatest ambition — to bring up his family well; for this reason it was that he daily exhorted us to the love of God and our neighbour, after which he taught us to love what is beautiful — art was our second worship. He was partial above all to me, seeing me diligent and full of zeal; he sent me to school by times, and when I had learned to read and write tolerably, bound me an apprentice to a goldsmith. I remained a tolerably long time at that work, but feeling myself in the end more of a painter than a goldsmith, I therefore begged of my father to allow me to become a painter; he at first was very dissatisfied at my request, and had great regret for the time I had lost with my goldsmith. Nevertheless, after some refusal, my father yielded, and on St. Andrew's day, 1483, he placed me in the study of Michael Wolfmult. With Master Michael, God granted me such great application, that I made great progress, according to the word of my master."

Albert Durer was, in fact, from the twentieth year of his age, an able artist. He was far from having lost his time with his goldsmith. He had executed, among other works of exquisite finish, a "Passion of Jesus Christ," in relief, which equalled the best sculptures of the time. It was there also unquestionably that he acquired that fineness and firmness of the modeller, of which he always preserved the traces in his engravings and designs. The engraver and painter reproduced the qualities of the carver. In 1490 Albert commenced the travels which in those days completed the education of an artist. He placed himself in communication with Martin Schœn, Israel de Malines, and other good painters. It does not appear that he was in Italy at this period, as many of his biographers have asserted. On his return to Nuremberg, in 1492, he made, in order to be admitted into the association of painters, a design of "Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanals." The success of this composition determined his marriage with the beautiful Agnes Frey, who was destined to embitter his life by all sorts of domestic troubles, and who caused him to die at the age of fifty-seven years, worn out by hertormenting; — the poor Albert, so quiet and simple, so enthusiastic and meditative, whose poetical visions were so perpetually darkened by the clouds of conjugal reality, the sublime and natural artist, had this fate in common with another great German painter, Hans Holbein, who was forced to fly from his wife, and go and paint his masterpieces at the court of Henry VIII. It is to this lady that we owe the portraits of Sir Thomas More, of our English tyrant and his numerous courtiers and victims; and it is to the wife of Albert Durer, perhaps, that we owe all that deep melancholy impressed upon the greater part of his creations.

Meanwhile Albert's reputation increased, and his engravings on copper and wood spread as far as Italy. It is said that it was in order to obtain reparation from the famous engraver Marc Antonio, who had counterfeited many of his designs, that he undertook, in 1506, a voyage to Venice. Albert was received with the greatest eagerness.

"Would to God that you were here," writes he to his friend Bilibald Pirkheimer; "really there are charming men among the Italians — they came to me almost instantly; and every day attach themselves to me more and more; and this does me much good at heart. They are men well educated, elegant, learned, great players on the lute, full of dignity and wit, very affable and very good towards me. Nevertheless, it must be owned, that if there are so many excellent men in Italy, there is not wanting a great many knaves, infidels, rascals, and liars, who have not their equals under heaven. To see them you would take them for the most amiable folks in the world. They laugh at every thing, even at their own bad reputation. You know well that I was warned in time by my friends to take good care neither to eat nor to drink with these gentry, nor with the painters their friends. Among these painters there are some who have set themselves to tear me to pieces openly, and who copy, with the utmost effrontery, my works in the churches and palaces, all the time crying

out that I ruin art by departing from the antique, which has not prevented Giovanni Bellini from bestowing upon me many praises before a numerous company of gentlemen; still more, he has requested to have something of mine, and came to see me himself, and to beg a design, adding, that he was in the intention to pay me handsomely for it. He is a man beloved, respected, and admired by all — all the world speak of his goodness and genius — although very old, he is still a master who has few equals."

After having painted a "Saint Bartholomew" for the Brotherhood of German Merchants residing at Venice, Albert went to Bologna, and from Bologna returned the same year to his home, where he found his wife, whose absence had cost him few regrets. It appears that in Italy he had seen Raphael. It was at Nuremberg that he painted from recollection a portrait of Raphael, and sent it to Raphael, who replied by a letter and another portrait.

Albert Durer painted almost all the remarkable men of his time. He made portraits of Philip Melanchthon and Erasmus. He also painted the Emperor Maximilian, who summoned him to his court, and granted him one day handsome armorial bearings, after having held the scaffold upon which the great artist had mounted to decorate the ceiling of his palace. He also painted John, Baron of Swartzemberg; Albert, elector of Mayence; Ulrich Varnhuler — a noble head, full of intelligence and sentiment; his friend Bilibald Pirkheimer, senator of Nuremberg — a magnificent countenance, full of fire and dignity, with much resemblance to the aspect of Luther; — finally, he has left his own portrait and that of his wife, in the gallery of Prague. The portrait of Albert is adorned with flowing hair and a long beard which fall capriciously around, as in many of the old masters' heads of the Saviour. Portraits, however, are only rare episodes in the laborious life of Albert. There are reckoned as many as a hundred and six engravings on copper, and three hundred and twelve on wood, executed by himself, or after his designs, without including the great triumphal arch of the Emperor Maximilian. Albert has drawn a great portion of his subjects from the Bible and Christian legends, a portion from Greek mythology, and the greater number from his own imagination. There are histories of the Virgin, histories of Christ, in an infinite number of plates; histories of saints — Adam and Eve — the Apocalypse of St. John — the Martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist — the Holy Trinity — the Last Judgment — the Beheading of St. John the Baptist — St. Christopher walking over the Waves — St. Jerome, St. George, St. Sebastian, varied in a thousand different manners. There is the Judgment of Paris — Apollo and Diana — the Family of the Satyr — the Rape of Amymone — Hercules Fighting, and many others. Lastly, there are among the subjects drawn from imagination the magnificent engraving of *Melancholy:* one of its author's masterpieces — the Horse of Death — the Little Horse — the Great Horse — Death presenting his Hourglass to a Soldier — the Column — the Philosopher seated upon a Throne — a Schoolmaster — a Man and a Woman embracing at the foot of a tree — the Siege of a Town — the Offerings of Love — the Three Peasants — the Market Peasant — the Violent Man beating his Wife — the Peasant and his Wife — the Hostess and the Cook — the Sorceress mounted backwards on a He-goat — the Rape of a Young Woman — the Effect of Jealousy, and a crowd of armorial devices and caprices for decorations.

It may be seen from this abridged catalogue of his subjects, that Albert separated himself from the other painters of the north who were his predecessors,—Van Eyck, for example, who drew nothing but religious subjects. Albert drew the people and mythology. The spirit of the restoration began to penetrate the customs of art. But what constitute Albert Durer the

restorer of German art, and the resembler of Michael Angelo in Italy, of Alonso Berruguete in Spain, and of Jean Cousin in France, are the purity of his style, and the sentiment of physical beauty. Until this time, artists in Germany, as every where else, were very little solicitous about form, and, above all, about variety of form; there were imperfect models, or consecrated types, which were supposed to represent every religious symbol. Albert descended from the heights of mysticism to contemplate the magnificence of nature, and became impassioned before the presence of all those different notes which constitute the sublime harmony. He studied the reality of bodies, sounded the mysteries of science, resembling in this respect all those great artists of the sixteenth century, who, as we have said before, were at once philosophers, naturalists, mechanicians, geometers, and poets. Like Leonardo da Vinci, Albert Durer was almost a universal man. How wonderful seems the spectacle of so many men of poetry, so many meditative artists devoting themselves to the positive sciences, like the mathematics and fortification! Albert has written a "Treatise on the Fortification of Towns," published in German, at Nuremberg, in 1527. He has written four books of the "Elements of Geometry," in which he treats of lines, surfaces, and solids in a very useful and necessary way, not only for mathematicians, but also for painters, artists, workmen in metal and wood, lapidaries, sculptors, — to all, in fine, who wish to render an account of their works by means of certain measures. Lastly, he has composed a "Treatise on the Proportion of the Human Body," in four books, the whole with explanatory plates from designs by the master. Some verses, *Reime*, have also been attributed to him.

In spite of all these prodigious labours accomplished in less than forty years, Albert Durer found time to devote a good deal of leisure to painting. His masterpiece in painting is the famous *Crucifixion*, at Vienna, executed in 1511. The master must have then been in the prime of his talent. His style has the grandeur of the Florentine, with less elegance but more gravity. How great and desolate are his *Mater Dolorosa!* How much his Christs have suffered to redeem the world! Of what a beautiful race, and how full of will, are all his figures! English critics say that the engravings of Durer have spoiled the taste of his modern countrymen, and that the German design would also spoil our precious English school,— poor Albert Durer! but, above all, poor English critics.

On the death of Durer, at Nuremberg, in 1528, his influence lasted to the end of the sixteenth century. The Germanic style was eclipsed by the Flemish and Dutch styles — by Rembrandt. It is only in our own times that it has been revived by Cornelius, Overbeck, and their pupils, whose works adorn the walls of the Pynacothek and Glyptothek of Munich, and whose designs finally reaching England have awakened a feeling of our own inferiority.

Before his death, Albert, in 1520, undertook another great voyage into the Low Countries. The narrative, which he has written of it, is so quaint and curious, and acquaints us so well with the man and his times, that we shall translate a few fragments of it. The whole of his *reise beschreibung* are as entertaining as Benvenuto Cellini's Memoirs.

"I, the poor Albert Durer," says he, (*ich armlich Albrecht Durer*) "departed from Nuremberg at my own cost and expenses *with my wife*. We passed one night in a village of Bavaria, where we spent three pieces of silver, less three deniers. Thence we went to Antwerp. The following Sunday was the festival of St. Osputh: the corporation of painters invited me to a grand gala, with my wife and daughter. Vessels of silver, service of crystal, excellent cheer — nothing was wanting. All the women were dressed in their holiday clothes; and when I was conducted to my place, the people crowded from both

sides of the table, as if to see Mister Celebrity. Many people of quality were there,—princes and dukes, who received me with the best grace, and offered me their services and protection for whatever was useful to me. When I was seated, the *major domo* of Messrs. d'Antorff came up to me, accompanied by two pages, and offered me, on the part of the Messrs. d'Antorff, four pints of wine, which those noble personages prayed me to drink immediately, and accept as a sign of high consideration. I submitted me to this loyal invitation, and protested my devotion to that illustrious family. Afterwards Master Peter, the carpenter of the town, came up to me, and presented me with two pints of wine, and the offer of his services. After having passed joyously the greater part of the night in drinking and singing, all the guests arose and accompanied me with torches to my abode, like a true Roman consul. I took leave of them at my door, after which I went to bed, and slept until a good hour in the morning. I was afterwards at the house of the Master Quentin Matsys. Herr Fishcher has bought of me, on account of the Messrs. d'Antorff, six images of the Passion, for four florins; six others on the same subject, but of smaller size, for three florins, besides twenty other half-sheets of all kinds, pell mell, for one florin. Item: I sold to my host a little image of the Virgin, painted on bad canvas, for two Rhenish florins.

"The day after St. Bartholomew I was brought to Mecklin. The Master Ronsard, and a painter, whose name I forget, invited me to supper. This Master Ronsard is the famous sculptor, who is in the service of Madam Margaret, daughter of Maximilian. On Monday we went to Brussels. I there saw in the council-room four beautiful pictures of the great master Rudiger. I saw also the present brought from Mexico for the king: it is a sun of gold as large as an ell, and a moon of silver equal in size to the sun; and above the sideboard all sorts of vessels, harness, foreign furniture, plates of gold and vermilion, so splendid, that it would be difficult to find the like. All this is so costly, that they are reckoned at a hundred thousand livres of gold. I have never in all my life seen any thing that pleased me so much. I gazed at all those things of gold so finely worked, and was astonished at the ability and subtle genius of men of distant lands. Madam Margaret has ordered me to be told that I would always find a protector in her, with the King Charles. She showed herself entirely devoted to me. I sent her a fine proof of my engraving of the Passion. When I went to the chapel of the house of Nassau I saw the admirable portrait made by the great master Hugo. Master Bernhard, the painter, invited me to dinner. The repast was so magnificent, that I do not think Bernhard could have given it for less than ten pieces of gold. At this repast were present many distinguished persons, whom Master Bernhard had invited to keep me company. Among others, the treasurer of Madam Margaret, whose portrait I have drawn; the king's chamberlain, the city treasurer, to whom I sent a proof of the Passion, engraved on copper, and who, in exchange, sent me a black stool carved in the Spanish style, which is well worth three pieces of gold. I also sent a proof of the Passion to Erasmus of Rotterdam, the secretary of Bonisius. Afterwards I made the portrait of Master Bernhard, Madam Margaret's painter, in charcoal, and I drew once more that of Erasmus. But six persons, whose portraits I made at Brussels, gave me nothing for them. I then went to Aix-la-Chapelle. I there saw the coronation of the emperor Charles V. On Friday I left Aix for Louvain. On Saturday I was at Cologne, where I bought, for five silver deniers, a treatise by the Doctor Luther, and I gave one denier for the book entitled "The Condemnation of the Holy Man Luther." On Sunday I saw the festivals and rejoicings, and assisted at the banquet which was given in honour of the coronation. On Monday I received from the hands of the emperor the diploma of painter to the court. The Saturday after Easter we departed for Bruges, with Hans Lixben of Ulm, and San-Plos, a famous painter born in that town. I saw in a house of the emperor's, the chapel painted by Rudiger, and the pictures of an old master, probably Zemling. At Jacob's I again saw some pictures of great merit by Rudiger, Hugo, and other great masters. I saw the alabaster statue of the Virgin which Michael Angelo carved, as well as the pictures of John Van Eyck, and other painters. Another superb banquet was given to me: the councillors of the city caused twelve pints of wine to be sent to me; and the company, composed of sixty persons, attended me home after the repast. Thence I went Ghent. The deacon of the painters and the notables received me with enthusiasm, and conducted me to the high tower of Saint John. I there saw the famous picture by John Van Eyck, so beautiful, so wonderfully fine, that it is beyond all price. Above all, the Virgin Mary and the Eternal Father are of admirable expression. The painters and their deacon did not leave me for a moment: during all my stay in that town they desired that I should dine and sup with them every day. Lastly, I departed on my return to Antwerp. After passing some time there I returned, with my family, to Mechlin, to Madam Margaret. I showed her the portrait which I had made of the emperor, and which I wished to give her as a present, but she would on no account receive it.

In all that I have done in the Low Countries I have only experienced losses. Nobles as well as citizens — nobody paid me: Madam Margaret no more than the rest. For all the presents which I made her, for all the sketches which I sent her, she has given me nothing. When I was about to depart, I suddenly received a letter from the King of Denmark,

Christiern II., who enjoined me to betake myself to him in all haste, to paint his portrait and that of the lords of his court, and which announced to me that I should be well treated, and that I should eat at the table of the king. Next day I went on board a ship of state, and betook myself to Brussels to the King of Denmark, unto whom I gave what I may call my best pieces of engraving. It was a sight for me to behold the curiosity with which the people of Brussels gazed upon Christiern as he passed. I saw also the emperor, who was there before him, and received him with magnificence. I also again assisted at the splendid banquet which the Emperor Charles and Madam Margaret gave him the day afterwards. The King of Denmark gave a superb banquet in his turn; the emperor and Madam Margaret were both invited to it: I also was among the number of the guests, and I was seated at the table of kings. I painted in oil the portrait of Christiern: he caused thirty pieces of gold to be sent to me. Lastly, I departed from Brussels to return to Nuremberg."

This extract is a curious picture of the lives of great artists in those ages. The curiosity and enthusiasm for art, and the imposing ceremonies of courts, the modesty and justice towards others, the triumphs as well as disappointments and poverty, which Albert Durer here portrays, paint his character completely. We confess that it is a fine and noble life, that of *poor Albert Durer*, in spite of his wife and his adversities, seated with generous fraternity and affable simplicity at the table of kings.

At Nuremberg, that Thebaid of the middle ages, we find the types both of the form and sentiment of the German school. Nuremberg is the very first of old German cities for the integrity of its decrepitude. It is a perfect hypogee of the fifteenth century. The blackened stone recesses of the street lamps are still engraved by steel halberds with the madrigals of the minnesingers who composed their verses while carving their wooden crucifixes in the sun; for Nuremberg was formerly a manufactory of poetry as well as of clocks. In threading its deserted streets, where the houses seem to sleep, and not a blade of grass rustles, where the winged dragons and the smoked madonnas of the street-corners stretch forth their gaping throats and wooden visages, the tiresome monotony of an abode, where the women knit from morn to eve, is relieved by the masterpieces of painting and sculpture with which it is absolutely encumbered. Every house is embellished with a kind of lantern above the principal entry terminated with a lamp-iron; the profile of this cage commonly represents the half of the perimeter of an octagon, a form which admirably suits the flowers and indentations of the Gothic carving with which it is festooned. Little loopholes garnished with painted glass windows, immemorial armorial bearings, bird cages, flowers and herbs in pots of Japan porcelain, complete the decoration of these strange boudoirs, which are so detached from the architectural system of the house, as to make the inhabitants have the appearance of never being at home, or the passengers of being at home with all the world. And if the dwelling of a citizen must be transparent as glass, Nuremberg is the model of a diaphanous city. From morning to night the women, young and old, married and unmarried, pass their time in these oratories. There are sometimes to be seen and heard in these places certain flowers which are an enigma, certain beats full of mystery, and sometimes in a corner, far from all profane eyes, a little sacred taper, burning for one knows not whom. In one of these places the ancient poet Pfintzing wrote his "*Theuerdank*," the most ancient poem of Germany after the "*Niebelungen*." When placed in the court of Saint Sebald, among the images and carvings in black stone, with the chapel of Saint Maurice, and the street which leads towards the royal burgh, and the choir of Pfintzing in the perspective, it is impossible not to believe yourself a robber of Albert Durer's or an archer of the Emperor Barberossa's. The chapel of Saint Maurice, with its clumsy pillars and monastery of the time of Chilperic, and the Lombard architecture, summons one to knock at its iron-bound doors like a pilgrim of

old, for it is the sanctuary of the ancient German painting. It is no longer a chapel, but a museum; but God still remains the same, for the Catholic faith was the genius of that painting. Like the galleries of Cologne, Dusseldorf, and Munich, the chapel of Saint Maurice represents the two schools of Germany, but with an assortment much superior to that of its rivals. The Byzantine school of the Lower Rhine, the disciples of William of Cologne, the first appearances of the first ages of the really German workmanship — Meckenen, Engelbrechtson, Bless-Homsen, are followed by pupils of more renown, who prepare the way for Albert Durer — the masters of Upper Germany, Cramer of Ulm, Schaufflein of Augsbourg, Kulmbach, Wohlgemuth, Schaffner, Zeitblom, next lead us to the great Holbein. Three portraits strike one above all the rest in this mysterious gallery, the "Ecce Homo" of Durer, the "Paracelsus," and the "Unknown Man," by Grimmer, a spectre which seems to start out of its frame, and fix itself in your memory for ever. The portrait of the handsome Durer naturally brings to mind his fossil-like villa, which solves an historical problem. It is evident that the artists of the fifteenth century, imitating the Greeks, worked in the open air. There is neither light nor space for a workshop in this immortal bird's cage, where the great painter of Nuremberg died.

The castle of Nuremberg is a curious monument of the architecture of the seventh century. In its halls, where the emperors of Germany formerly held audiences and feasted the states, we are transported in imagination into the presence of Mathias, Otho, and Conrad, — we hear their ghosts shudder, and see their armour glare. Nothing has been taken from the halls but the men. Pausing for a moment before the wainscoat, where Holbein has sculptured a monkish ballad or mystic symbol of the passages of the Christian faith, we see religion travelling under the figure of a beautiful young maiden, a favourite allegory of the fifteenth century. You fancy you see Venus and her doves drawn in her shell over the waves. The traveller walks through halls still furnished as if the Empress Cunegonda were waiting for him impatiently in her inmost boudoir — where the great eagle of Franconia spreads gigantically on the ceiling his raven plumage. Holbein, Wohlgemuth, Durer, Kulmbach, Schoen, and Cranach, have royally tapestried with their most curious pages these secular chambers, whose walls scale off in cinders under the finger; and the crevices of which it has been necessary to solder together with cramps of iron, to prolong the dying moments of the monument. The Byzantine masters — those demigods of the fabulous epochs of painting — whose very names are dead, are, however, the principal parties to do the honours of the Reichfeste. Nothing can be more melancholy than to wander as through a cemetery, along these jutting timbers where worms are gnawing the figures, where time has eaten the gold from off the backgrounds; where the planks of the wainscoat are furrowed with deep trenches, and peel and split off in leaves. where Confessors may be seen bursting with laughter upon the red-hot gridiron, madonnas grimacing at the infant Jesus, and angels tumbling topsy-turvy in the presence of the Most High.

The Byzantine works at Nuremberg, have retained no more traces of their native expression than the skeleton does of the living man. We cannot, therefore, fairly judge from these remains the intellects which communicated to them their fire, or the pencils which bestowed their form. Opening next the little casements of Queen Cunegonda's room, at the risk of crushing to powder the glasses of Heidegger, which are only retained in their sashes by the laws of equilibrium, looking through those little windows exactly squared, and following with a pious eye the turnings and meander-

ings of the Dolorous Way, from the palace of Caiphas to the mountain of the Two Thieves; for Nuremberg has localised the passion within its walls, and its dead who are borne to its cemetery pass between fantastic emblems of the redemption, the traveller is shown the gigantic print of a horse's foot on the rampart. A beautiful page—so runs the story—forgot that he was with the queen, when the halbardiers of the guard from the tower of the Romans signalised the return of the imperial husband, falcon on hand, to the chamber of the great Eagle of Franconia. The leap which Cherubino's horse, spurred to the quick, took across the rampart under the eyes of Cunegonda impressed his footsteps in the living rock. The page was sadly jolted, but Cunegonda sent him her love. The triumph of Maximilian by Durer, the glasses of Volckamer, the fountain in the market place, the monumental houses, churches, ruins, all the private grandeurs of the Germanic empire, transport us at once to the period when the diets of the fourteenth century drew up the golden bull, which in fourteen years will have completed its fifth century. They would afford study and amusement to an artist for a month, and initiate him at once into the knowledge of the past, so necessary to prevent the anachronisms of our English designers.

It was in the thirteenth century that Europe beheld the return of the sciences with Aristotle, the arts with the Crusades, and the philosophy of Plato in the fifteenth century with the fall of Constantinople, to preside over the face of Christianity. The ideal began to be sought in other things than the love of God, to which the gospel and the fathers were supposed to be confined in the ages of exclusive Monachism. There was the hope of Paradise, and while waiting for Paradise, painting sought to realise upon earth divine forms. They believed in the Celestial Jerusalem, while Leo X. raised his temples and palaces to the skies. The doctrine of the ideal at this period produced its fruits to overflowing. Science and art had received the illumination of baptism. Dante, Petrarch, Michael Angelo, Raphael,—each came in his turn, like runners in the Panathenaic Games to receive from his precursors, and carry still farther the torch of life.

Inter se vitai lampada tradunt,

and the spirit of Plato hovering over all, from "the Divine Comedy," to "Paradise Lost," and "Childe Harold," claims as its posterity each sublime monument of art impressed with idealism, and defies the world to produce a work having any elevation of sentiment which does not proceed from the same source. Italian artists of the sixteenth century were fully imbued with the philosophy of their day. Michael Angelo's poetry is pervaded by its spirit, which was derived not from the study or imitation of Petrarch's amatory sonnets, but from the more philosophical ideas and conversation of Ficino, and those whom he met at the table of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The every day form of nature was not that to which his studies aimed, but the ideal to which his soul as to its ultimate end aspired.*

"Non pure intende al bel ch'agli occhi piace
Ma perche è troppo debile e fallace
Trascende in ver la *forma universale*."

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Rime*.

It is in religion† that the German artists have sought the fountain of the

* See also the sonnet "*Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione*," nobly translated by Wordsworth.

† There are some verses by Michael Angelo, in extreme old age, profoundly religious:—

"Oimè oimè che pur pensando."

"Ah, woe is me, when I reflect on all
My years long past, and muse on life misspent.

ideal, to attain by its means the dignity of our nature and the height of their art. And they are right we take it.

Yes, Plato has said true. We gravitate towards God, attracted to Him who is the Sovereign Beauty, by the instinct of our nature loving and rational. But as bodies placed on the surface of the earth do not gravitate towards the sun, but together, and the attraction of the earth is, so to speak, but the centre of their mutual attraction, in like manner we gravitate spiritually towards God by the intermediate forms of beautiful human nature idealised. Let us gaze on the beautiful St. Catherine, by Raphael, now in the National Gallery, and bow down before the ideal.

——————— Quod semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic Dii voluistis) habebo,

for, in Art, we owe all to it.

Alas! no day of all I reckon mine;
Idle desires, vain fears, fallacious hopes,
Wishes and sighs, and grief and pride and love,
Whate'er the manly heart hath felt — have been
A part of me — they are all numbered now!
Alas! how far from good, how far from truth!
Yet I go step by step towards the grave,
And the shades deepen round me, and the sun
Becomes to me as night: soon sink I powerless.
O, my weak soul! since thus the forfeit years
Of thy frail body steal on hour by hour;
Since even now thine ancient weary load
Stands prompt to fall, and then thou in another,
Thine own true father-land thyself wilt find.
Still canst thou all thine ancient impulses,
In age and weakness, thus infirm of will,
Scourge and resist, rebuke — yet still obey? —
Alas! thou dost — O God, lend me thy strength!
From thee conceal I nought: dejected, I
Envy the annihilate deed — so much before me
Trembles my downcast soul. — Reach thou to me,
Thou from afar, to me in a far land
Thy saving arm, and snatch me soon away
Unto thyself, and make me — what thou wilt!"

GREEK FUNEREAL INSCRIPTIONS.

"Diis Manibus!"

Poetry among every nation of the world may be considered as the first expression of that superfluity of intellectual life which is produced in their being in proportion as the most urgent wants of their physical condition and social instinct are appeased. It is the first cry of man satisfied and happy, when he has had time to penetrate into the wonders of creation, and his imagination has reflected, like a mirror, the sympathies of his heart. It springs up in society like a flower which unfolds its virgin coronal as soon as it has received from the earth and air the necessary elements and conditions of its existence. Thus the birth of poetry among mankind presupposes a certain degree of maturity in the mind and in the language which serves it as an instrument — for before this maturity man only thinks of his appetites, and only pronounces inarticulate sounds; and so long as his sentiments have no other excitement than matter, his reason is incapable of quitting the narrow sphere within which it is confined by the wants of his first necessities.

But when once he has arrived at this state of maturity, he allows himself to be influenced by the concurrence of an infinite number of causes which act immediately upon his body, sentiments, and imagination. Their union operates so important a modification upon poetry, that, from that moment, it assumes a peculiar character, the traces of which are preserved throughout ages, and in despite of vicissitudes and events. Climate, which affects all parts of organisation, and gives more or less elasticity to the vital action — the aspect of the country, which presents perpetually the picture of nature, whether shrouded in the shades of night or clothed in the most dazzling colours, here diversified by mountains and woods, there changing to the monotony of plains — religion, which from our first entry into life takes possession of our ideas and sentiments, and stamps them with a seal whose impression is rendered still deeper by the hope of reward and the fear of punishment — the customs of nations, which lead them into terrible and bloody wars, or keep them in the peaceful occupations of pastoral or agricultural life — such are, in general, the circumstances that determine the prevailing character of poetry. We shall find marks of their influence among all the nations of the globe, if we study their poetical history. Rome will exhibit to us a poetry, rude, harsh, and savage, like the founders of the eternal city; — Arabia, a poetry sweet and pompous, monotonous as the desert, and impregnated with the warmth of the climate, and the perfumes of the East; — the North, a poetry gloomy and melancholy as its atmosphere; — Greece, finally, a poetry changeable as the character of the Hellenes, heroical as the warriors who overturned the walls of Troy, voluptuous as the groves of Paphos, and elevated and sublime as Olympus.

In applying these principles to the elegies and funereal inscriptions of Greece, we find them fully confirmed. The Anthology shows us the spirit of a people who received the inspirations of genius, and were affected by the illusions of imagination in a climate which unites every description of scenery. Mountains affording the most picturesque combinations, the purity of an atmosphere presenting continually a serene sky and stars shining in

all their splendour, vegetation full of vigour and beauty, meadows enamelled with odoriferous flowers; every thing in short that surrounds man in those delightful countries, charms his senses, and excites in his mind that sentiment of welfare, that repose and tranquillity so favourable to meditation and the free exercise of thought.

The oldest compositions that deserve the name of poetry are all the products of these great causes. Such are those celebrated ballads and romances of modern Europe, which are so much admired for the elevation of their thoughts, and the force of their sentiments. Reality has nothing finer, nature and truth are nowhere more faithfully depicted. Like these, we can easily suppose that the contents of the Greek Anthology were not the fruits of a very laborious application. They were inspired not by imaginary divinities, but by vehement passions, by the admiration that great actions are always sure to excite, by love of country, confidence in the Deity, and, in a word, by all that ennobles the heart, elevates the mind, and animates the genius. What distinguishes them is their perfect simplicity, and a style that never departs from the most familiar construction, dictated by the heart. No foreign ornament, no artificial research indicate study. Their subject is the description of a battle, the portrait of a hero, a prayer to a god, or a dedication to the nymphs. On reading them we fancy ourselves transported to the primæval ages: whether they breathe the classic beauties of Homer and Horace, the elegant facility of the poet of Augustus, or, like the verses of Posidippus, reflect the sombre majesty of the prophet-king, or the savage melancholy of Job in the most ancient elegy of the World.

Epitaphs are more important things in the eyes of the church than in those of any other portion of the community. The poor widow who suffered a prosecution on account of a verse from the "Apocrypha," is a warning to those who meddle with heterodox stones and Romish inscriptions. "Pray for the soul of Joseph Woolfrey; it is a good and pious thing to pray for the dead!" is harmless only *out* of a churchyard; but those with which we propose to deal, treat not of dogmas but of affections: and the prayer of our petition is, that all those who have badly translated them heretofore may be brought before the bar of criticism, and not under the jurisdiction of the Arches Court. We desire to unbury the spirit of the Greek funereal inscriptions, like the scholar who disinterred the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias. Happy if, in an attempt in which so many have failed, we should invest them with a garb more befitting the taste of the originals than that which they have been made to assume in the smoothly-flowing verses of contemporaries.

This species of writing, which we may call the style lapidary, is a species between prose and poetry, hitherto unknown to our literature, but which has been treated *con amore* by the Italians. Many collections of Italian inscriptions have been printed and a small but precious volume has been selected from them. The inscription is a species not less beautiful than difficult; and among all literatures there are but few that possess it in perfection. Italy gave the world the first example of it in the Roman magnificence, and after eighteen centuries has again renewed it. Morcelli, in regard to the Latin, has reduced into a science this department of study and has written a book of learned elegance, "De Stylo Inscriptionum." The best of these epitaphs speak worthily of the antique household virtues, and in translating these elegiac flowers, the task ought to be done with a full feeling of the transitory and perishable nature of every thing but the affections, such as that with which Goëthe was inspired in the bosom of Rome,

and which he has painted in his first elegy in verses which have acquired European celebrity from the quotation of Madame de Staël: —

" Eine Welt zwar bist du, O Röm! doch, ohne die Liebe
Ware die Welt nicht die Welt: waren das Röm auch nicht Röm! "

Tell me ye stones! O speak high palaces,
Ye streets now answer, — Genius up and soar!
Yes, in thy walls all things a soul confess
Eternal Rome! and I thy power adore.

Oh, who doth whisper wheresoe'er I gaze
Of her who still retains her pristine power!
What voice doth still recall the ancient ways,
Where I in loving spent each precious hour!

Now dome and church and pillared aisle I scan,
With worldling look, to win the traveller's prize;
Yet soon 't is o'er, and each immortal plan
Love's airy temple blots out from mine eyes.

With visioned presence wheresoe'er I rove,
Telling how sweet the haven is of home;
O Rome, thou art a world; but, void of love,
World were no world, nor Rome herself a Rome!

The sentiment of rhyme and symmetry, whether it be a reflexion of Arabian genius, an indigenous instinct, or both at once, is not found in antiquity. It properly belongs to the language of the Troubadours; and is totally misplaced in all translations from the classic languages. In the Provençal songs, if the verse be of admirable structure, the form of the strophe is not less exquisite and precise. The strophe is not with them a mere assemblage of verses; it is a perfect and harmonious whole in itself, as much from the sense as the rhyme — it is a close tissue, of which you cannot change a single thread without destroying all — a group of youthful dancers, carved from the same block and closely entwined, who perform their dance separately and diversely, but in one wonderful unity. And these strophes, limited in number, knitting themselves one to another in the most intimate manner, both by the identical measure of the verses and the constant repetition of the same rhymes, and sometimes by the return of a certain verse, form in their result a work which, in its form, and in the exactness, precision, close contexture, and symmetry of each of its strophes, composes a real crystallisation of thought. We quote one by Charles of Orleans, who flourished in the first part of the fifteenth century.

BALLAD.

" En la forest d' ennuyeuse tristesse."

Far in the forest of wearisome dole
One day it happened I found me astray,
There I met Venus, the queen of my soul,
Who called me, and gently demanded my way.
Deftly I answered, of fortune the prey,
Exiled in that wood I was long time ago;
And that, by right, of myself I might say
I am the lost pilgrim, nor know where to go.

Then smiling benignly, with sweetest control,
She held me and answered, friend, who are they
Who have caused this affliction of thine? with my whole
Strength, will I aid thee their malice to stay,
And henceforth thy heart I shall place in the way
Of all pleasure on earth: none shall rob thee, for oh!
It grieves my heart sadly to see thee to-day
Roam like a pilgrim, nor know where to go.

Alas! said I, sovereign princess, my dole
  Know then in a word; but why sing thee the lay?
'Tis death who o'er all his destruction doth roll,
  Who tore from my arms what I loved so away;
What made all the hope that I had in the fray,
  What guided my steps, both in weal and in woe,
So that ne'er while she lived, in the light of her ray,
  Was I lost like a pilgrim, nor knew where to go.

ENVOY.

Blind am I now! nor know whither to stray,
With my staff here and there I go feeling my way;
  I stumble in fear, and walk painful and slow:
What pity it is, that it suits me to say,
  I am the lost pilgrim, nor know where to go!

These are the qualities which distinguish a modern poem or elegy from an ancient one. The beauties of the Greek, varying as the music of their sonorous language in each sentence, depend less upon the musical element than upon the Attic delicacy and precision of the phrase, its relative propriety to the subject, and the σοφροσυνη, or sobriety, which is the highest excellence of perfect taste. Many fragments from the garlands of Meleager, Phillippus, and Agathias, as well as from Sappho, Erinna, and Nossis, have been beautifully translated by various poets in "Blackwood's" and in the "New Monthly" Magazines: but Herder is the prince of translators; and in his specimens, which, like those of our own Shelley, give the spirit as well as the form of antiquity, we have the hexameter and pentameter lines of the original carefully preserved. Many of the pieces in the Anthology have the air of Poussin's landscapes, —

"Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
  Brought from a happy, though a pensive place."

WORDSWORTH.

The greater part of those of a longer limit have already been translated by countless hands, especially into elegant Latin by Grotius. Those which follow are a few of those which, from their insignificance, have hitherto escaped those honours. Herder, in his "Blumenlesen aus dem Griechischen Anthologie," has collected most of them, and united them to his comprehensive work, "The Voices of the People in Song," which first gave the spur in Germany to the romantic school, and the profound study of national literature. The German language is so very flexible that scarcely any form is unfit to be comprehended in it, from the Spanish *asonante* verses to the intricacies of the Troubadours. We shall make a feeble attempt to render them into their native measures, although aware that the hexameter is almost inadmissible in the English language; but Southey and Sir Philip Sydney have tried them, and we know the Grecian epigram,—

"Fair art thou, Aglaia, amid beauties all beauty surpassing;
  Fair in each garment, but, naked, thou art perfection itself!"

THE OFFERING OF YOUTH.

These the locks of his springtime, and this an early Cicada,
To you, ye shining Hours, Kallisthenes devotes;
Fresh as the morning glows the stripling. Beautiful Powers!
As youth is now to him, let age be also sweet!

THE HOURS.

Be ye propitious to me, who round Jupiter's throne eternal
Happiest Hours! ay dance. O! ever be gracious and kind!
Over me float, now grave, now gay; and the joyful nymph
That saw me born to the world softly entomb me in bliss!

DEATH OF AJAX.

Wanderer! this is the grave of Telamonian Ajax,
He who, with his own sword, himself of life deprived:
For, when arrived the hour the Fates to him decreed,
Among the Fates was found for him no conquering hand.

THE OBELISK ON THE GRAVE.

Behold Nicœa, yon grave with starry splendours all beaming
Over its pillars, — it shows who the entombed ones are;
He, Sacerdos, and she, his Severa; — they had to the stars
Nigher ascended than here this overshadowing spire.

EPITAPH ON A SHEPHERD.

Slowly the timorous herd, all powdered with wintry snows,
Wind from the mountains; the herd follows the shepherd no more.
Ah! Therimachus sleeps below his eternal slumber,
Under the forests where fire from heaven consumed his life.

THE CHARITIES OF DEATH.

Ye who upon the mountains now stray, O wandering shepherds!
Hear Clitagora's wish — the wish of your comrade entombed;
Here let the white flocks bleat: here let them wander, — the shepherd
Sit upon yonder stone, and play his most delicate song;
And garland my grave with crowns of the first-born children of spring;
And quicken my dust with libations of sweet refreshing milk.
Do this, ye swains, to a swain: also midst the departed dwell
Graces — and also here love they reward with thanks.

ACHILLES' GRAVE.

This is Achilles' grave! for terror of future Troys
The Grecians placed it here upon the Trojan strand.
Son of the ocean goddess, thou liest entombed on the shore,
That ocean's billows to thee may sound thine eternal praise.

ON THE PICTURE OF MEDEA, BY TIMOMACHUS.

When Timomachus' hand, O cruel Medea, traced
Thy picture here, how Art has fought thy passionate fight!
Then hath wisely ended. In sparkling furious eyes
Hang the tears where rage melts in maternal love:
Farther he painted not. "Her children's blood to shed,"
Said the artist then, "becomes Medea alone."

ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE.

Shepherd, O speak, unto whom are those beautiful trees? The olive
Is Athenaia's; the vine winds around Bacchus her arms;
To Ceres the corn; and these flowers, so fragrant and bright, unto Juno,
And Cypris, — fragrant and sweet, bearing such beautiful gems.
O friend Pan, now warble, take not from thy lips thy pipe;
Here, in the rosy vale, the echo thou surely wilt find.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Alas, poor woman! the youth they love not as we women love:
For, when strong passion affects them, each, grief to another imparts
In friendship, trusting to friend; they soothe the griefs of the soul:
Seek dissipation, and see nature, and mankind, and art;
But we, poor prisoners, we, desponding and pining in soul,
Loving and longing in solitude draw to the grave.

THE SWEET SECRET.

Naught is sweeter than love — of all the fairest on earth
It is the sweetest bliss, — honey to it is gall.
This, says Nossis, but only to those whom the goddess hath loved, —
What in the rose doth bloom, lovers only can tell.

THE PENCIL.

Fairest Leontium, take, O take this pencil of silver,
Within thine accomplished hand golden will it become:
For to thee the Gods have given what they on so few bestow,
Cypris, the fairest form — Pallas, the wisest art.

THE COQUETTE BEFORE HER MIRROR.

No, Cleopatra, no! thy mirror, trust me, deceives thee;
See thyself as thou art! Sawest thou ever within?

LAIS HANGS UP HER MIRROR IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

Dione! to thee who for ever art fair,
This mirror I give; and deplore,
That no longer, alas! I can look and compare
The Lais that is with the Lais of yore.

Ever-blooming Dione! thy Lais grown old,
This mirror divine now surrenders to thee;
Alas! I no longer would wish to behold
What I have been, or what I may be!

THE SHIELD OF ACHILLES.

This shield by Achilles of yore empurpled with Hector's blood
Ulysses stole; but in vain. Ithaca ne'er shall it see.
Round him the waves in tempest arose, and to Ajax's grave
Bore it afar; the grave clanged with the billows, and spoke, —
"Sleepest thou, Telamon's son? Here is the shield of Pelides!
That which the Grecian had robbed, Poseidon gives thee again."

LEONIDAS.

As the mighty Leonidas, now a generous victim
Under the corpses buried, Persia's monarch beheld,
O'er him in haste he threw his purple mantle, — the Grecian
Murmuring, started and spoke, — "Fly and dishonour me not
With the glory of traitors! — This shield shall adorn me alone
Among the shadows — I go now like a Spartan to death."

PSYCHE SAILING WITH TWO DOLPHINS.

Whither steerest thou, Psyche, on thy two sea-dolphins borne?
Over life's stream I glide, O wanderer, away!
Thrice fortunate o'er it are muse-loving guides to me
Who towards ports secure their oars and rudder lend.

APOLLO.

Alas! that Apollo, the shepherd, no more upon lovely Peneus
Dwelleth! alas! that earth has lost the echo divine!
"Believe, he forsakes it not; he shepherds the flocks of men;
But a barbarian ear hears not the song of the God."

IMMORTALITY.

Pillars of marble and brass, and statues and tablets of fame,
Give to the living, while here, pleasure both lasting and high, —
But only so long as he lives. Into region of shadows when glided,
For him no statue will rise — no writing recording his praise.
Virtue alone, and the graces of wisdom will follow us there
Undivided, and here leave us the blooming fruit.
So lived Plato — so Homer lived: they took of bright wisdom with them
The fountains away, and to us bequeathed the quickening stream.

THE DAUGHTER'S GRAVE.

Oft lies over the grave of the daughter the weeping mother,
And mourns and invokes the shade of her Philanis to rise.
"My daughter! hast thou departed so soon, ere thy nuptial bed
I had adorned, by the stream under the shadows to dwell?"

THE WAY TO ORCUS.

Every where leads the path to the region of shadows alike ;
Alike, whether thou from Athens, or thou from Meroe come.
Also grieve thyself not, when thou to far lands must stray,
There, amid foreigners too, straightway to Orcus it goes.

ON A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE WHERE PARIS'S IMAGE STOOD.

Silence ! thou forest of oaks ! ye fountains under the rocks,
Murmur lighter, and ye bright flocks and herds too cease,
Before the dwelling of Pan, whom here the delicate flutes
With sweetest songs delight, and soothe to slumber soft :
And round in rings, ye Nymphs and Hamadryades float,
And the Naiades choir in their exulting dance !

VARIOUS FATE OF LOVE.

Ah me ! the various fortune of lovers' destinies : — one,
Whom soft persuasion befriends, slumbers in Venus's lap ;
Another unwinds himself scarce from needy poverty's gripe ;
And this one locks on himself a melancholy jail.
And yet mankind still deceive themselves with insanest hopes,
That, where Amor appears, there, an Elysium blooms.

TO A NIGHTINGALE BEARING OFF A CICADA.

Attic songstress ! why, Philomela, thou honey-fed queen,
Dost thou to thy young ones in nest poor little grasshopper bear ?
Rob the adorned-with-wings, the harbinger singing of spring,
The voice that, a bough beyond, with thee all summer time sang ?
Nightingale, leave her forlorn — she is a stranger as thou art ;
For no child of Apollo's the death of another becomes.

THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP.

Of our friendship, Orestes, our deep eternal friendship,
A slight memorial is, this slight recording stone :
Ever will I seek thee ; and thou too, under the shades,
Drink thou over me never the Lethean wave !

WHAT SMARTS.

That I to thee did trust ; that thee, as a friend, I selected,
Believe me, pains me more than does the secret itself,
Which to the world was blabbed. A secret deeper, thou tellest,
Mine understanding's fault in choosing thee my friend.

THE DRIED-UP FOUNTAIN.

Wanderer ! thou who whilome my sweetly-refreshing waters
Didst know, thou seekest in vain a flowing fountain in me :
Since once a murderer, here resting, his terrible hand
Washed, and my gentle sides spattered with hideous blood ;
Since then, the light of day, my nymphs all fled : unto Bacchus
Only they spoke,—" Ourselves we mix not with blood-reeking Mars."

THE AGED VICTOR.

I who, at Alpheus once, and once at Castalia's fountain,
A victor doubly hailed, two glorious crowns have graced :
And in Nemea, too, and on the resounding Isthmus,
Fleeter than wind have passed the all-envied goal :
Aged and time-worn, now to heavy labour condemned,—
Work in the mill : to you, Greeks, an eternal reproach !

THE CICADA.

Wherefore follow you me, ye race unjust, and envy
To your Cicada possession of one dewy twig ?
She the hermit, the songstress — she, who ever the way,
During the noontide heat, points to the fountain for you.
Seize on another foe, who pilfers you of your seed ;
Me, the innoxious, please the green leaves and the dew.

THE REVENGE OF JUNO.

Through royal Juno's soul the thorns of jealousy pierced
When shining Ganymede, first, before great Jupiter stood:
And she spake to herself, "Because, O Troy, thou sendest
To me a flame, whose glow within mine entrails burns,
Therefore will I to thee a flame dispatch, — young Paris!
A vulture visits thee next, instead of a ravishing eagle."

ASTACIDES.

The Cretan shepherd Astacides have we, the gentle Nymphs,
From this mountain borne away? Divine Astacides! now,
Thou herdest under the oaks within Jove's forest. Ye shepherds,
Sing your Daphnis no more; sing now Astacides' praise!

THE FOP.

Thou, who the Stygian pool dost ferry with oaring arms,
Sable Charon! O take gently my Ciniras up!
Reach forth thy hand to him when, from the boat of shadows, he slowly
Steps out, so by thine aid he spare his beautiful foot;
Which still, when living, with corns, the prettiest shoe distressed.
"Ai! ai!" he limping cries, soon as the shore he treads.

THANKS TO THE NYMPHS.

Ye Nymphs, ambrosial daughters of fountains — ye Hamadryads,
Who, on your rosy feet, over these waters do float,
Fare ye well! and keep sound Kleonymus, who to you
This picture, with his thanks, amid your pines doth place.

THE VALIANT PHYSICIAN.

Wanderer! see where lie, within one grave entombed,
Seven dead men: And who seven hath laid so low?
Askest thou? — Knowest thou not the wand of mightiest Hermes,
Which, in physician's hand, marshals mankind to the shades.

LAND AND SEA LIFE.

As good Archippus, a forester, under the earth departed,
His last farewell he took, and called his son to his side;
Then said, — "Dear son! now take the plough and the harrow I leave,
And, as you love me, love, as I have loved, the land;
Trust not the stormy ocean, nor its deceitful calm;
Nor yet the gain, for whose sake its waters tempt you away.
How much sweeter to children, their own beloved mother,
Than every stranger, is — is land before sea to me!"

LE MALHEUR D'ETRE.

Of life, which life? for, in the forum, law
With strife and envy rage; and in the town
Are cares; the country, labours; fear and awe
At sea; in travel, risk, if aught you own;
Want, too, brings pain; a wife, distress. Alone
Hast thou existed, thy survivors saw
Thy solitude; yet children ne'er atone
For ease: and childless who life's chain would draw?
And, midst the heavings of this changeful ocean,
With youth still foolish, and old age forlorn,
The sea of life leaves all its fountains dry.
Once more commencing its alternate motion.
Therefore, of these, choose thou: — or, to be born —
Never; or, born — immediately to die.

POSIDIPPUS.

OUR EASTERN RELATIONS.

Convention between Turkey and Great Britain.

Non ita certandi cupidus quam propter amorem.

THE few reflections we propose to offer upon the policy adopted towards the countries whose affairs now prominently occupy public attention, are dictated less by a desire to cavil at such measures as the wisdom of our Government may have thought fit to adopt, than by an anxious wish for their examination by the public. With this view, we shall divide them into two separate heads: Turkey and India. On the one hand, we perceive that Russia, fatally forced by the necessities of her population to command the Black Sea, into which all the great rivers that traverse her Asiatic dominions debouch, and to prevent any foreign power from sealing her fate by taking possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, on all occasions shows symptoms of restlessness when the two most potent sons of Mahomet threaten to come into collision. On the other hand, Persia and the powers of Afghanistan, deserted in their hour of need by English policy, have been cast by the inevitable force of events into the arms of Russia, whose schemes of conquest in India they have become the instruments of forwarding, and which, on our part, it were now insanity to doubt.

It cannot be denied, that the English nation feel great apathy upon this momentous question. They may be hostile to the Russians, but do not sympathise with the Turks. Political reasons are not powerful against Christian feelings; and the power which for centuries has been regarded by Christendom as the scourge of humanity, does not, all at once, change its nature, or vindicate its claims to civilisation in the eyes of the people, by sending out a few ambassadors, who may more properly be termed the heralds of its fall. It is now some time since the daily press, aided by the indefatigable Mr. Urquhart, has laboured to raise the Russo-phobia to its periodical height in this country, and many grounds have been found for an attack upon Lord Palmerston's policy and that of our ambassador at Constantinople; but a *mezzo termine* between hostility to Russia and support to Turkey may be suggested, which, perhaps, will not seem improbable to those who will give themselves the trouble to examine the state of the case.

We hold it to be sheer folly in any statesman of the present day to think of supporting, by force of arms, the doctrines of the "*Mare clausum*" of Selden. That the maritime *statu quo* can be preserved for ever is a pure delusion.

Civilisation must advance, and the warm shores of the Euxine and the delicious recesses of the Taurida yield their forests of oak to the navy of their possessors; but for the safety of England those possessions must not be Russian, and need not be, because the elements of another power exist in abundance on the spot in the indigenous population in whose favour all European feelings are warmly interested. Russia is the great bugbear of modern times, as the power of France was during the reign of Louis XIV.; and, although history has proved that the attempt to preserve the balance of

power which united Europe of old was a chimerical scheme, there are many in this country who still conceive it a good ground for a crusade against Russia. If we are to have a war, let not the sword of England be drawn for the vain and useless purpose of supporting such a worm-eaten throne and crumbling despotism as Turkey.

Nations as well as individuals have their term of maturity, and decay. Even during the height of their power, the Turks concealed within their bosom the germs of a decay as rapid and premature as their prosperity was precocious. United and invincible, they experienced for the first time a check under Bajazet, from the Tartar conqueror Tamerlane and his horde of shaggy demons. A short half century re-invigorated the irresistible scourge, and the tide of their conquest again swept all before it. Alarmed at their formidable progress under the warlike Mahomet the Second, Europe beheld them with dismay, advance from the deserts of Arabia, roll like a torrent over Syria to the borders of the Euxine, and finally end with the capture of Constantinople itself. Their religious enthusiasm aided by the distractions of the neighbouring countries of Christendom, continued to swell the tide of their triumphs, until in the middle of the seventeenth century, a victorious army of 200,000 fierce fanatics penetrated into the heart of Germany, and encamped before the walls of Vienna. All of a sudden appeared that "man sent by God, whose name was John;" and before the sword of Sobieski the terrible flood was stayed. From that moment the star of Mahometanism has waxed dim, and Europe, recovered from her fright, has had leisure to examine into the causes of a decay so singular in the history of nations. No glimpse of prosperity since that time has ever shone upon the receding fortunes of the Osmanlis; Prince Eugene following up the successes of the heroic Poles, weakened still more that prestige of victory which was wont to inspirit them in their battles with the Giaours. They have not been permitted to remain stationary in their course, but have been forced by successive defeats into a retrograde path which has ended in the total demoralisation of the chief officers of the empire, and the universal prevalence of bribery and corruption in all the offices of the state, until at length we have seen a rebel pacha, wresting from the Sultan the vast and fertile province of Egypt, his son Ibrahim advancing in triumph from the plains of Koniah and threatening the walls of Stamboul, and lastly a Russian army, passing the Balkhan, occupying Varna and Adrianople, and only staying its victorious march at the command of the potent voice of the lion of the seas.

At the same time that these disastrous events occurred, the Sultan destroyed the species of feudal organisation which gave to his immediate vassals a sort of liberty recognised and confirmed by the most ancient laws and customs of the empire, and the sweeping destruction of the Janissaries, who composed the flower of their military force, and the nucleus of all the fanaticism of the people, completed the overthrow of their institutions. The Ulemas, who still remain, and who compose the dignitaries of the religion of the true believers, are the inveterate opposers of all reform; and Sultan Mahmoud cannot be said to have done more than commenced his reform so long as a vestige of that all-powerful body remains. As all despotisms are said to be tempered by assassination, the chief of the Osmanlis and his new European system hangs upon the breath of the Ulemas, for he dare not, though he well knows his predicament, venture upon their destruction, but waits in patience, until his spring, like the tiger's, shall be once and for ever.

From the peculiarities of their faith, the Ottomans have exhibited this

difference from other nations of conquerors, that from the first moment of their occupation they have never either mixed with, or conciliated the native populations. The Turks have never been more than encamped in Europe; three millions of them at the present day hold the whole population in subjection, living in idleness as lords of the soil. The original inhabitants of it still form a race apart, divided by the most mortal hatred, from the Armenian and Christian Ryahs of Turkey in Europe, to the Copts of the Nile. These Christian populations every where begin to raise their heads, and to perceive the vast superiority of their numbers, compared with those of their haughty oppressors: and, in a word, the iron net is broken. These are the people to raise up into a nation: five hundred years have amply proved that the Turks, as a nation, do not contain within themselves the elements of civilisation. No voice has been heard, no hand has been raised to form them into a fit brotherhood of the great European family, and the attempt made at present by a great man, worthy of a better fate

> "The last star of the night
> If better it belongs not to the dawn,"

is a foreign and extrinsic plant, which so far from taking root, must perish when the fostering hand which at present protects it is withdrawn. It is the population of Ryahs which alone has the capacity of improvement, and to his sagacity in discovering this fact is the success of Ali Pacha in Egypt to be attributed. But the pride of the lordly Turk would not in European Turkey permit the hated Greek, the abhorred Jew, the despised Armenian, or the schismatic Arab, to possess those rights and privileges essential for the unfolding of their capacity. Rather than this, he will cry, "Bismilla! it is the will of God."

Such is the crumbling despotism which many would support by involving England in a war with Russia, — a country which we have seen advancing from a state of barbarism scarcely one century ago, to a foremost rank among European powers.

The Sclavonic races, in their rapid career, have exhibited that docility and aptitude for improvement which is so much wanting in their ancient enemies. As fast as Turkey has declined, Russia has advanced, until at length we have seen a power which a century ago was hemmed in and overshadowed by Sweden, dilated into a Colossus, making war against Napoleon with one hand and the emperor of China with the other.

The inventions of steam and gunpowder have put an end for ever to the fear of having to fight a second Marathon and Salamis for the liberties of mankind; but above all, the habits and tastes of the millions of barbarians organised by the genius of Peter the Great, which form a security for an increased demand of European manufactures which would not be affected by the inevitable fall of the Turkish empire, to the prejudice of English merchants, in any material degree.

The Ryahs are the people whom England and France ought to raise to the dignity of a nation, as a barrier against Russia; but we own with Voltaire, that we never could feel any sympathy for those villainous Turks who shut up their women, and do not cultivate the fine arts.

It is with a higher order of truths than those of detail that statesmen on great occasions have to deal. It is only in its infancy that history deals with the battles, treaties, and commerce of nations; but men a little later begin to discover that these are only consequences of other causes; and then it is in their institutions that we seek the reasons of the decline of one and the prosperity of another. Guided by these views, we have traced a

little sketch of the relative situation of Turkey and Russia, which may not be courteously received by the critics of tariffs. We have neither touched "barbaric pearl nor gold" for the pleading, nor advocated the cause of the autocrat Nicholas. It is not intended that our remarks should contain an ungenerous or illiberal allusion — for it is impossible not to extend one's sympathy to the chief who now fills the throne of Othman, or behold the spectacle of a brave man —

"Greatly falling with a falling state,"

without admiration and enthusiasm. It is a false opinion that this empire has nothing to do with the rest of Europe, and that it ought to be a matter of indifference whether Carlos or Christina rules in Spain, or Mahmoud or Nicholas at Constantinople. Putting aside the question of commercial interest, England will always extend the hand of fraternity to every nation struggling through misery and ignorance for the high prize of freedom, sometimes even at the cost of her own interest; for a great nation, as La Bruyère says of a great soul, would be invulnerable if it did not feel compassion. But what is to be taken into consideration in examining this immense question is whether the genius of Mahometanism be or be not compatible with a high degree of civilisation? Without deciding, like the ancient Greeks, that all other nations are barbarians, we submit that it is very doubtful if the precepts of the Koran be capable of amalgamating with those of other nations; at all events, if a contest between civilisation and the Mussulman dogmas should arise in Turkey, it is not by throwing his sword into the scale that Mahmoud will decide it. Peter the Great made men of his serfs, but he did not change their religion. Of all the Mahomedan kingdoms which history has recorded, the Moorish power in Granada is said to have made greatest advances in civilisation; and yet it could not go beyond a certain point, nor keep pace with the progress of the Spaniards. The insuperable obstacles are polygamy and fatalism.

In whatever climate of the globe a registry of the population has been kept the result has almost always exhibited an equality of male and female births; and this remarkable law of nature is a stubborn argument against the defenders of Turkey — laying out of mind the moral degradation of one half of the human race, (videlicet the females) which must result from this barbarous institution. Monogamy then is the law of nature and the condition of civilisation; and what civilisation has in view is not the man alone but the family; for the individual dies, but the race is perpetual. Marriage is thus the basis of society, and that too, it appears, upon philosophical principles — for we have not desired to couple with the argument any religious prejudices; although the Christian dogma of the equality of all in the sight of God has perhaps proved the foundation of European superiority. Voltaire's saying has not only wit but philosophy to recommend it.

The policy suggested has however other grounds to rest upon. Whatever reforms may have been introduced by the Sultan are wholly dependent upon the accident of his life for their duration. They have no root in the feelings of his people, notwithstanding we have heard from Mr. Urquhart that the powerful influence of the Ulemas in the state and their fanaticism are at an end, and that those reforms upon which civilisation is based are marching steadily and rapidly on; that schools are everywhere established, useful public works, roads, bridges and canals in progress; that the powers of the pachas are greatly limited, the venality of office nearly destroyed, admirable and beneficial commercial arrangements been formed for all classes of

subjects, and their lives and properties been secured, for arbitrary punishments by death and confiscation are no more; that national prejudices have been to a great degree overcome; the costume of all functionaries assumed a more European character, an improved military system been adopted, and ambassadors now seen in all the courts of Europe, and many promising and intelligent young men been sent to England, as well as to other countries, to acquire military and scientific knowledge.

We confess that all this shows the prudence, wisdom, and patriotism, of the greatest potentate that for centuries has wielded the Ottoman sceptre: but whatever possibility existed of interfering with propriety between Russia and Turkey, it was at the time when another administration lost sight of the golden opportunity. Fifty ships of the line would not now effect what might have been done by a few frigates during the siege of Varna. Whatever desire we might have to assist Turkey, it is perfectly useless, because we are so remote from the scene of operations, that an army of 50,000 Russians might be in possession of the country ere we received notice of their march; and all the armies and fleets of England and France could not dislodge them from Constantinople, assisted as they would be by the whole Ryah population. Our opponents have admitted the truth of the assertion that the Ryah or Christian population of Turkey in Europe feeling the iron net broken, begin to lift their heads; but they contend that it is for the purpose of blessing the beneficent rule of the Turk, and of contrasting their felicitous condition with that of the subjects of Russia. For the correctness of our view of the subject we may cite as an authority the current rumour that there is or was throughout all Turkey an immensely extended conspiracy of the Christian population similar to the Greek Hetairia to overthrow the dominion of the Sultan, and to substitute a Christian prince at Constantinople. Whatever be the fact, we believe that the great mass of the indigenous inhabitants of the soil are more bound to the religion of Russia than to the civil reforms of Mahmoud.

We think that the policy of neutrality is sound, because as the inhabitants of the Crimea, Wallachia and Moldavia, hailed with joy the stipulations of Ackerman and Adrianople, and have improved under Russian government; it is reasonable to suppose that her further influence would be beneficial in like manner to all those vast countries now withering under the sceptre of the Sultan, and nothing by which civilisation is advanced can in any manner hurt the interests of England; because whatever advance Russia may make in conquest, England in the increasing prosperity of her arts and commerce, will always at any given time be more than a match for her: the two countries progressing in lines parallel though different; because on like grounds. England has forcibly seized during the last century three square leagues for every one taken by Russia; because Russia has a great desire to excel in the arts and commerce which is even demonstrated by her tariff and her excessive wish to emulate England in her manufactures; and England is in no dread of such competition, but, on the contrary, finds her interest in the increasing taste and demands of the Czar's subjects for the comforts of civilised life; because the trade of England with Russia amounts to more than two millions annually; whilst that of England with Turkey and continental Greece amounts to one million and a half only; lastly, because Turkey is in a dying state, brought about by the force of events long foreseen and predicted.

We who have read of the massacres of Ipsara and Scio — of the nightly sackings of their women — of the Golden City with its horrible slave market — of its streets encumbered with the bodies of slaughtered wretches, and the

palaces of their abominations set round with the heads of their Christian victims, may be allowed to have some feelings of incredulity. We believe nothing of their alleged civilisation; we who have read of the fairest portion of Europe made for centuries the proverbial abode of poverty, slavery, idleness, polygamy, and the plague, may also be allowed to express a hope that the Byzantine empire will one day arise from its long sleep of death a worthy daughter of the great European league. But whatever may be the inherent vices of this people, and however much Christian sentiment may revolt at their existence in the heart of Europe, in the calculations of political necessity it is far otherwise.

The integrity of the Ottoman empire is considered at the present moment as a fixed element of all sound political calculations, as a condition incontestable by all who do not admit that the balance of power can be permitted with safety to be deranged by any one party to the detriment of the others. The stability of the throne of Othman is thus of paramount importance to civilised Europe, for the identity of their interests is complete. Whatever therefore tends to consolidate its strength, and place its institutions beyond the attempts of hostile nations, whether concealed or overt, is viewed with favour by Great Britain, whose interests are so intimately associated with its welfare. The present convention of commerce and navigation between her Britannic majesty and the Sultan, together with the additional articles, must be hailed as the germ of incalculable benefits to Turkey — as an instrument of good capable of indefinite expansion, provided those means be adopted to insure its development, without which it must become a dead letter, or, at most, a trivial improvement. We learn that an outcry has been made against this treaty, and that Mr. Urquhart has denied that it is his treaty, or that he had any hand or part in it at all. Another opponent of the measure who has great influence with the merchants at Constantinople, prophesies its complete failure, and even goe. the length of accusing Lord Ponsonby of being overreached in the business. But, if we mistake not, the very same party were so blindly ignorant, not only of their own interests but also of the common principles of commerce and exchange, as to propose to the Porte an additional duty of 3 per cent. on all goods imported into its dominions, provided the former would undertake to keep the exchange always at one fixed rate! It is incredible that such ignorance should have nearly succeeded in this piece of quackery, of which it is needless to say the effect could only have been to fasten perpetually an additional duty upon trade, without obtaining—what indeed it was impossible for the Porte to effect—an invariable rate of exchange. As a civilising and restoring means, we deem this convention so highly important that a few observations may not be misplaced.

To develope the vast physical resources of Turkey, to vivify the latent spirit of commerce, to bring her means into contact with European markets, and to enable her to exchange her rich productions for the manufactures of Europe with profit to her subjects and augmented resources to her treasury, such are the ends which it is proposed to attain through a skilful administration of her financial department.

One fundamental reform is yet required to crown the Sultan's labours, and to insure to the nation the benefits he has sought to confer upon it — that is, a reform of its money. Unfortunately, a succession of impolitic errors has reduced the coinage of the empire to a state of depreciation which has rendered it useless as an implement of external commerce and unjust as one of internal valuation. In Turkey there is no standard of

value — no common measure by which property can be estimated. If one was fixed yesterday, it has been changed to-day by successive adulterations, the consequences of which were, not to give it an increased value in the eyes of foreigners, nor to cause it to pass for more than its intrinsic value with its own subjects, (for among them the prices of commodities invariably rose to the extent that the coin fell, simply because it was impossible for copper to be changed into silver, and silver into gold by an imperial decree,) but to occasion by these disordered movements sudden deficiencies, which, exorbitantly raising prices, were the scourges of the lower orders, by unsettling their habits, and inflicting grievous privations upon them; so that their operation may be compared to that of devouring ebbs and tides, sweeping away in a day the gains of years from the Turk, and converting commerce into a career of alarms and perpetual dangers for the foreigner, by the disastrous and sudden rise and fall of the exchanges during the period that he held any commodity. The necessities of the Porte have driven it in a circle where every measure in its own favour has acted immediately in an inverse sense on the interests of all its subjects. A true equilibrium of all interests can be established only upon the basis of a sound standard of value.

This being assumed as the result of experience, it will be seen upon examination, that the monetary system of Turkey, though doubtless encompassed with difficulties, nevertheless appears susceptible of arrangement. Placed in a critical position, when compared with other countries Turkey may even be said to have some features in its favour, inasmuch as it has merely to construct, without having previously to destroy, to erect its financial fabric, according to the lights of European experience, without having to retrace any false steps of the past, in this order of things at least, or to compromise any existing factitious interests. It has no redundant paper currency to correct, no representative of national debt to make good, and is simply confined to the task of creating a circulating medium, representative of commercial credit, or the *bonâ fide* bargains and exchanges of its community. To give the case its most general expression, the object of all monetary systems is to form a representative, exactly corresponding to the bargains of a country,—neither more nor less: Turkey is so far fortunate that she has a *tabula rasa* to begin upon. On the other hand, she will have to contend with the difficulty of obtaining the money necessary to commence, with the defects of the existing laws of debtor and creditor, and with the habits and prejudices of a people, unaccustomed to paper money, and suspicious of every transaction which does not resolve itself into one of mere barter.

The par of exchange between any two countries depends on the intrinsic value of the standard coin of each, estimated by the quantity of silver in each, which is the common standard of value throughout Europe. Thus the piastre being the standard coin of Turkey, and the pound sterling that of England; and the pound, containing 113 grains of pure gold, which, at the market price of 78*s.* per oz., is equivalent to 1782 grains silver — if the piastre contain 17 grains silver, the par of exchange will be at its present rate of 108. If the piastre contain more silver, the par will be below 108 — if less, above it. Such being the par of exchange, all fluctuations in the rate of exchange between two countries depend on two causes,—

First — The balance of payments between them.

Second — Any alteration in the quantity of silver contained in their standard coin.

With regard to the first, if the debts due from one country to another, as for instance, from Turkey to England, exceed the debts due from England to Turkey, there will be more merchants at Constantinople, who have payments to make in London, than merchants in London who have payments to make in Constantinople. Consequently the demand for bills, which are the most common and convenient mode of remittance, will be greater at Constantinople than the supply, and they will bear a premium, —in other words, the exchange will rise or become unfavourable for Turkey.

This action generally takes place from the balance of trade being for the time against Turkey, that is, the value of the imports into Turkey exceeding that of the exports: but it may arise from any other cause by which Turkey is obliged to pay money to another country, as for instance by the debt to Russia, incurred by the treaty of Adrianople. But from whatever cause this fluctuation may arise, it cannot exceed a certain limited amount; viz., the expense, including interest and profit, of transporting the precious metals from one country to the other.

This fluctuation must also always right itself if the standard be preserved unaltered (for no country can go on permanently importing more than it exports), and cannot materially affect the interests of commerce, being in fact the natural means by which commerce adjusts itself.

But the case is different with respect to the other fluctuation in the exchanges, which is caused by a depreciation of the standard coin of one country. So long as the quantity of pure silver in the piastre is not ascertained and is continually varying, it is impossible to keep the exchanges steady. If the Turkish government, to meet the necessity of the moment, diminishes the quantity of silver in the piastre, a higher rate of exchange must be the consequence, for a greater number of piastres must be given as an equivalent for the pound sterling. Thus if the quantity of silver in the piastre was reduced to $8\frac{1}{2}$ grains of silver, the real par would be 216 instead of 108; and the nominal par remaining at 108, the rate of exchange, supposing the balance of payments even, would be 108 against Turkey.

The provisions of the treaty of Adrianople having caused a great exportation of the metals from Turkey, which was not supplied by a favourable balance of trade, caused the exchange to turn against her; but this rise could not, as we have shown, have exceeded a certain very limited amount, had the value of the piastre remained fixed. The great rise and fluctuations which have taken place, and which have caused much inconvenience to commerce, prove that the real value of the piastre must have been diminished. In order to restore the exchange and to fix it, a sapient plan was proposed by the very parties now opposing the convention of Lord Ponsonby, of levying an additional duty of 3 per cent. on imports, and thus creating a fund by means of which the Turkish government was to operate on the exchanges and keep them steady.

The duty on imports being fixed by treaty could not have been altered except by consent of the parties; and it is evident this could never have been obtained. It is idle to think that all parties importing goods into Turkey would voluntarily consent to pay an extra duty of 3 per cent. But even supposing that the additional duty could be levied, or that the Turkish government were to set aside part of the existing duty to form a fund for the purpose of regulating the exchanges, it is clear, from the principles above laid down, that such an attempt would be totally ineffectual.*

In the first place in order to produce any action whatever on the ex-

* We are indebted to one of our most eminent mercantile authorities for these hints.

changes, it would be necessary for the Turkish government to place a fund at London, Paris, and perhaps even other great commercial towns, on which to draw in order to be able to bring bills at pleasure into the Constantinople market,— in other words to carry on banking operations, which is a separate business, in which no government ever did or ever can succeed. But in the second place, even if this difficulty could be obviated, no sacrifice on the part of government could keep the exchanges steady so long as the value of the piastre is uncertain and liable to fluctuations. The first step which the Turkish government should take is to ascertain the exact value of the piastre, that is, the exact quantity of silver which it contains when compared with the Spanish dollar which it purports to represent. This proportion having been ascertained, a proclamation should then be issued from the mint that in currency so many Turkish piastres for so many Spanish dollars should be a legal tender for payments between individuals, and be taken by government in all payments made to it.

Such has been the course adopted by Russia and Austria. The paper rouble of Russia is convertible by law into the silver rouble at a certain fixed rate, and the Austrian paper florin into the metallic florin in like manner.

The real value of the piastre, and consequently the real par of exchange, being thus fixed, the Porte, in order to keep the fluctuations of the exchanges within certain moderate limits, has only to keep its circulation at this value, and to abstain from any attempt at debasing the piastre. This it is imperatively called upon to do, both by the regard it owes to foreign commerce and the good faith it ought to observe with merchants, as well as by its own interests. If it adopts this course it will be quite unnecessary to revert to any other scheme for regulating the exchanges, which, as the whole history of commerce shows, will regulate themselves, and oscillate within fixed and moderate limits. If it does not accomplish this duty, every attempt to regulate the exchanges by other methods will be a complete failure, and can only cause great embarrassment to commerce, and end in utter disappointment.

The necessity of this reform has already been explained to the intelligent Redschid Pasha. To call in the circulating medium of Turkey and re-issue a new and pure coinage would, however, require a loan to the state, of perhaps five millions sterling, — a sum which the Turks are not likely to borrow from capitalists. A bank might be instituted with British capital, a portion of which might be lent to the Porte, upon condition of receiving the necessary privileges; and as such an institution might have a charter from the British crown, it would be a more secure depository of Turkish, Greek, or Armenian money, than any bank purely Turkish, as it would have the shield of British protection over its operations —a shield which in the instance of other institutions of the same character in foreign countries has been found most efficient in creating confidence. It is understood that Mr. N. Rothschild, in the year 1834, secretly visited the Sultan, by whom he was well received, for the purpose of proposing a loan to the Porte to put their circulating medium in order. He did not succeed, however, owing to the religious scruples of the Turks whose creed forbids the payment of interest upon loans. It may be doubted also if paper money, without which a bank could not live, would ever be received or understood by the Turks.

It appears, therefore, that until the monetary system of Turkey is reformed the recent commercial treaty by which all internal duties are abolished upon imported goods, and one fixed duty substituted in their place, will be inoperative.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. VI. — *Measure for Measure.*

The first of these characters with whom we propose to make acquaintance in the present play, is the "Sanctimonious Pirate." This very conscientious individual, as we are informed by Shakspeare, "went to sea with the ten commandments," painted, or carved, it would appear, upon good stout board; but after having had the ten fairly written, so as to establish the fact, he then scraped one of them out from the tables. By this ingenious device he most religiously went to sea with the sacred ordinances, wherein there was no command to be found tending to prohibit the exercise of his calling. But the philosophic and moral satire widens in the dialogue which ensues: —

"*Second Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?
"*Lucio.* Ay, that he razed.
"*First Gent.* Why, 't was a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; — they put forth to steal! There 's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well, that prays for peace."

Act I. Sc. II.

The sanctimonious pirate is, therefore, a class. It is a tolerably wide one, and includes all those individuals who assume an extra degree of outward observance in conventional virtues, the better to cover the one point of exception which they make in favour of their peculiar passions, interests, habitual prejudices, appetites, and tastes. He who prays for a forbidden thing, is very apt to consider himself an exemplary man, because he never swears oaths; and he who goes thrice to church or chapel on Sundays, often thinks the "tradings" of the other six days cannot be otherwise than full of truthfulness and virtue; while the greedy fellow, who covets every thing belonging to his neighbour, except his wife (to whom he happens to have a natural antipathy), is fully satisfied that the sanctimonious distance with which he always regards her, renders his whole state of feeling and sentiment towards his neighbour a most unexceptionable condition of moral, — nay more, of highly respectable existence.

We next come to the scene in which Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers, first make their appearance. A long scene occurs, which has no more to do with the movement, illustration, or elucidation of the plot of "Measure for Measure," than any discussion which may take place at any time before a London magistrate: it is, however, an amusingly ridiculous specimen, in itself, of that absolute inability to make an intelligible statement of the grievance, or defence of the innocence, which sometimes characterises the plaintiffs and defendants among the uneducated classes, while at the same time they are confident in the feeling that they are explaining and proving the whole truth with the most clear and conclusive breadth and precision. The impossible attempt which distinguishes the present instance, is that of the plaintiff and the defendant's witness, who would state their respective cases in the matter of certain alleged insults offered to Elbow's wife. Whether the case might have assumed a more definitive shape by the

appearance of Mrs. Elbow, we cannot determine; but as the affair stands, nothing can be made of it.

"*Elbow.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour.
"*Escal.* How! thy wife?
"*Elb.* Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven is an honest woman.
"*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?
"*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.
"*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?
"*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanliness there.
"*Escal.* By the woman's means?
"*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.
"*Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
"*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it!
"*Escal.* [*To Angelo*]. Do you hear how he misplaces?
"*Clown.* Sir, she came in, great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, *as it were*, in a fruit-dish—a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes; they are *not* China dishes, but very good dishes.
"*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.
"*Clown No, indeed, sir*, not of a pin; *you are therein in the right:* but to the point:—as I say, this Mistress Elbow being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said,—Master Froth, here, *this very man*, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, *as you know*, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again?
"*Froth.* No, indeed.
"*Clown. Very well:* you being, then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones *of the aforesaid prunes.*
"*Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.
"*Clown.* Why, very well: I telling you, then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you?
"*Froth.* All this is true.
"*Clown.* Why, *very well then!*
"*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose;—what was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.
"*Clown.* Sir, your honour cannot come to this yet.
"*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean not.
"*Clown.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: and, I beseech you, look into Master Froth, here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year,—*whose father* died at Hallowmas:—*Was 't not at Hollowmas*, Master Froth?
"*Froth.* All-hollond eve.
"*Clown.* Why, very well: *I hope here be truths?* He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir,—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit—have you not?
"*Froth.* I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.
"*Clown.* Why, very well, then: I hope *here* be truths!
"*Angelo.* This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping you 'll find good cause to whip them all.
"*Escal.* I think no less: good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?
"*Clown.* Once, sir, there was nothing done to her once.
"*Elbow.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife?"

ACT II. Sc. I.

We never get any further in the progress of this arduous case, as to the statement of the charge, which is hopelessly entangled in the mass of irrelative facts and deductions of Froth's witness. We undertake to say that nothing was done to Mrs. Elbow. She had merely been to the house of Mrs. Overdone, with a view to engage her official husband in a job, which should redound to his credit in the exercise of his function, if it did not ex-

tort money from Master Froth; and in all cases her own virtue and general value was to be exhibited. In the course of the trial, a touch of the pen introduces us, by a masterly *non-sequitur* of the loquacious witness, to the father of Master Froth (who died on All-holland eve) and to Mistress Overdone's nine husbands. She derived her present name from the last; but the respected Mr. Overdone has followed his loving predecessors, for she is stated to be a widow during the arduous investigation of the "nothing" that was perpetrated upon the immaculate Mrs. Constable Elbow.

Lord Angelo, persisting in his determination to have the full force of deadly law carried into execution upon Claudio, declares that he would not act otherwise had it been his brother, or his son. The brother never appears, however, and perhaps, as Angelo was a bachelor, the son was only coined by a figure of speech. Isabella also mentions her father and mother, the fact of whose existence transpires in a way which is very characteristic of our procreant bard. She exclaims, "Heaven shield, my mother played my father fair!" We hear no more about either of them. Shakspeare's opinion of the ladies of his time is far from complimentary to them, as we have before had occasion to remark. Mariana's brother Frederick is spoken of as an important personage, being designated as "Frederick, the great soldier." There is good cause, however, for his never presenting himself on the stage, as it would appear that, by this time, the gallant and unfortunate gentleman was (if any where), at the bottom of the sea.

"*Duke.* Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry." — Act III. Sc. II.

We learn from Mistress Overdone, who must be an excellent authority on the point, that Lucio has a son by one Mistress Kate Keep-down, whom he had promised to marry; and that the said young gentleman will be "a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob." We presume that the very sanctified and most catholic Mistress Overdone alludes to the saints, Philip and James, preferring with familiar latinity to understand the latter as Jacobus: whence it is clearly deducible that the son afore-mentioned was born between the first and second days of May, fifteen months since the date of this declaration.

There is a rich nest of these non-apparent folks in the following speech of the Clown, who has just been ushered into prison.

"*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here 's young Master Rash; he 's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds, of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then, is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile, the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then, have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man; and young Drop-heir, that killed lusty Pudding; and Master Forthright, the tilter; and brave Master Shoe-tie, the great traveller; and wild Half-can that stabb'd Potts; and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, — and are now for the Lord's sake!"

Act IV. Sc. III.

Every one of the foregoing batch is identified by a touch that renders his character apparent, either instantly, or by a moment's synthetical reflection. A simple process of imagination places their ruling features and qualities into the given or suggested condition of action, and forth step the

rogues in all their luckless vain glory. What shall we think of Master Rash, but that he was an equally humorous and unprincipled swindler? Go to! Master Rash: what! upwards of one hundred and eighty pounds of lawful Elizabeths, when money was worth so much more than at present, and all incurred for a precarious speculation on the necessary economy of antiquated stomachs in a variable cold climate! — fye, and go to Master Rash! avoid thee, most rumble-witted, belly-trading thief! Touching young Master Caper, we see at a glance that he was a most luxurious dog; and that Master Three-pile must have been a weak foolish man, whose whole soul was in his trade (an expression generally used as a compliment in certain shop-keeping countries), or he would never have trusted such a soft-handed, glib-tongued, high-scented, dancing-off customer, as this same Caper, with *some* four suits, half a dozen or more, of peach-coloured satin, one after the other, and without ever seeing the colour of the money that was to pay for them. He gazed lovingly on the costly article through his black tortoise-shell glasses, while it lay enrolled in his dainty warehouse; he gazed upon it with critical acumen, when its several portions became "suits," before he sent them forth; he gazed profoundly into his books, where the debt reposed in security. His whole soul was in his trade: wherefore he was a prey to the swindler; verily to the rich glossy man who purchaseth in profusion and patronage, but who payeth never. Of young Dizy there seems little to say, except that he would have been an incurable idiot, but for the fiz-brained activity which prevented his standing still long enough. He had not the least idea he was spinning himself into this scrape, nor knew at whose especial suit he was imprisoned. Young Master Deep-vow, we have reason to believe, was a sentimental tallow-face, with a cast of the morbid hypocrite: he was an ever-injured piece of fancied sensibility, half conscious of his want of sincerity. He made a good associate for the bold imbecility, and bare-faced manners and doings of the impudently worthless Master Copper-spur, and they were attached to each other, in a sort, from the pleasure of a contrast, by which each fancied himself set off to advantage. Master Starve-lackey, the rapier and dagger man; the seedy swell about town; half fencing-master, half bully; the fomenter and elbow-nudger of duels, and the interpreter and go-between, either to show off a fool's superfluous valour, or to screen (for a consideration) the cowardice of those fools who burn to have the credit of superfluous valour, is a class of character very well known, and "as fresh as the day." You shall see such a fellow any time, at all the disreputable places of fashion and resort. Of young Drop-heir, we are verily at liberty to entertain what populous conceits shall pleasure us, and to imagine him ambling through a lane of stentorian brats, to whose sweet quire for provender he turneth an indurated deaf ear (since they were not heirs at law), till his onward eye encountereth the fierce glance of lusty Pudding, the uncle of one of the deceived maternal maidens; whereof came the lunges of rapiers, and the subsequent death of the sore-wounded Pudding. The reason of honest Master Forthright, the tilter, finding himself in prison, was that he had won so many matches by his prowess, he could not conceive there was the least necessity for him to consider any further about the dull material of sober existence: in short, he mistook a part for the whole, as we but too often see done; and in the poetry or bright spots of his existence, was merged all other considerations of providing for the levelling and everlasting monotony of eating and drinking. For brave Master Shoe-tie, the great traveller, and inexhaustible middle-aged pedestrian; he, whom the sun in all his gradations of ascent and decline, hath so often gazed upon when he was empha-

tically a man of "dust" — *rejoicing* in his dust, we had more worthily said, —for him we feel the same commiseration as for the preceding unfortunate. His mind had been led astray by just the same error. He had seen so many romantic spots, that he at last fancied he could live by the recollection. For, in sooth, the habituated admeasurement of pleasant lands with the feet, had gradually given him the sense of a certain sort of possession at the time,— and was all this "to go" for nothing? When his landlady came with a high voice to demand payment for the one, small, dingy, back parlour in which he sojourned, he actually laughed in her face. He became incredulous; thence perplexed; thence confounded; thence boastful of his miles and eye-sight; thence hurt in his feelings; thence contumacious and indignant. Wherefore was the brave Master Shoe-tie, in full strength of leg, though he had become somewhat thin of late, and sprinkled with a fresh fall of grey in his hair, sent to the flag-paved prison; therein, bereft of all transition of light and shade over highways wide and pastures of green tone, to tie and untie his dust-embrowned and sun-baked shoe, and meditate on the rich valleys and long clear uplands, through which, "in glory and in pride," his forked prowess wended in the better days he had known.

As to wild Half-can and Potts, whom the besotted young animal stabbed (and there would have been no loss to society if he had been hanged for killing him), we are not disposed to offer any remark upon them, nor upon the "forty more" who are all in "for the Lord's sake." In like manner we shall pass over the pirate Ragozine, whose head was cut off in prison, and being then shaved, was substituted for the condemned head of Claudio. Flavius, a favoured noble of the duke's court, together with the other lords, Valentinus, Rowland, and Crassus, are also merely nominal characters. Those deserving of mention in our list are the following:—

The Sanctimonious Pirate.
Elbow's Wife.
Mariana's Brother Frederick.
Kate Keep-down, and Son.
Master Rash.
Master Caper.
Master Three-pile.
Young Dizy.
Young Master Deep-vow.
Master Copper-spur.
Master Starve-lackey.
Young Drop-heir.
Master Forthright.
Master Shoe-tie, &c.

HINTS TO COMMENTATORS.

THERE are few things more amusing to a quiet observer of the various bootless contentions of the world, than to see two men quarrelling over — the truth. Where there is error on one side, and correct reasoning on the other, we must suffer many painful emotions during the discussion, especially if it terminate in something more corporeal than philosophic blows. In the latter case, he who has the sound argument not unfrequently gains his conclusion accompanied by a sound "settlement" of the grosser kind, because those who persist to the last in a vulgar error are generally men of strong animal will, and have become used to these "illustrations" of their cause, from an old habit of being always wrong. Where there is no endurable reason on either side, and *both* the disputants are wrong, we can only recommend their heads to be set *ram-wise* to a brick wall, with earnest

exhortation that they should remain there in full enjoyment of their "damnable iteration." But where two men enter into violent altercation about a question in which they are both right, without knowing it, few things can be more ridiculous to the understanding, or more ludicrous to the titillant humours.

Shall we give an example of this? The following story was told by a Dervis in the market-place of Adrianople.

"A young man who had passed all his life in business, being suddenly left a considerable property, retired from all his occupations, and went to live with an uncle some leagues distant from the city. His uncle had a niece of considerable personal attractions; but, the young man being of a phlegmatic temperament, it was several years before he became sensible of her merits. At the end of this period he became desirous of possessing her, and proposed to her father to marry her; when, the girl being equally anxious, a day was fixed for their union.

"It so happened, about this time, that a youth living hard by who had been blind from six years of age, and about whom many hundred pieces of gold had been expended, in consulting all the great physicians of Turkey and Persia, (from each of whom a different account of the causes of the blindness was obtained, till his parents were quite tired of paying for theories,) gradually recovered his sight by an effort of nature. He was in company with the young girl only a few days, and was so struck with the beauty of her person that he fell desperately in love with her. She had scarcely bestowed a second look upon him during this time, and *before* the appointed morn she was married to the other; for, though quite indifferent to him the first two years of their intimacy, she could not now bear the delay of as many days.

"The youth was so miserable at thus losing the object of his affections, that, after wandering about several days, he went into a wood, intending to put an end to his life. He took off his sash, and stood dejectedly trailing it about on the ground. At this moment, the young widow of an ancient bashaw, to whom the wood belonged, chanced to pass that way; and, seeing him thus standing like one on the brink of the grave, inquired into the cause of his misfortune. He told her his brief story. After some conversation, and the kindest advice, she dissuaded him from his intention of destroying himself. These conversations were renewed next day, and the day after also. They continued thus; the youth gradually discovering more in her to love at every fresh meeting, although she had none of the personal attractions of the woman who had been the first object of his attachment, and eventually he married her. They were happy, and continued so.

"The other woman, whose impatience could not brook the delay of a few days in an event that was to influence her whole life, had not been married six moons ere she became suddenly and deeply enamoured of an officer of the imperial guard. He was of a fine person, and had a high and commanding air. To her passion for this man she made no scruple of sacrificing herself and her husband at the first opportunity, and would have sacrificed all the world, had it been placed in the scale.

"The officer, however, regarding the whole affair as a mere commonplace intrigue, and a part of the meed of admiration which he considered due at all times to his handsome person, departed shortly after, without even bidding her farewell. Finding he was gone, and for ever, she poisoned herself.

"Her husband, being informed of the occurrence as he was taking his

siesta, in an alcove at the bottom of the garden, would not come till he had finished his nap."

The Dervis remained silent; and his audience, finding he had concluded the story, began to express their opinions on the subject. There was great diversity among these; the prevailing tone, however, was that of disapprobation. "The Dervis," they said, "having promised to relate true stories to them; whereas, this one *must be false*, because the circumstances were *unnatural*."

Now there chanced to be present two learned men from Bassora, who considering that there was a want of proper respect and deference towards them, in the freedom with which these opinions were expressed in their hearing, immediately took the opposite side of the question. At the sound of their voices everybody became utterly silent.

"Good folks," said one of them, "ye are all talking at random; and this must ever be the case where people will speak upon subjects that they do not comprehend. The story is natural enough, though you cannot understand it, because it is not to be found in every highway."

"Natural!" echoed the other, "to be sure it is; I remember half-a-dozen such!"

"When men's passions," proceeded the first, "have lain dormant a long while, they frequently break forth with yet greater strength, gathered from repose. This was the case with the young merchant, whose life having been passed in the constant hurry of mercantile employments, his feelings had no time to find vent, until the sequestration in his uncle's house gradually threw him upon his nature, and passion became the necessary result."

"The *necessary* result, certainly!" exclaimed the other; "and the same rule may be applied to the youth that was blind so many years, who very naturally fell in love with the first woman he saw. But, as the optic nerves could not at once arrive at any correct action after so long an inactivity, it was equally natural for him to get rid of the first impression — a circumscribed or imperfect one, no doubt — and fall in love a second time."

"Justly so," said the first; "I was about to say all this. He might have fallen in love as quickly a third or fourth time, upon the same principle."

"And again," interrupted the other, speaking rapidly, "the same rule will also account for the girl who had lived so long in retirement suddenly falling in love with the officer of the guard. The story is as natural as can be."

"No, it will *not* account for this; because she was very slow in falling in love the first time — that is, with the young merchant; whereas nothing could be more instantaneous than the commencement of her passion the second time. The same rule will *not* account for this."

"Oh! that difference in the second time might be occasioned by constitutional temperament at the moment, or ——"

"*Might* be occasioned! ay, but *was* it?"

"You show a small wisdom in requiring me to speak positively to a thing I neither witnessed nor have read proof of: would you have me swear to an abstract theory?"

"Certainly, provided it were a true one: but he who cannot analyse justly and distinguish justly must mutilate and confound; he who confounds can have no clear ideas of the parts of his subject; and not to understand well the parts of a subject argues an incompetency to cope with the whole; and he who cannot cope with the whole of a thing is not

capable of mastering the given question, and can therefore form no abstract theories upon it."

"And what has this — what has this, I say — supposing the alleged incompetency applied to either of *us* — what has this to do with the *swearing* to an abstract theory?"

"Why, simply, that he who cannot form one cannot swear to it."

"But are you then so unenlightened as not to know that many of our theories are involuntary, and that men are commonly more positive in these than in any others?"

"Yes, ordinary men; but, with philosophers, reasoning supposes volition. As, however, you have chosen to class yourself with the former — and the admission, no doubt, was involuntary — I must beg you will not interrupt me again in my expositions and demonstration to these good people, who are all waiting impatiently till you shall suffer me to proceed unmolested — and unechoed."

"To confound you at once, then," exclaimed the other, "know that the discovery of our most positive theories being involuntary is not mine, but I got it from the writings of the great Mirza Basha Taleb, with whose profound volumes you can have no acquaintance, or you would not have committed yourself to such an extent. Again, does not the learned Ibrahim say" — here he quoted a passage of considerable length — "and does not Ferdousi say" — here he quoted another — "and is it not written in the sublime books of Shemzeddin Mahomed" — here he began to lose his breath — "all, all of which proves you a fool!"

But his opponent was not to be silenced in this way; and he immediately fell to quoting author after author, in such a manner, and with such applications, that it was well for him none of them were alive to hear him.

The other, being now put upon his mettle, set to work in a style that made all the bystanders quake with admiration. He recited passages from all the Turkish, Persian, and Arabian authors, and quoted the names of more books than his antagonist had ever thought of, even in a dream; and concluded his peroration by calling him "a dog."

"And you are a dog, too!" vociferated the first; "and your father and mother were *both* dogs! and when you die your works will go back to the moon, and nothing will be remembered of you on earth but the ears and tail!"

"And when *you* die," retorted the other, with cold bitterness, and looking like a spiteful goul, — "when *you* die, the moths and grubs will come to your grave, and whisper, 'Baibourdi! — Baibourdi! we've finished all your books!'"

The learned critics having thus introduced each other to posterity, we are not bold to say whether they could have proceeded to any further extremities, when the Dervis, advancing slowly between them, addressed them, with an air of great modesty, to the following effect: —

"That an unpretending individual like myself should have been even the indirect cause of a violent dissension between the two greatest sages of the time is a thing to be surprised and grieved at beyond measure; yet, if you will permit me a few words, I think I can set the matter at rest, and chiefly, inasmuch as I hope to show that you are disputing about that in which, fundamentally, you both agree. I believe, also, it may not be impossible to convince some of my host of disapproving listeners, who stand round, that they have not seen the story in a proper light."

The crowd expressed readiness to hear the Dervis, and promised not to interrupt him while speaking, or abuse him when he had finished.

"The youth who had been blind and fell in love so suddenly, in the first instance," pursued the Dervis, "did so from a quick sensibility which had remained hitherto unexercised, except to a limited extent, and also from a sense of beauty in his mind, which he transferred to the first beautiful object that met his sight, not having had experience to know that the beauty of external form or outline is by no means necessarily associated with a corresponding beauty within, (the contrary being far more common,) while his brief communion with the woman did not enable him to discover her deficiency by other means. The optic nerve and *anatomy* of the eye has nothing to do with the question, as I should think. The organs of passion are not the elementary principles. But to take it upon your own grounds: the senses may convey to the mind a wrong translation or impression of the outward object, yet the passion resulting from it may be as positive as if it were a true one. This, however, in the present instance, being evanescent, from having only struck upon a disproportionate part of the youth's feelings, was, of course, superseded when he became tangibly aware of what *his nature most affected;* and the reason his love for the young widow *continued* was because he found in her a sensibility and sentiment which the other woman did not possess; and, even if she *had* possessed it, he had not discovered or felt it. The latter woman married the young merchant, after two or three years' continual intercourse, in the absence of another more fitting object, and also from a degree of desperation at this circumstance, aided by an ardent temperament, when once she had resolved upon taking the step. Nature will generally give way to habit, but it will almost always assert its primitive feelings upon great occasions: hence, she fell in love with the officer the moment she saw him; for her strongest bias of nature was towards such a man: hence, the results. Her husband's conduct all through the story shows that he was of a cold phlegmatic disposition, with scarce any passions at all. I pray you then, gentlemen, to cease this violent altercation; for you were both right in stating at the outset that the story was consistent with nature. Retain this simple fact, and strike off all your *commentaries.* There really need be no dispute on either side: the thing is as plain as the first three letters of the alphabet."

At this speech, which was delivered in the most inoffensive and conciliatory tone, the two sages looked furiously at each other, then with one accord made at the Dervis, intending to beat him severely; but the Dervis had a steady eye, and easily evaded them, so that their foreheads came violently in contact, and they both fell to the ground.

"I shouldn't at all wonder," said an old water carrier, who had witnessed the whole affair very attentively, "but that there are thousands of learned men who can pour forth abundance of arguments, when they are in the wrong, for one man who can give a single good reason when he is in the right."

PAST STRUGGLES.

" Being humane, 'tis reason'd will, alone,
That makes man great, with high security."

Cosmo de' Medici.

At eventide of life,
Man stands, without more strife,
Upon the clear, cold upland, gazing round;
His melancholy soul
Hath miss'd its loftiest goal,
And can no longer tow'rds the future bound:
His fancy's bark with fire-winged sails
Is wrecked; but, stranded high, fears not the brawling gales.

No glory can illume
The depths of evil doom,
Because the heart joy's light reflects no more;
In vain the Pleiadēs
Should glitter o'er the seas,
If they were black and stagnant as death's shore:
Gorgeous the clouds may sail through heaven;
Yet what imports the scene to those by tempest riven?

Into the womby hall,
Where folding shadows pall
The buried hopes whose wings were burnt to dust,
We gaze, and see tall urns
Stand, like decaying ferns,
When breathless midnight breeds on fear, distrust;
While, in a soul-bewilder'd maze,
Old memory wanders round the tombs of other days.

There! there! the mighty dreams
Which moulded solar beams,
And then ascended — but to melt in dew! —
There! there! lost passion sees
Ardours and agonies,
Bereft of all that once was more than true;
And, tow'rd annihilation's maw,
Deems that the iron-lipp'd fate, all acts shall drive and draw!

Through sad and solemn vale,
Hallow'd by moonlight pale,
Or gloomy lane, chequer'd with moveless shades
Of tall black trunks and boughs,
Through which some hoar cloud flows,
Spreading across the dim and silent glades;
The spirit of the ruin'd heart
Wanders in vain — it ne'er can from itself depart.

Its home is not within,
Nor in the coarse crowd's din;
Nor midst the splendour of the festive halls:
Its home was in its hope;
But dreams have had their scope,
And into life's blank field the eagle falls!
Yet not from this let weakness crave
To rule the soul of him whose trust burns through the grave.

Oh! once I trod the fields
Like one to whom time yields,
And felt immortal as the morning star!
Still, though my heart be torn,
The spirit ne'er undone,
Shall wrestle on, despising every scar.
The limbs and veins must waste away,
But man shall never quell fate's honour'd enemy.

Then loose, ye dryads fair,
Your rich and beaming hair;
Toss high your arms, the glittering timbrel whirling!
Come forth, ye wood-gods old,
Let destiny be told,
Her evil yarn is vain as vapour curling:
Blow deep the full-ton'd thick-set reeds,
And wake the silk-hair'd fawns, to dance upon the meads.

I would not that the song
Of revelry held long,
Deriding echo on the breezes soaring:
My grief-refinèd brain
Would rather court the strain
Of Lydian flutes, their sweet-breath'd measures pouring:
For though resolve withstand the ill,
The shout of mirth afflicts — the nerves are human still.

R. H. H.

THE BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

"It appears," says Mr. Beale, in his "Natural History of the Fishery of the Sperm Whale," "it appears from all the observations I have been enabled to make, that when this whale is inclined to feed, he descends a certain depth below the surface of the ocean, and there remains in as quiet a state as possible, opening his narrow elongated mouth until the lower jaw hangs down perpendicularly or at right angles with the body. The roof of his mouth, the tongue, and especially the teeth, being of a bright glistening white colour, must of course present a remarkable appearance, which seems to be the incitement by which his prey are attracted, *and when a sufficient number*, I am strongly led to suppose, *are within the mouth, he rapidly closes his jaws, and swallows the contents.*"

Now we are at this moment very much in the situation of this ratiocinative but most gluttonous sperm whale. Whether we present a remarkable appearance we will not pretend to determine, but certain it is, that during the last few months, with "premeditation dire," we have descended below the surface of the great book current, and remaining there in as quiet a state as possible, have suffered the lower jaw to hang at right angles, until such a shoal of volumes has rushed in, that, believing the mouth to be full almost to choking, we are about, in the manner of the oily leviathan, to swallow the contents.

But it must not be supposed that we intend to give a detailed account of this promiscuous fry; such an elaborate undertaking would be neither profitable nor entertaining. A sort of panoramic view of this critical passage of the Books of the Season, will be as much as the reader is likely to desire, or, in this age of activity, can be expected to have leisure enough to enjoy. If our notices are short, however, they shall be to the purpose, expressing the spirit of our current literature with brevity and truth, and reducing into a succinct form the final impressions left by a careful examination of each work. We believe, after all, that this kind of criticism, as applied at least to the bulk of the productions of the day, is more useful in its results than that minute and exhausting process which, in such instances, exhibits a wasteful expenditure of time and power, the consequence of haste rather than deliberation.

Dividing the publications before us into such general departments as may assist us to a simple arrangement for classification and reference, we will begin with the works that come under the denomination of FICTION.

This department is, as usual, crowded. The appearance of Miss Martineau as a novelist is perhaps the most remarkable incident it presents. In her "Illustrations of Political Economy," Miss Martineau exhibited so much facility in depicting natural characters and domestic traits, that her success in a more extended field of social interest might have been reasonably anticipated; nor does the novel of "Deerbrook"[1] disappoint the prediction of her early labours. It is marked by the same quiet truth and homely pathos, is full of little touches of practical sagacity and every-day experience, and developes with singular felicity that inward life and struggle of the affections, which it is the especial province of women to note and illustrate. Its scene is a country town, the principal actors belong to the

[1] *Deerbrook: a Novel.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Three Vols. London: Edward Moxon, 1839.

middle class, and the plot is a household trouble, perplexed by village gossip, tattling rivalry, and vulgar jealousies. The medical practitioner of Deerbrook is captivated by a beauty, who, like most beauties, is not very intellectual, and when he has committed himself to a proposal, discovers that he is really in love with her sister, who is a being of a higher order. It is too late however to retract, and so he marries with the consciousness of loving his sister-in-law, who, by the adversity of circumstances, becomes a member of his family. From such a state of things, the worst results are to be anticipated, but fortunately the lady is ignorant of his attachment, and she is too purely-minded to suspect it. Country towns, however, are proverbially scandalous, and rumours get abroad, which gradually alienate from the lady her real lover to whom she is betrothed, and in the long run the physician loses his practice. Matters are now reduced to an extremity, when an epidemic breaks out, which opens a fortunate opportunity to the medical man to regain his professional reputation. The lover, still anxious about his mistress, returns, explanations are given at both sides, and the *imbroglio* is ultimately cleared up to the satisfaction of all parties. The morality of the issue is doubtful; the reader naturally asks, could such circumstances have taken place in real life? Could the sister-in-law have continued to the end in ignorance of the reprehensible attachment of her sister's husband? Her purity is not a sufficient solution of this strange problem. Her woman's wit, her woman's penetration, must have detected a sentiment which the art of the other sex is so rarely capable of concealing. But however this may be, there is a triumph of virtue in the sequel, that offers some compensation for the improbability of the events through which it is produced. The details of this story are painted with the utmost fidelity and delicacy; the passions of the scene are delineated with a softness of colouring, deficient, perhaps, in strength and boldness, but very truthful; the characters, especially that of the sister, which is profoundly beautiful, are drawn with great distinctness and refined feeling, and the general effect is that of a history of emotions, related with all the sensibility and close judgment of a woman. Had the narrative been written by a man, the agony of the trial would have been more fierce, and the catastrophe more impressive.

Under the appropriate title of "Trials of the Heart[2]," Mrs. Bray has published a series of tales, the main design of which is to exhibit, under various circumstances, some of those conflicts and troubles to which the affections are exposed in the agitated passages of life. The task was a responsible one, but Mrs. Bray has executed it with considerable ability. Her little stories have such an air of truth, that they may be almost accepted as transcripts from real life, — as brief chronicles of actual occurrences, rather than creations of imitative fiction. The charm of such vignette tales consists in the miniature beauty of their details, the fineness and accuracy of the filling up, and the success with which comprehensive images of nature are dwarfed into their circumscribed limits. They must combine the vivid graces of enamel painting with the power of historical portraiture; and, as far as the moral scope of their purpose extends, they must be as complete as if they were wrought upon a more expanded surface. Mrs. Bray's stories fulfil these conditions; there is nothing wanted to render each narrative perfect in its kind. They are highly suggestive, natural, and pathetic, and their domestic interest is heightened all throughout by a wise spirit of Christian philanthropy.

Mr. James has given two novels to the libraries during the period over

[2] *Trials of the Heart.* By Mrs. Bray. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

which our retrospect extends — "Charles Tyrell[3]," and "The Gentleman of the Old School."[4] These works are precisely of the same stamp: the same set of family features are transmitted through both — English scenery, English characters, rustic lovers, manor houses, murders, duels, false accusations, trial by jury, the vindication of the innocent, and the restitution to heroes and heroines of their rightful possessions in lands and hearts. It is not a little curious that the stories should so closely resemble each other, and that the paramount interest of each should turn upon a murder (committed, however, under different circumstances), and that the suspense in each should be created by the doubtful issue of the trial. The most striking parts of both are those in which our native customs and provincial character are delineated — for example, the rural groups and cottages of the peasantry, and the portrait especially of Sir Andrew Stalbrooke, who, although he is a little overlaid with moral sentiment, is a fair specimen of the courteous and humane gentleman of the last century. The great faults of both are the rapid and somewhat confusing accumulation of incidents, and the occasional negligence of style. The fertility of Mr. James's labours may, probably, account for these defects.

"Births, Deaths, and Marriages[5]," by Mr. Theodore Hook, belongs to that class of satirical and humorous novels in which personal eccentricities and vulgar peculiarities form the staple material. In this novel we miss that power of generalization by which, in former fiction, Mr. Hook discovered so happy a talent for painting the salient characteristics of the different classes of society; and we have in lieu of it a motley picture of individual nature, one moiety of which is recommended by its ludicrous extravagance, while the other revolts us by its improbability and superfluous coarseness. The *parvenu* of the story is drawn to the life; the eternal fidget, the low and uneasy ambition, and the starched affectation of the official are touched with an illuminating pencil, that shows us the recesses of that order of meanness in their remotest depths. Of equal excellence is the portrait of the blunt city merchant, coiled up in his own notions of comfort and independence, and intensely despising the arts and surface refinements of fashionable life. But when we pass from this part of the story to the subsequent fortunes of a young lady who is married to a *roué*, the narrative sinks into a series of stage horrors only fit for the galleries. A modern Blue Beard steps in and turns the humour into frightful convulsions — just as a roll of thunder may turn some cask of fine rich old ale sour all of a sudden.

The popularity of the Irish novel has latterly been rapidly declining; or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say that very few specimens worthy of popularity have latterly appeared. As it has happened in other forms of fiction, the successful novels of Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Banim generated so many indifferent imitations, that the public began to grow a little wearied of second-hand humour and monotonous Hibernicisms. From this general verdict, however, the admirable story of "The Collegians," by Mr. Griffin — a work of the highest merit, — the graphic "Tales of the Peasantry," by Mr. Carleton, and the characteristic novel of "Rory O'More," by Mr. Lover, must be specially excepted. A new national

[3] *Charles Tyrrell; or, the Bitter Blood.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Richard Bentley, 1839.

[4] *The Gentleman of the Old School. A Tale.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

[5] *Births, Deaths, and Marriages.* By the Author of "Sayings and Doings." Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

fiction[6], by a member of the Irish bar, has just been published; but we apprehend it is not sufficiently skilful in design or treatment to restore the original charm of the class to which it belongs. "The Manor of Glenmore" is a picture of the political rather than the social condition of the Irish peasantry: it unfolds to us the influence and effects of agitation on the masses; gives us glimpses of the meetings and discussions of the lower orders, of the terrible atrocities of the Rockites, the heartless cruelties of the middlemen, the wild justice of the ejected tenantry, and the internal combinations of the people in their great movement for civil and religious freedom. The time of the story is immediately before the Emancipation Act, and one of the scenes described is the Clare election; a proceeding to be lamented on personal grounds, but which must, unquestionably, be regarded as having been decisive of the Catholic question. The sentiment of the work is thoroughly Irish; but the interest is so completely and almost exclusively political, that it is hardly likely to acquire a very extended popularity. Nor has the author been quite successful in his sketches of Irish character, which are neither very striking nor very well sustained. There are some vivid passages and *tableaux*—such as the retreat of the Outlaw and the Idiot Girl, the gatherings in the chapels, and the dispossession of the tenants on Viscount Littleheart's estate. But, considered artistically, the "Manor of Glenmore" is an unequal and ineffective performance.

Mr. J. P. Robertson, the senior author of the publication on "Paraguay," which we reviewed some months ago, has ventured into a new path of authorship in a novel of real life, called "Solomon Seesaw."[7] The characters in this novel constitute its principal merit; they are apparently drawn from personal observation, and some of them will be readily recognised by the reader. The vigorous, dramatic spirit of the dialogues — the irregularity of the frame-work in which the broad incidents are set — the frequent interruption of episodes — and the grotesque, exaggerated, but world-wise ridicule of the follies, quackeries, and eccentricities of society, which prevails throughout the whole, will occasionally suggest a recollection of such works as "Gil Blas," and "Chrysal." But the resemblance is merely incidental, for the humour of Solomon Seesaw's "ups and downs" is perfectly original; the channels through which it runs are not so deep; it plays more upon the surface, and satirises habits and externals rather than fallacies of opinion and conduct. The work is clever and amusing, although it must be admitted that the drollery too frequently verges on the extravagance of farce.

Mrs Gore's novels of manners are amongst the most agreeable and faithful pictures of English society we possess. They are not surpassed by any works of a similar kind with which we are acquainted, and they are equalled by few. But she sometimes commits herself to an infelicitous plot, and runs into inexcusable excesses in the attempt to endow improbable materials with human interest. So long as she confines herself to in-door experiences she is eminently successful: her dowagers and flirts are portraits, — her simpering beaux and fashionable loungers, her drawling peers and vulgar commoners, are counterparts of people we meet in society every day; but when she meddles with politics, explores cabinet councils and parliamentary intrigues, and spreads her canvas for elections, party dinners, and public debates, she falls into common-place generalities and

[6] *The Manor of Glenmore; or, the Irish Peasant.* By a Member of the Irish Bar. Three Vols. London: Edward Bull. 1839.

[7] *Solomon Seesaw.* By J. P. Robertson, Senior Author of "Letters on Paraguay." With Illustrations by Phiz. Three Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

preposterous errors. Her "Cabinet Minister"[8] is of this latter class. The plot is in the last degree unlikely, the figures are overdrawn, and the events, instead of flowing naturally out of each other, are from time to time jerked forward by the clumsiest expedients. Perhaps these faults would not be quite so palpable, if Mrs. Gore had not adopted the startling device of introducing Sheridan as an actor amongst her fictitious personages. Such a device could be palliated only by the most exquisite wit and delicacy in the portraiture; and here, unfortunately, Mrs. Gore signally fails. Her Sheridan is a mere punster and humourist, and as flat as champaign with the cork drawn. The political part of the work is vapid and absurd, and the only redeeming points are certain groups and individuals, in which we detect the hand of power to which we are already indebted for so many able and *vraisemblable* fictions.

"The Romance of the Harem[9]," by Miss Pardoe, has the burning complexion of the East on every page. It is a slight thread of narrative — the plot of a Greek girl to possess herself of the first place in the harem of a Turkish pacha — upon which several Oriental fictions, derived from the countries whose habits they illustrate, are strung. The passionate character of these stories, the richness of the style, and the poetical fervour of the descriptions with which they abound, leave no doubt as to their origin; and Miss Pardoe is entitled to high praise for the skill which she exhibits in preserving their identity unbroken throughout.

Mr. Miller, whose pleasant rustic books are always welcome, abandoning for a season his quiet woods and pastures, has taken an excursion into the remote regions of historical romance. His "Fair Rosamond"[10] is a good specimen of the kind of excellence that can be attained by perseverance in the chace of materials. He throws a new element into the old story, marries the beautiful victim to the king, and so contrives to excite an unexpected interest in a love plot with which the whole world of readers is familiar. His treatment of the subject is marked by great care and diligence; he gives us a picture of costume at once accurate and full, and brings the court before us, if not with royal elegance, at least with royal pomp. The characters stand out well on this rich tapestry of a chivalric age, and no further liberties are taken with historical truth than may be held justifiable in works of this nature.

This is, perhaps, the appropriate place to mention William Howitt's charming little volume of the "Life and Experiences of a Country Boy[11]," one of the most fascinating fictions for young or old, but especially for the former, that has ever graced our literature. In this miniature book, crowded with gems of wood-cuts, we have in the shape of an auto-biography the entire mystery of rural life laid open — the first impressions of a country boy — his happy amusements and occupations in the meadows and tangled orchards, in tracking the streams, bird-nesting, nutting, and gardening. All the resources of the country in all the seasons are drawn in: ingenious philosophical recreations, puzzles and fire-side pranks for the winter, endless out-of-door delights for the summer, the bursting of flowers and the dawn of botanical wonders in the spring, and the bounteous harvest and

[8] *The Cabinet Minister.* By Mrs. Gore, Author of "Mothers and Daughters." Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

[9] *The Romance of the Harem.* By Miss Pardoe, Author of "The City of the Sultan." Three Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

[10] *Fair Rosamond; or, the Days of King Henry the Second.* An Historical Romance. By Thomas Miller, Author of "Royston Gower." Three Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

[11] *The Boy's Country Book; being the Real Life of a Country Boy, written by himself: exhibiting all the Amusements, Pleasures, and Pursuits of Children in the Country.* Edited by William Howitt. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

clustering fruits in the autumn. No other writer of our time could have described these scenes with so much zest, with such picturesque eloquence, such touching simplicity and poetical beauty as William Howitt. The book is all throughout a piece of enchantment. It has all the bounding freshness and eager hopefulness of youth, combined with practical knowledge and an enduring spirit of love. Of more value as an instructor of the affections and the understanding than a hundred school books, we recommend it to the youth of England in preference to any publication addressed to similar objects in the language. We hope it may find its way into every house and cottage in the country.

Dr. Millingen's "Stories of Torres Vedras"[12] are scarcely entitled to be placed under the head of fiction, although they are not sufficiently veritable to come under a more authentic category. They relate to the Peninsular war, and belong to that numerous class of military tales which sprang from the events of the most picturesque campaigns in which our soldiers have, probably, ever been engaged. The stories abound with the usual adventures, anecdotes, hair-breadth escapes, mess-room dialogues, convent intrigues, and awkward mishaps, which have already afforded so much amusement to the lovers of fife-and-drum traditions. We have our gallant regiments "stepping in music," or hushed in the camp — picquets and guard-room roystering — nuns — monks — commissariat troubles, — personal sketches, and all the rest of the animated scenes, related as flippantly as your genuine officer, who does not like any very serious demands to be made on his attention, could reasonably desire. Dr. Millingen's humour, however, is somewhat shallow and artificial. He cannot tell a comic story with the requisite gusto; and he mixes up fact and fiction so incongruously that it is quite impossible to discriminate between them. To our taste these things are unutterably dull and flimsy; but perhaps the military contemporaries of the author may find some sources of entertainment in them which mere civilians cannot discover.

If it were not for the title of Lieutenant Johns's African and European Sketches[13], we should be tempted to rank them in the list of travels. They present, in a series of stories, a succession of pictures of African life, and of those links of human interest that connect the two continents, which, externally dissimilar, possess points of affinity that are revealed to the close observer of customs and national character. The attraction of Lieutenant Johns's work consists chiefly in the breadth and energy of his style, and the basis of truth upon which he builds up his vivid descriptions. His illustrations of the iniquities of the slave trade are powerful and instructive; and his incidental delineations of remote races, hitherto but little known, are not less valuable than exciting.

The remaining works of fiction in our catalogue may be briefly dismissed, as none of them require any special observations. "Love's Exchange,"[14] founded on the threadbare incident of changing children at nurse, is half romance and half novel, tolerably well written in the literary sense, but deficient in probability and knowledge of human nature. "The Prince and the Pedlar"[15] may be described as a genuine romance, wanting originality in the characters and incidents, but so ingeniously involved, and so

[12] *Stories of Torres Vedras.* By the Author of "Adventures of an Irish Gentleman." Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

[13] *Legend and Romance, African and European.* By RICHARD JOHNS, Lieut. Royal Marines. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

[14] *Love's Exchange. A Tale.* By CHARLES JOHN BOYLE. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

[15] *The Prince and the Pedlar; or the Siege of Bristol.* By the Author of "The Heiress," &c. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

skilfully conducted to the close, as to fascinate attention in the perusal. Like all other works, however, in which the interest turns upon the rapidity of the details, rather than upon the higher elements of fiction, it is no sooner read than forgotten. "Argentine"[16] is a little story of sensibility, with a great many sorrows and villanies, pressed into a narrow space. "The Husband Hunter"[17] belongs to the class of imitations of the Irish novel, written no doubt by a native, but one who does not seem to have been born to the *manner* of his country. "The Banished[18]," a free translation of a German historical romance, by M. Hauff, who explicitly declares himself to be a follower in the footsteps of Scott; it is highly characteristic of Swabian habits, and gives us a very striking portraiture of an antique age and an obscure people. "The Highland Inn[19]," an odd composite of sketches, tales, and anecdotes, sprinkled with travelling reminiscences and national traits, thrown off in a spanking hand-gallop. "Nan Darrell[20]," an unconscious resuscitation of the Waverley style, sprightly and clever, but lacking force and original invention. "The Fergusons[21]," a birth of the goddess of Leadenhall Street. "Henry Acton[22]," a collection of tales, full of drivelling sentiment, and that mockery of pathos which used to send our grandmothers "weeping to their beds."

In the department of BIOGRAPHY, several new works of an interesting rather than an important character, have appeared recently.

Sir John Barrow's "Life of Lord Anson[23]," rendered memorable by a vindication of the state of our navy, which he adds, very much out of place, as a supplement to it, and in which he attempts to contravene the assertions and opinions of nearly the whole body of the profession, contains a diligent account of the useful services of a distinguished officer. The work is a good compilation from official documents and published statements, but makes an exaggerated estimate of the respectable abilities of an admiral, who was more remarkable for zeal and perseverance than brilliant talents. This grand error, however, is balanced by certain revelations of some of the hidden springs in the machinery of promotion and departmental interests, that are not accessible to the curiosity of the public at large. If Sir John Barrow increases the stature of Anson on the one hand, he deals fairly enough with administrative secrets on the other.

"The Memoirs of John Bannister[24]," a comedian, by Mr. Adolphus, like almost all lives of actors, disappoints us of the kind of interest which, notwithstanding the frequency of such disappointments, we are tempted to expect. The incidents of Bannister's life were few, and all of the same sort; and Mr. Adolphus ekes out his pages with episodical dissertations, some of which are excellent in their way, but all of which interrupt the progress of the narrative, such as it is, plentiful anecdotes of the stage, and such floating memoranda of contemporaneous biography as his intimate

[16] *Argentine. An Auto-Biography.* London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

[17] *The Husband Hunter; or, Das Schiksal.* By DENNIS IGNATIUS MORIARTY, Esq. Three Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

[18] *The Banished.* A Swabian Historical Tale. Edited by JAMES MORIER, Esq. Three Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

[19] *The Highland Inn.* Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

[20] *Nan Darrell; or, the Gipsy Mother.* By the Author of "The Heiress," &c. Three Vols. London: J. and W. Boone. 1839.

[21] *The Fergusons; or, Woman's Love and the World's Favour.* Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

[22] *Henry Acton; or, the Gold Smugglers, and other Tales.* By the Hon. LOUISA SAYERS. Three Vols. London: 1839.

[23] *The Life of George, Lord Anson, Admiral of the Fleet, &c.* By Sir JOHN BARROW, Bart., F. R. S. London: John Murray. 1839.

[24] *Memoirs of John Bannister, Comedian.* Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

acquaintance with the Bannisters enabled him to collect. This motley gathering of jokes and reminiscences is on the whole dull enough; for theatrical hilarity, sufficiently exciting at the moment, is too vapid to bear the process of repetition. But the work is not wanting in interest of another description: Bannister was an excellent private character, amiable, cheerful, and modest; and if the memoir of his life be not very entertaining, it at least points a moral that ought not to be indifferent to the members of his profession. It shows that an actor has it in his own power to overcome conventional prejudices, and, even in the midst of seductions, to surround himself with the attachment and respect of the soberer part of the community.

M. G. Lewis — "Little Mat," as he was called by his familiars, and "Monk Lewis," as he was popularly designated, — furnishes the subject of two portly volumes [25], which are more indebted for their expansion to his private correspondence, than to any material facts connected with his life or writings. His celebrity, perhaps, justifies this rather tardy tribute to his memory, although there was nothing whatever in his public or private character likely to inspire such a publication with general interest. The editor of the work, however, seems to entertain a very different view of his subject, and to have wrought himself in the progress of his labours into a clear conviction, that the fame and position of the author of the "Castle Spectre" demanded an elaborate, if not a national apotheosis. We will not undertake to decide, but we may observe, that if the biography had been compressed into about one third of the space it occupies, it would have been greatly to the advantage of the reader, and possibly of the publisher. The prominent features in the career of Monk Lewis may be dismissed in half a dozen lines. Born to a handsome inheritance, he early displayed talents for company, poetry, and romance. He wrote "The Monk" before he was twenty years of age, and became all at once an object of curiosity, and, we are told, a marvellous favourite with the ladies. It seems that he was unconscious of the tendency of that pernicious publication, and was exceedingly surprised, and even wounded, by the strictures of some serious people upon it; yet almost all his subsequent works partook, more or less, of the same character. He wrote immorally without knowing it, and could scarcely write otherwise if he had tried. As a dramatic author, his success was equally decisive; his melodramas and monkish tragedies produced quite a sensation, and filled the town with the most agreeable horrors. It was the fashionable practice of the day to fall into hysterics at his winding-sheets and gory nuns; and, for a time, the stage of the metropolis took its tone from his "thin-sheeted phantoms." The ballads, songs, and ghostly tales with which he filled up the measure of his literary labours, distinguished, as many of them unquestionably are, by a complete mastery of that grave-yard style in which he delighted, confirmed the general impression that he was an individual of a morbid and melancholy cast; yet in private life he was exactly the reverse — lively, amiable, and good-natured. He indulged in some of the fripperies of the day, was fond of parties and lionising, and had a turn for personal display, which he was enabled to gratify by his fortune. But in the essential discharge of the responsibilities of his station, he was kindly-hearted, frank, and unaffected. After a comparatively short life of social enjoyment, he died in excruciating torture on ship-board, on his return to England from the West Indies, where he went to visit his estates, and the body of the poet was cast into the sea.

[25] *The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis.* Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

A new biography of Mrs. Hemans has been published by her sister[26], forming the first volume of a complete edition of her works. It is the fullest account that has yet been given to the world of the retired life of that highly-gifted woman, and possesses the additional advantage of being enriched throughout by numerous *excerpta* from her journals and correspondence. The simplicity of the narrative, the affectionate feelings that breathe through it, and the true devotion of the author to the memory of one she loved so well, and who so well deserved her love, contribute to render it one of the most delicate and affecting pieces of biography extant. When the monthly issue of the volumes shall have advanced a little farther, we hope to be able to dedicate a separate article to a critical examination of Mrs. Hemans' poetry.

In the entire range of English history there is scarcely any woman occupying a prominent position in public affairs, whose character is so well known as the celebrated Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, the wife of the famous general, and the tyrannical confidante of Queen Anne. Yet the story of her life has hitherto escaped without a suitable record. The only facts that have been preserved concerning her are scattered through a variety of works coming in merely incidentally by way of illustration or evidence. A biography of her was published shortly after her death, but it added nothing to the narrative drawn up by herself, in her own vindication; and until the appearance of Mrs. Thompson's very able memoir[27], which has just been published, there was really no book extant from which a complete view of the singular career of that remarkable woman could have been derived. Such was the obscurity in which the incidents of her life were buried, that the place and manner of her death were unknown, and even her birth-place was a matter of dispute. With considerable industry and acuteness Mrs. Thompson has supplied this desideratum, and furnished us with a memoir, which is more likely to be blamed for the expansion than the deficiency of matter. The reign of the arrogant duchess — for she literally reigned over England through the subjugated sovereign — her ultimate overthrow by the plots of Mrs. Masham, her subsequent retirement, her authorship, and her old age of political coquetry and private remorse, are traced with sound discrimination; and we believe that it would be difficult to discover any facts of importance omitted by the writer. The character of the duchess is fairly brought out; her genius for intrigue is allowed to make itself visible in the curious fret-work of her bed-chamber ascendancy; and, while a due measure of applause is conceded to her great powers for correspondence and negotiation, her capacity for business, and her vigorous intellect, the faults of her temper, the ruinous ambition of her nature, and the imperious disposition which she contracted in the latter years of her court supremacy, are impartially exposed and condemned. The work is carefully written; numerous authorities have been consulted to verify its details, and, independently of its striking merits as a biography, it is valuable as a pendant to the history of the period.

The "Diary of the Rev. Mr. Ward[28]," who was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon thirty or forty years after the death of Shakspeare, promises on the

[26] *Works of Mrs. Hemans. With a Memoir, by her Sister.* In Six Volumes. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1839.

[27] *Memoirs of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and of the Court of Queen Anne.* By Mrs. A. T. Thomrson, Authoress of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII.," &c. Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

[28] *Diary of the Rev John Ward, A. M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon.* Extending from 1648 to 1679. From the original MSS. preserved in the library of the Medical Society of London. Arranged by Charles Severn, M. D. Published by permission of the Council. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

title-page a world of discoveries, an expectation which is heightened to enthusiasm by the flourishes of the editor in the preface. But when we explore the book we find that the reverend gentleman had never read Shakspeare's plays — that he was aware, however, of the existence of such a person, and that he had heard that Shakspeare died of a fever, contracted by a night's hard drinking with Drayton and Ben Jonson. It is needless to conjecture what manner of man Mr. Ward must have been, to have lived so many years at Stratford, in the midst of so many Shakspearian associations, and mixing, as he must have done occasionally, in his double capacity of leech and divine, in a society to some of the members of which the poet was personally known, and to all of whom he was familiar in a thousand traditions, and not to have carried away a single anecdote concerning him who had rendered the place immortal. Yet this Mr. Ward was a fussy person, who kept a diary, and who carefully noted down the most trivial gossip that happened to strike his fancy. His journal is an olio of anecdotes, recipes, axioms, and theological scraps. He had a soul for every thing but poetry. Herbs and simples he studied with as deep a relish as biblical controversy; and he had no mean taste for prurient jokes. Poetry alone seemed to him shallow and insignificant. His diary, as may be anticipated, is as dull as his genius, and as bigotted as his narrow spirit.

A very enthusiastic memoir of the Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Derby, and mother of Henry VII., celebrated for her piety, learning, and munificence, by Caroline A. Halsted[29], is one of the pleasantest books of its class that have appeared since the date of Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." The writer has fairly fallen in love with the noble character of Margaret Beaufort, and delineates her life with a freshness and exuberance of feeling, that is more congenial to the warm temperature of romance than the colder latitudes of history. But the character is beautiful — a model of true devotion, of practical Christianity, domestic virtue, and boundless charity. We can excuse the zeal that is somewhat lavishly expended upon the portrait; and although we cannot accord to the work the merit of being profound in the treatment of political affairs, its generous qualities as a biography cannot fail to render it extensively popular.

A new edition of the life or auto-biography of Gibbon has been published under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Milman.[30] The principal points of difference between this edition and that which was published by Lord Sheffield, in 1795, are the division of the life into chapters, the separation of the correspondence from the text, and a judicious addition at proper resting-places of such letters, anecdotes, and observations as appeared necessary to elucidate the original. Mr. Milman has executed this undertaking with judgment, avoiding that which was most to be dreaded at his hands — an undue interposition between the auto-biographer and the reader. The volume is carefully arranged, and highly creditable to the enterprise of the publisher.

We have a few specimens of DRAMATIC POETRY, which may be advantageously introduced by a glance at a very able *brochure* on the past and present state of the Dramatic Art and Literature.

Amidst the many one-sided theories, opinions, and assertions, which have been promulgated from time to time on the causes of the decline of the British drama, and the degradation of the stage to mere scenic displays, this small, but comprehensive pamphlet[31] condenses and elucidates the

[29] *The Life of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry VII.* By CAROLINE A. HALSTED. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

[30] *The Life of Edward Gibbon, Esq. with Selections from his Correspondence and Illustrations.* By the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. London: John Murray. 1839.

[31] *The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature.* London: Mitchell, 1839.

whole truth of the question. How should there be a revival of the drama without dramatists? Since it is well known that there is no adequate demand for dramatic literature, except in the case of acted dramas, how should dramatists appear but through the ready medium of a stage? And how can there be this ready and sufficient medium while only three theatres in this huge and populous metropolis are permitted to give the true drama, which three are virtually reducible to *one*, because the two large patent theatres are closed during the principal portion of the season for the small patentee; and because while the two large houses are open, one of them scarcely ever gives the true drama, and *never* without some temporary compulsion of rivalry, characterised by abstract aversion, or private malignity? Thus, then, the concentration of that dramatic spirit, which is a characteristic of the strong feelings of the English nation, has long had but one outlet in this vast civic aggregate, which gives an influential tone to the whole country. Under the impression that no real dramatist exists, a great many critics plant themselves with sledge-hammers at the doors of the publishers, to knock down the author of every drama the instant he appears. But this is not the reason why we have no resuscitation of the drama; the reason is that the struggling throng of dramatic carpenters, concoctors, and translators quite blocks up the one entrance. Nothing but a long course of years, or some paramount interest, or popularity in other respects, obtains the chance of representation for any man of ability; and when two or three of these have made their position, there is literally no room for any more, even if the one door were not still blocked up by the aforesaid strugglers for admission. Many of these latter do effect an "appearance" upon the stage, being regarded as safe men — regular hands, who never infringe the established common-places or mediocrities. They come, and they pass, with a very temporary or equivocal success; and often, peradventure, they are damned outright. No harm is done, however, because little was expected, and the money spent upon their productions was proportionately small. But the impression thus conveyed to the public by the managers through these fallacious infirmities of their playwrights is, that of all the dramas offered to them, those selected for representation are of course the very best they could obtain. It was the manager's express interest to give the best — *and where are they?* A list of the new pieces produced during the last two seasons, as the picked and paramount specimens of all that were offered, would constitute a ludicrous yet equally plausible *non-sequitur*, as to the amount of dramatic genius now extant in the country. In addition to the almost insurmountable difficulties previously mentioned, a new circumstance seems to have rendered the one door hopelessly impracticable to all those who have not already a given position in the theatres — we allude to the prodigality of expense with which five-act dramas and pageants are produced. We had much rather see Mr. Macready's Hamlet in a small theatre, with a stone or earth-coloured background, than his Henry the Fifth, with all its exquisite "scenery, dresses, and decorations," however splendid and however true. A wider and a deeper truth is in the higher province of the drama; and we shall live to see this recognised with the downfall of the patent monopoly. Meantime we strongly recommend the perusal of the pamphlet which has induced the foregoing remarks.

If illustrations were wanted of the hopelessness of cultivating dramatic poetry, with a view to representation, which, in truth, is the natural aim of all dramatic poets, we have enough of them in the pieces before us. A play entitled "The Landgrave[32]," written by Mrs. Montagu, and founded

[32] *The Landgrave. A Play, in Five Acts. With Dramatic Illustrations of Female Character.* By Eleanora Louisa Montagu. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

on the well-known tale of "Klosterheim, or the Masque," was composed expressly for the stage; and the author tells us in her preface that in order the better to adapt it for that purpose, she carefully restricted her dialogue to the necessities of the performance, excluding all mere poetical passages that had no influence on the conduct of the plot. Here, then, is an extremely effective play, written with considerable skill, the action judiciously distributed, the plot striking, and the characters boldly drawn, which, designed for representation, is forced by the monopoly and perverted taste of the great houses to appear in a shape in which it is impossible that its success can be commensurate to its merits. Some dramatic illustrations of the female character, drawn chiefly from exciting passages in history, which fill up the volume, discover a high dramatic capability; and this genius, accomplished and versatile, is prohibited from the only sphere in which it could be fully developed and fairly rewarded. "The Lords of Ellingham[33]," a drama, by Mr. Spicer, is not so well adapted for representation: the plot—founded on Raleigh's conspiracy—is too involved, and there is not room enough left by the flurry of the incidents for the clear play of the passions; but the piece exhibits a vigour and freedom in the dialogue that sufficiently indicate the power to achieve future triumphs, were the times more auspicious for such efforts. "Gertrude and Beatrice[34]," by Mr. Stephens, and "The Cathedral Bell[35]," by Mr. Jones, are tragedies written for representation, and both the authors state the measure of their disappointment at being unable to procure a hearing of their pieces before an audience. In these cases, however, the experiment would scarcely have succeeded. The scenes in both are over-crowded, and the effects are so rapid and tumultuous that it is difficult to concentrate the attention even upon the perusal.

Of other descriptions of POETRY our specimens are not very captivating, with the exception of a delightful little volume by Mary Howitt, called "Hymns and Fireside Verses."[36] The main object of this pretty book is to exemplify in simple and picturesque verses the abiding beauty of the Christian faith, the practical charities of life, and those elevating principles that obliterate in a common bond of social sympathy the unworthy conventions of artificial society. The poetry is sweet and musical; the breath of nature is in it; and the gentle truths it enforces have rarely been expressed with such touching earnestness. A satire upon the scientific and literary quackeries of the day, called "An Old Man's Gossip on Literature and Criticism[37]," is not less masculine in its grasp of the subjects to which it is addressed, than just in its running commentaries on the spirit of the age — especially in reference to science. The copy transmitted to us has numerous footnotes in manuscript, extracted from an article which appeared a few months ago in our pages, so that the author has drawn us into court as an evidence on his side against all forms of modern affectation. Two tiny volumes of songs have found their way into our catalogue—the one, "Whistle-Binkie[38]," an excellent collection of Scotch songs, and the other, "Minstrel Melodies[39]," a medley of miscellanous lyrics addressed to all manner of circumstances that can be put to music.

[33] *The Lords of Ellingham. A Drama, in Five Acts.* By HENRY SPICER. London: James Frazer. 1839.

[34] *Gertrude and Beatrice; or, the Queen of Hungary. An Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By GEORGE STEPHENS. London: C. Mitchell. 1839.

[35] *The Cathedral Bell. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By JACOB JONES, Barrister-at-Law. London: John Miller. 1839.

[36] *Hymns and Fireside Verses.* By MARY HOWITT. London: Darton and Clarke. 1839.

[37] *An Old Man's Gossip on the Literature and Criticism of the present Day.* London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1839.

[38] *Whistle-Binkie; or, the Piper of the Party.* Glasgow: David Robertson. 1839.

[39] *Minstrel Melodies.* By the Author of "Field Flowers," &c. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

In SCIENCE there are some works of great value in course of publication, to which we will briefly draw the attention of the reader.

The tenth part of the "Flora-Boreali-Americana"[40] has just issued from the press—a work no less remarkable for its mode of production, under the auspices of a department of the English government (a rare fact in the history of literature!) than for the accuracy of its illustrations, and the importance of its matter. Three new willows, one pine, one najas, one heterostylus, one phyllospadix, two species of smilax, two of streptopus, a uvularia, a simlacina, a tofieldia, a trillium, two frittillaria, four allia, one hesperoscordum, and one triteleia, are added to the science in this fasciculus; and the whole work embraces drawings and descriptions of about 250 rare plants, the native birth of the northern regions.

"The Botany of Captain Beechey's Voyage[41]," of which the sixth part is before us, is published under circumstances exactly similar to the last, and the same remarks will apply to it. This portion adds ten species to almost as many genera, and as a single plant says more than a volume of the nature of the soil and the character of the climate, we know not where so much instruction of this kind can be found as in such works as these. They have now been some time before the public, or we should have felt it necessary to go into a more minute analysis of their contents.

We are now arrived almost at the conclusion of a series of works on the natural history of this island[42]—its ichthyology, ornithology, and zoology. The fishes are already completed, and the supplement, including some thirty species observed between the publication of the last number of this work and the present month, affords satisfactory proof of the attention which the undertaking has drawn to the subject. The supplement suggests a new feature for the second edition, which will probably appear shortly—we mean the craniology of fishes, a part of comparative anatomy that has not yet been sufficiently investigated. "The History of Reptiles" has only reached its second number, but enough is done to exhibit the arrangement, which is admirable. Mr. Jones's General Outline forms the natural and appropriate introduction to the works of Mr. Bell and Mr. Yarrell, and the student may be congratulated upon the valuable addition to the means of instruction which these important publications present to him.

Mr. Bauer's "Genera Filicum"[43] deserves particular notice for the interest of the subject, and the ability that has been brought to bear upon its illustration. "Let me live with the fern and foxglove!" was the exclamation of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, when he assumed the name of Robin Hood; and who could blame his taste? These plants recall us to

[40] *Flora Boreali—Americana; or, the Botany of the northern parts of British America, compiled principally from the plants collected by Dr. Richardson and Mr. Drummond, on the late Northern Expeditions under the command of Sir John Franklin, R. N.; to which are added, by permission of the Horticultural Society of London, those of Mr. Douglas, from North-west America, and of other naturalists.* By Sir WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, R.H.I.L.L.D. F.R.A. and L.S. Illustrated by numerous plates. Published under the authority of the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for Colonial Affairs. London: Bohn. 1838.

[41] *The Botany of Captain Beechy's Voyage, comprising an account of the Plants collected by Messrs. Lay and Collie and other officers of the expedition, during the voyage to the Pacific and Berings's Straits, performed in his Majesty's ship Blossom, under the command of Captain W. F. Beechy, R.N. F.R.S. and A.S., in the years* 1825, 26, 27, *and* 28. By Sir W. J. HOOKER, and G. A. W. ARNOTT, Esq. A.M., &c. Published under the authority, &c. London: Bohn. 1838.

[42] *A History of British Reptiles.* By THOMAS BELL, F.R.S. F.L.S., Professor of Zoology in King's College. Part II.

A History of British Birds. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. V.P.Z.S. Parts XI. and XII.

Supplement to Yarrell's History of British Fishes. London: John Van Voorst. 1839.

A General Outline of the Animal Kingdom. By T. RYMER JONES, F.Z.S. Parts III. IV. and V.

[43] *Genera Filicum; or Illustrations of the Genera of Ferns, from the original coloured drawings of Francis Bauer, Esq., Botanic Painter to her Majesty, with descriptive letter-press.* By Sir WILLIAM JACKSON HOOKER, K.H., &c. Parts I. and II. London: Bohn. 1839.

the woodland and the heath, to the deer in the glade, and the falcon in the air, and the craggy half-wooded banks, between which mountain currents rush into the plains, and the wild wastes, luxuriant in unprofitable fertility. Veneration for the fern appears to have been a characteristic of the northerns; the fern-seed was supposed to render the wearer invisible, — ever instructive metonomy, signifying that peculiarity of the plant which in the word cryptogamia was given by Linnæus to the whole class which includes the several genera — Filices. But the generative systems of these plants, though still concealed from the uninquiring eye, are now easily detected, exciting new admiration at the wonderful variety of means lavished on the great end of nature, and at the singular and indescribable beauty enfolded in the delicate organs of reproduction throughout these curious families. The value of the ferns, and their extraordinary beauty, are no longer unappreciated. Our principal gardens are now embellished with fern-beds under glass and in the open air; at Cheshunt the fern-bed of W. Harrison, Esq. is one of the chief ornaments of the range of green-houses, and is highly creditable to the skill of Mr. Pratt, his able and successful gardener. There are several other instances of the high cultivation of ferns, independently of Sion, and Chiswick, and Trenthem, &c. Nothing, however, can be more conducive to their study, because nothing can be so explanatory of their nature and illustrative of their attractions, as the "Genera Filicum." The work is an imperial octavo, and it will be completed in ten numbers, each including 100 plates, each appropriated to a separate genus: and how appropriated?

A small square piece of the fern, as cut out, is represented in the first instance, either of the natural size, or magnified from 2 or 3, to 8 or 10 diameters, according to the size of the sori, which it is the object to exhibit in considerable number in their arrangement on the fern, and in their due proportion to the other parts of the plant. The sorus is then exhibited; its own little square of frond magnified many times, so as to show the character of its indusium, and the insertion of the sporangia. A part of the indusium is then represented separately, magnified a great number of times, and then the stipites magnified 100 or more times, and the sporangia in several periods of their progress, until they open and exhibit the sporules, which last are again figured separately, magnified several hundred times. Thus every portion of the system is distinctly and intelligently explained. Mr. Bauer's original drawings are copied in the plates in zincography by Walter Fitch, under Dr. Hooker's own eye, and then coloured, with no less regard to accuracy, by George Graves. In his descriptions of the genera, Dr. Hooker does not rely implicitly on his yet imperfect observation, nor would he dictate to the reader as to the complete correctness of the assigned genera; but he has been guided, in a great measure, by the "*Tentamen Pteridographiæ*" of Professor Presl, of Prague, a work of great authority; and he undertakes, in the course of his investigation on this subject, to correct himself wherever he finds reason to suspect an error. The varying forms of the fronds are not more marked than the diversities in the character of each of the parts. The indusium is now rough, like tortoise-shell, and armed with long ragged testacula; now it is a six-petalled calyx, like a leathery flower; now an irregularly ranged envelope; now marginal; now pod-shaped, with eyes; now elliptic; now globose, and now wanting: now it is leathery; now hairy; now membranaceous. And so with the sporangia; they are now clubs; now accompanied with jointed hairs, that make crooks of them: and no less irregular and uncertain are the stipites; they are stars, tubes, snares, flowers, hooks, reeds, handles, rods, &c.; and the sporules, although maintaining a general and characteristic likeness, are still amazingly varied, angular, ovate,

rounded, closed, open, star-shaped; in short, variety riots in the fern. We know how curious are many of the roots, how strange the stems, how singular the fronds, how different the shades of colour, and the habits of growth: hence we have a new series of wonders in the internal organisation enough to induce every lover of nature to echo the prayer of the outlaw, "Let me live with the fern and the foxglove!"

The first series, by Mr. Phillips, of "Lectures on Natural Philosophy[44]," devoted to an exposition of the chemical nature, the mechanical properties, and atmospheric phenomena of the air, may be recommended to attention as a useful manual for the young; and the second edition of "A Brief Treatise on Geology," by Biblicus Delvinus[45], may be described as an ingenious essay towards the reconcilement of the discoveries of modern geology with the Mosaic history of the creation.

Under the head of HISTORY, and HISTORICAL TREATISES, one of the most erudite and important is Mr. Sharpe's "History of Egypt under the Ptolemies."[46] Mr. Sharpe has already acquired a high reputation by his previously published works on Egypt: his "Early History, from the Old Testament, Herodotus, Manetho, and the Hieroglyphical Inscriptions," "Egyptian Inscriptions, from the British Museum and other Sources;" and his "Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics." In the present volume, a brief introduction leads us from Abraham to Alexander the Great, and may be regarded as an abstract of the author's "Early History of Egypt." The ten Ptolemies and the four Cleopatras have here each their brief biography, and the work concludes with general reflections. The authorities are quoted regularly in the margin, and every page has its subject for title. This order and arrangement are seconded by a very simple and intelligible style, and the narrative is clear and succinct. The invasion of Egypt by the Greek army, Ptolemy's generosity to the son and brother of Alexander, his piety to the remains of his former master, which led to the building of Alexandria, the war with Antigonus, the Theban coinage, the arts at Alexandria, are illustrated in the memoir of Ptolemy Soter, in an easy and familiar manner, and with an intimate knowledge of events and persons, which gives surprising life and truth to the narrative. The procession at the proclamation of Ptolemy Philadelphus, the story of Berenice's hair in the memoir of Ptolemy Energetes, the sketches of the schools and scholars under both these kings, the intrusion of Philopater into the Holy of Holies at Jerusalem, the origin of the Rosetta stone in the memoir of Ptolemy Epiphanes, the men of science who flourished under Philometer, the sketch of Cleopatra, and the anecdotes and incidents throughout, should make this work as popular as it is deserving.

"An Essay on the Neo Druidic Heresy in Britain[47]," develops the history of a remote system which has long occupied and perplexed the researches of learned men. The Polytheists of antiquity were very tolerant. To admit into the Pantheon the new-found god of a lately conquered people, was an easy compliment on the part of the Roman people; and to join in the worship of the local deities after the manner of the natives never shocked their conscience: but this forbearance was not extended to Druidism. That system of polity was dark and subtle, and too powerful to be tolerated. It embraced within itself all the means of education, and to itself confined

[44] *Lectures on Natural Philosophy, intended for the Instruction of Young Persons.* First Series. By MONTAGUE LYON PHILLIPS. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

[45] *A Brief Treatise on Geology.* By BIBLICUS DELVINUS. London: L. & G. Seeley. 1839.

[46] *The History of Egypt under the Ptolemies.* By SAMUEL SHARPE. London: E. Moxon. 1839.

[47] *An Essay on the Neo-Druidic Heresy in Britannia.* Part I. By the Author of "Britannia after the Romans." London: H. G. Bohn. 1839.

them; it exercised with unrestricted power all judgment in matters civil and criminal, and the administration of religious rites and ceremonies was exclusively its own. The nominal monarch might be the king of men in the day of battle, but the archdruid was the lord of power at all times. The kings were only captains of the host, whom the Druids sent forth to fight or restrained from warfare at their pleasure. The minister in this theocracy assumed over all ages and classes of the people the power of light or darkness, of life or death, of heaven or hell; and to this dark and awful priesthood the military genius, the civil policy, and the mild worship of the Romans were alike repugnant. No truce could be made with them, no trust could be placed in them,—the Druids were to be destroyed; and so effectually was this necessity enforced, that for some centuries we hear no more of them; except, indeed, of the most pleasant of their orders, the bards, who seem to have appeared alike the Heathen and the Christian, and to have sent down their songs and their names to the latest posterity. Notwithstanding, however, the utter desolation of the original Druids in Gaul as well as in Britannia, their doctrines and their practice did in part survive; and it is a curious question, what portion of the original precepts of the Druid priests was mingled with that corrupted Christianity and those Mithraic observances which combined to form the Neo-Druidic heresy of the 4th and 5th century. The author of "Britannia after the Romans" approaches the question in a learned and inquiring spirit; but with a strong prejudice against the bardic rites, and a fierce hostility to the Druidic practices,—with a contempt of the modern discoveries in British lore, and with a readiness to construct his own theory out of as few scraps of evidence and authority as will enable it to hold together. To persuade us that Saint Patrick was an apostate Jew, or rather a devotee of Mithras ready to become a Jew, if the Jews would place him on the throne of David,—that after failing in a well-concerted effort to secure Jerusalem, he should come to Britain, establish himself in the central seat of the round table (Arthur's), the seat of the concealed Christ, as the second Moses, or the avatar of Mithras,—that he should collect the Jews of Britain, which island should be miscalled Crete, and that he should drown them in a pretended attempt to lead them as Moses did (in his first incarnation!) across the sea,—and that out of this should grow the legend of St. Patrick banishing the serpents, is a task in which to fail is no dishonour, seeing that to succeed in it would be impossible. Yet, if this be not the end of our author, we confess our inability to comprehend his aim. But this is the first part only of his essay, which may be wrought out to more purpose in the sequel; yet this portion is more complete in itself than satisfactory in its result. Indeed, this is evident to the writer, who thus winds up this portion of his essay:—"The crown and sword of David, the ship of Solomon, the wand of Moses, the perilous seat of Julian at Jerusalem, all transferred into Britannia, and the legend of the false Moses (drawn from cotemporary Greek accounts as well as Celtic tradition), seem to show us that the Judaism mixt up with bardism was not merely doctrinal in its rise, or borrowed from cabalistic books, but historical, and connected with some actual movements in the Jewish community. Further than that I cannot attempt to define or conclude any thing, until exacter studies or fortunate discovery shall have furnished ampler data."

There are two or three works on periods of MODERN HISTORY, several volumes of TRAVELS, and a few on subjects of CRITICISM, which we are compelled to postpone; and we will devote the remainder of our space to publications that may be more briefly treated.

A very curious volume, by Mr. Dunlop, on the drinking usages of this

country[48], is the most complete exposition of the evils of intemperance—of the vices to which it leads—and the ridiculous ceremonials traditionally connected with it, that we have seen amongst the numerous works on a question intimately associated with the highest interests of civilisation. Mr. Dunlop exhausts the inquiry, and has produced a book that is equally entertaining and instructive. Notwithstanding all the success that has crowned the *cuisine* labours of eminent gourmands, we are disposed to recommend a little volume, called "Cookery made Easy[49]," as the most perfect, practical, and simple hand-book of its class that has appeared. It is especially adapted to the use of families of moderate fortune, showing how to combine much table luxury with strict economy. The "Law Chronicle of Ireland[50]," contains lists of all the legal officers of that country, an accurate account of their several tenures, a history of their predecessors and charters, tables of fees and allowances, and a great variety of valuable information connected with the profession, collected with great industry, and perspicuously arranged for reference. "The Year Book of Facts"[51] is a repository of practical knowledge in almost all departments of inquiry: one of those laborious productions of patient industry, for which all classes of readers are bound to be grateful. A volume entitled "The Footman's Guide[52]," is addressed to the humble, but, in a domestic point of view, extremely useful object, of delineating the details of the footman and butler's duties, every part of which the patient author skilfully and clearly investigates. It forms an appropriate companion to a series publishing under the title of "A Guide to Service."

Amongst other gorgeous tributes to genius, there are two illustrated editions of two popular poems that demand especial notice. The first is a magnificent reprint of "Lalla Rookh[53]," to the illustration of which the utmost splendour of the arts has been dedicated. The union of poetry and painting has rarely before produced so costly and so chaste a volume, or one in which a poem that has grown as familiar to the world as the fables of childhood has been presented in a shape so worthy of its extensive and increasing popularity. The other is a polyglott edition of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard[54]," with versions in five different languages, and a series of exquisitely finished wood cuts illustrative of each separate stanza. The engravings are exceedingly beautiful, and the volume is a perfect gem in this difficult branch of art.

[48] *The Philosophy of Artificial and Compulsory Drinking Usage in Great Britain and Ireland.* By John Dunlop, Esq. London: Houlston & Stoneman. 1839.

[49] *Cookery made Easy.* By a Lady. London: Dean & Munday. 1839.

[50] *Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland.* By Constantine J. Smyth, B. A. London: 1839.

[51] *The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art, for* 1839. London: 1839.

[52] *The Footman's Guide, &c.* By James Williams. London: Dean & Munday. 1839.

[53] *Lalla Rookh; an Oriental Romance.* By Thomas Moore. Nineteenth Edition. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

[54] *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.* With Versions in the Greek, Latin, German Italian, and French Languages. London: John Van Voorst. 1839.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

CHARACTERS OF PUBLIC MEN.

Etudes sur les Orateurs Parliamentaires. Par TIMON. 2 tom. 9me Edition. Paris: Paguerre, 1839.

St. Stephens; or Pencillings of Politicians. By MASK. London: Hugh Cunningham, 1839.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. By his Son, HENRY GRATTAN, Esq., M. P. 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn, 1839.

PUBLIC characters are said to be public property; but, like some other kinds of public property, the title to them is not very satisfactory. It is difficult to decide at what period the public acquires this property, or, in other words, at what time during a man's life, or how soon after his death, he may be engrossed and handed over to the community. If you venture to speak truth in the only way in which truth ought to be spoken — boldly —of a public character during his lifetime, the chances are at least an hundred to one that this common property in which you thought you had as clear a right of way as if you were skipping on the top of Snowdon, or galloping over Epsom Downs, will have you in the Queen's Bench, or send a slug through your cranium before you have time to recover from the enthusiasm natural to the exercise of your proprietary rights. If public characters be really the property of the public, it is by no means so clear that the public have any right to make use of their own property. Indeed, this sort of property seems to be altogether a pleasant political fiction, and to resemble the statues and pictures that are supposed to belong to the people, but which the people are never permitted to approach too closely. "Sticks and umbrellas to be left with the porter," is the condition of admission; and your property in public men seems to be as nearly as possible of this *noli me tangere* class. Mr. Grattan the other day called Lords Brougham and Londonderry to account for taking the liberty of making a commentary upon a commentary which he was himself reported to have made upon the Tories. Now if the report was true that Mr. Grattan had made that commentary on the Tories—charging them with murderous designs against the Queen—he must have done so under the impression that they were public property, a supposition which is confirmed by his refusal to admit the right of any person to question him whether he did make that assertion or not. By the same rule it would appear, that their lordships had an equal right to criticise Mr. Grattan, if Mr. Grattan considers himself to be a public character; for we know not how he could insist upon the recognition of such a privilege himself, and in the same breath stoutly deny it to others. The inference then is either that the rule must be regarded as a pure delusion, or that Mr. Grattan, in his own estimation, is not a public character.

On the other hand, if you sit down to the task of examining the character of a public man after his death, it is not at all unlikely that his son will

demand satisfaction, and that you must expiate the offence of investigating your own property by bequeathing to your friends, like Acres in the comedy, the choice of having you "pickled and sent home," or consigning your remains to a "snug lying in the Abbey." That public characters belong to history is as antique an axiom as that two and two make four, and apparently quite as obvious. Yet it has never been determined when the prerogatives of history begin, when the entail may be cut off and posterity may enter upon possession. In some cases the difficulty has been got rid of by the unanimous consent of a nation, and history has at once foreclosed the mortgage of time. But this is only where the inheritance is a wondrous piece of glory, in which no flaw can be made out to raise a question of litigation. Washington became at once the property of history. Heaven knows how long a time may elapse before Sir Robert Peel shall be quietly inclosed in her pages, if, indeed, the substance — so little is there of him — be not exhausted in the contest to decide the validity of the claim.

While, however, these impediments exist in the way of exercising the right of property in public characters, the right itself is, we think, undeniable. Nor does this state of the case — this right without impunity — involve any paradox, since we find it hold good in a variety of other instances. For example, every man in India has a right to go into the jungle and hunt elephants, and catch them if he can; but he must take the risk of being swallowed alive, or torn to pieces, in the assertion of his right. Every man has a right, also, to swim in the sea; nor is his right in the slightest degree abated by the peril he runs of meeting a ravenous shark that has no respect for the freedom of the waters, or a razor-fish that is just as likely to cut him in two as to suffer him to splash at liberty.

But being called a right of property, it is presumed that it should be enjoyed as property is enjoyed, and that the public may treat a public man as a farmer treats a field — turning it into wheat one year, and into potatoes the next. The analogy, however, is correct only so far as the different natures of the tenure are analogous. Such men as Lord Lyndhurst, or Sir James Graham, or Sir Francis Burdett, are convertible into an endless variety of crops; they may grow Radicalism in one season, and Toryism in another; but the growth is the effect of circumstances over which the treasury exercises a greater control than the public. The sun that ripens the hybrid seed in such soils is the sun of Downing Street, and not the sun of opinion. The whole population might till them for fifty years in vain, while one sweep of the ministerial plough would produce turnips, or *phormium tenax*, or any other growth, just as it might be wanted. Besides, it is not exactly true of property that you may do what you like with your own. You may not kill pheasants on your own land, even if you can prove their genealogy as clearly as you can the birth, parentage, and education of the goose you have reared expressly to the spit. You may not distil your own corn, nor set fire to your own house; and perhaps the highest right of property you possess in any shape is no better than that which you possess in reference to public men — the right of saying that it is your own.

Some doubt is occasionally expressed by timid, and, as the world goes, well-meaning people, as to the propriety of canvassing too familiarly the acts and characters of public men during their lives. But it may be asked, when can their acts and characters be so advantageously canvassed? Are we to wait until they have accomplished all the mischief in their power, before we take the liberty of protesting against their errors? Or must we postpone the acknowledgment of their virtues until they are insensible alike

to rewards and punishments? If we are not to cry out before we are hurt, may we not at least throw up our arms to avert the blow? Must we look on at the game where our lives and liberties are staked, and be prohibited from warning the players against false moves? Are we to apply to the political world the humility of the Christian principle, and when we have been smitten on one cheek, bow with a simper and turn the other to receive a similar favour? We are told that men are not legitimate subjects for free discussion until after they have passed away, and that posterity alone is the dispassionate judge of their actions. If death alone can render public men legitimate, the sooner we have a revisal of the bastardy laws the better; and as for all posterity can do for us, we need not be under much alarm about giving offence to that respectable personage. But the argument is curious, as it would have the effect of making each new generation neglect its own affairs to attend to the affairs of its predecessors, so that nothing should at last come to be done in the world but to dress mummies. Our posterity in course of nature must be displaced by a posterity of its own, whose sole business should consist in settling the accounts of its grandfathers, in reconciling the contradictions of its venerable progenitors, and putting in order the houses of the dead. In the meanwhile, the public men of the day would be providing ample materials for the pious cares of the succeeding race, secured against all interruption from their own public, who, occupied by their appellate labours, would be "too busy to bark at them." What would come in the long run of this mode of government it would not perhaps be very hazardous to conjecture; but without allowing ourselves to be carried away into so tempting a utopia, we may suggest that if public men are to be left to the dispassionate judgment of succeeding ages, all present guarantees are at least superfluous and idle. Of what avail are the limitations of the constitution, if their violation is to be referred to the cool decision of races wholly unaffected by them? Why should we have a monarchy any more than a republic, or a republic any more than an oligarchy, if we are in no way concerned in the matter, and those who come after us alone are interested in the decision? If we are to live only in our ashes, what is the use of caring about what becomes of us in the flesh? If we are not to audit our own ledgers, it is quite immaterial how soon we are gazetted, since a dividend cannot be declared until long after we are dead.

That the verdict of posterity will be dispassionate there can be no reason to doubt; but the value of a dispassionate verdict in such a case — except by way of a scare-crow, which is as dispassionate as any thing we can at this moment think of — may be reasonably doubted. A real bird, with blood and life in it, would make a bad scare-crow; a red nightcap stuffed with straw answers the purpose better. But neither one nor the other can restore the grain that has been already pillaged by the thieves of the garden. What is wanted is not only to prevent such spoliation for the future, but to stop it in its progress, and, when we can, to obtain indemnity for it. Your dispassionate scare-crow cannot accomplish these functions. It comes rather too late, and is too inert when it does come. Our legislators legislate for the passions of mankind; and it is right they should be made to know the scope and power of the passions they are required to sooth, restrain, and direct. Can posterity supply them with this knowledge? And who can so well discern the true spirit of the passing movement as those who are stirred by it? We should like to anticipate the opinion of some critic a century hence upon Macready's Henry V. That would be the perfection of dispassionateness. But for all its philosophical equanimity, Mrs. Partington in the third row of the pit would pronounce a more accurate judgment. If

we would measure the claims of public men, we must adjudge them with all our passions fresh within us, under all the strong influences of contemporary events, and while they are yet face to face before us. We alone who see them act, and who feel the force of the circumstances by which they are surrounded, can truly interpret their motives; we alone can detect the springs of policy, the choice of alternatives, the relations of cause and effect, and the minute agencies that in a few years shall have faded into oblivion. Are senators alone entitled to be moved by human affections and human interests, and the people required to disembody themselves of the same attributes that they may escape the risk of throwing too much passion into their judgments? Are we to be ruled item by item in the practical details of life, and, separating all the feelings of men from the issue, must we shape our conclusions in the abstract? To be sure,

> "The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
> The blood will follow where the knife is driven,
> And sighs and tears by nature grow on pain."

But we must not, for all that, according to the doctrine of posterity, dissect the characters of living men. We must wait till the procession has passed away, even if it should trample us on its path into dust.

Maintaining the opinion that the best time for examining the actions of public men is while they are living — the time most profitable of useful results, most favourable to truth, when slander can be most readily stripped of imposition, and when the vindication, as well as the impeachment, can be most fairly sifted — and that such examination, independently of the immediate good it produces, has a salutary operation *in terrorem*, we congratulate the public upon every fresh manifestation of this spirit of fearless inquiry, which, perhaps, never was exercised at a moment when it was more needed than the present.

The similarity of the domestic situation in which France and England has of late been plunged by ministerial difficulties, reflect from one to the other a strong sympathy when the conduct of public men comes under consideration. In all representative governments we get at the character of the whole body through the character of individuals. "L'histoire des états représentatifs," says M. Timon, "est renfermée presque dans l'histoire de leurs parlements, et l'histoire des parlements dans celle de leurs orateurs." Accordingly we find that, both in France and England, an unusual degree of attention has recently been directed to the leading politicians — to their views and principles — their past proceedings and present positions — and their talents as statesmen and orators. In France, the interest has been heightened by a cabinet crisis unparalleled in the annals of Europe, during which the functions of the legislature were suspended, and the country was literally without a government, and exposed to the will of an absolute king in a representative state; while, in England, a cabinet dissolved by a day's thaw, and frozen back again in the night, has furnished nearly an equal source of wonder and speculation. Sketches illustrative of the principal actors in these strange harlequinades have appeared in Paris and in London, and given a personal direction to the natural curiosity of the people. Lord Brougham's contemporary outlines are already so well known, that it would be a needless occupation of our pages to introduce them to the notice of the reader. We have preferred taking the piquant studies of M. Timon, and the more recent pencillings of Mask, for a few likenesses to niche into the historical gallery; and to these we have added, by we hope an excusable anachronism, the life of Grattan, whose name, although it does not belong

to the present day, still exercises a strong influence over the destinies of his country.

The celebrity of M. Timon in France is as great as Junius enjoyed in England, and much of the same kind. He addresses himself to the immediate subject of the hour, and by the force of an acute intellect, and a style brilliant, sarcastic, and original, puts the question he takes up in such a light as to determine at once the aim of the popular movement, which he either originates or controls. A pamphlet from the pen of M. Timon produces a sensation which would be scarcely credited in our wintry atmosphere. It becomes at once a subject of universal discussion. The crowded cafés and gay salons of Paris are agitated to their centres by his sprightly and caustic wit; his sentences are coined off into current maxims; and from the faubourgs to the heart of the Palais Royal, the whole population rings with the echoes of his antithetical sarcasms and searching criticisms. He penetrates wherever the wind whispers, and they might as well try to keep out the air from the chambers of the Tuilleries as to keep out M. Timon. His "Lettres sur la Liste Civile et sur l'Apanage," and his "Tres-humble Remontrances de Timon au sujet de la loi dite des *Lapins*," had a greater effect upon the public mind than a hundred *projets* of law. For some time the mystery of who this M. Timon could be, helped to give a deeper zest and relish to his publications; but secrets of this description are not likely to be long preserved in the fluttering circles of Paris, and every body now knows that M. Timon is M. Cormenin, a silent member of the Chamber of Deputies, who always votes on the popular side, and who, incapable of oratory himself, is an exquisite judge of oratory in others.

His "Etudes sur les Orateurs" is the most remarkable of all his works. It opens with a logical division of the matter, and introduces the portraits of the orators by an examination into the nature of eloquence, considered under a variety of heads, in reference to the genius of different countries, in a comparison between orators and writers, different modes of speaking, the professions which predispose to deliberate eloquence, the classification of orators, the general tactics of the opposition, the majority, and the minister, the particular tactics of the ministers of each department, of diction and carriage, and precepts of parliamentary eloquence. In the treatment of all these topics M. Cormenin exhibits an intimate knowledge of the art of public speaking, and singular acuteness in reducing it to practical principles. To have acquired so close a view of the science of managing assemblies of men without having had personal experience of its difficulties, is a proof of vigilance of observation extremely rare amongst the taciturn representatives of the people; and it is only surprising that one who can describe so accurately the various resources and diplomatic shifts of eloquence should be unable to exemplify them himself.

When he undertakes a portrait, he finishes it with infinite pains. He is not satisfied with catching the general cast of the features, and giving you the *tournure*, expression, and colour of the subject; but he traces every line and curve, the play of the muscles, the light, and air, and tone, until he brings it out, not as it were a likeness upon paper, but as if the whole figure, with all its emotions, moved into open space, so that you could walk round it and examine it on all sides. To produce this effect, there must be a wonderful impartiality in M. Cormenin's characters. The patient toil of the artist, who seeks neither to flatter nor deform, is every where visible in his pages. His own sentiments are clear enough all through; he thinks that the monarchy of July was no better than a trick of thimble-rig; and the boldness with which he avows this conviction, and takes up his ground

with the people, raises his censures above suspicion, and confers additional value upon his panegyrics. Of M. de Villèle, he says,

"Les gens de son parti avaient plus d'impétuosité que de prudence. Il les assouplit au frein et il les disciplina. Ils ne connaissaient guère ni les hommes ni les choses au milieu desquels ils arrivaient du fond de leurs provinces, il les leur apprit. Soldats obéissants, ils marchaient sous ses drapeaux, et rendaient un hommage incontesté a sa supériorité naturelle. Il n'avait point de fleurs dans son style, de pompe dans ses images, de véhémence dans son oraison, de nœud dans sa dialectique. Mais il était clair, plein, ferme, raisonnable, positif. Il ne lui échappait pas dans la chaleur de l'improvisation, de ces mots hasardés dont le commentaire s'empare, et qui défraient les moqueries de la presse."

The contrast that follows between M. de Villèle and M. Casimir Périer is not less remarkable for justice than sagacity.

"De tous les ministres que le régime chartique a dévorés, il n'y en a que deux qui aient fait du bruit et qui laisseront quelque trace dans l'histoire, M. de Villèle et M. C. Périer. Tous deux antipathiques par leurs opinions, leur tempérament, et leurs facultés. L'un assis sur les bancs de l'opposition, l'autre sur les bancs du ministère. L'un poli et réservé, l'autre impérieux et colère. L'un ne montant à la tribune que pour réfuter l'autre qui en descendait. L'un ne se servant que de la figure vive et parlante de l'apostrophe, l'autre procédant par les voies logiques du raisonnement, sans se déconcerter ni sans se reprendre. L'un poussant la brusquerie presque jusqu'à la grossièreté, et l'autre la finesse presque jusqu'à l'astuce.

"Mais tous deux hommes d'état, avec des qualités éminentes, quoique diverses. Tous deux naturellement habiles dans l'art de commander aux hommes et de s'en faire obéir. Tous deux conduisant leur majorité, l'un par la peur, l'autre par la séduction. Tous deux enfin, quoique adversaires, rapprochés par un point important, c'est qu'à la différence des autres ministres, ils ont compris la vérité du système représentatif, et qu'ils ont gouverné le pays en laissant régner leurs maîtres."

It is not to be expected that M. Cormenin should praise M. Guizot; the sect of the doctrinaires is too severe and axiomatic for his practical mind and expansive spirit. Speaking of M. Guizot, he observes,

"C'est un pédagogue dans sa chaire, qui laisse toujours passer sous sa robe la petit bout de sa férule. C'est un Calviniste dans son prêche, froid, sentencieux, morose, qui enseigne la crainte plutôt que l'amour de Dieu."

Yet he acknowledges M. Guizot to be distinguished as a man of letters and an historian, and gives the following estimate of his style as a public speaker, developing a system admirably adapted for a deliberative assembly, which is not, as he afterwards observes, carried away by a great number of ideas, but by a single idea, adroitly chosen, completely worked out, and frequently reproduced in different forms.

"M. Guizot est bon littérateur, historien distingué, et il tient une haute place parmi les publicistes de l'école anglaise. Il est très-versé dans l'étude des langues anciennes et modernes. Il ne brille, comme écrivain, par aucune qualité supérieure de style, ni par la précision, ni par l'imagination, ni par la profondeur des raisonnements, mais il est moins nuageux que M. Cousin. Il n'a pas la belle et large manière de M. Royer-Collard; il a plus d'abondance d'idées que lui; il est plus étendu, plus varié, plus positif. On voit qu'il a été mêlé davantage au maniement des affaires humaines.

"Comme tous les prédicants de l'école génevoise, de cette école sèche et rogue, il procède dogmatiquement. Il néglige les fleurs du langage. Il manque de souplesse et de mouvement, et sa diction est monotone, quoique grave et assurée. Sa passion se révèle dans l'éclat de ses yeux et passe rapidement sur les traits de son pâle visage; mais elle s'absorbe vite, et elle est plus concentrée qu'extérieure. Il emploie rarement de ces personalités blessantes qui s'attaquent droit à un adversaire désigné par son nom ou par son siége sur les bancs de l'assemblée. Mais, tout en protestant de la parfaite innocence de ces intentions, il lance à l'opposition des sarcasmes collectifs, qui laissent dans la plaie leur trait envenimé.

"M. Guizot traite les questions politiques philosophiquement et d'un certain point de vue élevé. C'est la manière de son maître, M. Royer-Collard. Il choisit une idée, il la formule en axiome, et il établit autour de cet axiome l'échafaudage de ses raisonnemens. Il y revient sans cesse; il la présente seule à la vue du spectateur, il y attire, il y fixe son attention. Son oraison n'est que le dévélopement d'un thème. Si l'idée est vraie, tout

le discours est vrai ; si l'idée est fausse, tout le discours est faux. Mais les députés de la majorité, prévenus à laquelle il s'addresse, ne conviennent jamais que la thèse soit fausse, et M. Guizot conserve auprès d'eux tous les avantages de sa méthode." :

The character is drawn with the most minute precision. The writer labours hard against his own prejudices, and when some bitter expletive escapes him, unwilling to modify or recall it, because he believes it to be just, he tries to balance it by some graceful reference to the accomplishments of a man, who, however ill adapted to a period of vivid transition, confers lustre upon it by the elevation of his genius. In a single sentence, setting aside details, we have the true image of M. Guizot distinctly delineated.

" Grave dans sa vie publique, opiniâtre dans son but plus que dans ses maximes, ambitieux par système et par tempérament, laborieux et décisif, M. Guizot a toutes les qualités et tous les défauts qui constituent un chef-doctrinaire. "

M. Thiers, on the other hand, impresses us with the young life of the movement; and although M. Cormenin is not altogether in love with his character, it is quite evident that he admires him beyond all his contemporaries. He compares him to Voltaire, says he is nervous and impressionable, and that he exhibits the caprices and pettishness of a child with the pretensions and gravity of a philosopher. M. Cormenin emulates the sparkling satire of Voltaire himself in such pithy strokes as the following, speaking of M. Thiers: —

" Il est plus homme de lettres que homme d'état, et plus artiste que homme de lettres. Il se passionnera beaucoup pour un vase étrusque, peu pour la liberté."

The contrast between M. Thiers and M. Guizot draws out the salient characteristics of both with great felicity. We will give one passage as a sample of the pungent spirit of these delineations.

" Entre M. Thiers et M. Guizot, antagonisme du tout au tout. L'un ductile, l'autre gourmé; l'un que ses vieux retours de jeunesse entrainaient à la dérive vers la gauche, l'autre que les surprises du légitimisme portaient vers la droite. Réunis par la peur, au moment de perdre le butin de juillet, séparés après la victoire par la convoitise des dépouilles, ils ne pouvaient se donner la main l'un à l'autre sans la retirer le sang aux ongles; et leurs baisers sur la joue, en plein spectacle, n'étaient que des baisers de trahison et de mort. Il était bien temps que ces inséparables amis se quittassent.

" Et, à vrai dire, il y avait entre eux encore plus d'antipathie de caractère que d'opinion, et, comme il arrive des forts aux faibles, M. Guizot se serait accommodé plus volontiers de M. Thiers que M. Thiers de M. Guizot.

" C'est à qui maintenant de ces deux spadassins d'état renversera l'autre du haut des tréteaux dans la boue. Noble pugilat!

" Dans les dernières sessions, M. Thiers a ramé entre Carybde et Scylla, avec une incroyable souplesse d'aviron, évitant la gauche sans donner à droite. On voyait bien qu'il venait de passer par le ministère des affaires étrangères. Ses discours, appris d'avance et travaillés extrêmement, sont de petits chefs-d'œuvre à l'usage des ambitions ministérielles. Il fait sentir à l'opposition dynastique, avec une bienveillance caressante, le prix de sa nouvelle amitié. Il assure, en passant, M. Molé qu'il peut à demi compter sur sa dédaigneuse protection, et il accable M. Guizot sous la moquerie de sa défaite, mais tout cela à pas de loup, à mots couverts. Aux bons entendeurs, cela signifiait que chacun des deux partis serait trop heureux d'en revenir à lui. Mais, allié trop incertain de l'un, allié trop récent de l'autre, M. Thiers n'est pas assez révolutionnaire pour l'opposition, et pas assez royaliste pour les doctrinaires."

But M. Cormenin is not always disposed to bestow so much trouble upon his pictures. He sometimes dismisses them in profile, and sometimes merely gives a rapid outline; even these, however, are expressive, and touched by the hand of a master. Lafitte, Charles Dupin, and Jaubert, are briefly described; and a variety of likenesses — including even such men as De La Borde, Humann, Dufaure, Bignon, Bertrand, and Martin (du Nord) — are crowded into an appendix under the title of "Orateurs en buste." In-

dependently of the vivacity and life-like truth of these inimitable sketches, which cannot fail to fascinate the attention of the reader, they are invaluable for the reflections they suggest upon the fate of nations. If any thing can explode the fallacy of "measures, not men," and convince the world of the importance of scrutinising the characters of the individuals to whom the destinies of countries are for the time confided, it is such a work as this of the sagacious Cormenin.

The writer who assumes the title of "Mask," undertakes a similar series of sketches of the leading men in both houses of the English parliament. He evidently thinks himself well qualified for the task, since he tells us that he has prepared these characters for the use of history, to save her the trouble of raking in old chests, and dusting her fingers in old magazines and newspapers; and he observes also, that it is highly probable that nine tenths of the parties who figure in his pages would be unknown to the world some hundred years hence, were it not for his timely aid. When it is stated that Wellington, Grey, Brougham, Peel, and Lord John Russell are amongst the individuals rescued from oblivion by Mask, the modesty of his pretensions will be duly appreciated.

But modesty is not a characteristic of satire, and Mask is a satirist. He leaps upon the stage with the vigorous agility of the clown, and begins by making ugly faces at the audience he is about to entertain. Unlike M. Cormenin, he is incapable of rendering justice to an opponent, and has such a genius for mockery and sarcasm, that he cannot let off even his friends, without maliciously exposing some of their defects. He is most successful when he is most abusive; he fails in panegyric, because he has none of the generous qualities that inspire applause with a tone of earnestness and sincerity. His praises are scanty, artificial, and precise; his censures vehement, tumultuous, unmeasured, and overwhelming. He appears to think it less necessary to be accurate than severe, and is always ready to sacrifice the fidelity of the likeness to the rampant malignity of the caricature. Such writers are not remarkable generally for the profundity or consistency of their views. They take up a set of opinions merely as a piece of machinery for working off their surplus humours, and are usually more engrossed by the process than the result. As far as the political opinions of Mask can be ascertained in the whirlwind of rhetorical passion, he may be set down as a reformer; but the exact extent of his creed seems to depend upon circumstances, and, like the elastic cravat in the fairy tale, to shrink or dilate according to the action of immediate influences. His zeal goes by contraries, breaking out into enthusiasm when he comes to examine the characters of such men as Burdett and Lyndhurst, and cooling down into caution and doubt when Grey and Russell are under consideration. He is not so much a believer in the doctrines of the Reformers, as a protester against the doctrines of the Conservatives; and, without having any affirmative proof of the fact, you infer that he must be a genuine Liberal, because he repudiates Toryism, just as you would pronounce a man to be a good Protestant, because he hated Catholicity.

But Mask is a clever fellow, notwithstanding that we cannot give him much credit for the integrity of his convictions. The truth is, he does not *feel* strongly—he only *writes* strongly. There is a great vigour of language, variety of expression, and originality of manner in his book; but the power of generalisation is wanted. Mask is a taker of individual portraits, which he heightens with draperies, and costume, and pillars, and windows, and flower-pots, and a hundred other artistical devices; but he cannot paint a great picture. He has not enough of philosophy or sympathy; his vision is

too limited, and his hands are too full of trifles for the attainment of excellence on a large scale.

The sketches are divided into two books; the first dedicated to first-class politicians, and the second to a trio of turncoats — Burdett, Graham, Stanley. In this division, Mask commits an egregious blunder with his eyes open, assigning three fourths of the volume to politicians of the first class, while he assures us at the same time that there is not a name in the list entitled to be admitted to that rank. His selection of persons is still worse. Amongst first-class politicians he includes the Marquess of Londonderry, Sir Charles Wetherell, Dr. Philpotts (who ought to be amongst the turncoats), and Dr. Whately, whose failure in the House of Lords he does not forget to commemorate with the usual asperity which, Whig-fashion, he incidentally deals out to his friends. The sins of omission are equally flagrant. Mask, indeed, seems to have opened his gallery to the men he knows, rather than the men who are worth knowing, and to have gathered for history not the most historical physiognomies, but the most familiar faces.

The character of Lord Lyndhurst is a good specimen of Mask's powers of coarse painting. All the points about the individual are salient; and Mask has caught them, not as they catch angels on the points of fine needles, but as they catch whales — he has fairly harpooned them.

"Talent he has in abundance — given him, as Lord Melbourne very properly conjectures, by God; industry he also has, exerted, as the same nobleman asserts with equal confidence, under the patronage of the devil. Principle — that is political principle, for as to private principle it is out of my province — political principle then he either never had, or turned it adrift very early, as too expensive for an adventurer. For foolish notions of Utopian morality he ever professed a very proper contempt; consistency in his idea was that sheer thick-headedness which could not understand the only argument by which a politician ought ever to be convinced. Patriotism was — but no, he never could give a definition of that.

"Imagine such a man tossed up and down, and thoroughly shaken among the elements of the last two dozen administrations — imagine him now chopping thoroughly round, now sideling gently a little back, now bolting like a singed rat from a burning house, now crawling gently back again when the fire was put out; imagine his shifts, his contrivances, his private laughs over his public speeches, and say whether you can help laughing with him. Imagine, moreover, a man who knew him in his youth, and who, retaining their then common Radicalism, has arisen no higher in estimation than to be thought a clever old scribbler, sitting down to remember how Copley started off, pitching out a bag of ballast whenever he got into a cloud, until, at last, he and the gas were clean out of sight, and nothing but the sand remained in the region he had started from. Imagine that, and you will feel why I laugh, and why I should be a fool if I fell to grave talk about abuse of talents, political inconsistency, and such like crudities."

The moral of this is the best of it. During the French revolution Lord Lyndhurst was a Jacobin. His reputation rose rapidly by the energy and talents he exhibited in the defence of Watson. But patriotism at that time was not a lucrative speculation, and the only way to make any thing of it was to sell it. His lordship watched the market, floated into parliament, and became one of the most devoted worshippers of mother church, and one of the most furious partisans of the government. The Rolls and the Court of Chancery rewarded his apostacy. But it became necessary to turn round again, and emancipate the Catholics. This was no great difficulty to a genius so ductile and accommodating. When the Catholics were liberated, it was next considered desirable to render their liberty insupportable by a harassing succession of parliamentary tactics; and in this service Lord Lyndhurst has outstripped all competition. Should his party — that is to say, the party to which he belongs at this moment — ever come into power again they cannot do less than restore him to the Woolsack; nor would it in the

least surprise us if they made him Archbishop of Canterbury. He would surely make as good a bishop as Dr. Philpotts, of whom Mask says,—

"If I were a painter, and would study nature for a face that might serve for that of a grand inquisitor, I should fix with enthusiasm upon that of Henry Philpotts, Lord Bishop of Exeter. * * * He has crawled through the usual narrow portals of servility: he has served that usual apprenticeship of degradation which the majority of our bishops have always undergone; and from being about the great in the capacity of private tutor — a person who, with the rank and education of a gentleman, is looked upon by our haughty aristocracy something in the light of a nondescript menial, and is especially despised by every rotund butler — he became a furious pamphleteering parson, with a good steady breeze in his favour, and a right good will to try its power."

But let us turn to a more attractive head. Joseph Surface himself is a more agreeable figure to contemplate than our Protestant Loyola. The sketch from which we take the following passage gives a just estimate of Peel. The writer despises his intellect, and arrives at the conclusion that as a politician he is contemptible. His "respectability," however, is undeniable.

"Sir Robert lavishes no *soins* upon agile opera girls, and figures in no amorous confessions of frail Harriets. He has ever been a man of unquestioned propriety; he throws away no auxiliary to ambition; and he well knows how much 'respectability' is worth in England. He was a good boy at college, and fagged hard. He took a double first-class — no very great thing to do, as examinations then went, and what half-a-dozen very mediocre men upon an average do every year, now that the difficulty is trebled; but still a very 'respectable' achievement for a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, in days when champagne and scarlet coats were the order of the day, and Latin and Greek were voted vulgar. Perhaps it was this early performance which first inspired him with that extraordinary estimation of his own powers, that religious awe of himself, which seems always to absorb him. He appears sometimes quite wrapped in self-contemplation, and, doubtless,

'The more he thinks, the more his wonder grows
That one small head can carry all he knows.'

Brougham, in one of his pamphlets, sneers cruelly at this 'his deep and devout veneration for himself, testified, among other things, by reverently dropping the voice upon naming the object of his adoration.' No one who has ever heard the right hon. baronet pronounce the pronoun 'I' in one of his speeches, can fail to feel the full force of this sarcasm."

No man in England understands the vulgar English character better than Peel; and no man plays up to it with more consummate skill. Every "respectable" individual who "keeps a gig" must entertain the most implicit admiration for him. He is the head of the class. The Irish have a phrase which they apply to upstarts — "Sheil in a gig," but which might hereafter be advantageously changed to "Peel in a gig."

O'Connell furnishes an amusing sketch. The amount of his influence in Ireland, and of the way he sustains it — his powers of controlling and carrying with him a popular assembly — his great capacity for business — and his indomitable energy will, at least, interest those at a distance who do not possess the means of judging for themselves. But the character of O'Connell remains to be written. It is as much above the reach of Mask's penetration as it lies out of the way of his inquiries. O'Connell is a worse and a greater man than he has described him to be. He is the man of the age who has accomplished the most extraordinary results with the most extraordinary indifference to the choice and use of means. The political problem that lies folded up in O'Connell's career must be solved by some more profound thinker than Mask.

What Mask is as a politician may be briefly seen from a part of his character of Lord John Russell, in which he vibrates between two opinions like a pendulum.

"To advance with the spirit of the age has always been his avowed creed. He has always advanced when he felt that the popular sentiment was with him, and, if he continues to be a politician, he will again; for he is the dupe of no stupid prejudice—he is neither passionate nor spiteful. I have hope of him, also, because he cannot be unconscious of his own individual insignificance; because he cannot imagine he is anything but what his followers have made him; because he cannot look around without seeing a hundred liberal men, each more able than himself, who might supply his defection. I have hopes of Lord John, because I believe him honest, and because I know that dishonesty would be, to him, political extinction.

"I do not mean that Lord John Russell is ever at all likely to fawn to and flatter every knot of impudent mechanics who meet in a pot-house, and constitute themselves the representatives of the working classes. I have no hope that he will take every idle cotton-coated brawler by the hand, and do his command. Even when he was bidding his utmost for popularity he did not do this. Admirably conceived, and in true tact, was his answer to two or three compositors upon the unstamped trash, who, upon the accession of the Queen, wanted to make her a holiday show, and to sport their ragged kickseys in the presence chamber. These men should remember that, though political rights are common to all, political importance is only due to education or to wealth. Both require toil and perseverance, and the latter is always open to men with a little talent and a little industry. Lord John told these indignant operatives that there could be no possible objection to their paying a visit to the Queen, they being previously clad in court costume — and the silver spoons locked up, he would have added, had he dared."

The "impudent mechanics," the "cotton-coated brawlers," the "kickseys," and the "court-dresses," betray that mental finesse which has been all along the bane of the Whigs. The attempt to legislate for the people in the spirit of fine gentlemen—the aristocratic lisp of liberty—the coming into the crowd with scented handkerchiefs to their noses—have invariably marked the whole course and bearing of the Whigs, who, as a party, cannot by their property, their hereditary habits, their traditions, and their prejudices, ever enter heartily into the popular cause. They approach it with an air of timidity, as if they were afraid of contagion; and, like the fop who lifts the soiled glove with a pair of tongs, they always contrive to keep a non-conductor between them and the people. Mask certainly advises Lord John Russell to give the ballot and a liberal suffrage to the constituencies; but observe how he stultifies himself, a few pages afterwards, speaking of Lord Howick.

"I look upon Lord Howick as a man of great promise; and, if I properly rate his energy and determination, probably destined to head a mighty movement, and a great peaceable revolution, even greater than that over which his father presided. His want of showy talents has prevented his being so well known to the million as he deserves to be; as he becomes better known he will become better appreciated. I believe the time is not far distant when he will be the only one in the cabinet in whom the nation will place its highest confidence."

The reader will no doubt smile at the prospect of the nation placing its highest confidence in Lord Howick. But this is not all.

"He approaches, also, nearer than any other member of the aristocracy to those great questions which have yet to be decided before England can be said to be in the possession of a wholesome government. I say Lord Howick approaches nearer than any other—where he stops I know not; I am inclined to hope that he has drawn no formal demarcation between himself and the people, and that he is ready, without looking to the sophistries of expediency-mongers, to advance wherever justice and sound reason may guide."

He does not know where Lord Howick stops; and he hopes his lordship will draw no formal demarcation between him and the people; and this, too, after his lordship has stopped, point-blank, at the ballot, and drawn a line of demarcation which, whatever his lordship and Mask may think to the contrary, never can be passed by the people. Lord Howick has taken his stand upon a so-help-me-God resistance to the ballot; and Mask, who is convinced in one page that the ballot ought to be granted, and

that any policy short of that measure would be fatal to the popularity of the government, thinks in another page that Lord Howick is destined to be the chosen minister, in whom the hopes and affections of the people of England are to be concentrated in the last extremity.

This is as bad as the conduct of Lord Howick himself, who agreed to throw open the ballot, under the pretence that it would hasten its success, and then turned round and declared that he did so because he really believed it would retard its progress.

Mask is in the same predicament as the Cabinet — he is divided against himself. An able weekly paper * gave a humorous description the other day of the difficulties of the ministerial journals, in trying to conform to the antagonist desires of the two sections of the Cabinet — trying to answer two bells in the servants' hall at the same moment. Mask gets into a similar dilemma. He holds the banner of the ballot in one hand, and claps Lord Howick on the back with the other. Now he throws up his cap for the rights of the democracy, and anon he moves away with an air of offended elegance from the greasy crowd. He looks very like a recruit enlisted in two belligerent services, whose valour is excited by turns at the sight of his alternate cockades.

From whatever point of view, however, we examine the characters of living politicians, we apprehend we must arrive at the same conclusion, that none of them will bear comparison with the men who preceded them, either in integrity of purpose or comprehensiveness of mind. The race has degenerated. Canning was the last of that lofty order on which Henry Grattan conferred so great a lustre by his virtues and his talents. The labours of Grattan cannot be properly estimated without a careful perusal of the history of the period in which he lived in connection with the narrative of his life. The volumes published by his son carry down his biography only to the year 1782, the date of the greatest achievement of his career — the free trade; but from these materials a sufficient image of the patriot and orator may be formed to satisfy the curiosity of those to whom his name is little more than a tradition.

Grattan had an original capacity for greatness — promptitude in availing himself of the fitting occasions for prosecuting his objects — lofty courage in the face of the worst dangers — remarkable skill in the strategy of parliamentary debate — enlarged views of the national good — sincere devotion to the real interests of the people — firmness — knowledge — and eloquence. The honour of having procured a free trade for Ireland belongs almost wholly to Grattan; it was the grand act of his life. Indeed, his fame may be said to subsist exclusively upon that single measure; for, although his struggles for Irish freedom and independence were continuous and consistent, entitling his memory to be held sacred for ever in the regards of his country, the free trade was the most important, prominent, and memorable of all the triumphs he gained over the administration of the day, — the question that occupies the largest space in the records of the Irish parliament.

The history of that great national measure is given at considerable length in the volumes containing the biography by his son, together with a variety of personal details, which we believe are now submitted to the public for the first time. The work is otherwise rich in documents of historical as well as personal interest. The correspondence of Mr. Grattan from his youth upwards, with some of the most distinguished men of the age, has

* The *Spectator*.

been collected from a variety of sources, and confers a permanent charm on the publication, developing not merely the growth of his mind, and the progress to maturity of his strong private attachments, but exhibiting a complete view of the spirit of the age, and the social institutions of Ireland. The production is, altogether, one of the most valuable and authentic illustrations of Irish history that has ever appeared.

It is to be remarked of Grattan that, from the earliest period of his studious life, he cultivated a peculiar style — terse, epigrammatic, and antithetical — by which even his speeches became ultimately more distinguished than his writings. He brought this manner to the highest state of perfection, polishing his abrupt and figurative sentences with an amount of care that seems to be almost inconsistent with the vigour and elevation of his intellect. The use of the antithesis, in public speaking, striking effectively upon the ear, and rendering the sense more perspicuous and impressive by the force of contrast, must be occasionally admitted as an artful expedient; but frequent recurrence to it is monotonous and unendurable. This was the prevailing fault of Grattan's speeches: they were not only highly electrical in particular passages, but were charged with electricity throughout, and came upon the audience like a rapid succession of minute explosions. Very often, too, these explosions went off in smoke. Such a panegyric, for example, as that a certain person had exhibited "seriousness without austerity, earnestness without extravagance, good sense without the trickeries of art, good language without the trappiness of rhetoric *," &c. really means nothing. It startles the ear, perhaps, to be smitten by the sound of something without another thing, each seeming, from the juxtaposition in which both are placed, to be necessary to the other; but the fact that this something does exist without the other thing shows that the other thing is not at all essential to its existence, and that, therefore, its existence without it is no more a matter of wonder than if we were to say, that such a man was "profound without whiskers — ambitious without being fat — and melancholy without a white waistcoat." Such petty artifices were beneath the genius of Grattan; yet he appears to have bestowed as much pains upon these verbal points as if they actually involved the most grave considerations. His letters are full of little starry passages about indifferent matters, which betray the sense of importance he attached to mere forms of expression. Thus in a letter from the country, he says, "I know nothing of the town at present: when I write to you, I write the language of my heart, *not the style of a newspaper.*" Nothing but the sheer bigotry of his devotion to the antithesis could seduce him into so preposterous a sentence. Again, he says, he is "tired of Dublin, with all its hospitality, *and all its claret;*" in another place, that he "lodges in the house of an old seaman, whose wife has all the arrogance of a gentlewoman, and all the coarse vulgarity of a dame;" that his friend Mr. Macauley married a Miss Murphy, "of a Jamaica extraction as well as of an estate;" and he complains, in another confidential epistle, that, on one occasion, he was for three days "left to the headach and himself." In an inferior man trifles like these would be unworthy of a moment's reflection; but in such a man as Grattan they present a curious subject for rumination. One can hardly understand how he bowed down his intellect to the production of such filigree sentences, which at best exhibit no higher degree of ingenuity than the exploit of cutting out a watchpaper, or writing the Lord's Prayer in the size of a sixpence.

* These lines are not Grattan's; they are from Dr. Parr's celebrated Spital Sermon. But all specimens of any given set of qualities without another set of qualities are precisely the same.

COLONISATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

New Zealand in 1839; *or Four Letters to the Rt. Hon. Earl Durham, Governor of the New Zealand Land Company, &c., on the Colonization of that Island, and on the Present Condition and Prospects of its Native Inhabitants.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

Extracts from the Papers and Proceedings of the Aborigines' Protection Society. Nos. 1 and 2. May, June. London: William Ball; Arnold & Co. 1839.

LYING in the Southern Pacific, between the thirty-fourth and forty-eighth parallels of S. latitude, and 166th and 180th degrees of E. longitude, there is an island, or, more correctly, there are two islands, separated by a strait four or five leagues broad, upon which nature has bestowed a delicious climate, a fertile soil, and such bounteous resources of the earth and waters as indicate almost inexhaustible means of prosperity and happiness. This island, or double island, was discovered in 1642 by a Dutchman, Captain Abel Jansen Tasman, who was appointed to the command of an expedition for determining the extent of the continent then called Terra Australis, supposed by some people to stretch to the pole. Tasman had not been many days upon his course, after leaving the Mauritius, when he discovered a great quantity of duckweed floating on the sea, which raised his expectations of shortly making land; and, in order to encourage the zeal of his crew, he declared that whoever should first descry a ridge of land, or even a break of shoals, should receive as a reward three reals and a pot of arrack. A month elapsed, however, before the reward was earned, the weeds still fast accumulating upon the path of the ships. At last high mountains were seen; and as the adventurers approached they discerned a variety of trees scattered over the surface, but planted so thinly as to offer no obstruction to a view of the country. Some of Tasman's followers went ashore, but were disappointed to find no inhabitants in this strange region, although there were evident traces of human beings in some ingenious steps cut in the trees, to assist the ascent of people in search of birds' nests. They had no sooner returned on board, however, than they saw the clear outlines of living men moving rapidly between the trees, and the smoke of watch-fires, or encampments, wreathing up from the distant woods. The curiosity of Tasman was strongly excited by these circumstances, and he prosecuted his voyage until he cleared the southernmost point of the land, setting at rest the tradition that it extended to the pole. Soon afterwards he steered to the east, and lost sight of this newly-discovered but unexplored land, which, in honour of the governor-general who had prepared the expedition, he called Van Dieman's Land — the name by which it continues to be known.

Nine days afterwards — on the 14th of December, 1642 — land was again discerned in the direction of the east. The clouds hung so low as to bury the heads of the mountains, which were invisible to the navigators when they had even arrived so close that they could distinctly hear the breaking of the waves against the shore. Towards evening they came to anchor in a tranquil sheltered bay. Throughout the day they could not discover any movements of life on the land, which appeared to be barren and uninhabited; but the sun had no sooner set than a display of lights, hurrying to and fro, inspired the whole scene with sudden animation; and four vessels, crowded with islanders, blowing an instrument that resembled

a Moorish trumpet, and calling to the strangers in coarse vigorous tones, put out to the ships. The Dutch returned the salutation of trumpets, but could not comprehend the language of the natives, which was wholly unlike any vocabulary with which they had been previously acquainted. That night no further approaches towards a friendly intercourse were established, the natives returning to the shore when it became dark; but the next morning they reappeared in greater numbers: seven canoes hovered near the ships; and, observing a boat full of Dutch sailors in constant employment conveying orders from one to another, the canoes surrounded it, nearly upset it with their beaks, and assailed the crew so ferociously with clubs and paddles that they killed three of them and mortally wounded one, escaping back to land with one of the dead bodies. This incident — discovering too plainly the savage character of the islanders — determined Tasman to stand out to sea; but his vessels were scarcely under weigh when twenty-two canoes rapidly followed, and persisted in keeping close in their wake, until the Dutch, opening a brisk cannonade, compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. In commemoration of this inhospitable reception, Tasman named the bay *Moordenaare's* or Murderer's Bay, and, in honour of the States-general, called the country Staten Land.

From that period until 1770, when Captain Cook sailed through the groups of the Pacific, nothing further was ascertained concerning Staten Land, and the general impression was that it formed part of a great undefined southern continent. Captain Cook, however, circumnavigated it, and found it to consist of two large islands, divided by a strait, to which he gave his own name, changing the name of the islands from Staten Land to that by which they have ever since been known in Europe — New Zealand.

The extent of country embraced by these islands — which, although distinctly separated by the waters of the strait, are yet in such close proximity to each other as to form of necessity one common nation — considerably exceeds the entire surface of Great Britain and Ireland. The accounts of the actual length and average breadth of New Zealand vary in a very remarkable degree in different publications, especially in those which affect to favour the public with clear summaries of popular miscellaneous information, crowding an inconvenient diversity of topics into a surprisingly narrow compass — a class of books which, of all cheap ducts of knowledge going, are the last to be relied upon for correctness in the most accessible matters of fact. In one of them we find New Zealand stated to be no less than 2100 miles in length — a startling exaggeration, which the compiler appears to have duly balanced by representing Hindoostan to be 1000 miles long, and to contain one presidency, Bombay, which alone, he informs us, is 65,000 *square miles in length!* * Indeed, so profound is the ignorance which prevails concerning New Zealand, that in many of our school geographies its name is altogether omitted, except in the dwarf map of the world which sometimes accompanies such books, and where the curious explorer may perchance detect it occupying an obscure place southwards in the Pacific. This desideratum will no doubt be speedily supplied by the results of the inquiries which recent circumstances have brought to bear upon the islands, and which must ultimately lead to a complete survey of them; but in the mean time it is of the utmost importance that all the information that can be depended upon, in reference to their climate, productions, natural resources, and population, should be fully, honestly, and clearly laid before the English public.

There is a striking difference between the northern and southern islands

* Popular Statistics. London, 1835.

of New Zealand. The former is agreeably diversified by hills and valleys, richly clothed with foliage, and watered by numerous navigable rivers: the latter is mountainous and barren in the interior (although capable of being brought into extensive cultivation), but luxuriantly wooded towards the sea, almost to the water's edge. In consequence of this material difference in the immediate agricultural characteristics of the islands, the northern portion has naturally attracted the largest share of attention; and it is to that side that the rush of settlers, missionaries, and traders has hitherto been almost exclusively directed. A chain of mountains runs north and south through both islands. The finest timber grows in abundance nearly in all parts, but especially in the north; pines of five or six varieties, including the Koudi pine, which resembles the timber of the Baltic, and is considered by competent judges to be superior to it; several hard kinds of wood adapted for ships, and ferns of almost every description; all of which are found in great luxuriance, and in forests of vast extent. The soil is generally light and fertile, and, according to Dr. Lang, would be most advantageously employed, for the greater part, in pasturage. But this opinion must be taken with some reservation, and must be acted upon only in reference to the local influence of circumstances. Pasturage has been carried on with extraordinary success in New South Wales; but that seems to suggest the very strongest reason why agriculture would be likely to afford the best return to the emigrant in New Zealand, especially as the soil is so favourable for cultivation. In 1773 Captain Cook tried the experiment of planting several spots of ground with European garden seeds; and, when he returned to the island four years afterwards, he found, in many of the places where he had deposited the seed, extensive crops of onions, radishes, leeks, mustard, cabbages, and fine potatoes, nearly over-run by weeds, but considerably improved in quality by the change of soil. The country produces spontaneously wild celery and cresses, which spring out of the fissures of the rocks and are to be found in every cave; yams and cocoas are also plentifully grown; and the potatoes of New Zealand are, perhaps, the finest in the world. It is worthy of observation that, while the Irish potato is brought to such perfection in these islands, the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax, is capable of being brought into higher cultivation in the bogs of Ireland than in its native soil; a fact fully established by the experiments of Sir Humphrey Davy.*

The grand productions of New Zealand are timber and flax. With these alone a large and remunerating commerce might be secured; but every species of grain, roots, and fruits, corn, maize, tobacco, olives, potatoes, some of the most delicate products of the east, and the entire vegetable kingdom of Europe, might be reared with success in the rich alluvial tracts that stretch along the banks of the rivers. Mr. Busby, the British resident, introduced the vine with complete success. The climate of the country is favourable to almost every description of garden luxury. It does not fortunately belong to that class of exquisite climates that are to be found only in Paradise or in poetry: it is more equable than the climate of England, milder in the winter, and not so hot in the summer. All travellers agree in representing it to be remarkably fine and genial, resembling Italy or the south of France, improved by the breezes from the sea; yet, notwithstanding this combination of advantages, New Zealand is said to furnish no quad-

* A company was projected in London five or six years ago for the purpose of introducing the *phormium tenax* into Ireland, thus rendering a double service to the country, by turning the waste lands to a profitable account, and producing one of the essential materials for the navy at a cheaper rate, and with a more constant supply, than it can be had now. But the company, after a few indications of life, suddenly abandoned the design, and nothing has been heard of it since.

rupeds but dogs and rats, and no game of any kind. Captain Cook, perceiving this want, introduced some European poultry into the islands, and, on a subsequent visit, was gratified by finding that they had increased, both in their wild and domestic states, with unparalleled rapidity, and to an extent that rendered their extinction extremely unlikely.

The bays and roadsteads abound with a variety of excellent fish. The shellfish is described to be of a superior quality, better flavoured, and more delicate than any found in Europe. The whale fishery on the coast is also so prolific, as to point out New Zealand as the most desirable point for establishing the head quarters of a whale fishery for the whole of the Southern Pacific.*

The aborigines of New Zealand are amongst the most interesting of the primitive races that have escaped the desolating progress of the white man. In stature they resemble the inhabitants of the Three Kings' Island, as described by Tasman, who tells us that they are very tall, and in walking take great strides. The New Zealanders are generally between six and seven feet in height, sometimes more, and rarely less, of great strength and activity, muscular and large, but unlike the people of Otaheite or the Society Islands, having no tendency to obesity. One traveller observes that, if they were properly fed, he has no doubt they would be the largest and best made men in the world.† The women are finely formed, and graceful in their persons, and both sexes mark their bodies with black stains, called *amoco*, which is similar to the process of tattooing. This fashion is general, but by no means arbitrary in its regulations, as every person tattoos himself agreeably to his taste, sometimes commemorating particular events by particular dots or incisions, until at length each individual may be identified by his own special marks.‡ The costume of the sexes does not present any very prominent points of difference. It consists chiefly of the skins of dogs, cut lengthwise in divers colours, attached to a strong matting called *pui*, and tied over the shoulders from two corners, and then girded loosely with matting round the waist. In addition to these articles, the New Zealanders exceed all other nations in the display of trinkets, shells, feathers, &c.; and they carry this love of finery to such a height, that their canoes are held to be the most picturesque vessels of any savage tribe afloat. The Roman Catholic missionaries appear to be quite aware of this frailty of the natives, and turn it zealously to account for the benefit of Christianity, by loading them with presents of pretty little brass crucifixes, and images of the Virgin Mary, which the New Zealanders exhibit to the best advantage, suspended from their ears, or glittering round their necks, amongst sharks' teeth, birds' wings, bits of coloured glass, bright stones, tin-foil, and buckles. Sometimes they decorate the collars of their dogs with these emblems of redemption.

A race with such a happy turn for embellishments may be expected to betray a little touch of poetry in their habits and customs, especially as nature has capriciously denied to them the pleasures of the hunt, and even the meaner enjoyment of birds'-nesting; accordingly we find them in possession of some usages which are not only peculiar to themselves, but which are specially calculated to provoke European curiosity. Perhaps one of

* Dr. Lang mentions an important fact, illustrative of the productiveness of the whale fishery on the New Zealand coast, namely, that, during 1838, a single mercantile house in Sydney imported from New Zealand no less than seventy-one tons of whalebone, which usually sells for 145*l.* per ton in London. As each whale yields about 500 pounds' weight of bone, there must consequently have been not fewer than 284 whales killed to produce this quantity.

† See Holman's Voyage Round the World, vol. iv.—a work of singular and peculiar interest.

‡ Polack's New Zealand.

the most singular of these is the practice of eating each other upon the slightest pretext, and of even getting up broils and feuds, hoping in the scramble to kill a few heads of human beings for their festivals. Their favourite modes of cooking are roasting and baking, which generally satisfy all their desires, as they are certainly not epicures, and the varieties of food to which they are restricted are not numerous. We do not know whether they use vegetables with their dishes of contemporary meat, but the luxury of a first course of fish is undoubtedly known to them. They are fishers of fish as well as of men — they kill birds and dogs for domestic consumption; and, instead of bread, they eat the root of a sort of fern, which they scorch over the fire, and then beat with a stick until the dry bark falls off. It is usual with them to celebrate a victory over some neighbouring chief by a great banquet; and on these occasions the amusements generally open with a war-dance, the most spirited movement in which consists of jumping as high into the air as they can; and this is followed by a sham fight, after which they sit down to eat the bodies of their vanquished enemies. In the winter of 1830, Echo, one of the most distinguished of the New Zealand chiefs, gave a feast of this description, which consisted of one hundred baskets of potatoes, cumoras, and greens, about four hundred weight of whale oil, some pieces of blubber, and several baskets of human flesh. The appearance and character of Echo may be received as a fair exemplar of the whole society. "Echo's personal appearance," says one who knew these people well, "is very prepossessing: he is tall and well made, of a graceful carriage; has the finest face I think I ever saw; and his hair, which curls gracefully over his shoulders, is ornamented with a single feather which proclaims his rank. His mind, however, is of another complexion, cowardice, cunning, cruelty, and treachery being its principal characteristics. He visits every strange vessel that arrives, for the purpose of stealing whatever he can lay his hands on, in which object he is so ably assisted, that a vessel has scarcely been an hour at anchor before she is stripped of almost every moveable article. The language of the eyes is, with much adroitness, made an auxiliary in their nefarious proceedings." *

It is worthy of remark, that the penal code of the New Zealanders includes such a minute catalogue of crimes as to lead a stranger to suppose, at first sight, that the people were the most fastidiously moral people on the face of the earth. But the severity of the laws, which visit with death a variety of minor offences that are elsewhere punished by fine, imprisonment, or expatriation, is susceptible of this solution — that the New Zealanders eat the criminals they execute. It is not very surprising that they should exact so rigorous a measure of legal responsibility, since it contributes so usefully to supply the desiderata of beef and mutton.

The houses of the islanders are irregular and poorly provided. Mats and baskets are the principal pieces of furniture, and in the formation of these articles the natives exhibit as much skill as in their cannibal legislation. Their settlements are in scattered villages, containing from 200 to 1000 persons each, recognising, but hardly governed, by the authority of a chief. The constant employment of these numerous parties is that of making war upon each other. Any one who has examined a drop of water through a powerful microscope, and watched the perpetual activity with which the work of destruction proceeds amongst its myriad inhabitants, has seen a fac-simile of the state of society in New Zealand. The natives

* Communicated to Lieut. Holman by the commander of a vessel trading amongst the natives of New Zealand. See Holman's Voyage Round the World, &c.

carry on the same sort of warfare, and for exactly the same purpose, — they fight for their dinners, and dine upon the dead bodies.

The New Zealanders are not wanting in a religious belief, adapted to these traditions of a life of wolves. They are not encumbered with temples or physical representations of the Divinity; there is no palpable idolatry in the way of their vigorous habits; there is not a single trace on tree or stone, throughout their whole territory, of any form of faith, for they refer all things to an invisible and pervading agency, the Great Spirit that speaks to them in the thunder and the winds. They believe in a God *, a Devil, and a Ghost. The particular functions of these three spiritual natures are, perhaps, not very clearly defined; but the devil and the ghost may be regarded as superstitions that have grown up in the course of time upon their original simple notion of the Eternal. Perhaps in their God they acknowledge the Creator and Preserver, and in the Devil, the minister of vengeance and retribution. As for the Ghost, it is not much to be marvelled at that some belief of that kind should exist amongst a people who feed so extensively upon their fellow-creatures.

In common with most other enlightened nations of the earth, the New Zealanders have a priesthood. The principal duties of these individuals is to frighten the weak and superstitious — a sanctified labour, which is not confined to the ecclesiastical functionaries of the Pacific Islands. They are said to have the power of charming, cursing, and prophesying, which they exercise exclusively for their own benefit. By the process of the *tabu* they can make things sacred: thus a woman, after her marriage, is tabooed and made sacred; and a man can get his house and grounds, or his fishing-tackle, or any thing else made sacred, the object of which is to justify him in taking the life of a trespasser. The priests, therefore, may be presumed to have their hands full of business, because, the greater surface covered by the *tabu*, the greater the chance of catching trespassers. While the *tabu*, applied to property, carries something of the respectable air of our insurance offices, it operates, in reality, like a man-trap or a spring-gun.

These ingenious people are as fond of dancing as of fighting, and frequently mingle both entertainments in an agreeable medley. When a marriage is about to be celebrated, it is generally preceded by a pitched battle between two candidates for the hand of the bride, greatly to the delight of the bystanders, and the especial admiration of the lady herself, who is prepared to bestow her tenderness on the victor. This amusement s considered to be quite baulked, unless both parties are severely beaten. The disappointed pride of the vanquished rival is usually soothed by a present of fishhooks, and then the entire company join in an hilarious dance, and a frantic chorus, that may be heard at a distance of some miles. One of their dances, called the *háká*, consists in a curious uniform undulatory motion of the hands and feet, which is rendered still more striking by being performed, at the same moment, by several hundred persons, with the utmost regularity. Their principal musical instrument is a flute, made of the thigh-bone of some devoured enemy, pierced with holes, and covered at one end. According to the most scientific criticisms that have reached us in reference to this instrument, it would appear that the sounds produced from it closely resemble the shrieks of a carpenter's saw, when it meets some unexpected resistance in the grain of a log.

* On one occasion, about ten years ago, they were terribly alarmed about their god, whom they call Tananana, and who was said to have been seen flying over Caffara towards Cape Egremont, at which place it is now supposed he has permanently taken up his residence. He formerly resided at North Cape.

It is rather remarkable that, while the New Zealanders are so fond of human flesh at their repasts, they should also observe great reverence for the dead. This sentiment of veneration for the departed appears, however, to be confined to their own tribes or villages, and to be exhibited with greater or lesser parade according to the rank of the deceased. In conformity with this classification of their piety, the slaves (when they are not sent to the oven) are thrown to the dogs; the poor are burned; children are put in a trough, and covered with mats, and the trough is fixed on the top of a post, about six feet high, near the tent, where it remains until its contents moulder away; but the bodies of chiefs are placed in a piece of timber hollowed to receive them, painted red, and fixed upright in the ground close to their residence, which is tabooed, and never entered again. The women of the village or clan perform periodical horrors at the tomb of the dead hero, inflicting hideous wounds on their bodies with bits of broken shell, glass, and fishes' teeth.* But the feast of the Haihunga, instituted by the various tribes to commemorate the actions of the illustrious dead, is the most elaborate of all their ceremonial offices. On these important festivals, the bones of the defunct warriors, says Mr. Polack, are scraped clean with muscle-shells, washed in a tabooed stream, and placed in the cemetery. The clergy of the district then form a procession, and, carrying forth the bones, join in an antistrophal chant, reciting the glorious actions of the departed, whose spirits are thus apotheosised. Formerly it was the custom to sacrifice a slave at this feast, which is regarded with peculiar awe by the natives; but slaves have become scarce — their services instead of their carcases having risen to a premium — and the New Zealanders, priests as well as laity, much to their mortification, are obliged to put up with pork.

Such are the people of New Zealand — such the land they inhabit — such their occupations, amusements, and characteristics. That such a race should have been permitted to keep possession of two islands so tempting to the cupidity of Europeans — that they should have escaped the common doom of the red man — and that *civilisation* should not have *extirpated* them long since, may possibly be attributed to the ferocity with which they have treated many parties who have from time to time attempted to establish a trade amongst them; to the desperate warfare they wage amongst themselves; and to their general reputation as cannibals, which is certainly not calculated to fascinate strange adventurers to their shores. But, although no regular movement, extensive in scope and design, has been directed towards the colonisation of New Zealand by any of the countries of Europe, a vast deal of bit-by-bit emigration has gradually taken place, and drawn by degrees a considerable European population to the islands, especially to the more favoured tract to the north of Cook's strait. This population, as might be expected, is not of the class likely to benefit the aborigines, consisting of missionaries, who have availed themselves of the opportunities thus opened to them to acquire property at the expense of the natives, and the neglect of the solemn responsibility confided to their hands †; land-jobbers and adventurers, who take advantage of the fantastic attachment of the people for articles of European manufacture, and who, in some instances, have purchased large tracts of land for an old musket and an iron pot; and

* See Holman's Voyage, &c. The same writer observes that these women frequently exchange their children, and nurse those which they adopt with great care. He also tells us, on the authority of the captain already referred to, that they frequently suckle puppies and young seals!

† From this censure Dr. Lang excepts the Wesleyan Mission, the members of which are strictly prohibited by the fundamental laws and constitution of their society from acquiring property of any kind, whether in land or stock, at the missionary stations.

a numerous herd of runaway or discharged convicts from New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land,—the scum and refuse of the worst portions of our home population. Of course there are and must be individual exceptions; but, as no settled system of emigration and colonisation has hitherto been acted upon in reference to New Zealand, nobody can be surprised to learn that the component elements of the European stock, thus attempted to be grafted upon the islands, should be of so deleterious and demoralising a character.

In consequence of all these circumstances combined — the internal feuds and cruel practices of the natives — the introduction of the vices of Sydney and Hobart town — and the close neighbourhood of the penal settlements that poured in their tide of depravity, disease, and death into the healthy region, New Zealand was fairly an unclaimed spot of earth — a waif of the waters, possessing no rights or government of its own, and being literally exposed to the first speculator who had courage enough to seize upon it. In this state of things miles of estates were bought up from the gulled aborigines for a few buttons or blankets; and one daring adventurer, taking the title of the Baron de Thierry, actually tried the experiment of assuming the sovereignty of the whole country. It was not until these proceedings became matter of general notoriety that the attention of the English public was directed to the subject. The inquiry that ensued ultimately resolved itself into the question, whether the British government ought to take possession of New Zealand? But while the government, with that drowsy procrastination which has for so long a period somniferously distinguished its colonial administration, was revolving this knotty point in its lethargic mind, a company of capitalists stepped in, and buying up a large surface of land, at a small rate of purchase-money, from the natives, have, in an incredibly short space of time, succeeded in disposing of it at a handsome profit to a considerable body of emigrants from this country, who are announced to take their departure for the El Dorado of the Southern Pacific on the 15th of the present month.

We assume at once that it is sheer waste of time to argue the right of our government to take possession of New Zealand. We possess the same description of right to take possession of New Zealand as that which we acted upon in taking possession of Van Dieman's Land, New South Wales, the West Indies the Canadas, and Hindostan; and, perhaps, our title is rendered a little clearer and more conclusive by the fact that, although we did not discover New Zealand, (for the honour of the discovery cannot be taken from Tasman,) we were the first to explore and circumnavigate it. But the right which most countries have hitherto stood upon is not so simple and definite as the priority of their telescopes or their charts — it is obviously the right of the strong hand; and, reluctant as we may be to acknowledge so disagreeable a truth, this is the kind of right by which we have secured and held the great majority of our dependencies. In the case of New Zealand, it would be a very ridiculous piece of international etiquette which would make our government hesitate about appropriating a remote island for the national advantage, while they suffer a company of gentlemen to appropriate it for themselves. The real question is not as to the right of the government to colonise New Zealand — a right which cannot be called into dispute except by the New Zealanders themselves — but as to the policy of adopting such a step, and the manner in which it ought to be carried into effect. This latter consideration is, in our opinion, of immeasurably greater importance to the true interests of humanity, christianity, and the stability of the British empire, than any other point involved in the investigation.

It will be in the memory of the reader that a bill was introduced last session into parliament for the establishment of a British colony in New Zealand, and that it was thrown out on several grounds, amongst the rest, because it was feared that the formation of a chartered company for such a purpose would probably lead to the extermination — certainly to the oppression — of the aborigines; and to judge by our past exploits in the way of colonisation, there is no doubt that this fear was well grounded. But since that time the New Zealand Land Company has been formed without troubling parliament, has purchased an extensive line of territory, marked out the boundaries of its first colony — its first town — its land and river course — and planned its entire field operations; and government, pressed for a decision as to their *intentions*, have dimly intimated the probability of their interposition at some future period to take the colony under their protection. But in the mean time what guarantee do we possess that the New Zealand Land Company may not produce the same calamities amongst the unfortunate natives that have been almost invariably produced wherever we have penetrated in the name of colonisation? And what guarantee do the emigrants possess that the lands they are to derive under the company shall be secured to them? The title of the company must be first established before the company can confer a title upon others.

The abuses that have been committed in the early settlements of all European colonies are familiar to every reader. At this age of the world, when knowledge has gone forth amongst men, enlightening and humanising the earth, and when the peaceful triumphs of the pen have superseded the bloody victories of the sword, the time has surely arrived when the white races ought to address the black for higher and nobler purposes than that of cheating them out of their inheritance, hunting them to the frontiers and confines of their possessions, slaughtering them to make way for the increasing numbers of their own body, and committing in detail the grossest and most revolting criminalities, to clear the scene for the extension of their own unholy traffic.* In the formation of new colonies, after all the experience we have had, it ought to form a preliminary condition that the rights of the aborigines be held sacred, and that, in all purchases of land and adjustment of locations, the interests and security of the aborigines should be strictly respected. We do not entertain any romantic notions about the primitiveness of the New Zealanders. We know that they will sell a hundred acres of arable land for a tin kettle or a ramrod, and that they will make what they suppose to be a good bargain, and cheat if they can. We know that they are ignorant, cunning, and cruel; but we say that we — educated, humane, and powerful — ought not to oppose fraud and force to the childish chicanery of the untaught savages; and that we are bound, by the spirit of our religion, by the genius of our national institutions, and by the honour of the national name, to civilise and shelter them from injury, instead of practising on their credulity and crushing them under our ploughshares. What we complain of in this instance is that her Majesty's government has permitted the New Zealand Land Company to be formed; to purchase land from speculators who originally purchased it for trumpery trinkets from the natives: to sell it out at a profit, and make preparations for an extensive settlement, without obliging the company to enter into a

* Some of the atrocities committed by white men are incredible. Dr. Lang mentions the case of a convict bushranger in Van Diemen's Land, who was hanged a few years ago for crimes against the European inhabitants of the country, and who confessed, when under sentence of death, that he had actually been in the habit of shooting the black natives *to feed his dogs!* This is appalling; but there are worse cases on record, to which we might easily refer, if we thought the subject really required further illustration.

solemn compact, in the first instance, to protect the miserable natives from inroads and oppression in the progress and issue of their proceedings. For all her Majesty's government seem to know — or, perhaps, to care — about the matter, the aborigines of New Zealand may be driven, before many years shall have elapsed, from their rich alluvial plains and irrigated valleys into the barren mountains of the southern island, where there is neither game nor vegetation, and where they must expire of famine, or, contrary even to the instinct of cannibals, feed upon their own tribes. This result is by no means unlikely — yet government has taken no precaution to avert such a catastrophe.

An admirable institution has been called into existence in this country by the desire to prevent, for the future, such scenes of inhumanity and violence: we allude to the British and Foreign Aborigines' Protection Society. It has not yet acquired sufficient maturity to enable it to create the requisite machinery of protection contemplated in the principle of christian justice upon which it is based; but it already forms the natural centre of all such operations: and to that institution we look for an energetic appeal on behalf of the aborigines of New Zealand. The subject has occupied the serious consideration of the society; and we find amongst its transactions (referred to at the head of this paper) a document of great interest, which may be recommended to the perusal of every person concerned in the affairs of the new colony. We allude to a letter from Dr. Hodgkin, one of the most distinguished members of the Aborigines' Society, to Mr. Hawes, in which the thoughtful and benevolent writer points out several objections to the plan of the company, and suggests a mode of proceeding by which all the objections might be obviated, and the colony planted in happiness and security. Dr. Hodgkin allows that the first proposition of purchasing land, or obtaining it otherwise by amicable means, is just and honourable; but he points out the difficulty of amalgamating widely different races, and the dangerous jealousies that are likely to be generated in the attempt. The suggestion of forming a colony complete in this country, and then transplanting it to New Zealand, like a full-grown tree, with its own soil about its roots, he considers liable to two objections: — 1st, That it would have the effect of rendering the colonists independent of the natives, and thus preventing the cultivation of social intercourse between them; 2d, That the prosperity of the undertaking would lead to the rapid extension of colonial enterprise in the same direction, to the common injury both of the natives and the first settlers. Alluding to the well-known aptitude of the New Zealanders in the imitation of European arts, Dr. Hodgkin thinks (very wisely in our opinion) that the acuteness of this uncivilised race, instead of affording a hope that they will readily submit to the government of the company, suggests rather the apprehension that they will resist all improvements as innovations and revolutions; and that their chiefs, so far from quietly surrendering their authority for a compensation, will exercise it with all the power they possess in defence of their ancient rights and privileges. In the whole of this temperate and philosophical view of the question we cordially agree; and we submit the proposition that follows to the grave consideration of every person who has contemplated emigration to the Pacific. Perhaps it is not yet too late to reap some practical advantages from this valuable suggestion: —

"To prevent such results attending your well-intentioned efforts, I would suggest that you should rather attempt to found a commercial metropolis for the natives of New Zealand than seek to colonise the country, and open the door for emigration from this and other civilised countries. *Let emigration be encouraged to those regions which are either*

wholly without inhabitants or very thinly peopled, but not to a country like New Zealand, which is already tolerably well peopled by a race possessing strong mental and bodily powers. I would ask whether every really desirable purpose which you have at heart might be more easily, speedily, and economically effected by founding a well-placed city, having a certain limited territory belonging to it. With this little territory, the various petty states into which the country may now be divided by its native possessors and rulers might, by skilful management and address, be induced to form such a league or confederation as would not only secure your safety, but maintain peace and tranquillity amongst the neighbouring chiefs, whose hostility to each other has been exhibited in warlike expeditions, which their acquaintance with European arts have made more frequent and bloody. The peace which you will thus promote would favour the introduction and cultivation of all the arts necessary for the production of those commodities which it is your object to import from your settlement."

We have marked one sentence in italics for the special benefit of emigrants, who ought to be instructed to draw a sensible distinction in their calculations of future success between a land thinly populated or wholly uninhabited, and a country already possessing a population, hardy, powerful, and vigilant. But, reserving this point for a moment, let us follow out Dr. Hodgkin's proposal. From the establishment of this commercial metropolis, he derives, as irresistible corollaries, the increasing popularity and influence of its founders; the gradual introduction of all the reforms which christian philanthropy demands; the power of preventing injurious speculations in the form of other settlements; the adaptation of native industry to the labours of the dockyards, the plantations, and the manufactories; and, finally, the institution of schools and courts of justice, the protection of the missionaries in the discharge of their duties, and (which is still more necessary and important) the salutary correction of those disgraceful practices by which they have brought so much dishonour upon their high profession. Throughout all these suggestions, it will be perceived that Dr. Hodgkin bears in view that strict respect for the rights of the aborigines which can alone insure security to the proceedings of the colonists; and that his entire plan is gradual in its operations, comprehensive in its scope, eminently practical in its development, and, above all, just and philanthropical. He begins by addressing the agency of civilisation to the actual wants of the aborigines, and appealing to their intelligence and their sympathies through the most direct and accessible channels. The work of a more expanded illumination, the diffusion of all the blessings of peace, order, and religion, the establishment in full activity of the humanising and useful arts, and the ultimate reception of these benighted and neglected islanders into the one great christian family — these great and glorious results are the natural and inevitable issues of his benevolent and judicious plan. While we accord to these principles our hearty concurrence, we cannot sufficiently condemn the impracticable theories that have been launched by other writers, for the attainment of the ends of colonisation amongst savage populations. We hold it to be purely visionary to attempt the absorption and reduction of such races through the single experiment of preaching in the first instance, postponing secular affairs to a subsequent period; and we are surprised to find Dr. Lang advocating a system which has never yet been known to succeed, and which his own experience might have shown him to be in the last degree hazardous and ineffective. Speaking of the missions in New Zealand, that gentleman observes,

"Reversing the apostolic plan, the missionary carpenter, the missionary boat-builder, the missionary blacksmith, the missionary ploughman, the missionary rope-spinner, &c., were all set to work at their various occupations, and the natives were expected forthwith to imitate their example. In fact, the mission settlement in New Zealand was for a long time a complete lumber-yard; a factory, in which all sorts of labour were going on but the proper labour of a missionary, — the very clergyman, for there was only one on the island,

being in no respect different from a common agricultural labourer, except that he mounted a pulpit and read prayers in a surplice every Sunday."

The failure of the New Zealand mission must be ascribed to other causes than that of the attention devoted to the cultivation of native industry; and Dr. Lang himself attributes it elsewhere to the cupidity of the missionaries, who appear to have consulted in all cases their own personal aggrandisement, at the expense of the people they were paid for teaching. How far the "apostolic plan" could be acted upon at this advanced age of the world, in such a place as New Zealand, may be reasonably questioned, especially the "apostolic plan" according to Dr. Lang's interpretation, which we give in his own words: —

"Indeed, as a general maxim, I would say that it is by no means particularly desirable that the New Zealanders should acquire a knowledge of European arts till they have embraced the religion of Europeans, when they will acquire them as a matter of course."

We never find a moral consequence set down as *a matter of course* that we do not instinctively doubt whether it really enters into the contemplation of him who expounds it; and in this case we believe the *matter of course* is about one of the most remote contingencies that would ever be likely to be realised. When Dr. Lang speaks of the New Zealanders embracing the religion of Europeans, he speaks wide of his own meaning, and, indeed, wide of all possibility, for in Europe there are so many religions that it would involve the poor islanders in a sad perplexity to embrace the divine chaos. Dr. Lang clearly does not mean the Roman Catholic religion, because he denounces it, as having already produced the most baneful effects in the southern hemisphere; and we can arrive at no other conclusion, after a careful examination of his *brochure*, than that he means by the religion of Europeans the special forms and doctrines of the church of Scotland, of which he is the zealous representative in New South Wales. Now this is the education question, cast as an apple of discord amongst the aborigines of New Zealand; and, to judge of the effects which its discussion has produced in educated christian England, it is hardly to be expected that it would have a very soothing influence in a heathen country. The reduction of the sacerdotal despotism of the gorgeous state church to Dr. Lang's small scale of religious tyranny is infinitely diverting. He says to the New Zealanders, "You shall be taught the arts of Europe if you embrace the church of Scotland; but unless you accept this condition you shall learn nothing." This miniature proscription is a ludicrous imitation of the Thatched House manifesto after all, considering the people to whom it is addressed and the circumstances under which it is issued. He would be more likely to succeed by the offer of a handsome cargo of glass beads and pinchbeck trinkets.

But there remains still a large field of speculation for the emigrants who are about to encounter, under the auspices of the New Zealand Land Company, the risks of an adventure of settlement, before the probabilities of the future condition and government of the islands have yet been determined upon. It is by no means certain that the contracts of the company are safe or permanent. They have purchased land from persons who are charged with having obtained it from the natives by taking a civilised advantage of their simplicity; and it can hardly be anticipated that the British government, when they come to claim their right of pre-emption, will confirm any privileges of property acquired by such means. Dr. Lang, who enters very minutely into this branch of the subject, and whose observations upon it ought to be consulted by every person who proposes to join the colony, is so

strongly impressed with the necessity of revising all those purchases and grants, that he even recommends the government to assert its authority in the investigation of every individual case; so that honest men may be enabled to retain their possessions, and persons of a different description be compelled to restore to the natives, or to the government on their behalf, the land they have fraudulently acquired. For this proceeding there is already a very satisfactory precedent, to which Dr. Lang refers. A few years ago, some adventurers from Van Dieman's land discovered a splendid country on the south coast of New Holland, and negotiated for the purchase of vast tracts of land, for a mere trifle, from the natives.

"The deeds were drawn up in due form, the natives having appended their respective marks, with all the customary formalities of English law; and certain lawyers in Van Diemen's land, who, it was alleged, were concerned in the speculation, pronounced them valid. But the imperial government, insisting on his late majesty's right of pre-emption, or, in other words, of treating exclusively with the natives for their land, very properly disallowed the whole transaction, and the native deeds were consequently null and void."

Here is a case bearing strongly upon the purchases that are now taking place in New Zealand; and should the government — as they have intimated their intention — establish the British authority in that colony, we know not how they can become parties to any proved acts of corrupt dealing, or, rather, how they can refuse to render justice to the appeals of the natives, awakened to a sense of their wrongs by the contentions that must take place in such an event.

But, even if such a measure should never be adopted, it does not appear that any real advantages can be gained by the emigrant who purchases land from the company at one pound per acre, when it is notorious that he may purchase it from the natives, as Dr. Lang observes, at probably not more than five farthings an acre, payable, moreover, in British goods, on which he can realise a profit of at least fifty per cent. To the company's offer of three fourths of the purchase money to be paid back to the emigrant in the conveyance of valuable labour to the colony, Dr. Lang opposes the cogent argument that for one fourth of that amount the same quantity of labour can be imported from New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land; so that the inducements offered by the company are really no inducements at all to a capitalist. Any man who has money to expend in a venture of this description could expend it to much greater advantage by speculating on his own account.

We cannot conclude the subject in a more salutary spirit than by extracting the recommendation which Dr. Lang submits to the consideration of the gentlemen who have embarked in this project for conveying English emigrants to a distance of 10,000 miles from their native land, on a trip of experimental colonisation.

"Let the company," he observes, "make a voluntary and entire surrender of their native titles to her majesty's government, to be adjudicated upon individually by a temporary board, like the Court of Claims in New South Wales, to be appointed for the purpose by the government, at the minimum price of crown land, to be established in the island, deducting the full amount the company may have already paid for their lands, either to the natives or to individual Europeans. The usual influence of such an example would be salutary in the highest degree in New Zealand, as far as the actual European population of the island are concerned, and would strengthen the hands of the government exceedingly, at the outset of the colony, in carrying out the simple but most important principle of her majesty's right of pre-emption in all cases, as regards the aborigines."

It is essential for emigrants to bear in mind that, whether the government should hereafter assert this right or not, they are equally involved in a dilemma: in the former case, by the risk attending the confirmation of

their purchases; in the latter, by the risk of being placed in the midst of a hostile, and, as we have shown, a crafty and sanguinary population, without having the protection of any established rule or authority to support them in their difficulties. And here the suggestion thrown out by Dr. Hodgkin is entitled to attentive reflection. New Zealand is a populated country. Unlike other places that have been chosen for the labours of a settlement, it is already held by numerous and powerful tribes. To act in such a scene with success, great means, moral and physical, are absolutely necessary. Are the emigrants prepared with such means? With this question — the importance of which need not be insisted upon — we take our leave of the subject for the present.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

No. III.

In 1831 — with respect to that which represents the nation in its vitality, the people and the youth — progress, in the sense which I have indicated from the commencement of my first letter, is distinctly visible. No royal prince is now at the head of the movement.*

No necessity is now recognised to commence the insurrection by the higher ranks; it shows itself in the bowels of the country; it is effected by a national feeling; it is the work of all; it has no need of names in order to succeed. "After the three days," it is here M. Orioli, an unsuspected authority, whom I willingly cite, "the crowd at Bologna besieged the chief post-office. In the coffee-houses a kind of pulpit was erected, from which the journals were read aloud. The papal government trembled. The people kept repeating, 'When shall we ourselves give the signal for rising? to remain thus inactive is shameful.' The young men manufactured arms; they formed themselves into companies: they chose their captains. There were in the city only a thousand soldiers, and almost all were very indisposed to fight against the people: the secret societies were henceforth useless." Subsequently, indeed, the two commanders of the troop declared before the prolegate of the pope that they would not have ordered their men to fire on the people: thus the youth, the soldiers, the people *en masse* were for the insurrection; and that which we here state of Bologna holds true of all the states of Central Italy. None refused to answer to the summons as soon as the summons was heard. It was a splendid sight, was this insurrectional

* The singular idea, to call it nothing more, of placing the Duke of Modena at the head of the Italian movement, had, it is true, been entertained before 1830, in the conspiracy hatched at Modena; but it was a secret between the chiefs and the duke; the youth who under them laboured in the cause knew nothing of it. Suggested, for an unknown object, by a person who still lives, and who has not thought proper to explain his intentions, in spite of the just requisitions of his countrymen, it was accepted as a sort of guarantee given to the revolution, by Menotti, a young man of a noble and generous nature, full of activity and devotion, but whose political capacity, perhaps, was not equal to the grandeur of the cause he had undertaken, and who did not foresee the false and almost untenable position in which he placed himself. After 1830 the idea was abandoned. For this the duke avenged himself by the death of Menotti. His large fortune was confiscated, and his house was plundered. His aged parents, and all his family — models of suffering virtue and of resignation — are exiles at Paris.

movement spreading from place to place like a train of powder — like the cross of fire which your ancestors carried from village to village. The signal was given in the night of the 2d of February, at Modena, from the house of Menotti. The thirty-one young conspirators, surprised by the soldiers of the duke, and summoned to surrender, answered by vollies of balls, and withstood, during a great part of the night, the onset of the numerous troops who surrounded the house. Cannon was brought and levelled against this extemporaneous fortress of new-born liberty; and it was the sound of this cannon which raised Bologna. She rose in the night of the 4th. When the next sun set, Imola, Faenza, Forli, Cesena, Ravenna, the whole of the Romagna, effected their movement. Modena, recovered from the stupor into which the unexpected affair of the 3d had thrown her, had already forced the duke to fly, on the night of the 5th, towards Mantua, dragging with him his victim Menotti, who was wounded and destined to destruction. On the 7th, it was the town of Ferrara; she rose under the eyes of the Austrian garrison, which withdrew from the city. On the 8th, Pesaro, Fossombrone, Fano, and Urbino drove out their governors. On the 13th, the insurrection triumphed at Parma. Subsequently, Macerata, Camerino, Ascoli, Perugia, Terni, Narni, and a host of other cities emancipated themselves. Ancona, where at first Colonel Sutterman made preparations for defending himself, was compelled to yield to some companies of soldiers, and of the national guards, commanded by General Sercognani. All this, as we have said, was done by the people, from an impulse which had no need of known chiefs, with an enthusiasm which it would be difficult to describe. The women and the aged all joined hand in the holy cause. It was the women who made the cockades and the flags. There were veterans of the Italian army, who seeing a certain mistrust evident amongst the youth, showed them their ancient wounds, and said to them, "We have received these only in the defence of our country." By the 24th or 25th of February, the Italian cause had been embraced by 2,310,913 inhabitants, who, free and emancipated, were ready to use every effort to aid their brethren to follow them in their career.

I have said the *Italian* cause, and I beg the reader to note this; for here, in fact, we have the refutation of the fears of which I have already spoken; here we have the vital law of the movement, and the condemnation of the provisional governments which were not able to comprehend it, or did not dare to follow it.

The standard which was raised was the *Italian* standard. The cockade which was worn, and which M. Orioli demanded should be laid aside on the first day of the Bolognese insurrection, was national. "Italy," was the general cry. From the first day, the youth of Bologna sought to invade Tuscany; those of Modena and Reggio to deliver Massa. Subsequently, the national guards, commanded by Zucchi, asked to be led by way of Furlo into the kingdom of Naples. In these first days of confidence and spontaneous action, every youthful patriot would have been astonished by the question, whether it was for the emancipation of the central provinces of Italy, or for the whole of Italy, that he had risen.

Hence may be deduced the duties of the men who came after the movement had been effected, and made themselves its chiefs and directors.

In every revolution, I conceive that the men to whom the prosperity or misfortunes of their country are matters of indifference, hold themselves aloof. I conceive — without justifying them whenever the revolution is the expression of the national will — that those who cherish in their hearts opposite convictions, will oppose the movement frankly and honourably; but

I cannot understand those who place themselves at the head of the revolution itself, and who act in a sense diametrically opposed to its first aspiration. If the name of traitor is anywhere applicable, it is, I think, in such a case as this.

When a people rises, the men who come to put themselves at its head, accept implicitly the idea for which, and by which, that people has risen. There is concluded between them and the mass, of which no one forced them to take the lead, a tacit, bilateral contract, in which the people says to them, "I have risen for this; this is what I will: I have courage and hands; you have heads and science: show us the way in which we can obtain our object:" and in which they answer, "Good; we will show you it: follow us, and support us." It is a solemn, sacred contract, — the most sacred with which I am acquainted, — in which actions take the place of provisions, and in which the salvation of the people is at the end of each act. If this is not so, I no longer know what political morality is; for then all deception is justifiable, and all treason legitimate.

And if this contract is violated — if the direction taken by the chiefs is in direct opposition to that which the nature and real object of the revolution enjoined to be followed — the revolution will fail: it will perish like a plant suddenly transported to a foreign soil and climate — like every thing which is attempted to be developed in a manner contrary to the law of its being; and in this case, ought the plant or the being to be accused, or not rather the imprudent hand which has perverted its growth?

Now let us examine from this point of view that which the provisional governments did which placed themselves at the head of the movement.

The movement, in its origin and object, was Italian; — they changed it to a provincial one. Its natural law tended to enlarge its basis as much as possible: they narrowed it as much as possible; they treated propagandism as criminal: they laboured to erect obstacles to the revolution, instead of seeking to overthrow those which existed. Nationality was the soul of the enterprise: they belied it, and sought their main support for the insurrection abroad. War with the Austrian was inevitable; it was necessary, therefore, to prepare for victory; but they laid it down as a principle, that the success of the revolution depended on the maintenance of peace; that this peace was not only possible but probable, and almost certain; and that consequently, all demonstrations, all organisation tending to disturb it ought to be proscribed. The revolution tended necessarily, from the nature of its elements, to terminate in a republic, to which the foreign governments could not be expected to be favourable; its allies then ought to have been sought amongst homogeneous elements in the people: now the sole pledge of alliance between nations is a proclamation of principles; and they made none whatever: they calculated on the aid of kings: they forced a popular movement to kneel before diplomacy. Activity was necessary to excite a spirit of action, energy to inspire energy, and faith to create faith. They were weak, undecided; and all their actions betrayed fear: hence the natural consequences, — distrust at home, discouragement and inaction in the other states of Italy, diplomatic deceptions, and the ruin of the revolution. Subjected altogether to the principle proclaimed abroad of non-intervention, it necessarily fell with this.

The principle of non-intervention had been, it is true, so explicitly, so solemnly proclaimed by the French government, that it could legitimately be supposed to have weight in the calculations of all those who were called to direct a revolution: already, considerably before the movement, a memoir drawn up by some influential Italians had been transmitted to the French ambas-

sador at Naples, M. Latour-Maubourg, which put to him the question, what France would do in case the Austrians should attempt to suppress a revolution which might break out in Italy. The ambassador wrote at the end of it a few lines, signed with his name, which "pledged France to support Bologna, under the conditions alone, that the government to be hereafter established should not assume an anarchical form, and that it should recognise the principles which had been declared in the face of Europe." This memoir, with the note, was handed about at Bologna during the first days of the revolution; and it was submitted to the provisional government, according to the evidence of M. Orioli. I know that M. Latour-Maubourg afterwards denied the fact; but I believe that there are sufficient reasons for asserting it to be true. This document, however, is of little importance, for the parliamentary debates are sufficiently decisive on the subject: "France," said M. Lafitte, president of the council in the Chamber of Deputies, Dec. 1. 1830—"France will not allow the principle of non-intervention to be violated; but she will labour also to prevent the peace from being compromised, if it can possibly be preserved; and if war becomes inevitable, it must be proved that we have had no choice between it and the abandonment of our principles. The holy alliance had for its object to stifle, by common efforts, the liberty of the people wherever its standard might be raised: the new principle proclaimed by France is that of allowing liberty to have free course, wherever it may naturally rise." Subsequently, the principle had been twenty times repeated and explained before the Chamber of Deputies. On the 15th of January we have M. Guizot exclaiming, "The principle of non-intervention is identical with the principle of the liberty of the people." Jan. 22, the minister for foreign affairs declared that "the holy alliance was based on the principle of intervention, which was destructive of the independence of all secondary states: the contrary principle which we have consecrated, and which we shall cause to be respected, ensures the independence and the liberty of all." On the 28th, the same was asserted by the Duke of Dalmatia. On the 29th we have it from the lips of M. Sebastiani. This was certainly sufficient to give the chiefs of foreign revolutions the right of taking into consideration, amongst the chances in their favour, the consequences of this principle.*

But other calculations ought to have been taken into account. It ought to have been foreseen by men of the least discernment and common sense in political affairs, that in 1831 a war between France and Austria must inevitably terminate in a general struggle, in a European contest between

* The treason of the French government was complete. For, let me detail it here, in order that I may not have to return to the subject: at the same time with these parliamentary proclamations, other proceedings were on foot which were still more abominable, because they affected individuals, and were the cause of particular measures. France played the part of a provocative agent towards the Italian, as well as towards the Spanish, patriots. "Did not Louis Philippe," says M. Cabet, a French deputy, in his work on the revolution of 1830, "transmit to the King of Naples a plan of a constitution drawn up by General Pepe? Did not he encourage the idea of a marriage between one of his daughters and the Duke of Modena, when the latter should have become King of Italy? Had not he several conferences on this subject with the brave Felix Lepelletier?" I have nothing to say with respect to these questions, but I can testify, as an ocular witness, the conniving tolerance of the French government in February, with regard to the preparations made by the Italian exiles at Lyons for marching on Savoy, and seconding the movement of Central Italy. These preparations were publicly made. The point of union for the association was the Café of the Phœnix. Arms were publicly bought and collected; volunteers were enrolled, who appeared in uniform. The Committee of Direction was in communication with the prefect of Lyon, and with the government. It was only a few hours before the departure of the force that a proclamation from the provincial authorities denounced the exiles as inciters of revolt and breakers of the peace. The force set out, nevertheless, but was followed by a body of cavalry, which surrounded and dispersed it. A great number of the exiles were arrested; all were driven back.

the two principles of the *status quo*, and of progress by national sovereignties. Now, in such a war, if France had every thing to gain, Louis Philippe had every thing to lose. The movement would have now overwhelmed him. The revolutionary impulse which, in order to succeed, it would have been necessary to give to France, would have overthrown the new royalty in the whirlpool of a war, which from the nature of its elements would have been converted into a sort of republican crusade; for the royalty in question was feeble, without root or sympathy in the nation. The sole, the grand guarantee of existence for Louis Philippe was then, as it still is, peace: here is the secret of his power and of his party. Hence, the only means of forcing him to overcome his repugnance, and in descending into the arena to keep the engagement which he had contracted with the nation, was that of organizing resistance, so as to be able to prolong the struggle for a long time; of generalizing it as much as possible, in endeavouring to facilitate the movement in those countries of Italy in which it had most obstacles to encounter; to take care that, above all, it should be effected in Piedmont, for the footing of the Austrian in Piedmont, as of the Prussian in Belgium, is irreconcileable with the dynastic interest and political tradition of France. But it was altogether a mistake to believe that Louis Philippe would hasten to rush into a war, when those whose ally he was expected to be showed themselves so feeble: it was stupid to see in the principle of non-intervention an obstacle to the Austrian invasion. Austria must have invaded, even at the hazard of a war with France: for the preservation of her Lombardo-Venetian possessions she is compelled to intervene against every Italian movement in whatever state it may take place. Hence, not to prepare for the struggle, was to furnish to Austria the means of destroying the subject of litigation, without giving any time for remonstrance. Louis Philippe understood so well the value of time at this conjuncture that, hoping to see the insurrection suppressed before there should be time to demand of him the fulfilment of his promises, he concealed for five days from M. Lafitte, president of the council — the only man, perhaps, who acted with good faith in this affair — the despatch of the French ambassador at Vienna, announcing the invasion by the Austrians of Central Italy.

Nevertheless, the provisional governments of the insurgent provinces acted on the hypothesis that Austria would not invade — that she would allow the revolution to establish itself in the heart of Italy; and that the only thing to be done was to furnish no legitimate motive for invasion. They thought of nothing else. Amongst all their acts there is not a single one which proclaims the national sovereignty; not one which summons the people to arm; not one which organizes the principle of election; not one which was calculated to encourage the other Italian states, and to make them believe that the hour of liberation was come. Fear was betrayed by their earliest measures. The revolution was rather accepted and tolerated than proclaimed: it would seem as if excuses were sought for it. The provisional governments of Parma and Modena declare, that the princes having abandoned their states, without leaving a government, the people is reduced to the necessity of forming one itself. That of Bologna declares itself installed, because "the act of declaration of Monsignore Clarelli, prolegate, announces the definitive intention to abandon completely the political administration of the province, and considering that a country cannot remain without some government, to preserve it from the evils of anarchy."* Shortly afterwards when the revolution, strengthened and extended, compelled it to adopt a bolder style, it is not still by virtue of the

* February 5. 1831.

imprescriptible right of every people to be free, that it proclaims the liberty of Bologna: it is to tradition that it appeals — to local tradition, — to the rights resulting from the convention passed in 1447, between Bologna and Pope Nicholas V. "In demanding liberty," it says in its declaration of February 11. 1831, "Bologna has done no more than reconquer that which for some time it had virtually lost," &c.; and its president, John Vicini, undertakes to expound historically this phrase in an address to his fellow-citizens, of the 25th of February, which is the diffuse, pedantic, and mean-spirited production of a jurist.*

At Parma, a certain M. Fedeli, elected general of the national guard, refused to accept the appointment, unless under the approval of the duchess, who was about to leave the city; this the government allowed him to request. A few days afterwards he entered into a conspiracy to effect a counter-revolution; and it was left to the youth of the city to disarm the soldiers whom he had gained over to this enterprise. The same government, although its finances were exhausted, ordered that all the *employés* of the court which had been expelled, should be paid from the public treasure. There was so little sense of Italian revolutionary right in these provisional governments, that one of them, in recalling home some citizens banished in the cause of liberty, entitled this decree an amnesty.

The news of the rise of Central Italy had spread rapidly to the extremities of the country, and had produced in all quarters a secret fermentation, which threatened sooner or later to break out into action. Nevertheless, there was scarcely any knowledge of men or things, or of the moral state of the people throughout the Peninsula. The governments used every effort to prevent communication. Wanting such data to go upon, and persuaded besides that the men composing the provisional governments ought to furnish the most energetic expression of the revolutionary ideas, those who were engaged at Naples, in Piedmont, or elsewhere, in preparing the public mind to follow the movement, waited for an act or a command from the centre of affairs, which might inform them what they ought to do, and point out the moment which they ought to seize. In a revolution, it is always from the initiatory point, — from that which is regarded as the focus of the insurrectional project, that men look for inspiration. In the mean time the decree of the 11th of February came to damp all ardour in the cause. By this decree, "Bologna hastened to notify to the European powers that she did not seek to interrupt the ancient relations of friendship with other countries, and that she would never permit the violation of their territories under any pretext. She hoped, in return, that no foreign state would take upon itself to interfere in domestic differences, which regarded her alone. Her tri-coloured flag would not be unfolded on the field of battle, except

* As the whole direction of the movement came to be concentrated in the Bolognese government, I think it may be advisable to give here the names of the members. From the fourth of February these were: the Marquis Francis Bevilacqua, the Count Charles Pepoli, the Count Alexander Agucchi, the Count Cæsar Bianchetti, Professor Francis Orioli, the Advocate John Vicini, the Professor Anthony Silvani, and the Advocate Anthony Zanolini. But at the end of the revolution, at the epoch of the capitulation, the government of the United Provinces, in consequence of some modifications which had been effected in the interval, was organised in the following manner: Vicini was president of the council of ministers, Silvani was minister of justice, Count Ludovico Sturani of finance, Count Terence Mammiani della Rovere of the interior, Orioli was minister of public instruction, Doctor Pio Sarti of police, General Armandi of war, Bianchetti of foreign affairs. Zanolini was member of the council. In passing a general sentence on the conduct of this government, and on the political capacity of its members, an exception can only be made in favour of Count Charles Pepoli. As he was almost always absent on different missions, it would be unjust to make him share the responsibility of the fatal errors committed by his colleagues; and the more so, because I believe that he alone instinctively recognised the true situation of affairs, and his subsequent conduct proves that his ideas are those of the young generation, and do not belong to the old routine, by which his colleagues were regulated.

when she was called on to defend her own territories." By this decree the centre renounced all initiative; it separated entirely its cause from the Italian cause, — country with it was Bologna — its system was peace, its hope non-intervention. It appeared to invoke repose and inaction: in no way had the states which might hereafter revolt any thing to expect from those which had preceded them; they could look for neither direct succour, nor for a diversion. The men of pure reaction, so numerous in Italy, renounced in their indignation every attempt at action; the diplomatic conspirators of the old school saw in this a great mystery, of which they thought it imprudent to hasten the *denouement*. "They are certain," they said, "of France joining them; for they are taking a direction which, unless she does, will terminate in their ruin, — let us continue to wait." And they waited.

Here we have one of the chief errors of Italy — a too implicit confidence in every thing wearing the appearance of calculation or of tactics, and too little confidence in enthusiasm, action, and simultaneousness — three things which comprise within themselves almost the whole of revolutionary tactics. We follow, await, or study events, instead of creating or dominating them. That which is in reality only meanness of conception is too often adorned with the name of prudence. Hence the vital importance which attaches itself to the first steps of those who undertake the task of initiation in Italy; it is on the degree of energy and talent which they manifest, that the general march depends. But this habit of renouncing spontaneous impulse, and awaiting inspiration from that which transpires abroad, is fatal. The discouragement which, in 1821, the deputies from the Lombard and other cities found in the chiefs at Turin, caused them to put off the movement; now it is precisely the *general* movement which calls forth the energy of *all*, and which produces men capable of directing it. This, however, rises rather from a defect of political knowledge and education than from a want of courage.

Nothing occurred to change the march of events in Central Italy. The youth demanded permission to rouse Tuscany to arms, and thus perhaps, by means of its eastern "riviera," to bring about an insurrection at Genoa; but it was refused. At Modena it was wished to form a column to march upon La Garfagnana, La Lunigiana, and on Massa, which was still in the hands of the soldiers of the duke: envoys from Genoa demanded this operation; it had also the object of opening, by the sea, a route to the exiles in France and Corsica: the government answered, "that if non-intervention was respected, liberty would sooner or later be established at Massa; but that if not, of what good could either be Massa or the sea?" From Corsica, the exiles themselves formed into a body, and having organised a certain number of Corsicans, sent to Bologna to demand some pecuniary aid, in order to fit out some ships, and also instructions respecting the disembarkment on some part of the coast: succour was refused them, and they were requested to abstain from their enterprise. So scrupulous were the authorities at Bologna, that, as M. Orioli informs, being in want of a certain number of muskets, and being compelled to borrow them from the provisional government of Modena, they took care to express, in writing, that they only received them as a simple loan, under security, and under the express obligation to return them the instant they should be required.*

* This strict and literal compliance with ordinary rules still did not save Bologna from the accusation of non-intervention. On the 15th of August, 1831, the French minister for foreign affairs said to the chamber, "On the 6th of February Bologna effected its revolution. That of Modena had taken place some time before. It is necessary to set right a point which has hitherto been ill explained. The first insurrection at Modena had not succeeded. A movement took place at

With respect to every thing which regarded the interior of the states of the Pope, matters were still worse. The sole act which can be called revolutionary, and which M. Orioli describes as tremendously energetical, is that of the 8th of February, which pronounced the abolition of the temporal authority of the Pope over Bologna and its province: this was to recognise a deed which had been accomplished, and it was a measure which could not have been omitted. This solitary exploit was the only sign which the government gave of *positive* life; all the rest was mere negation. The son of the Count de St. Leu proposed to organise a militia; but he was prevented. The fortifications of Ancona had need of repairs; they were left untouched. When General Zucchi subsequently arrived at Bologna, he commanded six regiments of infantry and two of cavalry to be formed; the project was opposed. Rome might have been taken without any great difficulty: already on the 12th, symptoms of an insurrection had been evident there; and although a first attempt, ill-organised, had been suppressed, it had still left the public mind in a state of unquiet expectation which facilitates the success of a *coup de main*. This General Sercognani never ceased to recommend, and he showed its possibility: the government declined the step, and did not even send to Foligno, although the matter had been arranged since the 20th of February, the necessary ammunition and artillery. Could these men comprehend the importance to all Italy of a flag of liberty planted on the capitol? The minister of war, Armandi, was the most active in this system of obstruction.*

The youth murmured, and threatened; it was appeased by promises. The press was indignant; it sought to place the question again on its right footing, on an *Italian* foundation. The answer to this was a restrictive decree, which punished, by fine or imprisonment, persons selling journals, "which were of a nature to compromise the relations of peace and amity existing with foreign governments." (Decree of February 12th.) All this was known in the rest of Italy.

The results of these facts were such as were to be expected. Count Bianchetti had been sent to Florence to interrogate the French and Austrian ambassadors: the French government did not even deign to answer the demands which were transmitted to it; it was keeping up, at the same time, an amicable correspondence with the Pope, and offering him aid. M. de St. Aulaire, who was sent to Rome, arrived there on the 20th of March, having avoided passing through Bologna, and refused all communication with the provisional government: the Austrian declared that he should intervene at Parma and Modena, but merely from the law of reversion; that Bologna had only to remain tranquil in order to be respected. The intervention took place, at first at Parma, Reggio, and Modena; and here

---

Bologna in favour of the Modenese insurgents, who by this means were enabled to triumph. Now I demand whether this is not a veritable intervention; and, if you refuse to recognise the right of governments to interfere, you must do the same in the case of insurgents." All this is impudently false. The affair of Menotti took place on the night of the 2d; Bologna rose on that of the 4th; the Romagna on the 5th. The Duke quitted Modena on the night of the 5th. On the evening of the 5th, some Modenese went to demand succour at Bologna, but it was refused.

* It appears that a certain Baron de Stoelting, a Westphalian, belonging to the house of the Prince of Montfort (Jerome Buonaparte), was sent to General Armandi, to prevail upon him, in pursuance of a promise made by the Prince of Montfort to Cardinal Bernetti, to prevent the expedition to Rome. The interview took place at Ancona; and, after that, Armandi took a decided part. Stoelting was the bearer to Armandi of a communication from Count Lutzow, the Austrian ambassador at Rome. General Armandi himself contradicts (p. 39.) the assertion that there was a want of ammunition, which has been somewhere made. A quantity was manufactured in the parishes, the women taking part in the labour.

the conduct of the government of the insurrection begins to be disgraceful as well as inept: but I shall disguise or conceal nothing, for in displaying the cowardice of individuals, I justify the nation. On the 6th of March, the provisional government said, in speaking of the occupation of Modena, "The affairs of the Modenese are not our own; the sacred principle of non-intervention imposes laws on us as well as on our own neighbours: none of us ought to take part in the quarrels of neighbouring states." It decreed that *all foreigners* who should present themselves at the frontiers should be disarmed, and sent into the interior. The *foreigners*, in this case, were Italians of Modena, to the number of 700, who presented themselves, with the old General Zucchi at their head*: they were actually disarmed, and were marched through Bologna like prisoners. The occupation of Ferrara soon followed: Ferrara was part of the United Provinces; she had seven deputies at Bologna: the provisional government announced this event in its proclamation of the 8th of March, without any remark: two of its envoys, of the names of Brunetti and Conti, brought back from Ferrara the verbal assurance of Bentheim that he should advance no further. The *Precursor*, the organ of the government, maintained, in its number of the 12th of March, that the principle of non-intervention had not been violated, that the treaty of Vienna gave to the Austrians the right of garrisoning the place, and that General Frimont had the power of increasing the garrison. A regency of the government was established at Ferrara in the name of the Pope: a proclamation was made, in which there was mention of Austrian aid: the Bolognese government maintained, on the 11th of March, that this proved nothing; that the affirmation of a papal junta and the intentions of Austria had nothing in common. The Austrians marched upon Bologna; they were at her gates upon the 20th of March, and still on the 20th of March not an order was given — only the citizens were required to keep quiet at home: it was recommended to the national guard to remember, that it had only been instituted for the maintenance of good order; fathers were advised to take especial care of their children; children were ordered not to quit their homes to assemble anywhere else: then the government quitted the city, met at Ancona; and on the 25th of March — two days after having elected a triumvirate, consisting of Zucchi, Borgia, and another honest and decided man, after having consequently abdicated all power — the members of the government, the men whose names I have given above in a note, placed the insurrection at the mercy of Cardinal Benvenuti, and capitulated, in demanding an amnesty: it was accorded, and was signed by parties on both sides, on the 26th. All the ministers affixed their signatures, with the exception of Pepoli alone, who was absent. I say of Pepoli alone, although I know that the name of M. Mammiani does not appear amongst the rest; but I have had in my hands the *procès verbal* of the sitting of the 25th, decreeing the capitulation, which the treaty of the 26th does no more than accept, and to it his name was attached.†

* The old general, Zucchi, a soldier of the empire, full of honour, of wounds, and of devotion to his country, had quitted Milan in disguise, in order to rejoin the standard of liberty. He was elected, on the 15th of March, commander-in-chief of the armed force. The appointment was almost a mockery. The youth proposed to him to overthrow the government, and to centralize the power: he refused, and did wrong. Captured at sea, in spite of the capitulation, he is now expiating his devotion to the cause in Bohemia.

† As is well known, the articles of the capitulation were violated; they were sent to Rome on the 26th of March, and annulled on the 5th of April by the Pope, as soon as the occupation was complete, and all the fortresses delivered up. The edicts of the 14th and 30th of April condemned, indiscriminately, chiefs, accomplices, aiders and abettors — the men of poetry or of prose — all

With men like these at the head of the movement, is it to be wondered at that all Italy did not rise in 1831? Is it astonishing that the insurrection did not triumph?

Now — and this objection has been made — whence came these men? How is it that we find them so often at the head of Italian movements? Do they not represent, by the simple fact of their power, the mean of the Italian revolutionary force? They do not. These men in no way represent the elements of regeneration existing in Italy: to judge of the one by the other would be to judge of France by its present government. In Italy, those who have effected the insurrections have never chosen their chiefs. From a feeling of legality carried to an extreme — from a fear, exaggerated, though honourable in its origin, of the accusation of being ambitious or anarchical—also from a traditional habit of confidence in men of great age and some reputation — and from a too real inexperience of the nature and march of revolutions, the artisans of insurrections, the people and the youth, have always ceded the right of organisation to the first who, with a shadow of legality, aspired to exercise it. The conspiracy and the revolution have always been represented by two different classes of men; — the one falling aloof after having overthrown the obstacles; the other suddenly undertaking the development of an idea, which it had never had, of a plan which did not belong to it, of an enterprise of which it had meditated neither the difficulties nor the resources, and with which it had never identified itself by enthusiasm or sacrifice. Hence the transformation which it has always undergone under their hands. Thus, in Piedmont, in 1821, the realisation of the revolutionary conception was confided to such ministers as Dal Pozzo, Villamarina, Gubernatis—all strangers to the conspiracy; and to a junta, of which the members, chosen by hazard from amongst the public characters, were completely ignorant of the powers, the tendencies, and the individuals of the party which they claimed to represent. Thus, at Bologna, the members of the provisional government were chosen by the government which had been overthrown; their title was their installation on the very day of the insurrection by Monsignore Paracciani Clarelli. Thus, generally, the councils of communal administration of the capitals assumed in addition the name of civic congress (*consessi*), declared themselves the legal representatives of the people, and appointed, without having the right, provisional governments. Now in these assemblages old age predominated; and with it ancient routine, old ideas, antipathy to the youth, and the fear, now without foundation, of the excesses which defaced the French Revolution. There was certainly a degree of liberalism present, for this is nowhere absent in Italy; but this liberalism was merely skirmishing,—it was faint and formal, — it was that which is termed *moderatism*, which is in reality nothing but a liberalism of detail, and not at all of principles; such, in a word, as is capable of being tolerated under suspicious, timid, and despotic governments. Hence the nature of their choice. They naturally chose men of their own tendencies, descendants of ancient families, distinguished professors, advocates in large practice; and never those who, by their political intelligence, enthusiasm, or energy, were made to ensure the success of revolutions; for that which they sought before every thing was not guarantees

who had contributed to the insurrection, and all who had approved of it: but this did not prevent Louis Philippe from declaring, in his speech to the chambers of the 23d June, 1831, that he had obtained for the insurgents a real, full, and entire amnesty. On the 9th of July, a circular published by France, Prussia, Sardinia, and, unfortunately also, England, in common, branded as criminal, and as very criminal, the insurgents and the members of the government.

of success, but of order and moderation. The youth, confident and inexperienced, in the intoxication of their first triumph eagerly accepted names which were not new to them — men, whose lectures they had attended, or whose speeches they had heard in courts of justice: why should they quarrel about names? Their standard — their colours — their hopes — stood them in stead of every thing, and rendered them confident of the future! They forgot that there is an immense difference between the necessities of a people in slavery and of a people in liberty, and that it is very rare that those who have represented the individual or municipal interests of the former, are calculated to represent the political and national interests of the latter. And for this error they have severely suffered.

The insurrection having been suppressed, the governments pursued their work with a fury unequalled, — except by their cowardice on the day of danger, or by our clemency whenever we have been the masters. A new layer of proscriptions was now superadded to that of 1821. Men emigrated *en masse:* there were no less than 600 exiles from the little duchy of Modena alone. The initiator of the movement — Menotti, died on the gallows, March 23d, 1831; with him perished the notary Borelli, a victim of the personal resentment of the Count Guidelli, one of the ministers, though his only crime was having, as a legist, assisted in drawing up certain acts of the provisional government: the duke sent the bill of the expenses of the execution, — the rope, the scaffold, and execution, — to the father of the victim. But it is not the scope of these letters to speak of our sufferings. They have been long known; and a single article of a law, for instance, the third of the decree published by the duke, April 8. 1832, which is as follows, paints more forcibly the situation of Italy than the hundred facts which I might be able to add to those already published: — "In cases where by the aid of *denunciations* or of *secret evidence* (of which the authors shall never be compromised, either by being confronted or otherwise,) we shall arrive at *moral* certitude of crime committed, instead of exposing the individual who has made useful disclosures, we shall content ourselves, as a measure of police, with condemning the criminal to extraordinary punishment, — milder, however, than the ordinary one, but to which *will almost always be added the penalty of exile.*"

1831 was a rude lesson for us; but our youth have profited by it. The deception of 1821 had taught them that every attempt at regeneration by means of the higher classes was a chimera; that of 1831 taught them that an insurrection seeking support abroad was equally vain. This eclectical work, the incorporation of the Italian *juste milieu*, making one step forwards and another backwards, prating of the people and holding the people in no account, laying down as a principle the republican idea and seeking to make it triumph by monarchical and diplomatic means, has led them to serious reflections, and caused them to feel the want of a definite revolutionary theory. In this want, and in these reflections, had its origin *La Giovine Italia*, — an association of which many have spoken, but without giving themselves the trouble to inquire into its object, its belief, and the means of realization which it proposes. These correspond to the ideas I have expressed in my first letter, and they will form the subject of my fourth.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

ELEGIAC ODE.

Sing on, thou lonely thrush, in deep-leav'd bower
Of silent evening grey: the mute fields listen,
While closed is every dreamy flower,
Whose beauty gay
Laid its sweet head in twilight's lap,
Though still its odours pant and stray.
The air is fresh with fall of finest dew,
Which on the grass and clover-heads doth glisten
In fitful rays, and through the dark hedge gap
I see the broad field rise in mist!
Now sings the thrush with vigour new,
While that hoar mist ascends the blue
Of night's steep dome; and still my soul
Lingers on earth, and feels the goal
She would attain,
Beset with many a warring pain,
Which yet she cannot conquer, or resist.

Why should sorrow meet such tones,
Turning joyance into moans?
What is there in the human breast
That fills sweet peace with sad unrest?
Can we not with the bird-songs blend,
Singing blithe and soaring high;
With them be happy and ascend,
Opening our heart's wings to the sky?
Such may be ours; but when the leaden weight
Of griefs oppress,
All things absorb and mingle in the night
Of our distress.

Sing on, thou joyous thrush, in deep-leav'd bower:
Thy notes awake the chords of treasur'd grief
That in the soul lie deepest: no mean hour
Of common moving life can feel their power,
And fly not for relief
To nearest coils and glosses brief:
But oh! such song,
When my life's wheels are old in rust;
Broken — earth'd — over-grass'd — forgotten long —
Perchance by its too searching strains,
May waken to remember'd pains,
The cold oblivion of my dust.

Dim twilight now is on the lowlands hush'd:
The dusk leaves move not: every creeping thing
Hath sought its nook of rest; and sounds that gush'd
O'er moor and fallow, now beneath the wing
Of silence swoon away. The faintest echoing
Of distant watch-dog, or of sheep-bell dull,
Breaks not the pause. The sad hues wane
From eve's lorn cheek, while solitude doth cull
The moon-cold primrose, wet with love's last tears,
And glides a vacant Presence o'er the plain,
Where beauty dies, o'ercome by shadowy fears,
And hollowness and melancholy reign.

Sing on, blithe bird — my heart is all awake!
Emotions throng, and heavy sigh on sigh
Preludes their birth, e'en as their scenic change.
Fain would my spirit shake
Their pangs away, retaining sorrow's sweet;
But oh! her too magnetic eye,
O'er all the past sensations quick doth range:
The heart hath no retreat.
Sing on, blithe bird! thy voice is as a bell,
That rings in memory's vast and ruin'd hall!
The silver peal dead silence over-coils,
And thrills amidst her vacant shell:
Like showers that fall
From May's clear eyes through day-break's dome,
And with a trill of pearly music come.
The will that toils
For hope, who hires for bliss and pays with tears,
When thy clear tones it hears,
Breathes o'er the past a deep lament,
The more because it cannot e'en repent,
Far less recall.

We are not as we would be: mind and sense
At war, like stars that flaw their mirror'd spheres,
With action and re-action's fire intense,
Wane to the sullen years,
Where hope is purblind, and its best blood drain'd
By many a cause it never gain'd.
So do we sigh, and heavily wend along,
Lost to ourselves, save when some floating song
From hidden bird, or voice, or instrument, —
Some passing face, or form, chance word, or flower, —
Recall our feelings to their primal bent,
And wake the ashes up from the heart's wither'd bower.

Then, while thy warbling voice, O, unseen Bird!
Poureth swift varied cadence on the night,
Wake, memory, from thy bed of bliss deferr'd,
Deck'd in a bridal garland, grey with blight!

Yet from thy crowded shores
Cull thy most cherish'd stores,
And with a tender hand, O strew!
Soft as falls the evening dew,
Some healing balm upon each thought
That flits before my passive brain,
Yet presses on my heart with pain,
And old familiar sign:
Sad images the past hath wrought
From pure ore, mix'd with fatal earth;
Condition of their human birth;
Ah me! they seem'd divine.

Beneath yon moveless tree, where shadows broad
Blot out the antique stem, the flowers and sward,
Might not Endymion grey be sleeping still?
Love — sleep — or placid death, were well placed there
My thoughts now wander at impression's will,
To one who sang the tale,
And brimm'd the poet's shell with beauty o'er,
Finding therein his own sure wreck and bale,
Whence ignorant clowns made pastime of his wounds;
With mad glee trampling the free bird,
Caught straying thro' their formal ward;
Hoof-headed critics, in their cattle bounds!
I wander on through ruin's core, —
Whose black-weed banners are unfurl'd,
Midst landmarks high on wastes that sweep the world,—
To one, late dead, whose memory o'er all moan
Towers safe and sacred: but my soul must wail
For passion's funeral pyre — its ashes live alone!

The patriot sage lies cold — his words are shrin'd,
Though living he was baited by all fangs:
Evil's poor webs unwind,
And destiny o'er death her pinion clangs,
While steady triumph down the humble future strides!
For straiten'd circumstance and press
Of galling years, each rife with countless pains;
Ill health and houseless age — the consciousness
Of that which burns within, is all he, living, gains.

Where man needs man,
Forth springs the worst, as harvest of the best;
Success is single-handed. This Promethean span
Wherein our cased intelligence abides,
Is fretted to the bone by meanest things,
Till like the sun, absolv'd from twilight's vest,
The uncased mind burns on — revolves o'er time and life,
And sheds fix'd light on yesterday's poor dust.
We move 'neath Pan's reflective wings,
And follow Proteus, looking wise,

Through sickly calm or heady strife,
Passion, monotony, and rust;
And glancing up our eyes,
We see how like the world is from the first!
How full of temporal names and glosses fine,
With the same flinty heart — the same dull eye
To all but individual vanity;
And yet we hope! — not that hope's glittering dust
Still cheats our wisdom, but because its wine,
Though with all vain intoxication rife,
Is needful to the health of working life.

But he is now beneath the mould
Whose spirit without blur or stain,
In coffin'd night unchanged from dawn —
Uncompromised, great, integral and just —
Is left like Joshua's sun, a monument of morn!
The wolves now slink along the wold,
Or huddle into crannies old:
With him a pulse of truth and power is gone,
And the world feels it not; because its brain,
To all except self's proper gain,
Like gold upon dead eyes, is folly cold.

Sing on, thou joyous thrush in deep-leav'd bower!
My heart is all awake: why art thou dumb?
Can shades of night thy bosom's joy deflower,
And each warm pulse with death's reflections numb?
No blight upon thy fairy life can come,
Though autumn blains through beauty's trellice creep,
And howling winter ravisheth the flower;
For thee no thoughtful brow should tear-drops steep,
E'en when in grassy grave thou liest in stiffen'd sleep.

Thy voice is mute, sweet bird; thou wilt not sing,
And wake melodious sorrow any more;
But, Oh! enough thy briefest strain to bring
Quick to my bosom its most grievous store,
And brim it with the keenest memories o'er.
Thy notes, at close of eve, when sad-eyed twilight glides
From throne of dimmest molten ore and stain,
Down to the realm where night abides,
Were fit to pour above Arcadian graves,
While beauty is intense on mount and plain,
In grotto, mossy grove, or weltering waves;
But here, one spirit moaning its unrest,
On wide and hollow mead,—with nought above,
Save leaden clouds and gloom, while at the verge,
In black and matted vest,

The stock-still trees, in dense mis-shapen mass,
Stand round like Druid wrecks; — thy soul to move
Unto sweet song, were vain to hope or urge.
Yet shall not such pure melody o'erpass,
Like cloud or perfume through the deserts wild,
Into oblivion's mightier world of void;
But like the voice of some angelic child,
Heard in elysian dream to chorded harp
Or dim and sonorous quire, my heart shall guide
O'er Time's unfathomably troublous sea,
Beyond the flaw of evil's warp,
Fixing a lesson of humanity.

Our souls are not of wind — our hearts not clay;
We veer not with the hour
By pain or pleasure's power,
Nor lose the images of truth
Stamp'd in the purity of youth,
Until our dying day.
The fount of inborn feeling ne'er is drain'd,
Although its goal be never gain'd;
The bosom that hath chords for others' bale,
That glories in a friend's high fame,
Or sighs at close of melancholy tale;
To life's last page
Of greyest age,
Whatever wrongs have strewn the stage,
Will vibrate still the same.
Our feelings deep, the stress of evil fate,
Grief, barb'd adversity, and absence fraught
With all the yearnings of fond fancy's brood,
And time estrange not;
Nor e'en though love's reward be found in hate,
Or cold indifference withering up the heart,
Slow tears may scald the cheek in solitude,
And yet we change not.

R. H. H. 1830.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The East has always been fertile in great men, in those grand and colossal figures whose energy appears superhuman. In our own time, if we are to seek a celebrity approaching to that of the genius who re-united, after a lapse of nine centuries, the scattered elements of the empire of Charlemagne, it must be confessed that it is towards the East we must turn, — to Egypt, where the diadem of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies encircles the brows of the octogenarian Mehemet Ali, who is to Napoleon what the vulture is to the eagle. Guizot, that great reflecter upon the revolutions of empires, is inclined to attribute to each state a period of decay proportionate to the term of its construction. M. Lamartine, on the contrary, having been an eyewitness of the state of the East, conjectures that the race of the Turkish empire is run, and that the hour of its dissolution is impending. The reasons for this opinion, which he gave in his luminous speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, correspond with those hazarded by us in a former disquisition, and may be summed up in the fact, that fanaticism formed the bond of union and the element of conquest of the Turks, and that fanaticism is weakened or no longer exists among them. The idea of an Arabian empire, founded on the ruins of the Ottoman, is also visionary, for the same reasons as are applicable to the society of the Turks. Neither can amalgamate with European communities or habits; and in both countries precocious civilization depends upon the accident of the lives of two men — Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali. — Anarchy must succeed their decease.

The singularity of the present position of the Egyptian satrap is this, that although innumerable pachas have attempted, at various periods of Turkish history, and with more or less prospects of success, to establish an independent kingdom, they have all hitherto succumbed in their ambitious projects, after a time, before the fortunes of the house of Othman. Even Mehemet Ali, notwithstanding he has succeeded through civilization in rendering himself physically more powerful than his sovereign, might finally have fallen before that moral or religious force which, in the opinion of the Faithful, assigns to the Sultan a sacred supremacy over every Mussulman; but the victory of Koniah, by laying open to the victorious Ibrahim the path to Constantinople, exacted, at the cost of Russian intervention and the cession of Syria, a sort of tacit admission of Egyptian independence which the relief from momentary difficulties, it was to be supposed, would instantly cancel.

Since the date of the French Egyptian expedition, however, a new element has intervened in the wars between Sultan and Pacha, and that element is European influence. It is the complication of Western with Eastern interests which has enabled Mehemet Ali to stand against his sovereign so long in virtual independence, and which now gives such important features to the present declaration of hostilities.

The attitude which the parties have assumed towards each other, though caused by events of a less recent date than the convention abolishing monopolies throughout the empire, is mainly to be attributed to it. The governor of Egypt, in fact, feels that its literal adoption would destroy the source of his revenue and strike the sword from his grasp; he is therefore urged to make a death struggle for supremacy or independence; whilst the Sultan, persuaded that the assistance of England and France will be accorded to the side of their commercial interests, anxiously seizes the opportunity to

wreak his long-cherished revenge upon his rebellious satrap. The commercial convention was a secret means of avenging the humiliation of the convention of Kutayah; for so long as the Sultan's authority was recognised over every province of his dominions, the European powers could not object to its being carried into effect in Egypt, where Mehemet Ali's monopoly was thus pierced to the vitals. So true it is that it is the opposite of material interests of nations that bring them into collision, although minor causes are generally assigned for it. It would be vain to speculate upon the consequences of a battle between Ibrahim Pacha and Mahmoud both to western and eastern politics.

Of all the actions which mankind can commit, the most considerable are battles. They exceed all others as much by their peculiar greatness as by their results. No acts are more decisive, or introduce into the politics of the world more surprising novelties. They require but the space of a day, and their consequences are perpetual. Whether it be necessary to settle a question of interest between two nations, that one should extend itself or disappear by conquest, or lastly, that an end should be put to civil dissensions, the judgments which are there pronounced are supreme. It is true that very often the arms that were prostrated arise again, and appeal to another field of battle; but eminent battles possess this quality above all others, that their decrees are generally omnipotent, and there is no refuge for the vanquished from the laws which they impose. In all cases, notwithstanding the death and devastation caused, battles are facts which God holds in his own hand, and which deserve to be praised, since they tend to put an end to war and to recall the normal and ideal state of the human race, which is peace.

Another conflict like that of Koniah might dissolve the empire of Mahomet; but the difficulty still remains, what is to succeed to it? "*Mais que diable de faire de Constantinople?*" was the difficulty which the Emperor Joseph II. expressed when consulting with Catherine and her confederates on the partition of the Turkish empire. "Constantinople," said the Emperor Alexander, "is the key to my house." There is no longer any difficulty in disposing of that bone of contention according to the conference at Erfurth, and England must resign herself to behold the key of the Eastern and Western worlds, the trident of the ocean, transferred to the hands of Russia; while Egypt, the highway to Indian commerce by land, and the mistress of the Mediterranean, falls to the share of France, who eagerly covets its possession, and secretly proclaims the price at which she is willing to lend her co-operation. The interests of all parties being such, it is natural to suppose that France and Russia must view with feelings of pleasure the collision between Ibrahim and Hafiz Pacha, which will accelerate the desired consummation. England and Austria alone have a sincere interest in preserving the *status quo*. For what can Russia lose by the defeat of the Sultan, and what can France lose by the overthrow of Mehemet Ali? Evidently nothing. Russia acquires the right by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi to occupy Constantinople and Asia Minor with troops from Sebastopol, and to protect the Sultan from the victorious Egyptians. France gains the opportunity to annex Egypt, with its vast resources, to her Algerine dependencies.

Casting our eye farther eastward we perceive a complication of difficulties still more grave and imminent. Our armies are entangled in the jungles and wilds of Affghanistan, surrounded by a hostile population, like the army of Crassus amid the Parthians—the Shah of Persia is reported to be advancing a second time upon Herat with 40,000 men—the Prince Kamran by no

means grateful to his allies the English for their assistance—Dost Mahommed organizing by his influence conspiracies in Madras itself against our power, and the Muscovite eagle flapping his wings in the distance and scenting the coming prey. Let us consider for a moment the obstacles, moral and physical, which interpose in the path of Russia, and the contingencies which, by possibility, might prove favourable to her designs.

Since the report has reached us that Count Simonitch has been appointed to a command in the Persian army at the recommendation of Russia, it cannot be surprising that we are disbelievers in the sincerity of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, and in the assertion that her Eastern envoys intrigued against British power in India of their own accord and without the knowledge of their superiors.* It is not in a formal disavowal by Count Nesselrode, vague and void of meaning as it is, that a refutation of facts can be found, and of the prosecution of a course of policy which the history of a century confirms. We arise with this conviction from a perusal of a diligent summary of the heads of this great political problem, which is to be found in the third volume of the instructive and entertaining History of Russia, in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, in which the author's research has left little of importance to be gleaned by other writers. It was only in December, 1832, that the Moscow Gazette, the *official* organ of the Russian government, declared aloud to all civilized Europe its haughty defiance of England. "The Russian nation," says the official writer, "is indignant at the clandestine proceedings of England, or rather of her perfidious ministry, in regard to the troubles of Poland: but our turn is coming. We will tear off her mask. We will show the world how a people is really reduced to slavery. You shall soon have an opportunity of judging whether Lord Ponsonby spoke truth when he repeated to every body who would listen to him, 'Russia is no longer of any account, henceforward Poland will prevent her from interfering in the affairs of Europe — her government is quite Asiatic,' &c. How does this Albion, loaded with debt, and now imbued with the most perfidious principles, dare to rouse the bear (for so they call us) who devoured Napoleon, with the first army that ever invaded her territories, and marched to Paris to revenge their rashness. No: our turn must come; *and we shall soon have no need to make any treaty with this people but at Calcutta.* Her false policy has done its best. Let her go and make alliances with the African negroes, whom she wishes so well, and for whom she has made Europe her dupe. The barbarians and slaves, as her papers call us, will teach her a lesson. Meanwhile let her go on. — It is all we want."

As the progress of our internal politics has not, however, verified the Calmuck's insinuation in the last paragraph, and as England still survives in spite of predicted anarchy and downfall, it may be possible for her to take courage and consider whether the Russian bear have the power of reaching Calcutta, and whether there be any *Ursa Major* born among their Cimmerian deserts with a genius capable of leading his brethren successfully to the conclusion of such an enterprise. The consideration of these

* If any proof were wanted that the intrigues in Persia were carried on under the cognizance of the Cabinet, and that the Cabinet, finding their schemes exposed by the vigilance of our intrepid agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, were determined to disavow their own dark plot, we have such a proof in the fate of the unfortunate Vickovitch, who played so conspicuous a part in the Persian conspiracy. Vickovitch had returned to St. Petersburg, and had an interview with Nesselrode, the purport of which has not transpired, but there is no great difficulty in divining it from the issue. The wretched man went home, and on the following day shot himself, *after destroying all his papers.* His crime was failure. The minister found it convenient to disown his agent, and sacrifice him to a violent state necessity. The agent, in despair, anticipated the executioner. Such is a brief epitome of the perjuries and sanguinary atrocities of Russian diplomacy.

chances will embrace that of the neutrality, hostility, or friendship of France under Louis Philippe or a future republican government, should the contest between England and Russia be delayed or prolonged until that event arrive, and, finally, the genius of the Muscovite military commanders.

It must be remembered that the prestige of Russian military force has fatally declined ever since the date of her Turkish, Polish, and Circassian campaigns. In fact, all her victories have been won at an enormous waste of human life, without any exhibition of military science. Russia *never won an important battle* during the whole course of her long wars with France in spite of her boastings, and we defy her advocates to point out one. The battle of Novi was doubtful, and in those days she had a Suwarrow. It is a different order of talent from his, and a different kind of feeling from that which obliged the Russian officers placed in the rear to urge onward against the Polish legions at Ostrolenka their poor inanimate serfs at the point of their swords, which must lead to a prosperous end a descent upon India.

From the time that we have ceased to delude ourselves as to the danger with which our Indian empire is threatened from the quarter of Russia, we have imagined that it would tend to retard the fatal moment to represent this danger as chimerical, and the press has laboured to demonstrate that the fear of England's resentment would always suffice to prevent the designs of Russia, and her power to arrest her progress. But Russia has sufficiently shown how much these considerations prevail with her by her conduct in the East, where, for the last ten years, she has never ceased to pursue her projects, delaying, or, at the most, disguising their execution, according to circumstances. England has arrived at that period in the existence of nations, when the idea which they have created of their power is an arm of which it is easier for them to avail themselves than of that power itself. England, by reason of the very height of her renown, cannot, as the Duke of Wellington said, afford to make a little war; and to exert her whole power, the greatest considerations and the most vital risks would need to be self-evident. The science of political calculation, of which our former cabinets have made good use, has at length taught us, that we have been so miraculously favoured by fortune and skill throughout those long struggles when the French revolution placed our existence at stake, that we might have reason to count upon contrary results if we lighted up a war, which, by embracing the whole universe, would again put in jeopardy all that the past has solved in our favour. It seems, nevertheless, that we cannot prevent Russia from daily approaching the object of her ambition, the path towards which seems to be prepared by the march of time itself.

What keeps Russia immovable in the path to India is neither respect for the abilities of our foreign secretary, the indirect menaces of our diplomacy, the wrath of the press, nor even the fear of our fleets and armies — it is circumstances which are wanting to Russia. We believe that she could, if necessary, send into the field simultaneously ten armies like that which would be necessary to invade British India, if she were not wanting in all the elements of that moral force without which so vast an enterprise could not be attempted.

The three most celebrated conquerors who have accomplished in former times the projects which Russia meditates at the present day, were, with the differences appertaining to the time and country in which they lived, and in degrees which we cannot compare to each other, men of rare genius in war. Preceded by the fame of their exploits, which filled all Asia, they

had already vanquished the lively imagination of its people and bound it to their ascendency, which was regarded by them as miraculous when they advanced towards Hindostan. Without that influence which their name and presence exercised, who can say that they would have triumphed by the mere force of arms over the resistance they encountered? Another less famous conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizneh, who founded the first Mahommedan dynasty in India, was unavoidably borne to the summit of his hopes by the irresistible energy of that religious fanaticism which inspired the Arabs during the first centuries of the Hegira.

Whether it emanate from a single man or from an entire people, it is always the action of an exceptional genius which has assured the success of these great designs. Russia is in a condition wholly opposite to that which these different examples present. No national passion urges her towards India. The religious prejudices of the people of Asia, although much weakened, repel her by the force of their inertia. Since Peter the Great, not a single man of genius has arisen either upon the throne of the Czars or in the midst of their armies or councils. In order to send an army from the borders of the Caspian Sea to the mouths of the Ganges, to triumph over the resistance of the populations by repeated, rapid, and decisive victories, or to disarm them by the skilfulness and tact of negotiations which shall obtain their assistance or neutrality, something more is wanting than the ordinary merit of a general or field-marshal competent to chastise the rebellion of a few nomadic tribes, or to despoil Turkey or Persia of some additional province. The capricious preference of an autocrat could not justify itself by the example of Potemkin, in confiding to the first officer who happened to be a court favourite the mission of going to attempt a *coup de main* upon an empire of a hundred millions of men at the distance of a thousand leagues. Russia, since she has entered upon her career of aggrandisement, has used no other system to arrive at her ends than a crafty and obstinate pursuit. After having employed for a century the violence of war and the perfidy of politics to mine the Ottoman empire, she was forced during the last campaign to endure the loss of two years under the eyes of Europe, before passing the chain of the Balkan, beyond which Constantinople yet remained to be conquered. Provoked and endangered by the Polish insurrection, she saw the German Diebitch, her boasted conqueror of the Turks, condemned to await the attack of the mysterious malady which cut him off without having been able to lead his soldiers across the open plains to the city of Warsaw. Alone, divided, and betrayed, obtaining, instead of succour from the kings of Europe, only secret or declared vows for her ruin, Poland was enabled with a few thousand troops, animated by love of their country, to make head for more than a year against that Colossus with a hundred arms, which seemed able by a scornful gesture to crush it to atoms. How different is the slowness with which success generally declares itself for Russia from that thundering rapidity which a march upon the Indies would require! And nothing can be discovered in her capable of giving this enthusiasm. The race of its sovereigns has preserved the cunning of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, with the ferocity of the Tartar; but not his adventurous intrepidity.

The conqueror who shall mount his horse to point out to his soldiers the road to Calcutta, has not yet appeared in the family of Romanoff. We English may assure ourselves that it is not the prudent monarch Nicholas, who awaited at a respectful distance on board one of his vessels the result of the siege of Varna, who will renounce the glory of his reviews in the sure shelter of palaces, where his politics perform their exploits, to go and pre-

sent to the people of Asia the spectacle of another Macedonian Alexander. If the cruel disposition of the Czar, whose frown can move European diplomacy, causes his sleep to be troubled at times with the trophies of Timour, he may console himself for his inability to imitate those famous bloody pyramids invented by the Tartar conqueror, by his own reminiscences of the deserts of Siberia, and of the Polish women and orphans dragged at the tails of horses to his military colonies. Russian politics are, besides, charged with too many difficult and pressing affairs to dwell upon the gigantic project of an invasion of India otherwise than very remotely. Her present wish is for another portion of Europe. There is no human power which could lay hands at the same time upon Constantinople and Calcutta. This is the reason why Russia remains so long suspended between these two banquets which summon her — the one to the Bosphorus, the other to the Ganges. So long as the question of the destiny of Constantinople shall not be definitively solved, British India will be safe. War is neither our wish nor our interest. If the Russians triumphed, Constantinople, in their hands, would be too great a blow against our commerce and power for us to see in that event a fortunate diversion from India, the invasion of which would, in fact, only become easier thereby. In the contrary supposition that Russia, lowered by English ascendency, beheld the hope of inheriting the Ottoman empire in Europe vanish from her sight, her energy and activity turned, but not destroyed, would find no other vent but Asia, and thenceforth, directed to one single end, would be irresistibly forced to seek upon the Ganges amends for the cause lost upon the shores of the Bosphorus.

Assuredly Great Britain has no want of provocations if we had made up our minds to chastise Russian insolence and aggression. It needed not the recent events before Herat, and the formidable coalition organising against her sway in India, to be added to the indignity of the Vixen's capture, or the contemptuous rejection of our mediation for Poland and Cracow, to justify, acording to the *ancient* policy of England, a loftier tone towards the northern cabinets; — but other considerations intervene. *Could we but count on the neutrality* of France (to let alone counting upon her assistance either under the shuffling Louis Philippe, since his evasion of the Quadruple Alliance, or under an Anti-British republican government, should such succeed him), we might force the Dardanelles, paralyse, by the presence of a dozen fleets in the Black Sea, the operations of the Russians on its northern shore, and acting at the same time in the Baltic, frighten Cronstadt and Sebastopol with the chastisement formerly inflicted upon Copenhagen. But whilst the bombardment of Copenhagen left England only the powerless resentment of Denmark, the destruction of the Russian marine would awaken the formidable envy of a nation to whom would be afforded an opportunity of revenge. The antagonism of Russia and England arises at present only from the foresight of the moment when the interests of the two powers, become irreconcileable, shall appeal to arms. The two nations who have long been united to each other by a commerce mutually advantageous have not yet encountered each other as enemies on the field of battle, and have no humiliations to revenge upon each other. They have no Novi, no Zurich, no Marengo, no Borodino, no Moscow. This position is favourable for England: common sense may teach our statesmen that they ought to avoid increasing the forces of an enemy by bringing his passions into play. Every effort made by the British arms against the power of Russia by wounding the nation in its savage pride would make it a question of honour in its eyes to make an attempt upon India. It is then that the peril,

having become pressing, could no longer be conjured away but by the doubtful success of a battle upon the Ganges; for the patriotic sentiment has always created among nations unlooked-for instruments of attack as well as of defence; and in default of a great warlike genius Russia might find in this feeling the enthusiastic resolution which is necessary for her to go and combat England at the extremity of Asia.* We may threaten, but it is more prudent at present not to turn those menaces into declared hostilities: to erect a barrier power in Afghanistan is better; afterwards our fleets may concentrate themselves in the seas of Malta, or the Archipelago; and having so far subdued our chivalrous sympathy as to lose the admirable opportunity afforded for a moment by the victorious insurrection at Warsaw, we may perhaps give the signal to Europe of a crusade against this barbarous and inhuman power, at a less favourable moment than we otherwise should have done; but for the result we should have no fear, for Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Germany, with their armed myriads, would cordially join in stemming the deluge of barbarians, and driving back into their congenial deserts the hordes that now threaten to overwhelm Western civilisation.

Ritter, in his "Comparative Geography," has expressed in a word the interest with which Afghanistan inspires both England and Russia. It is, says he, the country of transition between eastern and western Asia, between India and Persia. It is there that we find all the passages that lead to the Indies; and an Indian proverb says, that no one can be King of India who is not King of Caboul—a proverb which expresses the importance attached by England and Russia to the events in Afghanistan. On a former occasion we have traced the route of the various conquerors who have made themselves masters of Hindostan proceeding from this great chain of mountains in Upper Asia, that divides Persia from India, where nature seems to have placed the keys of the Asiatic empire. Shah Shoojah is the son of Tymour Shah, the last Emperor of Afghanistan of the tribe of the Sadukzies; his nephew, Kam Ram, the Prince of Herat, is of the same tribe. The greater part of the principalities of Afghanistan have fallen under the power of the chiefs of the Barukzie tribe, and are Caboul, Ghiznez, Candahar, and Peshawer. The cities of Herat, Candahar, Ghizneh, Caboul, and Peshawer, form, as it were, a triangle on the map, which has its apex on the north-west, and its base on the south-east. At the apex of the triangle is Herat; at the base from west to east lie Candahar, Ghizneh, Caboul, and Peshawer. It is within this triangle that the destinies of Asia are deciding, and these are the cities which have beheld passing from their walls so many of the great conquerors of the earth.

The cause of the change in Dost Mahomed's politics may be easily explained. This chief of Caboul, according to the accounts of our travellers, is very favourable to commerce, which is, indeed, but natural; for Caboul serves as a passage to the caravans in their way to and from India, and the custom-house of Caboul pays a considerable revenue to Dost Mahomed. Hence his liking for commerce, and his desire to see the Russians take part in the traffic of central Asia, and pay tribute to his treasury. The principles of free trade which Russia preaches against England have, therefore, found in him a warm partisan and are undoubtedly the cause of his recent friendship for that power.

Sir Alexander Burnes doubted much if ever the ancient family could

* It is impossible to appreciate too highly, in a political point of view, the magnificent scheme of Indian steam communication across the Isthmus of Panama, which, we have every reason to believe, will, ere long, be effected by the unwearied energy and patriotism of our greatest capitalists.

reascend the throne without foreign assistance. Whatever be the intestine divisions of the Barukzies, they are always ready to unite against a common enemy. During Sir Alexander's stay at Caboul, Dost Mahomed received advice from his brother at Candahar that a Persian ambassador had threatened him. "When the Persian shall have armed against you," replied the chief of Caboul, "send to me, and the same as I am now your foe, I shall then be your friend." If ever the different principalities of Afghanistan are to be reunited under one chief, it is under Dost Mahomed only that this union could be properly effected; for the hatred of tribe against tribe prevails over the private dissensions that divide the tribe within itself. They ally themselves with those whom they hate the least against those whom they hate the most — a sort of alliance which is quite common in politics. It would seem, therefore, considering the ascendancy of Dost Mahomed over his other brothers, that it was a doubtful choice on the part of our government to have selected Shah Shoojah as the regenerator of the Afghan empire. It was to Dost Mahomed Khan that many people think this part ought to have been assigned. But as a cause for marching an army towards the head of the Indus, for the purpose of opening the navigation of that river, Shah Shoojah serves the purposes of England far better than any other pretender. In fact, the river Indus is the basis of the Indian army's operations, and the indispensable preliminary of the Afghan expedition; for without it the English army would be cut off from its communications with India, and commit a strategical fault. Hyderabad, Bakkar, and the strong places of the lower and middle Indus, have already fallen into our hands. Assured of the course of the Indus as the basis of its operations, our army may then defer, if necessary, the remainder of its operations until the following year.

Let us briefly sum up the share which Afghanistan will take in the struggle between Russia and England. Afghanistan is not a possession which Russia and England dispute. It is a political and commercial position, which neither of the two powers wishes to abandon to the other. When Russia, under the name of Persia, tries to lay hands upon Herat, England is irritated and uneasy, for Herat is the road to India. If England succeed in the attempt to restore Shah Shoojah, and to maintain him by aid of the English army, Russia, in her turn, becomes chafed, for if England reign at Caboul, Russia is henceforth excluded from central Asia. The two powers might consent for a moment to leave Afghanistan in the power of the Barukzies, who dispute it between themselves, but they will each seek from his own quarter to fortify their base of operations in central Asia—Russia to extend and consolidate its influence in Persia which will serve it as an advanced station against British India; and England, to avail herself of the course of the Indus, to the end that she may always be in a state of attack and defence upon her north-western frontiers. Once fortified in their bases in this manner, they will commence their struggle in Afghanistan, for Afghanistan is the country whose possession decides the balance of Asia; and in order to be King of Hindostan, according to the Indian proverb, one must be King of Caboul.

We now pass to the examination of the eastern question in Turkey and Egypt. It is there that we perceive the struggle between Russia and England approaching to Europe, where, for a time, the death of the Sultan Mahmoud appears to have referred to the decisions of diplomacy what we were on the point of seeing decided by the *ultima ratio*. The Sultan Mahmoud, whose name will occupy a prominent figure in the annals of his country, was assuredly one of those remarkable men to whom it is impos-

sible to refuse the homage due to a great character. His life was a perpetual struggle, and he rose greater from every defeat, so admirable was his perseverance, so deep was the faith he had in himself, and in his cause: — a noble Mussulman figure — devout and resigned — enlightened by a ray of the genius of civilisation. The history of the Ottoman empire does not record a period of thirty years marked by so many immense reforms and great catastrophes as that of his reign. He has the credit of originating whatever good was done within that period, and of opposing whatever evil resulted from circumstances over which no human power had any control. His death is an immense misfortune for the Ottoman empire. The great man who had introduced into it the true principles of civilisation is no more; but, on the other part, it has removed an obstacle to the reconciliation of the Turkish and Egyptian empires. The sultan neither could nor would pardon Mehemet Ali his rebellion, sometimes open — sometimes hidden under the appearance of submission, or disguised by the forms of diplomacy, but constant, permanent, ever active, ever encroaching. After the insurrection of Greece, the destruction of the Janissaries, and, above all, after those attempts at reform which were in Turkey a sort of compensation for the dismemberment which weakened its power, Mehemet Ali thought always of ruining the power of the sultan. Between a sovereign thus wounded in his honour as well as his interests, and the powerful vassal who aspired to sovereignty, there might be moments of truce, but never peace. The first cause of the inferiority of Turkey to the nations of Europe was the absence of military institutions, and the absolute want of regular armies. The Sultan Selim, comprehending the necessity for a reform, had founded the *Nizzam Djeddi*, or new militia. That institution struck at the roots of the Janissaries' power, and Selim succumbed; but Mustapha IV., the Sultan created by them after the reign of a year, fell himself before Mustapha Baraictar, the devoted servant of Selim, who opened the throne to Mahmoud, then twenty-three years of age. The Sultan received into his hands an authority nearly annihilated. All the provinces of the empire had become feudal sovereignties in the hands of pachas. Ali Pacha ruled in Epirus, and Mehemet Ali had commenced to raise himself in Egypt. Mahmoud himself allowed the terrible subject who had made him Sultan to govern in the divan; but the vengeance of the Janissaries soon relieved him from that control. It required all the strength of Mahmoud's mind to stand up against such omens, but he had been raised to the throne with the hatred of the Janissaries, and in the month of June, 1826, he executed the daring act which has no equal in history except the destruction of the Templars.

The massacre of the Janissaries lasted two months. The Sultan immediately commenced his reforms, organised a real conscription and formed regiments after the European fashion. But these projects could only be accomplished with the aid of peace and the same year in which he had destroyed his only military force, he had to combat the insurrection in Greece. That war was fatal to him, not only because it dismembered his empire, but because it placed him at variance with the powers most naturally summoned to second and protect his plans of reform. Scarcely recovered from the disaster of Navarino, he had to make war in 1828, against Russia, and sign at Adrianople the surrender of his northern provinces.

During this period of defeats arose, at the other end of his empire, the powerful vassal, who, in 1832 and 1833, forced the Sultan to place himself at the mercy of his most dangerous enemy, and sign with Russia the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Death arrested Mahmond at the moment

when his passion, more powerful than the injunctions of diplomacy, and excited perhaps by the feeling of his approaching end, was about to cast him into the chances of a war, of which he seemed to cling to the idea. A few days before his death he had beheld his vessels leave the Bosphorus, and saluted them with his last looks. Sultan Mahmoud only needed to have been born amidst that civilisation to which he so nobly aspired, to have been a great man. But educated himself in the manners of the seraglio, he never possessed the advantage of that cultivation, which would have elevated his ingence to the height of his will. He only executed incomplete reforms; he attacked customs more than institutions, and exercised immense energy in trifling affairs. He wished to impose at a stated hour, and with all the Oriental fatalism, the civilisation which is born with time. It was also his misfortune to have effected his internal revolutions in the midst of foreign wars, and to have been obliged to war against the nations whose manners and institutions he sought to imitate. It is therefore the duty of the West to protect an empire which falls because it wished to resemble the West, and it is our civilisation which ought to watch over the tutelage of his son, a youth of seventeen years, and gather together his weak and divided power, which the loss of the great battle with Ibrahim must have nearly annihilated.

SONNET.

In hopeless love, let lover never pine;
For Beauty is not marble, but is moved
By prayers and constancy; and may incline
At last to love where most she is beloved.
But he who loves, and, loving, is repaid
By love as deep and tender as his own,
And who, in the sweet course of love, is stayed
By a repelling knowledge that the zone
Which binds the elements shall fly, and land,
And sea, and cloud, and sunshine, blend in air,
And be as One, ere he shall clasp that hand,
And call it his — let him, Lost Heart, despair;
For upon him hath fallen the end of time,
Ev'n while his life is in the freshness of its prime.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANTIQUITY.

"Diis Manibus!"

We have always thought that antique art would be best illustrated by those poetical fragments of antiquity scattered through the works and remains of various classics which give us, like the ruins of Pompeii, an insight into their familiar and internal life. The materials for this design are not so scanty or insignificant as might be supposed, nor the light which art and poetry reciprocally reflect so unimportant. Our sculptors cannot carve, nor our painters design, in the spirit and taste of Grecian art, without a competent knowledge of its form of thought, and a correct and scholar-like idea of its literature. Fuseli, that learned enthusiast of Grecian antiquity, knew this truth well; nor was our own Flaxman behind-hand in perception of its necessity. Above all others, it is to artists a most material point that the form be correctly imparted, and the mode of thinking and expression, of which Greek art is only the visible emblem or embodyment, be rightly understood. It will be seen from the inscriptions and fragmentary poems illustrative of classical art and customs which follow immediately, that classicism is not, as it is erroneously deemed to be by shallow critics, a peculiar school or shape of literature, having no intrinsic merits or superiority over what is called the Romantic (including under that denomination all written literatures, European and Oriental); but that it is a form, having its basis in the eternal relations of truth, simplicity, and nature, the harmony of the world of thought with the world of matter, the highest expression of good taste,—taste which is neither relative nor changeable, but arbitrary and eternal as the eternal fitness of things. We are weary of hearing a code of false taste and anarchy proclaimed in literature in the name of romanticism, Christianity, and Teutonic mysticism. Let us tread underfoot these ridiculous chimeras, and return to nature and the models of antiquity as the only legitimate paths in which the human intellect can march in the cultivation of the beautiful and the good, the Καλον και το αγαθον. May we be permitted also to retain the technical forms of the original verse, so far as we can approach in English to hexameters and pentameters.

ONE DEATH.

Wherefore fearest thou rest, the rest, O father, of peaceful
Death, which sorrow and care, anguish and tears too, stills?
Once only comes it to mortals — none of them e'er could lament
That he, more times than once, was doomed to look upon death —
But sorrow and pain, and the troubles of life, how much of them rise,
Daily increasing more, and daily in newer form!

CUPID DRAWN IN A CAR BY BUTTERFLIES.

Love, thou art borne in a car by two swift butterflies drawn,
And thou guidest them softly playing thy lyre meanwhile.
Gentle God, let never, let never thy fetters be felt;
Under melodious song fly they willing and free!

LEUCOTHEA'S GIRDLE.

Learn thou the lore of the schools — yet, like Leucothea's girdle,
Let thou be once on the shore — back to the waves it is cast.

THE BATH OF THE GODS.

The Nymphs, Apollo and Bacchus, the Graces, Cupid and Cypris,
Swore together "This bath henceforth for ever is ours!"

ON A PANTOMIMIC DANCER, WHO DANCED IN THE CHARACTER OF BACCHUS.

O Dionysus, wert thou once in Olympus to show
How with what magical art Pylades danced thee to-day,
Juno's self had encored, her hate to love had changed:
"I am his mother — not thou, Semele! — Bacchus is mine!"

THE EXIT AND ENTRANCE OF LIFE.

Naked came I, and naked go I once under the earth;
Naked from hence to go, needs it both sorrow and pain?

HELLAS.

As the flowers the earth, and as the stars the heavens
Adorn, so Athens adorns Hellas, and Hellas the world!

SAPPHO.

Sappho is my name: I have all women vanquished
In song, as Homer once vanquished you, O men.

ALEXANDER.

O Calliope, see a new Achilles on earth!
Send, O goddess, to him another Homer down.

KALLISTIUM.

Whether in raven hair, or whether in blond thou walkest,
Fairest Kallistium, still walkest thou forth like a queen;
All is becoming to thee, and thou, when the years with silver
Sprinkle thee o'er, wilt be peerless in silver hair!

THE LYING MIRROR.

Trust to thy mirror no more, thou painted Chloe: what shows it
Unto thee is not thyself, that is an image of lies;
But go to the fountain, and there wash in its waters thy forehead:
What in it then thou seest, sorceress, that is thyself!

LAIS' MIRROR.

She whose anteroom once was full of languishing lovers;
She who with Grecian hearts as if with balls has played,
Lais devotes to Paphia now this mirror. It shows her
Not what she was — what she is, never in it may she see!

PYRRHO.

Art thou dead then, O Pyrrho? — "I doubt!" thou doubtest in death,
Though dead? "Silence! Death ends the sophistical knot."

HATE AND LOVE.

Hate makes grief, and love makes grief, so shall I of the twain,
Since I of one must choose, now choose the sweeter pain.

THE BRAGGART.

"Show to me, shepherd," exclaimed a boasting effeminate huntsman,
"Show me the lion's footsteps — show me the tracks of his claws!"
"They are close by," answered he; "yonder the den of the lion
Will I point out." "Now good!" said he, "show me some other sign.

WORD AND DEED.

Idle is every word that never in deeds is accomplished:
But where is also the deed that does not the speech require?

FOOLISH PIETY.

Foolish mankind! when the gifts of the gods they freely enjoy
Godless are they; and pious when the Dæmon does harm.

SLOW BENEFITS.

Every favour must still be light; when draggeth it slowly
Heavy-like steps along it is a grace no more.

TWO KINDS OF EPIGRAMS.

With thee is the epigram like the little busy-like bee,
That from the flowers forth flies, and buzzes, and stings.
With me is the epigram like the little young budding rose,
That from the thorny bush nectar-refreshment breathes.
Let us both of them gather within one garden then:
Here are flowers, O friend; add thou the bee thereto.

THE STATUE OF VENUS BY PRAXITELES.

As fair Paphia's self upon her statue at Cnidus
Gazed enchanted, "How?" said she to herself, and blushed;
"Three among mortals saw me naked — Adonis, and Paris,
And Anchises: yet where saw Praxiteles me?"

DIOGENES.

As the wise Diogenes, now in the region of shadows
Landed, upon the shore met King Crœsus the first —
He who the gold had drawn so amply from Pactolus' stream —
"Fool!" cried he, flourishing boldly before him his ragged staff,
"Here am I come the first: see I have brought all my store
With me: but, pauper, thou — thou hast brought nothing of thine."

THE LIGHT GRAVE.

Little shared I in life, yet also no evil committed;
Kept from injustice my ways; kept me from envy free.
Therefore press lightly on me, O blessed mother! and have I
Ever a wicked one praised, earth then weigh on me hard!

THE IMMORTAL HOMER.

Evermore sounds in mine ears Andromache's sorrows. In flames
Rises Troy before us, shrouded in ruins and horror:
Ajax rages still wild near Ilion's sacred walls;
Hector still see we there sinking in blood-stained dust.
One, the Mæonides, gave to all everlasting life,
And his father-land is every inhabited world!

THE ELEPHANT IN THE TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

No more bears he upon his back the tower with the phalanx —
No more rushes with madness into the ranks of the fight.
Low down bends he his neck, obeying the reins of his guider,
That the car of his lord he may draw with triumphant pride:
See the elephant knows also the trappings of peace,
Feels that more worthily now he serves the states-orderer thus!

HIGHER NATURE.

Shall, in afflicting hunger, the lion refresh him with grass?
So will a lofty mind never sink under itself.

THE LION ON THE GRAVE.

"Lion, what dost thou here with thy huge wide-spreading claws
Upon the grave? thou heavest thy terrible mane with pride."
"What I among beasts am deemed such was Teleutias living
Among men, and like me was bravest of the brave!"

THE THRICE FORTUNATE.

Mother of love, unto thee devotes Kallirrhoe this crown; here
Pallas these locks to thee; to thee, O Diana, this girdle!
For ye gave all unto her: — the husband she wished, ripe years,
Clear-eyed reason, and then of children a manly race.

THE ORACLE.

As Alexander once to Ammon's seat had arrived,
And Jupiter's self had named him his godlike son divine,
Naught of his father he asked, but that at the founts of the Nile stream
Fortune and destiny both he might hold in his proper hands;
Also we of the Gods would ask as a secret only,
That virtue, and faith, and luck, they should inscribe on our hearts.

FLYING TIME.

"Nothing constant exists in the changing affairs of men,"
Is one of the wisest words of the Chian sage — one day.
As the leaves of the trees, so are generations of men;
But the mortal gives ear seldom to words he hears,
Proved in his bosom in vain. The deceiving hope
Each one approaches, and steals into each youthful heart
In joyous thoughts, so long as the lovely flower of youth
Blooms, and roams the man enveloped in dreams around —
In oblivious dreams. They think not of age or death —
Think not so long as they bloom of the withering autumn's fall:
But, like young children, presume; — like them, they know not all
How in the flow of time youth and life wane away.
Learn it, boy! for thou therewith in joyful mind this life
Throughout shalt pass, and calmly then thou shalt draw near to thine end!

THE MORNING'S DAWN.

Friend! what mean the tears which over thy countenance flow?
What means this silent despair here 'mid the goblets of joy?
Art thou the only one then deceitful love has sickened?
Art thou the only one whom Cupid with sorrow rewards?
Drink, and forget thy grief! Look! yonder rises Aurora
Out of the waters! Who knows if we on Hesperus gaze!

THE DOUBLE DART.

Cupid, a god art thou when thou with the twofold arrow;
Woundest twice; but a rogue when thou with one only strikest.

THE STILL WITNESSES.

Sacred night! and thou, thou trusty watch of our loves,
Still lamp! I call you both to witness the oaths we swore —
He ever true to me, I to be true to him.
Ah! and he broke his word, O sacred night! and thou shinest,
Lamp! thou lightest him now into my rival's arms!

THE VANQUISHED HERCULES.

Hercules, speak! Where hast thou the hide of the Nemean lion?
Where thy golden wand? where thy death-dealing arrows?
Where is thy might? thou sittest sad and dejected, forlorn:
Sorrow and pain appear together mixed in thine eyes.
Say, who hath vanquished thee thus — thy weapons stolen away?
Who could accomplish the deed? "Paphia's craftier son!"

THEMISTOCLES' GRAVE.

Place near my monument Hellas, and spears, too, over my tombstone:
Draw the immortal fight which thee, O Hellas, did free;
And the Persian Mars and Xerxes should mine ensigns
Bear: upon them alone resteth Themistocles' grave;
Let Salamis be hard by the pillars; then say the inscription,
"This did I, O Grecians, bury me meanly now!"

THE TWO PICTURES.

Askest thou me, Menestratus, what thy Deucalion's worth,
And thy Phaethon there, whom thou hast painted in flames?
Both are worthy the fate to which the gods condemned them,
This of the burning flames, and that of the drowning flood.

THE ILL DREAM.

Heavy expenses incurred once the covetous Hermon in dream,
Anxiously sprang he from bed, shivered, and then hung himself.

CUPID AND BACCHUS.

Well against Amor am I within my bosom defended
Through my reason: I stand single to single to fight; —
I, a mortal, against the immortal: — but there is Bacchus
Now by his side. Who may against two deities stand?

ALEXANDER'S STATUE BY LYSIPPUS.

Alexander's noble form, his spirit heroic, live
Here in Lysippus' statue, — mighty majestic bronze!
Aloft towards Heaven he looks; then spoke to the God of Heaven
"Mine is the earth, O Jove! thou thine Olympus keep!"

THE SOLITARY TOMB.

Deep buried lie the dead's ashes; the wind, too, hither and thither
Moves the sighing leaves in eddying rounds as they fall:
Let us read the inscription; let us question the pillars
Who slumbers here? unto whom place they this withering crown?
"Wanderer! I was Arete, of Euphron the fortunate love,
Unto whom, fruits of our love, in life twin sons I bore:
One left I with him to dwell who comforts him in his age;
As a memorial, then, took I the other one here."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Fleeing the furious north, that robbed my voice of its song,
Flew I over the sea: Boreas stormed at my back;
And then sank I, when, lo! a pious dolphin received me
Next on his back, and bore me without a rudder away.
Noble sailor! thou borest Philomela, and Philomela
Sings to thee back from the shore now thine Arion's song!

THE CROWN.

Heliodora, the flowers wherewith I crowned thee have withered:
Heliodora, thou bloomest, of the crown's flowers the flower!

THE FETTER.

From her head drew Doris
A single golden hair;
And bound me by the hands
To her a prisoner.
I mocked the beauteous fetter,
And said, "I'll break it soon," —
Yet when I tried to rend it,
No steel was e'er so strong.
Now have I given over
All thoughts to burst it through:
And, hapless me! I follow
Where'er the hair me draws.

MILK AND HONEY.

Goddess Suada and Paphia, take, O take of my thanks,
The purest, sweetest gifts which I, a bridegroom, can bring,
Milk and honey; — the honey for him, with flowers of love
Garlanded round; — the milk for her, the innocent bride.

JUPITER AND CUPID.

Jupiter scolded Cupid, — "I shall thine arrows destroy."
"Thunderer," said he, "and I shall turn thee again to a swan."

DEATH.

Saon, Dikon's son, the Akanthian, slumbers in sacred
Sleep here: — Never more call death the sleep of the brave!

THE HOUSEHOLD ALTAR.

Not the goddess of crowds; thou seest the heavenly Venus
Here in this bust that to her grateful Chrysogone rears
In Amphicles' house, with whom she in life and in love
Numberless years did pass, and daily with sweeter joy;
Then began she with thee, the Celestial! Blessings of heaven
Dwell evermore with those who on the immortal think!

ARISTODICE.

All mankind praised thee once, Aristodice, blessed so with fortune;
Because thou barest six blooming sons to the world;
But unto thee was the earth — unto thee was the ocean hostile:
Three of them sickened; three lie within the depths of the sea.
Mourn, O mother! with thee Philomela mourns at the grave,
And in the caves of the sea mourns Halcyone with thee.

WISHES.

Mortal are we, and mortal also are all of our wishes;
Sorrow and joy they go, or else it is we go by.

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

Also have I sailed over the waters of Life: Aganar
Is my name, yet I sailed upon their bosom not long;
Raging tempests arose; — I would have trusted the storm:
Hapless! hither the waves bore me in fury away.

THE NARROW GRAVE.

Man, thou seest me now in narrow grave here entombed;
Wide enough is it for me. Crœsus himself has no more!

THE HAVEN.

False goddess of Luck, and thou, O sweet deceitful Hope!
Farewell, and betray how long and whomsoever you will!
I in the haven rest now, a poor man, but there dwell
Freedom and courage with me all rich tyrants to flee.

THE PLAY.

A play is our life and a drama: foolish murmurer, learn
To act, or thou wilt bear sorrows and shadows away.

THE LITTLE SONG.

Little saidst thou, Erinna, and yet are thy delicate songs
Immortal — never are they covered with wings of night!
Meanwhile myriads countless of vain and counterfeit strains
Fashion gnaws, and already darkest oblivion hides:
Oh a little song is the swan's, yet sounds above every
Wild crane's shriek that on high amid the clouds had soared!

THE GRAVE OF THE BROTHERS.

Two brothers, Paulus and Letous, lived both only one life,
Also covers them now only one brotherly grave!
Sorrow and joy alike they bore — together alike they went
Into the Bosphorus sea down to Proserpina's realms:
Farewell, sweet harmonious souls — farewell, rest happy; the best
Emblem upon your grave were Concord's altar to place.

FATHERLAND AND ITS SONS.

Ilion sank with Hector — with him, the hero, lay low
Priam's lofty realm and the beleaguered's fate;
So is Pella with thee, O Alexander! sunk.
States ennoble the men — but no men the states.

THE DRIED UP FOUNTAIN BY THE SIDE OF THE TOMB.

Nymphs! whither fly ye, and where are now the bubbling waters
Which flowed whilome, and which ne'er drank the hot beams of the day?
Hence to the tomb of the noble Agricola have we fled
There weeping, to cool the urn that his ashes retains.

THE NEW STAR.

Amidst the heavens dwells my beloved. O that I the whole
Heavens were! on thee to gaze — to gaze with million eyes!

ON THE TOMB OF HIPPONAX, A SATIRICAL POET.

This is the tomb of Hipponax — away!
If thou be wicked; yet if thou be good,
And son of parents good — then seat thyself
In trust thereon, and if thou wilt too sleep!

HERACLITUS AND DEMOCRITUS.

Heraclitus! how wouldest thou now this mournful life bemoan,
Camest thou back again to the afflicted world;
And Democritus, thou, how wouldest thou heartily laugh,
Camest thou back again to the ridiculous world!
I stand between you both, and muse how, with wisdom, I
Now may lament, and now may properly laugh.

DIMOS.

Thine eyes, my Dimos! those beautiful eyes
They have won my love;
My heart is faint, and I fain would die
All alone, my love.
My beloved! thy sword bury far within
This tempestuous breast,
Then at length will the wanderer find repose,
And the weary rest.

In a golden veil then receive the blood
Of thy paramour;
Through the forest, the field, and the mountain, go
By the sounding shore,
And if, perchance, from whose veins it flowed,
One should ask thy pride,
O say, 'tis the blood that beat round the heart
Of thy love — thy bride!

HYMN OF ANTEROS.*

From shining regions where the blissful choir
View the Promethean conqueror reclined,
The soul transporting with his silver lyre
Towards the good from all alloy refined;
And Heaven's immortal spirits listening, lie
Unto the magic of his melody.

Borne on my purple wings, a welcome guest
I come, and fill your orb with fire divine.
Fond mortals with a deity invest
Each grove or fount or lovely haunt of mine;
The adorned earth and sky my spirits share,
Commingled with the world-surrounding air.

I am the fire whose bright etherial ray
Cinctures with immortality the soul
Which the gross cumber of its earthly clay
Divesting, soars beyond the world's controul
Great spirit, deepest love, whose essence fills
The ocean, air, and everlasting hills.

All arts the culture of the Ausonian shore,
To me and to my heavenly light belong
All harmony, all elegance, all lore,
The sanctified, the sacred soul of song,
All gifted mortals, on whose chosen head
The Eternal Melodies their influence shed.

I to the couch of the Egyptian queen,
Sad Cleopatra called with dying breath,
Invoked from Paphian bowers and skies serene
The gentle spirits of voluptuous death;
I, by my tears, wrung from relenting Heaven
That hour to pale Laodamia given.

* The ancients worshipped two deities of love, "Eros and Anteros of old"—the one the god of terrestrial, the other of celestial, desire.

To hallowed breasts my spirit still imparts
The flame whilome divine, ere Cupid's guile
Drove me from earth, and mingled with his darts
The generous affection and the vile,
Such love as revelled in the golden age,
Ere sad Astrea left this earthly stage.

In twilight's calm I linger near each scene
Of beauty which my spirit still enthralls,
And to the night then yield I up unseen
Aërial melody, whose dying falls
By mortal heard, some lonely temple nigh,
Uplift his soul with mournful ecstasy.

LOVE'S WITNESSES.

Ὁ Ερωτας Φανερωμενος.

Love! when we last night embracing,
Sighed — Farewell, who saw us part?
Was it night, or sly Aurora,
Or the stars, or moon that heard?

A star shot down! and told the ocean,
Ocean told a mariner;
Then the sailor told his mistress,
She — she told it everywhere!

THE WAY OF LOVE.

Where behind Pisa the Alphean stream into the ocean pours,
Hurrying towards Arethusa, he carries her branches of olives,
Beautiful flowers and leaves, and sacred dust from the race-course,
As his tributes, and darts them swiftly under the waves
Diving deep underneath, but mingling not with the waters
Of the salt sea, through the sea tracing a shining path:
Thus hath the boy, who deep wounds and manifold wretchedness sends,
Also the might of love taught the impetuous river.

MOSCHUS.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Evening star! thou golden light of loveliest Cypris!
Evening star! of night the sacred ornament bright,
Which as the moon outshines, so outshinest all stars;
Hail to thee, lovely one! since now to the feast of the shepherds
I go — do thou light me on instead of the friendly moon,
Who will not rise betimes, for I to a theft do steal
Furtively; yet not that I the nightly traveller rob,
But that I love, and with lovers to mingle love is sweet.

MOSCHUS.

LOVE AND BE LOVED.

Longing Pan, he loved the neighbouring Echo; the Echo,
She loved the dancing Satyr; the Satyr he pined for Lyda;
But even as little as Echo for Pan so little did burn
For the Echo the Satyr, and for the Satyr young Lyda;
Every one loved the other; so much as the loved one hated,
Was he hated, and felt the pains of retaliation.
This an example teach I to loving spirits, to love
Those who love you, thus ye will loving, be loved again.

MOSCHUS.

LAND AND SEA LIFE.

When the cerulean sea by softest winds is dimpled,
Boldly my timid mind up rises; the upland Muse
Charms me no more; but the stillness of ocean ravishes me;
But when thunders again the frightful deep, the sea rears
Hollow waves and foams, on billows piling up billows.
Quick turn I then mine eyes towards earth and trees, and fly
Far from that dangerous ground: the footing of land only seems
Sure to me then — only pleasant the depths of the shadowy forest:
Where, also, during the storm, the pines sing in melody sweet.

Truly a fisherman lives a sorrowful life; a skiff
Is his house; the ocean he ploughs; he hunts in midst of the waves
Deceitful — the whilst I under the leaves of the wide-spreading beech
Slumber in sweetest sleep, and hear the murmuring fountains,
Which from the uplands to us flow softly, alarming us never.

MOSCHUS.

OLD AGE.

As the leaves of the spring that in the flowering season
Quickly burst forth as soon as warmth from the sun they feel,
So bloom, for a little time, mankind in the bloom of youth
Gaily; and yet, then, never evil from good discern:
But there stand the Fates dark at our side; the one
Sends to us old age; soon, soon sends us another one death.
One day youth's sweet flower flourishes only; the sun
Rises and sinks; with him, too, sank the flowers away;
And whene'er that is past, the time of our capable years,
Ah! then wishes our man, sooner than life, for death:
Then, too, suffers the soul many anxieties: — one
Household sorrows, or feels poverty's dismal gripe;
This one wishes for children, and when his wishes are blest,
Must he then from the world hie to the realms of shades;
That one gnaws and devours spirit-consuming sickness:
To every mortal allots Jupiter evil enough.

MIMNERMUS.

A few words now in conclusion.

In Greek poetry we have remarked, that analysis invades, anatomises, and exhausts every impression, every secondary idea, every manifestation, however incidental, of life. Nothing of uncertainty, nothing of mysticism, nothing of that indefinite, which with us moderns gives promise of heaven, and which our spirits long for, because we find in it a reminiscence or a presentiment of a country and a life different from those of this world. In the Greek all is defined, determined, materialised. The expression — and by expression we mean not only the language and style, but all that gives light and effect to the conception and imagination of the poet — is rapid, picturesque and concise, a worship of sensation, a religion of matter. "*Un solo è il punto onde movono la religione e la poesia,*" says an acute Italian writer. The religious intention predominates in all schools of poetry: the point of departure of religion, according to Victor Hugo in the preface to his *Cromwell*, is always the point of departure of poetry. Existing literature, the expression of the religious society of Christianity, has, according to certain critics, led back poetry to truth. Like it the Modern Muse has seen things from a higher and more comprehensive point of view than the Pagan. It has felt that all in the creation is not *humanly* beautiful, that the ugly exists at the side of the beautiful, the deformed at the side of the graceful, the grotesque near the sublime, evil with good, shade with light. From these reflections critics have been led to inquire if the narrow and relative reason of the artist ought to obtain the preference over the infinite and absolute reason of the Creator; if it belongs to man to rectify God; if a mutilated nature is the more beautiful; if Art has the right to cut into two, as it were, man, life, the creation; and if, in short, to be incomplete is the way to be harmonious? This is termed the theory of the romantic school as opposed to the classic. Poetry, with the appearance of Dante, made a great and decisive step—a step which, like the shock of an earthquake, changed the whole intellectual world. Art began to fashion after nature; and this new feature or type introduced into poetry is the grotesque, the characteristic trait, or fundamental difference, that separates modern art from ancient, the existing form from the dead, the romantic literature from the classic.

Shakspeare has said that there is a soul of good in things evil. The aim of modern art seems to be to show that there is a soul of beauty in things deformed and incomplete. We confess that the criticism of Aristotle is in our eyes superior to that of these Aristarchs. We have no sympathy for every day life, or for ignoble Nature, either in itself or in its copy.

"Rien n'est beau que le Vrai; le Vrai seul est aimable."

The beautiful alone ought to be the legitimate object of Art.

"High actions and high passions best describing."

We adore the soul above us more than the soul beneath us, as says the German Novalis; and in poetry as in life, our prayer to the gods is like that of the Grecian sage, — "Grant me what is beautiful and what is good!" Kant defines the beautiful, an infinite that manifests itself in the finite. In Greek poetry we have a pantheistic unity, and a polytheism evincing itself in materialism, — unity in the thought, multiplicity in matter. Placed between the Oriental world and Greece, — between Europe and Asia — it reflects the sanguinary strife and varied fortunes of the two principles which for twenty centuries have divided the world; and glorifies itself in the noble cause and sacrifices which fate had imposed upon its country — the canceller of so many ages of slavery to nations. Its religious thought is war between freewill and necessity, between man and the universe which enchains him. Greek intellect made the first steps towards a solution of that problem, but in its philosophy. The *life* of the Greek world is wholly in its poetry; the Greek mythological origins are all Oriental; and when writers had exhausted that spring, poetry was silent. The poetical period of Greece did nothing but state the problem. Hence its predominant narrative character and the conscience of the poet so seldom apparent, a sphere of images wholly objective, and a quiet and repose over all its creation, which, as we have elsewhere said, one is unable to attribute to the security of victory, or to the spirit of resignation. The Powers of Nature, sanctified and removed from analysis, subjugate it. Mysteries inclose every path to the exploring intellect, and throw a veil over the universe. Freedom agitates at the base of the pyramid — Fatality is enthroned immovable and tyrannical at the top, working without scope, as if for the mere exercise of its power — not the instrument of universal decrees, fulfilling themselves in despite of individuals — not laws which constitute man perforce the minister of a vast design, stamped by an Intelligent Cause upon the universe, but a brief and tremendous struggle between anguish and impassive cruelty, between the sacrificer and his victim, between man and destiny.

The prominent characteristics of Greek literature, subjective and objective, spiritual and material, mingled with the affections of the human heart, which are every where the same, gloomy and hideous, gentle and amiable, according to the nature of the superstition or mythology of the age and clime, are reflected in these slight tributes to the Manes of the dead. Some readers may esteem them insignificant and puerile, their forms uncouth, and their thoughts the reverse of profound; but whilst a relish for truth and nature abides, the scholar must always be enamoured of whatever traces a remembrance of his youthful love for that beautiful and poetical antiquity, "the island in the ocean of the world;" of which we conjure him, like the departing Augustus to his Livia, to live always mindful, if he would wish to sacrifice to the Graces, — *Memor vive et vale!*

THE CYNICAL MOROSENESS.

Καὶ οὐ πολλῆς τῆς πραγματείας δεῖ τριβώνιον περιβαλέσθαι, καὶ πήραν ἐξαρτήσασθαι, καὶ ξύλον ἐν τῇ χειρὶ ἔχειν, καὶ βοᾶν, μᾶλλον δὲ ὀγκᾶσθαι, ἢ ὑλακτεῖν, καὶ λοιδορεῖσθαι ἅπασι.

"It is no very great affair to put on a thread-bare cloak, to hang a wallet about the neck, to hold a stick in one's hand, and to bawl, or rather to bray, or bark at, and to abuse every body."

Which is the way to happiness? The question surely is not an inconsiderable one. Which is the short, straight, sure road, that leads at once to pure and perfect felicity — to consummate happiness — together with undying, unfading, imperishable glory? — which is the way? To lead the life of a Dog. Either there is no path at all, or it lies altogether, and only, in that direction,—To lead the life of a Dog! The sporting dog of a gentleman residing in the country passes his hours in ease and pleasure: being closely connected with the higher orders of society, he shares largely in the abundance, security, deference, and amusement, which are reserved for the favoured few. His diversions and employments and those of his master are the same; and, inasmuch as the quadruped is drawn towards them by a still stronger instinct, and bound and restricted to them by habits yet more exclusive, he probably enjoys and engages in them with even a keener relish than the lord of himself and of the rest of the creation. As to liberty, which is a sweet thing, the dog is subjected to no laws or restraints, except such as are indispensable to the right prosecution of the great end and object of his existence — the sports of the field; and as to honour and worship, things scarcely less sweet than liberty, he commonly finds about as much respect as his owner, or only a little more, or a little less, as it may happen. If, then, the life prescribed and propounded as a model be that of a fox-hound or greyhound, of a pointer or setter, it is, indeed, an excellent and an admirable one, of conspicuous celebrity for utility, dignity, and happiness; it being, in truth, the life of an English country gentleman. But to lead the life of a dog is not to live thus; still less is it to live after the gentler fashions of a lady's lap-dog, whose slavery should be sweeter than liberty, and his disgrace more honourable than honour itself. It is to be as a houseless, homeless, disowned cur in the streets of a large city; starved and snarling, ill-favoured and ill-conditioned, seeking to snatch a perilous shelter, or a precarious morsel; and to repay, by barking and biting, the frequent assaults of sticks and stones. Such is human happiness — such superhuman glory! For proof there is high authority, unexceptionable, and of universal acceptation and acknowledgment amongst the wise, even the sublimated extract and quintessence of ethical philosophy — the moral manual of Epictetus himself, of which the twenty-first chapter enjoins, "Remember, that you ought to conduct yourself in life as at an entertainment. Does one of the dishes, that are carried round, happen to be near you? put out your hand, and help yourself modestly and moderately. Does it go past you? do not offer to detain it. It has not come to you yet? do not extend your desires towards it, but wait patiently until it shall arrive. Thus with respect to children, thus with respect to a wife, thus with respect to offices, thus with respect to riches: behave thus, and you will some day be worthy to sit as a guest even at the entertainment of the immortal gods. If, however, when these good things shall be brought and offered to you, you do not accept them, but decline to partake of them, then indeed you will not merely be worthy to be entertained at the table of the gods, but

you will deserve to be their colleague, and to share with them in the government of the world. For it was by acting thus that Diogenes and Heraclitus, and others like to them, became, and most justly were esteemed, divine." How exquisite a passage! But it is not that we may give utterance to a suitable degree of admiration, which would be long and difficult, at the beauty and sublimity of the sentiment, or the strange felicity of thought and expression, but simply to show that a man who led the life, and received the appellation, of a Dog, was accounted not only the best of men, but of more than human goodness. He was recognised as being, indeed, absolutely godlike; as fit to participate in the supreme direction of the universe; and worthy also, probably, to receive divine honours and worship. The recognition was made some four centuries after the decease of the subject of it, and it is more complete and remarkable, because the author of it, by reason of the eminent and extraordinary propriety and purity of his life and doctrines, has sometimes been reputed a Christian philosopher. All men are familiar with Diogenes — the surly and the proud: very few of the celebrated personages of antiquity are more generally known than the Dog, at least under one aspect and phase of his character, but under that only; that is, as a morose Cynic, and appearing moreover most commonly in a ludicrous point of view, as the inhabitant of a tub, and as doing many odd things tending to the amusement of children. He is reckoned rather to resemble a mastiff, a bull, or a bear, which being confined in a public, but secure place, deserves well of the commonwealth of boys, because it may readily be provoked at any time to bark, roar, or growl, for their diversion, than to present the goodly image and impress of heavenly wisdom and virtue. How then is the mind to be divested of its bias towards jocularity? how is the farcical notion to be banished, and a serious and more equitable valuation of the renowned Cynic to be substituted?

The ancient Egyptians were so strong in their piety, or superstition, that they could worship a dog; but, by the dog itself, μὰ τὸν κύνα, (the oath is Socratic,) it is hard to arrive at a full apprehension of the divinity of the philosophic Anubis! So entirely is the fancy prejudiced, prevented, and preoccupied by the comic effigy of the sullen humourist, that a strong effort of the intellect can alone repel it, and bring us to contemplate the assertion of his surpassing excellence otherwise than as a self-denying affirmation — a fine irony — a subtle Socratic subsannation.

Nevertheless it is unquestionable, and not to be doubted, that of scarcely any of the famous men of antiquity was the glory more entire, ample, and solid. Yet, although the fact is stated, as being an acknowledged historical truth, yet astonishing, and almost incredible as it is, it is one of several surprising, paradoxical, and ill-understood passages in the story of old times, which have escaped the searching ingenuity of sharp and erudite wits, who love with a pleasing, artless, unpretending pedantry to hunt out the curiosities of the former world. Consequently the observation, that it is difficult of imagination, and hard to comprehend, how by such a course of life such celebrity was attained, has something of the freshness of originality. Diogenes was the son of Hicesius, a banker, in the remote but famous city of Sinope, whose bank stopped payment in consequence of some pecuniary operations. Concerning these operations there is some diversity of opinion and of testimony, as to what extent they were fraudulent, and as to what share the son had in them. It seems that he admitted that they were improper, and that he had been himself culpable: the confession was made, however, at a period when his notions of morality had become very strict. Modern philosophers assure us, that anciently the true prin-

ciples of the science of banking were very imperfectly understood; accordingly the failure of Hicesius and Son was ruinous, not merely to their innocent customers, but, contrary to the modern, and more scientific practice, to the guilty partners also. The young banker was the victim of this pristine ignorance; he found in the bankruptcy of his house, not a mine of wealth, but a heavy load of insurmountable poverty: disgrace, exile, and misery; not an augmentation of credit, ease, and opulence. He fled to Athens, where, in spite of denials, of blows, and the utmost hardness of sticks, he forced himself upon Antisthenes, the founder of two illustrious sects; for the Cynics and the Stoics had a common ancestor, a common origin, one common father. He also attended the schools of other famous teachers, and adopted through necessity, being a poor man and an exile, a plain, simple, economical mode of life,—καὶ, ἅτε φυγὰς ὤν, ὥρμησεν ἐπὶ τὸν τριβῶνα βίον. He soon embraced, and publicly professed and practised, in their utmost severity, the Cynical principles and methods of his great master, Antisthenes; and afterwards aggravated, exasperated, and outraged, by incredible extravagances, the austerity of Cynicism itself. His diet was not only moderate and temperate, but it became coarse and gross, and indeed filthy and horribly disgusting. Two of the various accounts which describe the cause of his death, illustrate the opinion and belief of his countrymen, as to the kind of nourishment with which he chose to support his happy and glorious existence. Some writers relate that he died of an attack of cholera, or cholic, occasioned by devouring a neat's foot raw: others say that a bite in the leg proved fatal, which he got in attempting to take away for his supper a portion of a marine animal, called a polypus, from some hungry dogs, that were greedily eating it. He went bare-headed and bare-foot, his only covering by day, or by night, being a coarse threadbare cloak. In this respect he did not go beyond his master; for Antisthenes, fascinated with the loveliness of an utilitarian life, had previously discovered, that a tunic, or shirt, is a superfluity; and that the final cause of dress — warmth, might be attained at least as well by doubling the ample cloak, or mantle, of the Grecian costume, as by wearing a tunic beneath the cloak; accordingly that garment, their sole integument, was worn double by the Cynics. The tunic or shirt, therefore, became the specific difference, that separated the sturdy members of the Cynical persuasion from the stern gentlemen, who followed the rules of a kindred and not dissimilar sect — the Stoics: —

> *Et qui nec Cynicos, nec Stoica dogmata legit,*
> *A Cynicis tunicâ distantia.*

Thus a vestment, sacred or profane, of service or of ceremony, has sometimes afforded means to discriminate and to classify the whims of more modern sectaries. The full Grecian mantle, being made scanty, by being doubled, was wrapped closely round the bare body of the Cynic, the right arm being uncovered as far as the shoulder, that the free use of an instrument, which was the inseparable companion and indispensable adjunct of the philosopher of utility, might have no let or hindrance; and the heavy blow of a thick, knotty stick might at once clench an argument, silence by a sharp stroke, in aid of his candour, an obstinate opponent, and give resistless strength to reason, additional poignancy to reproof, and a fresh grace to persuasion. The folded cloak was confined at the waist, and secured by a yard of rope, a leathern strap, or some other homely cincture; but the sage within was not over solicitous respecting the concealment of his person. Certain pious advocates for nudity have preached, that it is not for man to be ashamed of what God has made, and that every part of the human body

is alike beautiful, and equally and exceedingly honourable. The Cynics, on the contrary, arrived at the same conclusion by the opposite road: they maintained, that far from not being ashamed of any of our members, we have a sufficient, but uniform, cause to be ashamed of and to abhor all of them indifferently; the intellectual man being most noble and all glorious, and the corporeal man utterly despicable and abject. The lordly soul weening in its pride, that it promotes its own exaltation to contemn its servant and slave, and beast of burthen, the body, does well and wisely, they teach, in showing how scurvy a brute the animal man is. Inasmuch as the whole fleshly fabric is altogether and indiscriminately infamous, and the hands and face are not one whit less disreputable than the rest, the conscientious Cynic was bound to display any other portion of his hateful self without more repugnance, and as readily as these. Consequently the four-footed dogs of both sexes are not more exact and impartial in permitting themselves to be freely viewed from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail by all persons, at all seasons, and in all places, than the two-footed dogs of both sexes were in making a total, uncompromising, gratuitous exhibition of their vile and detested bodies.

Moreover, in favour of moroseness, and on behalf of the sacred interests of utility and truth, it was deemed proper, if there was reason to believe, that any person would be especially shocked, annoyed, or offended by the exposure, studiously to insult such weakness to the utmost; and a female Cynic was peculiarly obliged, for the credit of her sex and the dignity of philosophy, to set forth in a most conspicuous light her contempt of antiquated prejudices, because the revelation, being less looked for, would be more startling, more instructive, and more improving. The mansion of the great Diogenes was a tub, a large jar, or cask; a kind of residence in which a four-footed dog is sometimes still induced, by means of a chain and collar, to dwell; for, like the porters in Naples, he was content to abide in the streets and public places, without the poor shelter of his rolling home. It seems to have been esteemed by him an object of primary importance to harden himself, and by wallowing in the snow, basking in the fiercest sun, and submitting to each various inclemency and rigour, to acquire, as being something preeminently noble and conducive to happiness, the power of enduring cold and heat, and every privation and hardship, and a certain Spartan manliness. Many instances attest his extreme aversion to any softness, delicacy, or effeminacy; he constantly and with much vehemence upbraided the Athenians and his other contemporaries on account of their defects in this respect; and bitterly complained that they were not men; that he wanted, and looked in vain for, a man. He perambulated the streets at noonday with a lighted lantern; but the object of his search was not according to the popular version of the story, an honest man, but simply a man,—λύχνον μεθ' ἡμέραν ἅψας, Ἄνθρωπον, φησὶ, ζητῶ. There is more point in the joke of hunting a crowded street in vain for a mere man, than in asking in a great commercial city for an honest man, where it is acknowledged that, in the strictest sense of the term, such a commodity is not to be had. Besides, it is related, that on other occasions he required to have a man; and a crowd of men being immediately pointed out to him, he replied, there is not a single man there; that is only a rascally rabble of poor, weak, effeminate wretches. He did not want an honest man; a person not dishonourable, or dishonest, in any the smallest degree; one, who had never taken the least advantage of another in trade, or other transaction—such an individual is probably rare, as he is certainly most estimable. But such an one the banker did not want; he asked not for honesty, but for manliness and

hardihood. I want a man; a fine, bold, roaring, foul-mouthed fellow, ready to say and to hear any thing, and to give and take thwacks with a cudgel; to scorn shirt and shoes; to go half-naked; to sleep in the kennel; to eat raw beef, and raw fish; and last, but not least, I want one who will not scruple to do coolly in public whatever those, who are not wholly lost to shame, blush to name in private! In what terms can the utter unreservedness of the Cynics be described? It formed the key-stone of the arch; it was the pole-star in their heaven; their leading feature; the grand fundamental principle; the *sine quâ non:* it may not therefore be passed over in silence; it was to them what silence was to the Pythagoreans, irony to the Socratics, constancy to the Stoics, hilarity to the Platonists, doubt to the Sceptics: to the Cynics this form of moroseness was the rule and touchstone of the order; yet it is difficult to speak of it. Diogenes, as his namesake and biographer writes, used to perform in public all the rites both of Ceres and of Venus, ἐδόκει δὲ πάντα ποιεῖν ἐν τῷ μέσῳ, καὶ τὰ Δήμητρος καὶ τὰ Ἀφροδίτης. Concerning the rites of Ceres he argued thus:—if to dine is not an improper thing in itself, it is not improper to dine in the public streets; but to dine is not an improper thing in itself, therefore it is not an improper thing to dine publicly in the streets. It is probable, that the philosopher was the more disposed to take his meals in public, that it might be generally known, that his practice was in strict accordance with his professions, and that his fare was really coarse, gross, and distasteful. The Cynical usage of devouring openly in the market-place an unsocial and unpalatable morsel, at irregular periods, like a dog, seemed exceedingly shocking to the Greeks, a wise nation, to which the solemn and comfortable refection of a well-ordered, well-spread table at canonical hours was ever acceptable and truly dear. Besides, to the pious and jolly Greek the banquet was a matter of conscience, as well as of delight; to him supper was supper, and on that account alone an affair of no small moment: but it was also a sacrifice, a religious rite, a holy ceremony of family worship, and of household domestic devotion; a divine service to be observed seriously, and to be consecrated in its commencement, progress, and conclusion, by prayers, thanksgiving, and libations. A poor man could eat his dry crust, or his cold apple, in a corner, meekly praying and earnestly desiring that his next repast might be less unsatisfactory; but a man of competent fortune was guilty of black ingratitude towards the celestial givers of all good things, and of rashly tempting and provoking the forfeiture of blessings, by demonstrating that he was plainly unworthy of them, if he omitted to regale himself and his house in modest luxury, commensurate with his worldly substance; even the austere entertainments of the Spartans were regular and decorous, sociable and conversable, although, on account of their peculiar institutions, the fare was hard and scanty. The social table and the cheerful hearth were the proper altars of the household gods; the feasts of the immortals were celebrated in poesy and fable, not less than their loves; and the genial board was equally sacred with the genial bed. Accordingly the unwholesome, disgusting, ill-timed diet, at once lonesome and public, of the dogged sect, was nearly as odious and indecent in the eyes of the merry, companionable, festive Greeks, especially of the polite inhabitants of Athens and Corinth, in which cities Diogenes commonly resided, as certain astounding and horrible violations of decency; and the former improprieties are ordinarily related at the same time, and often in the same sentence, and with the same degree of censure, as the latter. In these days the gratifications that attend a copious, well-arranged, hospitable repast, are the only obligations which bind the opulent to observe a liberal economy of enjoyment; the richest man might now feed habitually on the vilest offals without incur-

ring any other reproach, than the imputation of bad taste, and possibly of niggardliness. With respect to the other peculiarities of the Cynics, it is quite otherwise.

The admirable Lactantius indignantly asks, "*Nam quid ego de Cynicis loquar? quibus in propatulo coire cum conjugibus mos fuit. Quid mirum, si a canibus, quorum vitam imitantur, etiam vocabulum nomenque traxerant?*" Every philosopher, who was ambitious to lead the life of a dog, sought by an exact conformity with canine usages, particularly with that which mainly served to impose the name of dogs upon the sect, to arrive at a perfect imitation of the life of the animal, of which they borrowed the appellation. History has handed down the names of many famous men, together with ample testimony of their close compliance with the rigid rule; and also the name of Hipparchia, the sister of one Cynic and the wife of another; together with a full and correct report of this lady's nice observance of each doglike act. Is a degenerate posterity to infer from the narrative of by-gone greatness, that the conformity of the learned and admired female was ordinary and habitual, or merely occasional and rare? The charity, or the weakness, of a faint-hearted modern would fain believe, that this ancient heroine, as well as other wisdom-loving dames of more zeal than delicacy, thought fit to cynize thus, once or twice only, in order, by a great example, to read a great moral lesson to their age and sex. It will be readily imagined, that the adherents of the shirtless sect, since they did not hesitate to perpetrate openly what less enlightened persons account the greatest act of indecency, did not scruple to commit every minor indecorum with freedom and frequency. The philosophic moroseness was constantly paraded by a conscientious preceptor, or a promising disciple, in a steady course and perpetual succession of insults to the senses and feelings of modest and well-conditioned auditors and spectators; and forasmuch as such behaviour was less likely to be anticipated by worldlings, the brutish deportment of a female sage was encouraged and applauded in an eminent degree by the elect, as being more exemplary, more effective, more truly morose, and more exquisitely philosophic, than the uttermost vulgarity of a whole army of men. The strange story of the distasteful but most illustrious school presents a long, and surely a discreditable, catalogue of disgusting, abominable, and revolting outrages. Such as their actions were, such also were their words. If there was no deed, not in itself criminal, which the good Cynic should decline to perform at all times and in all places; if there was no act, of which he might ever allow himself to be ashamed; it is plain that he could not but esteem all words alike harmless and equally fit for every occasion: of what word could one, who reasoned and lived thus, ever be ashamed? To let fly from the bulwark of the teeth whatever expression might first occur, indifferently and indiscriminately, without choice, reflection, or consciousness, whether it would seem to the laity modest or immodest, was the common mitigated course of the lukewarm brethren: the Cynic, the zealot, and the entire sisterhood,—for the sisters are uniformly zealous,—were sternly addicted to the pious use of ribaldry of the most obscene filthiness. For to adopt a decent phrase when an indecent one could be found, or carelessly to neglect the more gross for the less startling, so long as a single unconverted individual still retained weakness enough to be shocked at any thing, was to throw away, through a culpable remissness, an opportunity of doing good. The predominant and perpetual obligations of moroseness likewise demanded the immediate employment of language likely to prove an annoyance to any body; not only by reason of its obscenity, but to scurrility also there was its favour with the dogged tribe. To lead

the life of a dog was the fundamental canon of Cynicism; to snarl, to bark, to bite, to rail, were some of the golden fruits of submission to the golden rule; to cast slanderous and odious imputations, to hurl bitter, biting, angry reproaches and invectives, and to reap a rich harvest of heavy blows, were other fruits. The strokes, which the rabid insolence of the unshod critics provoked, were often received with as much patience, as if the doctrine, common to both Stoics and Cynics, were undeniably true, that kicks, cuffs, and stripes, and all such external and indifferent things, are of no concernment whatever to the recipient; and they were often returned by the bare right arm, and the ponderous gnarled cudgel, with as much ingenuous earnestness, and as hearty a good will, as if the same common doctrine were utterly false and unfounded. Such was the personage to whom one of the most staid and sober of the philosophers — a grave, and wise, and justly admired moralist,—would intrust the dominion of the world, an empire over all things co-ordinate with the Supreme Intelligence; such was the man who has been commended by authorities still more austere and venerable, who has been mentioned with honour by Origen, Basil, John Chrysostom, Jerome, Augustine, and by other saints and doctors — fathers of the church: it would be long to repeat, but it would be agreeable to refer to their praises of the dog Diogenes. He covered himself with glory, although he sought it not; he acquired fame, which he did not value; for he taught that, for the sake of reputation alone, apart from utility, a man ought not to take the trouble even to hold out his finger. "*De bonâ autem famâ Chrysippus quidem, et Diogenes, detractâ utilitate, ne digitum quidem, ejus causâ, porrigendum esse dicebant.*" Thus said the proud utilitarian; and the vain Cicero, in recording the saying, records also his dissent, and his own opinion, that a good renown is valuable for its own sake, without reference to its usefulness,—"*propter rem ipsam, non propter usum.*"

The Cynics were accounted admirable, because they led the life of the gods; and the life of a dog, when duly estimated and measured by the proper standard, is more like the life of a god, in the apprehension of philosophers, than it appears to be to an ordinary apprehension. To conquer the nature of man was the object of Stoicism; the aim of Cynicism was to go beyond it. "*Hominis naturam cum Stoicis vincere, cum Cynicis excedere.*" To quit the common path is an uncertain and ambiguous direction; to become like to a being superior to humanity, or to grow similar to one inferior to it, would seem to be two different and opposite things; yet the wise teach that they are the same: it is the same thing, or very nearly so, to be a god, or a grasshopper. "Old age does not oppress thee, thou wise, earth-born songster; but being exempt from sickness and suffering, bloodless, fleshless, thou art almost like unto the gods!" With a poetic jocularity a festive poet thus addresses the grasshopper, or some such insect: —

> Τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔ σε τείρει,
> σοφὲ, γηγενὴς, φίλυμνε,
> ἀπαθὴς, ἀναιμόσαρκε·
> σχεδόν εἶ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.

With earnest seriousness many a moralist inculcates in didactic prose, that the canine existence, for nearly the same reasons, is equal to the divine. "If any one doubts about the happiness of Diogenes, he will doubt also concerning the state of the immortal gods; whether they live happily because they have no lands, no gardens, no valuable farms, no large capital at interest. Are you not ashamed, if you admire riches, to look upon the universe, for you will see the gods destitute of every thing, — giving all,

retaining nothing? Do you account him poor then, or like to the immortal gods, who has stript himself of whatever is in the power of fortune?" "*Si quis de felicitate Diogenis dubitat, potest idem dubitare et de Deorum immortalium statu, an parum beaté degant: quod illis non prædia, nec horti sint, nec alieno colono rura pretiosa, nec grande in foro fœnus. Non te pudet, quisquis divitiis adstupes, respice, agedum, mundum: nudos videbis Deos, omnia dantes, nihil habentes. Hunc tu pauperem putas, an diis immortalibus similem, qui se fortuitis omnibus exuit?*" It was a profane and an impious thing, therefore, to harbour any doubts as to the supreme felicity of Diogenes. The pre-eminence of the divine, or cynical, life consisted in this, that being in want of every thing, it wanted nothing; and having nothing, it had nothing to lose. When this mode of existence was first presented, the novelty was probably very striking. The first time the lion sees a naked man, or woman, he runs away in the utmost terror, however hungry; the next time he is less alarmed; and the king of beasts soon grows familiar with the forms of the lord and lady of the creation, so that he shortly learns, it is asserted, to devour them, although quite bare, just as readily as if they were muffled up to the chin. When any pretty pleasant device is new, it is fresh and fashionable, and it captivates the fancy of all, who are wise enough to give their attention to such matters; but through use it grows stale, and common, and vulgar; and good taste again demands something new. The world was long able to contemplate with awe, with veneration, and amazement, a limited and select establishment of four vestal virgins; and, indeed, reverence might be carried with perfect safety somewhat further; but if every plain poor girl, whose face, or pocket, will not purchase a husband, is to consecrate her virginity to heaven, the pale-eyed sisters will wax tiresome at last. And so is it with the divine life: the monastic orders adopted it, and pursued it often no doubt with edification and unction; but they wore out the cloak of the Cynics, which was threadbare in the beginning; and the abstinent, the austere, the ascetic, the eremitical, in short all the ingredients of Cynicism, have been brought into bad odour by the frowzy monks. But how striking soever the divine life might be whilst it was still a novelty, and unquestionably it made a very deep impression upon the lively fancy of the sensitive people of the south, it is not sufficient in itself to explain the causes of the success of the sect of Cynics. In order to form a just notion of the depth and strength of the impression, we must not forget to take into the account the warm and kindly temperament of the audience, to whom the representation of a new drama of existence was addressed. Should some ill-advised sage profess under less genial skies to reject all the superfluities, all the comforts, and nearly all the necessaries of life, the churlish humour of the north would take him at his word: without sympathy for sufferings voluntarily undergone, or compassion for errors springing from a laudable motive, the rigid rule of self-imposed abstinence would be literally enforced, without any mitigation, and the unpitied, despised ascetic would be deemed a fool for his pains. Where the rights of hospitality were generally acknowledged, and the hospitable rites duly and religiously observed, — where innumerable obliging and neighbourly offices tended continually to endear the stranger to his friendly entertainers, the constant refusal of the offered favours, or the acceptance of so much only as would fall to the share of a little regarded dog, would at once stimulate both the curiosity and the kindness of tender-hearted inquirers. But where the stranger's sole recognised claim to attention is the prospect of being more readily defrauded, of being cheated aptly and promptly in a sale, or a purchase; where the frigid indifference of constitution is confirmed by the

inborn and impenetrable self-conceit of the untaught savage, — there no novelty, unless it be utterly frivolous upon the face of it, can engage; no sacrifice, except a pecuniary one pretended for deceit, can move; no speculation, save such as promise a considerable premium, or usurious interest, will ever attract. Yet granting the full force of contrast,—conceding every thing that can be asked for climate, institutions, race, education, dispositions —allowing each postulate, accepting every suggestion, and thankfully assisting and co-operating with an expositor, who would read a riddle; still, still we feel that the mystery has not yet been explained. The strangeness of the new life alone was not adequate to the effect produced by the sect, that invented, or adopted it. The Spartan scheme of polity had long ago circumscribed man's physical wants by a very narrow circle; the free choice of coarse fare, and homely apparel and lodging, and the wilful endurance of cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and other hardships, together with similar moral phenomena, had been exhibited already on a grand scale by the zealous disciples of a practical philosopher, Lycurgus.

The Lacedæmonians had learned to strip themselves of the fortuitous and the extrinsic, and thus to prepare for mental and martial struggles, as coolly and as quickly, as the expert pugilist casts aside, for the advancement of science, his coat and waistcoat. So completely had they denuded themselves, indeed, of every thing that is in the power of chance, that Fortune, according to the felicitous comparison of Bernard de Mandeville, could do no more mischief to them, than a blind mare in an empty barn: but the Spartans, although naked, were still decorous, decent, orderly, and even formal, as were the Stoics also; consequently, in this respect, they were quite different from, and diametrically opposed to, the Cynics; and besides, together with military institutions, a warlike nation exactly observed the military politeness. That glorious moroseness which was the peculiar attribute and characteristic of the dogged sect, and, as it were, the charter of their liberties, immunities, and privileges, and the foundation of their mighty and abiding renown, was as little in use at Lacedæmon, as it is understood by yourselves at the present day. What was this famous quality? How did it endear those who professed and practised it to their contemporaries, and render them illustrious in their own age, and in succeeding generations with all posterity? These are questions of difficult solution: perhaps it is no light matter even to apprehend rightly the difficulty of answering them. Why were a body of men so generally and so long revered, whose very appellation was a title of reproach, and their description opprobrious? The Cynical, or dog-like philosophers are so called, on account of their unsociable and intractable wilfulness and self-conceit, and their boldness and shameless impudence, — for such are dogs, and such are they, — οἱ Κυνικοὶ φιλόσοφοι, διὰ τὸ αὐθαδές, καὶ θρασὺ, καὶ ἀναιδές, τοιοῦτοι γὰρ καὶ οἱ κύνες. It may be, that by reason of its remoteness we are unable to discern, through the misty distance, the foregone excellence which captivated our forefathers; but is it quite certain that we should be sensible of it, if it were still present with us? If we had teachers of equal merit, should we be duly impressed by the moment and value of their instructions? Alexander the Great was attracted by a noble curiosity to visit the admired inhabitant of the tub. He made large and unlimited offers to the Cynic; and skilful and experienced interpreters affirm, that the question was sincere and of literal acceptation, — "Is there anything that I can do for you?" "Only to stand aside a little;" for at that season of the year, or of the day, the sunshine was agreeable. "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes." — "If I had not been placed by my destiny in a station to which I was born, and which I cannot quit; if I

were at liberty to choose a course of life for myself," — the full purport of the monarch's obesrvation is seldom seized, — "I would certainly dwell in a cask, naked, homeless, penniless; I would feed on the vilest offals; and, in one word, I would lead the life of a dog!" What was it that at once caught the king? He was a man of no ordinary genius, of much learning and perspicacity, the companion of philosophers, and the friend and pupil of Aristotle: the attraction was not futile, or trifling; but whatever it was, would it have prevailed equally with a conqueror of modern times? A certain worthy man, Onesicritus by name, being one of the Myrmidons, — that is to say, a native of Ægina, — sent Androsthenes, the younger of his two sons, on some business to Athens. The youth casually fell in with the Dog, who seized him by the ears, and held him fast; so that he wholly forgot his errand, his own people, and his father's house. After some time, as he failed to return, the old man sent Philiscus, his other and his eldest son, to look after the business and his brother: but on his arrival this young man also tasted of the suavity of the Cynic's discourses; and being spell-bound by the mighty wizard, he, too, presently forgot his old father and his home. At last Onesicritus, growing impatient and uneasy at the unaccountable delay, came himself to Athens; and for a long time afterwards the father was seen following, with both his sons, the half-naked philosopher,—the three earnest, eager listeners, always seeking equally to soothe their love by catching the accents of truth, and beauty, and wisdom, as they fell from lips coarsely and filthily nourished. What did he say to them? what words did "the Dog" address to these good people from Ægina? If we could hear them, would they arrest our attention now as powerfully? should we also be rivetted to the earth, and inevitably coerced to pursue the rotatory peregrinations of the wooden house? what charmed speech would be strong enough to bind and to loosen us and them? The difficulties are so numerous and so perplexing wherewith the history of the olden times is thickly beset on every side, and the matters depending upon these difficulties so momentous, that it is not easy to determine with what welcome the harbinger ought to be received of him, who shall clear up, and expound even partially, a few of them. The eloquence of Diogenes was persuasive and powerful, as we learn not merely from the record of its effects, but likewise from express testimony concerning himself and other members of his sect; and the style of some Cynics, we are told, even resembled the lovely diction of Plato. The citizens of Athens and of Corinth were acute and impassioned critics; they were well qualified to form the nicest and most delicate judgment respecting the merits of oratory; and they were ever ready also to be enraptured and borne away by speakers, whose discourses fulfilled all the difficult conditions and the hard exigency of their criticism. They were, in truth, epicures in speech; and a refined, fastidious, difficult taste, which taught them to reject with disgust whatever fell below the standard of perfection, gave a sharper edge to their appetite for the exquisite: they could not endure to be fed with ordinary fare, and they laid hold of any occasion that set before them the rare, the extraordinary, and the delicious, with the rapacity of famished guests. The orators — the great masters of the whole art and practical science of rhetoric — were commonly politicians, political adventurers, and empirics. Their hearers had listened to them with intense delight; but sometimes to their shame, to their bane, to their lasting injury and utter destruction. The entertainment was sumptuous — every plate savoury — the whole consummate; but was it wholesome? Some meats were poisonous, many medicated, nothing absolutely safe.

The Cynics, on the contrary, sought not place, power, or profit; they had

left all, renounced all, and were civilly dead: they hunted after nothing, except perhaps praise; save only a harmless vanity and a certain self-punishing pride, they had extirpated every passion. At their feasts all was what it seemed; there was no guile, no cause for apprehension, for confidence many; whatever was delightful to the palate was assuredly salutary to the stomach; every viand was ingenuous, or if perchance any drug was present, it must be something that would corroborate and infuse a marvellous health into the entire system. The very peculiarities themselves, which constituted the characteristic moroseness, were additional securities; each of the horrors, to which some allusion has been made, was a distinct pledge that the bridge of self-interest had been broken down, and the world and worldliness cut off for ever. Not only was the eloquence of Diogenes remarkable, but his wit also was universally celebrated; many brilliant repartees still display its poignancy and originality. The divine gift of apt, sudden, irrepressible, irresistible facetiousness, was duly honoured by an age eminent for felicity of genius: he is surely a favourite of the gods, in whom resides the brightness of a quick fancy, together with a rich vein of genuine native humour; and if it ever happen that such an one is not the favourite of men likewise, it is only during some sad period of obscuration, when mundane dulness for a while offuscates the celestial light. As the stars shine brightest when other luminaries are withdrawn, so the radiance of his pleasantry was more effulgent by reason of the dark night of a repulsive and odious life, in which he thought proper to envelope it. The temper of the Cynic wit was caustic; plain-spoken, bold, and biting quips were freely thrown in; hard heavy hits and home thrusts were exchanged unsparingly, and without reserve; the mordacity of the dog, a constant attribute of the sect, was found not in the teeth, but in the tongue, —

——— *Namque*
Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat.

The sect of Cynics were endeared to the free citizens of the ancient world by an ardent love of liberty of speech and action, — by an unconquerable spirit of full and absolute independence; because their doctrines and discourses were powerful provocatives to the appetite for freedom, public and private, perpetually exciting their disciples to hunger and thirst after it, as the supreme good. On this ground principally is Diogenes strenuously and heartily commended by the philosopher Arrian, in his excellent commentaries upon the Manual of Epictetus, and by others of the same school; and not by stern Stoics alone, but by the graceful, festive, indulgent Platonist. Maximus Tyrius, a Platonic philosopher, extols " the Dog" for his entire and lofty immunity, and wise, virtuous, and sublime self-sufficiency, in strains of speech, and with a force of conception and of diction, that astonish and stun the reader. And, indeed, it is always very difficult, when fresh from reading, or even from referring to the compositions of the more profound and eloquent of the ancients, to speak or to write at all ourselves; for their beauty is so transcendent, that it paralyses the trembling tongue, and benumbs the hand with amazement; and being bowed to the earth by heaviness at our utter incapacity to speak, or write, not in truth, as they spoke, or wrote, but in phrases that can be tolerated by the only competent critics, by those who are familiar with antiquity, we are often constrained to guard a diffident silence, distrustful of ourselves, notwithstanding any impression of the value, or importance, of what we should otherwise be disposed to communicate. The distaste of the republicans of Greece for whatever bore the aspect of dependance was excessive, and their inge-

nuous and liberal fastidiousness shrunk with abhorrence from any contact with subserviency. But their institutions, although comprehensive in practice, were select in theory; they loved an oligarchy, in which the few were many, yet still comparatively few; an aristocracy, in which the best were numerous, and not uniformly as good as they ought to be, but were yet, upon some principle of choice, the best. In their democracy they had no notion of universality, whereby, as has been ignorantly supposed, or dishonestly pretended, every filthy fellow, with no other qualification than his impurity, was a lay presbyter of the commonwealth, and might exercise executive, legislative, and judicial functions, purely in right of his dirty shirt; each scheme of polity was something exclusive, which shut out much, even when it embraced the most. Liberty and equality, — these famous words being understood in a generous acceptation, and as they would be welcome to a scholar and a gentleman, — were fondly cherished by Antisthenes, the founder, and Diogenes, the prince of the Cynics, and by their successors and liegemen. Their love of knowledge was not less conspicuous than their love of liberty. Pythagoras was the first philosopher, the first to style himself a lover of wisdom, and his love of it was doubtless great; but greater was the love of the Cynic, who loving wisdom and wisdom alone, for its own sake, contemned and rejected every thing besides. The man of a vast soul, *vir ingentis animi*, as Diogenes has been called, was esteemed an able and acute dialectitian; and by him and his disciples logic, the instrumental art, which directs the mind in the just knowledge of things, was carefully and successfully cultivated. But the canine confraternity have been accused of undervaluing the other liberal arts, under the vain pretence that they are useless, and of condemning a liberal education through some foolish and futile profession of naked utility. It would probably be found, on a patient and judicious examination, that the sages rather censured the mode in which the education at that time in fashion, and termed τὰ ἐγκύκλια μαθήματα, was conveyed, and the purposes to which it was applied, than laboured to deter students from the acquisition of any branch of learning. But the inquiry would lead into a wide field of criticism, of citations and disquisitions.

The Cynics, as a sect, were pious and religiously disposed. The most illustrious of their family has been accused of Atheism; but the accusation in the case of Diogenes, as in almost every instance of the like hateful charge, was altogether unfounded, and has been made in ignorance and error. He spoke freely on all subjects, and also concerning the gods and of divine things. Such of his remarks as remain display a certain keen and vigorous license of speech, and an outward show of levity, at least to those who cannot see beyond the shell, or discern the profound import couched within; but they are never disfigured by any real impiety, when rightly understood and fairly interpreted. In extenuation of the Cynical moroseness, and to assist us in comprehending the motives of those who bore with it, or even approved of it, and indeed admired, as did sundry worthy persons who are far above reproach, and almost above praise, the prudent choice of men content to lead the life of a dog, it is meet and fit to consider well the character of the times in which they practised a strange and astounding self-denial, inconceivable humiliations, and mortifications monstrous, inordinate, and incredible; to ponder and weigh scrupulously in the equal scales of an unbiassed judgment, not only the great and grand and glorious examples, not only the splendid virtues and the splendid vices of the heathen world, but the mean, sordid, selfish infamy, the abominations and corruptions, wherewith the majesty of the antique splendour was defiled and

polluted; to regard the prodigious luxury, the excessive and unnatural effeminacy, the devouring insatiable rapacity, the profuse insensate prodigality, all the frightful and desolating sins, and guilt unutterable and intolerable, that the strait rule of the severe order of the most holy Cynical fathers would subvert from the foundations, and would render thenceforth and for evermore ineligible, impracticable, and impossible. The objects sought, the final cause, the end and aim, were precious and inestimable; and worthy to be purchased, if they were not to be procured on easier terms, at a very heavy and burthensome price. The friend and votary of simplicity might prefer to be received, in the Cynic fashion, on a hard homely bench, rather than upon a soft and decent couch:—

Potius in subsellio
Cynicè accipiemur, quam in lectis.

And if luxury and its incident and inherent extravagance and rapine were altogether abhorrent from his nature, he would dread a coarse and revolting diet less than these more alarming and most pernicious evils. The name of the sect became, as it were, the name of temperance, being interwoven with, and not to be parted from, frugality. That there could possibly exist any similarity between the honest Cynic and the mean parasite was a ludicrous idea, a notion broadly farcical, and apt to provoke bursts of loud laughter. Accordingly, the grand master of comic power, in whose graceful compositions, as in a boundless bottomless ocean of scenic excellence, every beauty and every virtue of the drama luxuriates in exuberant plenty,—the consummate Plautus proposes, as something rarely jocular, that all parasites should belong to the family of Cynics:—

Cynicâ esse e gente oportet parasitum probe!

A column, with the statue of a dog in Parian marble upon the top, adorned the tomb of the most illustrious of this family. Pausanias, some four or five hundred years after his death, describes the spot like one who had visited it. "As you go up to Corinth," he says, in his description of the environs of that city, "there are other monuments by the road side; and Diogenes of Sinope is buried near the gate, whom by way of addition the Greeks call—the Dog." Ανιοῦσι δὲ ἐς Κόρινθον, καὶ ἄλλα ἐστι κατὰ τὴν ὁδὸν μνήματα, καὶ πρὸς τῇ πύλῃ Διογένης τέθαπται ὁ Σινωπεὺς, ὃν κύνα ἐπίκλησιν καλοῦσιν Ἕλληνες. Other works of art were consecrated to the memory of this remarkable man; but the most lasting and the most honourable memorials of his greatness are to be found in the writings of the wise of former days: one of his eulogists must not be forgotten. The admirable Lucian has fastened with the sharp lash of unsparing satire the indelible scar of a flaying jest upon every conspicuous absurdity; he has not spared the errors and follies of the Cynics, yet he treats Diogenes with reverential regard. His suffrage is important; and one short extract from his incomparable "Dialogues of the Dead" may serve, in some measure at least, to explain why toleration was extended to the canine life and the Cynical moroseness. "But we had no such thoughts about each other, when we were alive," Diogenes observes, to whom his disciple, Crates, had been relating the history of two enormously rich men, each of whom earnestly desired the death of the other, that he might be his heir; "we had no such thoughts. I never once wished Antisthenes to die, that I might inherit his staff, although he had a very stout one made out of a wild olive tree. Nor do I think, Crates, that you ever desired to inherit my property, when I died; my tub, and my wallet, with two quarts of broad beans in it."—"No; I had no need of an inherit-

ance; nor had you, Diogenes; for you inherited of Antisthenes whatever was necessary for you, and I from you, an inheritance much greater and more dignified than the Persian empire."—"What inheritance do you mean, Crates?"—"Wisdom, and frugality, and truth, and freedom of speech, and liberty."—"Yes, by Jove, I remember receiving all this vast wealth from Antisthenes, and leaving it, with large additions, to you, my successor. But others cared little for such property; and nobody paid court to us in the hope of being our heir: they set their eyes on gold alone. And very properly so; for they had no place in which they might receive such things from us. Being utterly corrupted by a delicate and effeminate life, they were like rotten purses; so that if any one ever happened to throw into them wisdom, or freedom of speech, or truth, it fell out immediately, and ran away like water, the bottom not being able to contain it: just as those poor damsels, the daughters of Danaus, keep pumping into a leaky tub. But gold they kept fast hold of with their teeth and nails, and in every possible way. Consequently we shall have our wealth even here; but they will bring with them no more than a single halfpenny, and that only as far as to the ferryman."

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF JAMAICA.

A LETTER FROM A RESIDENT PROPRIETOR TO A NOBLEMAN CONNECTED WITH THE ADMINISTRATION.

Jamaica, June 1839.

My Lord,

As your lordship has been so good as to give me permission to communicate my impressions of this country, I shall not apologise for doing so freely and at some length, begging your lordship to view my opinions with indulgence; but assuring your lordship, that, whatever reception they may be otherwise entitled to, they are at all events genuine, and, I believe, unbiassed. Within the last three months, I have traversed nearly the whole extent of the island by three different routes, visiting the greater number of parishes, and making every practicable inquiry during my progress. In the following remarks, I beg to submit the result to your lordship's consideration.

The present state, both of property and of the labouring population in this island, is clearly any thing but satisfactory. This your lordship will no doubt have learnt both from public and private sources; and I can, from personal observation, state, that the representations contained in the two accompanying reports from Manchester and St. James, which I beg to enclose *,

* The following are the principal heads and paragraphs of the Reports referred to, omitting the preliminary details of the names and organisation of the Committees, where the same facts are unnecessarily repeated:—

Report of the Parish of St. James.

During the apprenticeship, it has been estimated, that about 4341 labourers were usually at work; since that period their numbers have decreased to 2031 — in the former period *three fifths* were females, in the latter only *one third* are females. These are the aggregate numbers of 56 estates.

1st, Labour.—An analysis of Labour gives the following results:— On 24 estates a resumption of work took place about the 15th of August — the labourers having thus taken two complete weeks of holidays. On 17 estates nothing was done till the 31st of the same month, thereby sacrificing a whole month in idleness: on 7 estates no labour was resumed till the 15th of September: on one not till the 10th of October; but on one property no resumption of labour has as yet taken place. Down to the period of receiving the returns the number of labourers have increased on 22 estates; on 20 the numbers have decreased; on 12 they were nearly the same.

Task work has been general in this as in the neighbouring parishes; 32 estates, according to the returns received, have worked wholly by the job. On 49 estates, the average number of hours, per

are generally correct, and that the condition of property is in few parishes better, and in many worse than there described. Your lordship will by

---

day have been limited to seven. On all only four days, per week, previous to the commencement of crop.

3d, WAGES AND RENT. — The rate of wages, where day labour has been adopted, is 1*s.* 8*d.* per day, with, in most instances, medical attendance and medicines gratis. Where job work has been resorted to, the following rates have been paid; *viz.* cleaning canes per acre, 15*s.*; if foul, 20*s.*; cleaning pastures per acre, 10*s.* 10*d.*; holing, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 2*d.* per 100 holes. Many of the returns state, that the labourers, where they have been diligent and industrious, have earned 4*s.* 2*d.* to 5*s.* per day, and, in holing, as high as 6*s.* 8*d.*

On 37 estates, no rents have been demanded; on 19, rents have been demanded, varying from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 8*s.* 4*d.* per week for house and grounds; but almost all these demands have been made in consequence of the labourers refusing to work for the estate. On 49 estates, no rents have been received; on seven, the total amount received has been *seven pounds two shillings and sixpence!*

The refusal to do work is attributed by 25 estates to one or more of the following causes: — 1st, Bad advice by the Baptist preachers and stipendiary magistrates. 2dly, The mal-administration of the law by the stipendiary magistrates. 3dly, A belief which has been industriously instilled into the labourers that the proprietor could not dispossess them of their houses and grounds; and, 4thly, That the British government was about to pass a law to give them legal possession of the said houses and grounds.

AGRICULTURE. — On the question of the state of agriculture, several of the returns describe it as "very backward" — "very bad" — "very melancholy" — "truly deplorable." Most of them report cases of cane lands dug, but not planted — lands planted, but choked with weeds — canes not trashed — ripe canes rotting — pastures very foul, and all these evils arising from the want of labour.

With regard to the prospects for the present and future crop, one estate only reports better than the apprenticeship, but worse than during the three years previous; 5, equal to the apprenticeship. On 48 estates, the general prospects are stated to be much worse than either of the foregoing periods. Of that number, 37 state their probable diminution at ⅓d. as compared with the apprenticeship, and ½ nearly as compared with the three preceding years. The prospect for next crop is represented as very deplorable.

The state of the FALL PLANT is deplorably short of whatever might have presented itself to the judgment of the most correct statist. On 42 estates not less than 745 acres (about one third of the whole usually put in) is at present deficient; but much of that planted, besides, is not established for *want of labour*. From three estates being ratooning properties, no answer is given; on five the plant is nearly as usual.

There are on 44 estates, 700 hogsheads of sugar short; the remaining 11 have not commenced crop at this period, and from them there are, of course, no results.

Of the destruction of property. — On 47 estates, the labourers have cut and wasted canes to a great extent, and great damage has been done to the cane-fields by the trespass of hogs, and of the estates' cattle, in consequence of the idleness and inattention of the cattle minders. On 14 estates there have occurred combined strikes to raise the wages.

It was the anxious wish of the committee that no bias should be expressed contrary to what appears on the face of the returns; and, in accordance with that desire, a faithful report has been drawn up, exhibiting on the face of it (from the combined statements of 56 practical and experienced planters) the condition of that society upon whom so much expense had been lavished, — so much time and actual property sacrificed, and also the state of agriculture at the present moment, which could never have been contemplated by the most unqualified friend of freedom and humanity.

REPORT OF THE PARISH OF MANCHESTER.

Question 1. The average attendance of field labourers since the 1st of August?

Answer. On many properties about one fourth, some few one fifth, and on some large extensive ones not one tenth, and most of work done on them by strangers.

Q. 2. Amount of wages per day paid to each class of labourers, and time they work?

A. From 1*s.* 8*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per day, there being only one class, all cleaning alike, weak as well as strong, the time in the field at work scarcely averaging six hours.

Q. 3. Where job work is performed, the rate paid, and quantity done?

A. Cleaning coffee previous to crop was from 6*s.* 8*d.* to 13*s.* 4*d.* per acre, and 10*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per 100 trees; at present they demand from 1*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* per 100 trees, planted at 5 feet square, which contains 1742 trees the acre; earning from 3*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* per day on some plantations; they weed by the acre at 10*s.* to 30*s.*; at coffee full picking 3*s.* 4*d.* per barrel was given, and often one and a half barrel picked by each negro; pruning 2*s.* 1*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* per day; doing little more than 100 trees each.

Q. Whether labour has been continuous or not?

A. Decidedly not: no planter could reckon for it more than for a day's work, as they pleased; some one day, others two, three or four in a week: very few do anything Friday and Saturday, so uncertain has it been that fifty have been at work, — next day not more than five. Labour ceased pretty generally early in the month of December, and was only partially resumed in the middle of January; in consequence great quantities of coffee dropped on the ground, and was lost to the proprietors. It is computed one fourth of the coffee and on many properties, even much

these reports observe, that cultivation is uncertain and difficult, while the expense is usually almost ruinous. The great evil is, beyond all doubt, the scarcity and uncertainty of the supply of labour, and the consequently high price of such as can be obtained, rendering it questionable, in the first place, whether the cultivation of the staples of the country can be carried on at all; and (if this be possible) secondly, whether it can be carried on at a fair profit. The disinclination to work for wages arises, in the first place, from the anomalous condition of the labouring classes in this country, for while elsewhere the labourer is compelled to work for his employer or starve, here he subsists on the produce of his grounds by a few hours' labour a week, and works for hire for the purpose only of procuring his indulgences and luxuries; whenever, therefore, it proves a greater indulgence to be idle than to earn money, he ceases from labour. Even if compelled to pay rent, which is as yet far from being the case generally, a day's labour will almost invariably raise a sufficient sum to meet the average charge, namely, a shilling sterling a week to each adult maintained by the cultivation of grounds on the estate; and a shilling sterling in addition to the head of each house for rent of house and garden. Several attempts have been made to remedy this evil: First, by charging a high rent with the view of enforcing labour. This measure has exposed its advocates to much and very unmerited abuse, it being regarded, whenever adopted, as if the end proposed were the exaction of high rent, and not the enforcement of labour. It has consequently failed of the desired result; for the tenant either quits the property, or remains and eludes all payment whatever. Secondly, the ejectment of the most refractory has been attempted; this, however, is a slow, expensive, and uncertain remedy, and frequently, even if successful, has no other effect on the negro than to make him desert the property, or secrete himself upon it in some friend's or relation's house. Thirdly, in a few instances the grounds have been taken away and the growing provisions destroyed; this harsh and unjustifiable procedure greatly exasperates the negroes, and usually ends in driving them entirely from the property.

A second reason for the want of continuous labour is the course adopted by the negroes of either purchasing land at a low price to cultivate for themselves; or of squatting on the outlying lands of some large estate, as trespassers. Every inducement is in many places given to them to purchase in this way; bellmen have even been sent about, ringing and announcing land to be sold at ten shillings an acre. In these contracts the negroes, as you may imagine, are frequently grossly defrauded, and I much doubt whether any one of them has an available title to his land.

The last reason I shall allude to is the want of motive on the part of the negroes, in many districts of the island, to earn money, they actually have more funds in their hands than they know what to do with. By the sale of provisions, fruit, corn, &c., with an occasional short spell of labour, they realise a considerable income; and for want of better objects upon which to expend their resources, the women bedizen themselves in the most extra-

---

more has been lost; this can only be attributed and accounted for in a great measure to the secret undue interference which has been resorted to, and caused all differences between employers and employed.

Resolved, — That this committee is of firm opinion and belief, grounded upon long practical knowledge and experience, that this parish is in a most deplorable state, many fertile properties being completely overrun with weeds and grass; that if even continuous labour could be resumed and calculated, it is next to impossible to bring back the coffee fields to their former state of cultivation. If the laws are not administered in a more equitable manner, and the duties between master and servant defined by some regular system, the destruction and fate of this once beautifully productive parish is sealed. At Alligator Pond wharf as many as ten thousand casks have been shipped in one year; the ensuing cannot be estimated as much more than three thousand.

ordinary manner, and the men adorn their black fingers with paste diamond and mosaic gold rings. Umbrellas and parasols are in great request; and I have seen a negro breaking stones on the road with one hand, while he held an umbrella over his head with the other.

Wages are for these reasons ruinously high, 2*s.* 6*d.* currency (1*s.* 6*d.* sterling) being the usual rate for twelve hours' nominal labour during crop time, while by job work an able man can earn from five to six and even up to nine or ten shillings a day; four shillings is now commonly given for digging 100 cane holes, and a man has been known to dig 300 in a day.

These, in my humble opinion, are the principal causes of the present difficulties arising out of the existing nature of things; and I am convinced that they are sufficient to destroy the prosperity of this country as a colony of Great Britain, unless some remedy can be speedily found. The temporary difficulties with which we have to contend are the great ignorance that still prevails among the negroes, as to the relative rights of master and servant and of landlord and tenant; every claim of our rights they resent as an injury, and are prepared to resist to the uttermost. Nor is it unnatural that the tenants on one estate should conceive themselves injured by the enforcement of rent, when on the very next property, perhaps, no demand whatever of that kind is made. The want of a uniformity of system among the managers of properties is productive of much mischief. A clear and explicit declaration of these relative rights from the local government would be attended with the most beneficial results.

To observe these difficulties is far more easy than to suggest the remedies. The whole system of provision grounds appears to me to be vicious; but as it would be impossible at present to effect their entire abolition, the following strike my mind as the best palliatives that could be adopted under the circumstances.

1. A general, temperate, and moderate demand of a weekly money rent, fairly proportioned to the advantages derived by the tenant from his house, garden and grounds, universally and firmly insisted upon. This would be of itself no trifling resource, would prove an incentive to earn by weekly labour the sum required, and would familiarize the mind of the negro with the rights both of owner and tenant. The only remedy for those altogether refractory is to eject them, and, if possible, supply their places by others better disposed to labour for their subsistence.

2. The unlimited cultivation of grounds should be checked, and gradually discouraged by prohibiting new land from being opened without an additional rent, and by furnishing the negroes with every facility of purchasing, instead of growing provisions, by having a good supply either on the estate, or at a contiguous store. The importation of a cheap supply of provisions from Cuba or elsewhere would have the best effect. Once render the negroes dependent on money for their daily subsistence, and we shall have labour enough in the market.

3. The negro ought to be encouraged to earn money by affording him much greater facility than he enjoys at present for disposing of his earnings to his own solid advantage. Every large property, or two or three smaller ones, should maintain a store, supplied with the necessaries and comforts suited to the condition of the negro. Independently of profit, the supply of small change, and the stimulus given to labour, would be a sufficient inducement to incur a moderate outlay, and trifling risk.

4. The enactment of laws bestowing a certain summary and inexpensive method for enforcing the payment of rent, the fulfilment of contracts for labour, and the ejectment of refractory tenants. To this topic I shall again have occasion to allude.

5. The only radical cure is indisputably a great increase of population. There are thousands of acres of unemployed mountain land perfectly salubrious, and admirably adapted to colonisation by Europeans. On the prospects of effecting this object, I do not at present purpose making any remarks.

These, my lord, are the general observations I have been enabled to make during my, as yet, short residence in this island; but I cannot conclude without offering a few remarks on the particular questions now affecting this country, although I am perfectly conscious of the great difficulty of forming a perfect acquaintance with their respective merits.

On the subject of the Baptists I cannot say much from personal experience, and am unwilling to form my opinion from any other source. Their great influence is undeniable; and I cannot conceive that it is always exercised with propriety, when I find members of a large armed body of that persuasion assembled on behalf of their minister convicted of riot and assault of a very aggravated nature, and find many among their ministers who admit that they have advised the negroes to refuse all labour, rather than work for less than 2*s.* 6*d.* per day. One of their ministers now in this country has been pronounced, by the Vice-Chancellor of England, an unfit person to exercise his functions, — one in whom it was immoral to remain pastor of a charity school.

With respect to the stipendiary magistrates, however conscientious and able some of them may be, it is clear that others do discredit to their station. They are undeniably treated with great animosity by the planters, and it is but natural that their feelings should be affected in return by such conduct. Independently of every other consideration, the odium in which the class is held prevails to such an extent that I can scarcely convince myself that the value of their services can now compensate for the evils necessarily arising from such a state of opinion; for, whatever may have been the case formerly, it is indisputably the fact now that the proprietor is the party who chiefly requires protection, and who is most at the mercy of the labouring class, many of whom keep possession of their houses and grounds without either paying rent, or performing labour; while their worst resource is to quit, and by a few weeks' labour earn money sufficient (if they do not already possess it) to buy land and cultivate for themselves. I certainly do not conceive that we have any right to prevent them from adopting this course; but as an excessive recourse to it would be attended with ruinous consequences, I think it ought to be checked, which might be easily done by the imposition of a tax in the form of a stamp of a certain amount on every conveyance of land.

The political dissensions in this country are productive of many detrimental results; and the unhappy differences existing between the house of assembly and the governor, and the home government, are not only followed by great temporary inconveniences in the expiration of some of our most useful and necessary acts, but will, if not soon adjusted, result in incalculable evils to the island. The whole of the property and influence of this country is decidedly opposed to the present state of things; and the report of the suspension of our constitution has raised a feeling in all classes of white and browns, and even among the most intelligent blacks, that is perfectly indescribable. My lord, should such a project be in contemplation, the consciousness of being right makes me bold enough to warn your lordship not to countenance any such measure. I have personal knowledge of a dogged determination among the most enlightened and influential resident proprietors to oppose and impede to the utmost, not by violence,

but by much more efficacious means, by refusal to pay taxes, by all the delays and sinuosities of the laws, and by all available measures whatever, at the risk of property, or even of life, all and every the acts of any but a representative government. Every free man of this country, who has a notion of his rights—and there are not now many ignorant of them—will respond to this appeal. The cause is ably advocated by the most temperate and argumentative paper here, "The Morning Journal," edited by two gentlemen of colour, members of the House of Assembly, Messrs. Jordan and Osborn, who are powerful supporters of the same views in their places in the house. A universal feeling of this kind will at last become irresistible; and, should further troubles arise, the interests of absent proprietors, now very precarious, must fall a sacrifice.

On the other hand, my lord, I am convinced that by a milder influence this country and the House of Assembly may easily be induced to pay every due regard to the wishes and recommendations of the home government, and effects may be brought about, which direct interference with the internal legislation of this country would fail to produce. The want of patronage of the governors of this island in all local appointments is, I believe, one of the chief reasons of the little influence which they have generally possessed with the country in the House of Assembly. The members of the house consider themselves to be scarcely treated with due courtesy; and I am convinced that a slight degree of conciliation would produce a surprising result. The members of the bar here are generally, and now in particular, men of property and influence in the country, as well as powerful members in the house, and would be greatly conciliated by having a seat on the bench here to look to as an object of ambition; the proposed and very necessary appointments of a legal chancellor and of legal assistant judges offer a favourable occasion, and would be an inducement to men of talent to come and practise at the bar of this country, It is also to be considered, that the advocates of the old system of things, born and educated in the times of slavery, are rapidly disappearing, while an enlarged constituency is gradually tending to a more popular representation. I have already trespassed far too long on your lordship's indulgence, and I must defer several other topics of interest and importance, which your lordship's knowledge of the subject will immediately suggest, for the present, and conclude by again begging your lordship's indulgence for taking up so much of your valuable time. I have the honour, &c.

A Resident Proprietor.

*** In such a state of society as at present prevails in Jamaica, under the anomalous circumstances into which the whole population has been plunged by the conduct of the House of Assembly, it is, perhaps, exceedingly difficult to judge dispassionately of the real sources of the evil, and to apply such remedies as shall be at once just to all parties and effective in their operation. With a view to the formation of the necessary correctives, it is of the highest importance to procure the best evidence of the actual condition of the island; and as implicit reliance may be placed upon the integrity, respectability, and independent sentiments of the writer of this statement, we have great pleasure in submitting it to the consideration of the public. We believe the picture it conveys of the relative situation of the proprietors and the labouring population to be accurate, and upon all points correct: and if we dissent from the general impression it is calculated to make, we do so not because the *facts* are in the least degree questionable, but because the writer has not traced them to their *original causes*. Legislation must be applied to the root of the disease, and not to its symptoms. But we are sure that the suggestions of the intelligent writer will be read with universal interest; and that whatever differences of opinion may prevail as to the choice of remedies, none can exist as to the excellent spirit in which this communication is conceived.—Ed.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

To do any thing well, it is necessary to do it completely; and although in our notices of current English literature we do not contemplate the extravagant feat of recording every book that happens to be published, we always desire to furnish such an epitome of the principal works of the day, and such a general view of the character and tendencies of the different classes of production, as may put the reader fairly in possession of the Intellectual Spirit of the times in which he lives. It would require the hands of Briareus, and a head similarly furnished with a century of faculties, to accomplish any greater aim in the space and time within which we are limited. Nor would the utility of so minute a catalogue bear any reasonable proportion to the quantity of room it would absorb; for it may be ordinarily assumed, that the publications we omit may be safely spared without much injury to the general interest of our outlines of criticism. The value of these summaries will probably be more apparent some time hence than at the moment of their appearance, while most of the volumes to which they refer are yet fresh, and some of them, perchance, uncut on drawing-room tables; at least we hope so, for, light and trivial as they must seem to contemporary eyes, they involve a more laborious process of inspection, reflection, and arrangement than can be justly estimated from a cursory perusal, such as To-day bestows upon the labours of Yesterday.

In our retrospect last month of the Books of the Season we were obliged, by the pressure of numerous demands, to postpone a few volumes that came within the period it embraced. We propose now to include them under their proper heads, beginning with the department of TRAVELS.

Mr. Laing's "Tour in Sweden [1]" aspires to a higher region of observation than is usually attempted by travellers. The peculiar circumstances of the country, and the fact that the author's attention had been already strongly directed to the general condition of the Scandinavian peninsula, sufficiently account for the great pains he has taken in expounding the startling problem which the social and moral aspect of Sweden presents. There certainly is no other nation in the civilised world which exhibits such strange anomalies — such perverse domestic contradictions — such blended antipathies — such smooth waters rippling tranquilly over such perilous rocks and quicksands; and every reader to whom these facts are now made known for the first time must consider himself largely indebted to Mr. Laing for their development. The relation in which Sweden stands to the rest of Europe is, in itself, a curiosity in international statistics. She is cut off from the Continent, like an amputated limb, by the severance of her ancient provinces of Finland and Pomerania. This isolation of her state is rendered complete by the expatriation of the royal and heroic race of Vasa, that line which in earlier ages conferred such lustre upon her name, and filled her palaces with such proud pageants of a glorious chivalry. The banners of her historical fame are rent and cast away; her greatness has melted into a tradition; her throne is filled by a stranger, an alien to her blood and her language, a soldier in the armies of Napoleon. She lives within herself, and feeds upon her own heart. The reign of Bernadotte has contributed to keep her in this situation. He has failed to extend her frontiers — to elevate her in

[1] *A Tour in Sweden in* 1838; *comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation.* By SAMUEL LAING, Esq., Author of a "Journal of a Residence in Norway." London: Longman & Co. 1839.

the rank of kingdoms — to revive her former importance; and, devoting all his energies to the one object of enclosing her securely in the confines within which he found her, he has preserved her at peace with the universe, but at war with herself.

From the external quietude which breathes over this segregated land, of which strangers hear so little, and have naturally fallen into the habit of thinking less, it has been generally inferred, that, under Bernadotte, Sweden has enjoyed an age of gold; but Mr. Laing's researches effectually expose this agreeable fallacy. The ordinary arts of peace are cultivated in the ordinary way by this home-bound people; but having no more exciting or extended aims to occupy them, a perpetual struggle is carried on in a sort of under-current of discontent between the government and the governed. The population enjoy a large measure of nominal liberty, but the king is really as absolute as a satrap in his seraglio. Rights of a most enlarged nature are inherited by every man in the country; but they are exercised under a surveillance that extracts from them the very essence of free will. Thus the freedom of the press is recognised in the fullest sense — any man may publish a newspaper; but the executive is armed with a summary power of suppression that literally nullifies the privilege. The consequence is a daily and hourly contest between the theory of free opinion and the practice of arbitrary control. The journal prohibited at twelve o'clock under one title re-appears at three o'clock under another; and the wrestle is likely to go on until one party or the other is wearied of a succession of falls. The king cannot give way, lest his retreat might be mistaken for fear or weakness: the people will not, and they are right. The illustrations of this state of things furnished by Mr. Laing are amongst the most remarkable instances extant of authority baffled by popular subterfuges, and of the guaranteed rights of a whole people smothered under the portfolios of justice.

The moral condition of Sweden is equally extraordinary, with this additional stimulant to curiosity, that it is altogether inexplicable. It would puzzle the profoundest philosopher to explain the causes of the unprecedented contrast which she displays in this respect between profession and performance. Nothing even remotely resembling it ever existed, we believe, before; nothing similar to it, even upon a small scale, can be discovered in the diversified annals of mankind. There is a powerful church establishment in Sweden, co-equal with the state, united to the state by indissoluble ties, yet independent of the state; possessing a distinct department of government, through which it wields great and salutary influence; richly endowed; reckoning amongst its pastors some of the most enlightened, pious, and liberal churchmen in Europe; having no sects beneath its wing to disturb the universality of its control; drawing the entire population, with scarcely a solitary voice of dissent, into its fold; crowned with almost hyperbolical popularity, and reigning literally in the enthusiastic affections of the people. On the other hand, there is a nation of willing communicants, united in their adherence to this church, contributing munificently to the wealth of its temples and its ministers; a nation regular in their obedience to its prescribed offices, feasts, festivals, and fasts; a nation uniformly religious in the common acceptation; a thorough church-going people. It might be expected from this amiable agreement between the church and the population — from this exquisite harmony of faith — this devotion to all the forms and requisitions of religion — that the people of Sweden were amongst the most moral races of the earth, especially as the means of education they possess are almost unlimited, and are encouraged with a zeal that cannot be said with truth to be manifested with equal perseverance any

where else. The expectation is reasonable, and is justified by the experience of all time. Where there is so large a volume of smoke we have a right to look for a brilliant fire; but this fire smoulders in ashes notwithstanding. The beautiful apple that turns to dust at the touch is not more deceitful than all this show of morality and religion. The people of Sweden are the most demoralised people in Europe! The paradox is appalling, but there it is beyond all question. The population amounts altogether to 3,000,000; only 15,000 are engaged in manufactures, and even these are not closely congregated as that class of labour is in England, but scattered wide apart throughout the kingdom. The rest of the people are employed in pastoral pursuits. There is only one city; there are no nests of vice; no resorts for idleness and profligacy; they have only a scanty navy, and a trifling standing army, and very little commerce. Yet this people, so favourably circumstanced, put the calendars of crime of all other civilised countries to the blush, so completely do they transcend in the iniquity and ratio of their offences. We cannot enter into the details; but some notion of the extent of crime may be formed from the fact, that the official returns, on an average of five years, from 1830 to 1834, show that 1 person in every 49 of the inhabitants of towns, and 1 in every 176 of the rural population, were punished for criminal offences; that in 1835 the proportion was 1 in every 140 of the whole nation; and in 1836, 1 in 46 of the towns, and 1 in 176 of the rural districts; and the crimes included in these estimates were of the very worst and most debasing kinds. It is impossible to account for this extraordinary fact by any known circumstances:—there are no excise laws, no game laws, no resistance to tithes, no conspiracies, no rebellions open or disguised — none, in short, of any of those causes in existence which might be suspected to be conducive to such general and lamentable results. Mr. Laing refers the spring of these vices to the construction of society, and enters into some elaborate expositions of his reasons. But he has not satisfied us on this point, nor do we think that it is within the reach of investigation to penetrate the mystery. The work in which this blotted map of civilisation is unrolled to the public is one of the most valuable contributions to moral and political geography that has appeared for many years, and we commend it to the reader as we would the first lines of some new and surprising science.

A residence, not a tour, in such a country as Peru, is absolutely necessary to any observer who undertakes to present a picture of its interior life, its physical resources, climate, and customs. Dr. Smith must be allowed to have fulfilled this condition scrupulously, for his work[2] on that country is the result of ten years' patient drudgery in his profession amongst the people of Lima, and indeed all over the Peruvian republic. It is generally found that physicians are admitted to the most favourable opportunities of examining the in-door habitudes of foreign countries, through the infirmities that yield them a ready access to the household, and that frequently give them a direct claim on the confidence of those whom they assist or benefit by their skill. Such is the case nearly all throughout the East, where medical science is often held synonymous with knowledge of a higher and more sacred order. But in Peru, it appears, a different theory prevails. The physician is exposed to a kind of contempt peculiar to ignorance and obstinacy. The Peruvians consult him as other people do, but, unlike other people, they expect that he will prescribe according to their own

[2] *Peru as it is; a Residence in Lima, and other Parts of the Peruvian Republic, comprising an Account of the Social and Physical Features of that Country.* By Archibald Smith, M.D. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

notions of dietetics, diseases, and remedies. He must, therefore, either abandon his practice, or smuggle his advice upon them in the disguise of some of their familiar nostrums. Under such circumstances, should they recover, they are grateful to the saints, but should they die, the physician alone is to blame. This little trait lets us into the whole character of the people: they are superstitious about trifles, and want energy for great things. The Limenians are extravagant in matters of external display, fond of frippery, and tinsel, and embroidery, and perfumes, and flowers, and fantastic entertainments, and every description of indolent licentiousness.

Thus vice creeps into their showy and shallow society; and the women, possessing more intelligence, a higher tone of mind (but by no means of morals), and remarkable graces of person, obtain a complete ascendancy in the management of affairs. They even intrigue to corrupt the fountains of justice, and exercise a species of influence in the boudoir of the government that is felt to be irresistible. They are assisted, perhaps, in carrying on this machinery of power by the luxurious climate and the picturesque associations in the midst of which they live, and of which they are the visible spirits. The combined fascination seems to overpower the judgment as well as the passions of the other sex. Dr. Smith gives some interesting glimpses of the gorgeous manner of living that prevails amongst these people, and, conducting us into the interior, touches lightly upon the productions of the country, the scenery, and modes of education. There is some novelty, but not much attraction, in the volumes. They contain a mass of small details, which, in other hands, might have been easily expanded into a more imposing shape; but Dr. Smith confines himself to simple statements of facts, which will be very useful to people who have any intention of settling in Peru, but which are not likely to make a sensation amongst people who prefer staying at home.

Mr. Leigh, a gentleman who acted as surgeon to the Australian company's ship "South Australian," has published a very unpretending, but singularly useful book[3], to prove that hills which look green at a distance may turn out to be miserably barren when you come close to them. He declares that he has no party to serve, and it is evident he has not, since he devotes his volume to the relation of disagreeable truths. His immediate purpose is to show that the flattering accounts which reach us in this country of the land of kangaroos are for the greater part pure fictions, or extravagant exaggerations; that the emigrant, instead of finding a place overflowing with milk and honey, will have enough to do to catch the bees and feed the cows, and that no settler can hope to achieve even a moderate degree of comfort (for prosperity seems to be nearly out of the question) unless he be prepared to labour like an iron machine, and to bear all sorts of privations and disappointments with nerves of whipcord. The book is a practical lesson on voluntary banishment, and is agreeably interspersed throughout with a variety of personal adventures illustrative not only of the country but of the farcical misfortunes of the unlucky speculators in Australian miracles.

The waters of the Pacific ocean wash the western shores of a region which, throughout all the revolutions that have shaken the dynasty of Spain in those pleasant regions of "barbaric pearl and gold," has, by some strange combination of circumstances, been suffered to fall into almost total oblivion. We constantly receive information about South America and the feuds of her spasmodic republics — the newspapers are crowded with scraps of intelligence about broken spars drifted into contemptible villages on the coast of Mexico, the wrecks of cock boats, and the penny whistles of Valparaiso;

[3] *Reconnoitering Voyages and Travels, with the Adventures in the New Colonies of South Australia, &c.* By W. H. Leigh, Esq., late Surgeon, &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

but nobody ever hears of the Californias, two tracts of country whose history is a romance full of strong human interest, and whose position in the conflict of thrones and provinces cannot be regarded without universal sympathy. To supply this want, Mr. Forbes, who appears to have enjoyed considerable advantages for the undertaking, has written a full but succinct history of the country [4], tracing its varied fortunes from the earliest period to the present time, and bringing before the reader a very complete view of the domestic and political circumstances in which the progress of events has contributed to place her. It is on account of the latter feature, that we class the work under this head; for, although it is ostensibly a history of Upper and Lower California, yet the historical matter is brought to bear so directly upon existing interests that it is more likely to attract attention to the consideration of impending policy than to the monuments and memorials of the past. In the composition of this work, Mr. Forbes has thought less about the mere decorations of style than the choice and arrangement of matter; but the matter is so varied and curious that it may be said to create its own style. The narrative is from the beginning to the end like a chronicle of dazzling fables, at one moment crowded with dramatic incidents, at another opening scenes of the most picturesque beauty; sometimes developing a single character of lofty virtue, and sometimes discovering to us the fathers of the savage wilderness, planting the cross in the inhospitable lairs of the Indians. Amongst the more striking details will be found an account of the origin and progress of the pearl fishery, and an exposition of the advantages of the projected plan of steam navigation in the Pacific, for the attainment of a more speedy communication between England and the western shores of America. The work on the whole is highly creditable to the author, and cannot fail to be productive of an improved acquaintance on the part of his countrymen with the neglected provinces it delineates.

We have before us no less than three works upon Russia, embracing travels into the interior, close views of the domestic life of the people, and very full accounts of the social institutions of the empire. Of these, perhaps, the work of the Rev. Mr. Venables [5] is entitled to the first consideration, because the information it communicates was acquired under peculiar circumstances, and is, for the greater part, new. Mr. Venables is connected by marriage with several Russian families; and the object of his visit to the country appears to have been principally to spend the summer of 1837 with the relatives of his wife, who accompanied him. Received as a friend, he was located at once in the household, and was thus admitted, on the most intimate terms, to a participation in the daily round of visits, parties, and entertainments. His description of society in Russia presents on the whole, a more agreeable picture than could have been anticipated. There is of course much luxury and expense, magnificence of style, and straining for effect. These are the ordinary characteristics of a nation on the borders of civilisation, with the elements of political greatness infused into the circumstances by which they are surrounded; but there are better attributes amongst them than these. The social intercourse of Russia—we confine ourselves, it must be understood, to the upper and educated classes—has a soul of cordiality in it which no one would every dream of looking for in such a climate, and especially in a race through whom despotism descends in varying intensity from the autocrat to the serf, each class obtaining re-

[4] *California: a History of Upper and Lower California, from the First Discovery to the Present Time.* By Alexander Forbes, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

[5] *Domestic Scenes in Russia: in a Series of Letters, describing a Year's Residence in that Country chiefly in the Interior.* By the Rev. R. Lister Venables, M. A. London: John Murray. 1839.

muneration in kind from the class below for the wrongs and opprobrium it has suffered from the class above. The Russians, with all their passion for high living, are not fond of the starched ceremonials by which it is generally accompanied. Their country life is especially free from artificial forms. They visit each other at all hours throughout the day; friends are always welcome in their houses — a relic of the old hospitality of the Slavi. Such is their sense of social enjoyment, that it is common amongst them to drive twenty or thirty miles to a dinner, and it is customary when one family chooses to spend a day or two with another, to announce their intention previously, and to carry it into effect as a matter of course: and visits of this kind, instead of being regarded as an intrusion, are esteemed as a compliment. The actual amount of inconvenience which is sometimes occasioned by these volunteer parties, may be estimated from the fact, that even a single man seldom moves in Russia with less than two servants and four horses, and that as there are no contiguous inns, such as we have in this country, where the crowd of menials and horses can be accommodated, the doomed host is obliged to provide house room and stable room for them all. Mr. Venables mentions one instance in which the cortége — not to speak of the guests — reached the formidable number of ten servants and sixteen carriage horses. This occurred in the middle rank of life — what must it be amongst the Dolgouroukis and modern Potemkins? French is the general language of the educated classes; which would not be at all surprising, considering the barbarous jargon of the native Russ, were it not for the cause to which the use of it is ascribed. It appears that they never close their drawing-room or parlour doors, and that, as there are no such luxuries as bells in Russia, the servants consequently wait in the ante-rooms to be within call: the ladies and gentlemen speak French to evade the inquisitive ears of their domestics! Mr. Venables' book is crowded with curious small items of this description, and affords in a brief compass a very impartial and graphic view of real life in the regions of the Northern Bear.

Next in interest, although, we believe, something earlier in date, is Mr. Bremner's "Excursions in Russia."[6] During a residence of five years on the continent, Mr. Bremner, who disavows all prejudices and antipathies, cultivated every opportunity that lay in his way of acquiring a knowledge of the Russian character. Whenever he met a Russian, he seems to have taken him by the button, and extracted from him all the information he possessed, or had the courage to disclose; and in the course of these experiments he arrived at the conclusion, that it is only *out* of Russia a traveller can ascertain the true state of opinion amongst the higher classes. *In* Russia they are spell-bound by terror; elsewhere, whenever they can be induced to speak, there is no end to their communicativeness; like children escaped from a pedagogue, and out of sight of the rod, they chatter away as long as you will listen to them. There is a melancholy truth in this condition of a human being that cannot be contemplated without painful emotions. That a man should speak freely of his own country only when he is far away from it, may be accepted as a terrible evidence of how little share he has in its happiness — how small his stake is in its government — how little his own country is his own! Mr. Bremner's account of St. Petersburgh is lively, sketchy, and amusing; and his pictures of the lives of the Russian nobility — their gorgeous habits side by side with cruelty and selfishness — their external elegance and inward coarseness — their mask of finery hiding

[6] *Excursions in the Interior of Russia; including Sketches of the Character and Policy of the Emperor Nicholas, Scenes in St. Petersburgh, &c.* By Robert Bremner, Esq. Two Vols. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

squalid minds and stony hearts — convey a moral to all nations that have any interest in substituting true civilisation for that mockery of it which flourishes so rankly under the brooding shadow of despotism. The most agreeable spectacle in Russia (and upon this point all travellers agree) is the fine macadamised road from Petersburgh to Moscow, and the commodious diligence that flies at a spanking pace from one capital to the other. But you must not venture further if you have any care for your bones. From Moscow to Vladimir, and on to Nishnei-Novgorod, the roads are not even so good as the corduroy roads of America. This is the more marvellous, as breaking stones is one of the most general accomplishments of the poor, ragged, whipped, and half-starved peasantry — the land-slaves of the aristocracy — who work day and night that their lords may drink champagne, and lull themselves with perfumes in the costly hotels on the Neva.

Captain Mignan's travels[7] cover a wider surface than either of the preceding works, carrying us from St. Peterburgh over the Caucasian Alps into Koordistaun, in the middle of the winter. This journey is at least a novelty, and would, no doubt, have been productive of some curious notes, but that Captain Mignan was fortunate enough to travel in the train of the envoy extraordinary of the Shah of Persia, who was so munificently provided for by the Czar, that he flew along at a rate of speed which rendered observation nearly impossible. Sometimes the prince stopped long enough to enable the captain to see the draperies of the windows, or to catch an outline of some dreary village mantled over with ice; sometimes an accident kept them in a place, not of entertainment, but of refuge; sometimes the roads (such as they are) were choked with snow, and the whole train was stopped; and sometimes the Shah's envoy accepted an invitation to a ball or a pageant, *en route*, and then there was a little rest, and a little gazing and talking, and a flash of sights dancing before the eyes, from which an impressionable imagination might conjure up a tracery of national customs about as distinct as a spider's web in the sunshine. Notwithstanding these discouragements, however, Captain Mignan has contrived to write two volumes of very amusing details, wanting, perhaps, in solidity (except when he discusses Indian affairs), but sprightly, exciting, and characteristic. The narrative is light and graceful throughout, dotted all over with personal peculiarities, and will be especially attractive to those readers who are interested in the affairs of Persia *quoad* our eastern possessions.

Literature, in all its classes, is certainly more zealously cultivated by the officers in the East India Company's service than by those who have the honour to belong to her Majesty. Perhaps one reason for this is, the resource it affords them against *ennui* — another, the novelty of the scenes into which they are thrown — and a third, the certainty of promotion which follows the development of talent. Captain Mignan, whose work we have just dismissed, belongs to the Bombay army; and Captain Harris, whose expedition into Southern Africa we are about to notice, belongs to the engineer corps. Similar publications constantly flow from similar sources, reflecting high credit upon the intelligence, abilities, and industry of our countrymen in that quarter of the world. These are the best agents of acquisition and civilisation. The pens of educated and reflecting soldiers are much more likely to achieve permanent triumphs than all the bayonets that were ever forged: and to do something wiser than the accomplishment of victories in the field, to accomplish victories over the allegiance and affec-

[7] *A Winter Journey through Russia, the Caucasian Alps, and Georgia; thence across Mount Zagros, by the Pass of Xenophon and the Ten Thousand Greeks, into Koordistaun.* By Captain R. Mignan, of the Bombay Army, &c. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

tions of dusky tribes subjugated by our arms, and not always treated with justice in their misfortunes. Captain Harris's Expedition into Southern Africa[8] is one of the most agreeable and original narratives of travels that has issued from the press for a long time. Its interest is not a little enhanced by the circumstance of its being printed at the American Mission Press of Bombay, where new works of so much importance have rarely made their appearance. A love of field sports on a grand scale appears to have been the author's inducement for visiting Africa. He was tired of tigers and elephants, and had visions of giraffes and antelopes, and the giant behemoth: and so, obtaining leave of absence for two years, he sailed for the Cape. Arrived there, he determined to penetrate the interior. Stress of weather compelled him to abandon his voyage to Algoa Bay, and to put into Port Elizabeth; and after encountering and vanquishing a variety of difficulties, he found himself at last in the country of the Abaka Zooloos, governed by one of the most acute and despotic savages upon record. Captain Harris's object was to make the tropic of Capricorn; to ascend to the great lake which is supposed to spread beyond it; and to return by the unexplored waste of the Vaal river, hitherto interdicted to Europeans by his haughty and inexorable majesty of the desert. This dangerous enterprise was successfully performed; the savage was propitiated, in spite of his awful shield and pard-headed body guard; and Captain Harris had the pleasure of exploring a vast tract of country, upon which speculation has hitherto wasted itself in vain. The work is full of perilous adventures, picturesque scenes, and curious facts in natural history; and is written in a most modest and unaffected tone. It is enriched with an accurate map of that part of Africa which lies to the north-east of the Cape colony; and, in addition to its account of the places visited by the author, contains a circumstantial history of the strange elopement from the British territory of a large body of Dutch farmers, who located themselves in the wilderness in 1836—exchanging comfort and security for a succession of the most direful calamities.

Lady Chatterton has written a well-intentioned book upon Ire land[9], full of amiable sentiments and lady-like descriptions of scenery; just such a publication as one may read without having either one's patience or curiosity very heavily taxed. The view which Lady Chatterton takes of the condition of the Irish peasantry is generally correct; she describes them exactly as she saw them — gay in the midst of wretchedness; she sympathises with their wants, laughs at their wit, wonders how they can be so poor and so happy, thinks there is nothing so perfectly delightful as the odd way they have of reconciling themselves to their misfortunes, and is sorry to find that they have no notion of those honey-suckled cottages, trim little gardens, and pretty beehives, which enter into the rural life of England. It is impossible to dispute the accuracy of Lady Chatterton's statements; nor can it be denied for a moment that the work is written in the kindest spirit and with the most philanthropic views. But it is chargeable with this fundamental defect, which, indeed, is common to most of the commentaries upon Ireland written by English travellers, or even English residents (under which latter denomination, we believe, Lady Chatterton must be classed), namely, that in describing the actual state of the people, she either refers it to immediate and secondary causes, or does not attempt to trace out the cause at all.

[8] *Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa, during the Years* 1836 *and* 1837, *from the Cape of Good Hope, through the Territories of the Chief Moselekatse, to the Tropic of Capricorn. With a Sketch of the recent Emigration of the Border Colonists, and a Zoological Appendix.* By Captain W. C. Harris, H. E. I. C.'s Engineers. Bombay. 1839.

[9] *Rambles in the South of Ireland during the Year* 1838. By Lady Chatterton. Two Vols. London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

The original springs of all these calamities — the roots of all these flowers of fantastic humour that blossom in so sterile a soil — wholly escape her ladyship's penetration. We do not expect philosophical or political dissertations from so graceful and lively a writer; but it is necessary to point out a desideratum, which unquestionably leaves the picture imperfect in a very essential feature. The despairing fun of the Irish, without the "provocation," is Hamlet with the grand excision, by "particular desire." The volumes, however, are very agreeably executed — running lightly over the surface — and a great deal more sensible and just than nine-tenths of the conversation we hear in general society on the subjects to which they are dedicated.

We have two works before us on America — both recent — both touching on the leading points of national character — and both written by Englishmen. Captain Marryat's is more important, in so far as the domestic institutions of the United States are involved. The Honourable Mr. Murray's is more attractive, as a narrative of personal adventures. We will take the former[10] first.

When a popular author makes his appearance in America, it is immediately assumed by the people that he intends to write a book about them, and they at once resolve upon misleading and annoying him. The love of wild reckless mischief that pervades the Americans renders this sort of sport perfectly congenial to their tastes; and it would be difficult to point out a country where such a freak could be successfully carried on with such unanimity of intention, and such perfect harmony of proceeding, as in the eccentric dominions of Uncle Sam. Captain Marryat happened, unintentionally, to be placed exactly in this situation. He could not pass through America like an innocent private gentleman. Every body seemed to know him, and every body hoped he would not put down such and such things in his "book." Even a little boy at a store where he was making a purchase in New York, asked him whether Mr. Easy had left the king of England's service, and when the Captain had last seen Mr. Japhet. This was provoking enough in all conscience; and, although Captain Marryat tried to sink the Captain and the Marryat, and to be a mere common-place person, it was all in vain. They seemed to know him by instinct, and to look at him and talk at him through his silence and his cloak. How far the natural re-action of this state of things may have increased the repulsion on both sides is not recorded; but it can hardly be doubted that a gentleman travelling under such circumstances is not in the most favourable position to form a calm and dispassionate opinion of the character of a country. It must be observed, however, greatly to Captain Marryat's honour, that his work, making a reasonable allowance for impressions of a strictly personal kind, is apparently written with the severest honesty of purpose; that, exhibiting occasionally some small resentments, and not unfrequently taking a humorous advantage of the peculiarities of brother Jonathan, it is on the main impartial, scrupulous, and accurate; and that, less entertaining than Mrs. Trollope's sketches, and less philosophical than Miss Martineau's, it is, in many essential particulars, more close to life than either. Captain Marryat grants to America the full measure of panegyric to which she is entitled for the wonderful progress she has made in the employment of the useful arts for the most useful purposes; and he is even disposed to acknowledge merits that have been denied to her by others. But it cannot be concealed that he entertains a sentiment of general aversion or, per-

[10] *A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions.* By Captain Marryat, C. B. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

haps, dissatisfaction, in reference to the entire frame-work of society, the government, the institutions, the morals, and the habitudes of the people. He looks at them through English eyes, and arrives at the only conclusion at which an Englishman, with all his insulated prejudices fresh upon him, can fairly be expected to arrive. He is as just as he can be; and since all sublunary justice is relative and conditional, he deserves credit for the integrity of his intentions. The absolute impossibility of depicting the Americans as an historian or a traveller might depict the Spaniards or the English, is clearly stated in the introduction. The Americans have hitherto been represented as a nation, and the same set of characteristics have been attributed to them in common. This is a grand mistake. They form a mass of people as various as the cities, districts, and states they inhabit, presenting not only an endless diversity of contrasts, but a constant succession of transitions, cemented by one general government, but identical in no other solitary point of view. It is extraordinary that this important truth should never have been put into print before, because no man can travel through the United States without having it forcibly pressed upon his attention. And in this truth we discover the key to all the errors that have been committed about American society — errors which Captain Marryat himself falls into, after having exposed them in his predecessors.

To represent America with fidelity, a work should be written on each state, and then a composite tract upon the thread of federal compact that binds them all. But is America worth a labour of this kind? Before the volumes could be completed she would have entered another sign in her eternal zodiac, and so baffle her commentators. She is like Mawworm in the comedy, who, referring to the expectations of the pious who hope to get into heaven by clinging to his skirts, hints that he will wear a spencer and disappoint them.

Mr. Murray's volumes[11] introduce us to the usual lions — the towns and table d'hôtes — the prying stage-coach and steam-packet people — the talkers and speculators; and, upon the whole, afford a fair reflection of the flying characteristics of the Union. But the most novel and important feature in the work is an account of the Pawnee Indians, an original race, seated beyond the western outposts, and presenting more traits of the picturesque in their habits and localities, than perhaps any other tribe in that remote region. The first glimpse of these people seems to have fascinated the visitor; and he was tempted to go into the wilderness with some of their chiefs, that he might satisfy his curiosity about their manner of life. And a strange manner of life it is. Their encampments are like villages in a state of constant preparation for warfare. Their hunting usages give them an air of romantic marauders; and were it not for their true hospitality and generous disposition, one would be disposed, at first sight, to feel for his pistols whenever any of them approached too closely. The description of these Pawnees, and of the adventures that occurred during Mr. Murray's residence amongst them, form the most valuable and interesting part of the work. For the rest, it is recommended rather by the florid spirits of the author, than by any great reach of sagacity. Mr. Murray has much more imagination than judgment, and succeeds best when he is out of the track of civilisation. He cannot penetrate the veil of artificial society, and is too apt to lay a false stress upon mere externals. The youthfulness of his mind is apparent in a variety of *jejune* criticisms upon trifles, and in a cer-

[11] *Travels in North America, during the Years* 1834, 1835, *and* 1836; *including a Summer Residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, in the remote Prairies of the Missouri, and a Visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands.* By the Hon. C. A. Murray. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

tain glow of style that is rather out of place in a book that professes to treat of habits and manners. He betrays also some very unworthy prejudices about the Irish emigrants; and, indeed, the whole Irish nation. He affects to despise national bigotry, and all the while it peeps out in a variety of ludicrous ways. These are, perhaps, nothing more than youthful excesses, which may be safely committed to the corrective influence of time; and, making a liberal and lenient deduction for them, the agreeable vivacity of his style, and the breadth and vividness of his delineations of the outlying denizen of the wilds, will abundantly compensate the hours engrossed in the perusal of his volumes.

Connected with travels and travelling is a charming little volume on the "Roman Antiquities of the City of Treves."[12] It pretends to no higher aim than that of guiding the stranger through the remarkable monuments of this ancient city which, although it stands on the vine stream of the Moselle, close in the neighbourhood of the Rhine, is rarely visited by tourists. Professor Wyttenback, the author of this book, resides at Treves, where he conducts the gymnasium; and was probably induced to draw up this account of the place, from a feeling of mortification at the neglect with which it is treated by foreigners, who skirring past the walls of Coblentz, make a *détour* to the *brünnens*, without casting even a longing look across the vineyards towards this noble memorial of the greatest nation of the antique world. The volume is not alone remarkable for erudition in the descriptive and historical letter-press, but for much fidelity and skill in the plates and vignettes with which it is embellished. Any idler who proposes to visit the Drackenfels and Ehrenbreitstein at the approaching season of the vintage, could not better employ the intervals of his journey than by dipping into the pages of the professor's picturesque lore; and if by the time he finds himself on the bridge of boats, looking up at the commodious hostelrie of *Le Cheval Blanc* in the little town of Thal, he does not determine to turn off to the Moselle, we miscalculate upon the influence of the guide book.

There are two other guide books to places nearer at hand, that must not be overlooked:—Roscoe's books on the Grand Junction Railway[13], and the London and Birmingham Railway.[14] These works are designed to supply the traveller with all the information necessary to illustrate the scenery contiguous to the lines, and to furnish at the same time a complete account of the origin and history of these costly undertakings. The volume on the Grand Junction Railway is full of descriptions, and almost as amusing as a pictorial hand-book of English seats, villages, and traditions, as it is valuable for practical details connected with the establishment of the road. The volume on the London and Birmingham Railway is more distinguished by its scientific character, and by the minuteness of its statements in reference to the progress and utility of that great artery of communication. Like the former, also, it presents a complete panorama of the country on each side; and both volumes are richly embellished with a splendid series of engravings.

In Medical Literature there are a few volumes which demand a passing notice.

[12] *The Stranger's Guide to the Roman Antiquities of the City of Treves.* From the German of Professor John Hugh Wyttenback, Director of the Gymnasium at Treves, &c. Edited under the direction of Dawson Turner, Esq. London: J. W. Parker. 1839.

[13] *The Book of the Grand Junction Railway; being a History and Description of the Line from Birmingham to Liverpool and Manchester.* With Sixteen Engravings and Four Maps. By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Assisted by the Resident Engineers of the Line. London: Orr & Co. 1839.

[14] *The London and Birmingham Railway, with the Home and Country Scenes on each Side of the Line, &c.* By Thomas Roscoe, Esq. Assisted in the Historical Details by Peter Lecount, Esq., Civil Engineer, &c. London: Charles Tilt. 1839.

Of these Dr. Billing's "First Principles of Medicine" [15] is the most comprehensive and important. If the approbation of the medical profession and the public may be admitted as a collateral evidence of the value of a publication of this nature, there can be no doubt of the merits of Dr. Billing's treatise, which has passed through three editions in a shorter space of time than such works usually occupy in exhausting one. The popularity of the volume, however, may be easily accounted for. It is a perfect manual of the whole science of medicine, developing clearly, fully, and practically, every thing that is known of pathology and physiology. Previously to the appearance of this work, the student was left to his own resources; there was no authority to which he could apply for instruction: all the books on medicine and surgery were repetitions of the same common-places, and none of them exhibited the *rationale* of treatment; in fact, he was compelled to acquire knowledge by a painful and tedious process of inquiry, without direction, and without arrangement. Dr. Billing's work supplies this want: it contains a complete review of the whole subject, written in a way that must be intelligible to every reader: there is nothing omitted from its pages that is necessary to the unity of the design; and it presents a combination, as valuable as it is rare, of practical knowledge and scientific principles. In this publication Dr. Billing has conferred upon the profession as great a service as he did in originating clinical lectures in our hospitals, the honour of the introduction of which belongs exclusively to him. Two such incidents in the life of a medical man are sufficient to secure to his name a lasting reputation.

Dr. Little's "Treatise on Club Foot and Analagous Distortions," [16] is a novelty in this particular class of deformities that will be received as a valuable contribution to a department of investigation hitherto singularly neglected in England. Dr. Little was led to the prosecution of an earnest inquiry into the subject, in consequence of having been afflicted with Talipes in the left foot, and failing to procure any relief, although he consulted the first authorities in London. At length the operation of the division of the tendo Achilles, successfully performed by Dr. Stromeyer of Hanover, attracted his attention, and he resolved to place himself under that gentleman's care. The result was the restoration of the foot, a studious inquiry into the anatomy and pathology of distortions, and this very able work, in which the subject is carefully analysed and illustrated. Dr. Little's book must be regarded as a great advance towards the removal of the scepticism and ignorance that prevailed in reference to a species of physical calamity, which has long been doomed in this country either to rash experiments or utter neglect. Had Lord Byron lived in this day, the diseased temperament of the poet (which is attributed by many of his personal friends to the secret mortification he felt from the distortion of his foot) might have yielded to the treatment laid down by Dr. Little.

A volume on the "Diseases of Women," by Mr. Jones [17], professes for its object to point out the necessity on the part of the medical profession, to resort more frequently to physical investigation, in forming the diagnoses of the diseases of women. He seems to be influenced by an amiable spirit of benevolence, which, we trust, for the sake of those to whose interests his

[15] *First Principles of Medicine.* By Archibald Billing, M.D., A.M., Member of the Senate of the University of London, F.R.C.P., &c. Third Edition, considerably enlarged and improved. London: S. Highley. 1839.

[16] *A Treatise on Club Foot and Analagous Distortions, including their Treatment both with and without Surgical Operation, illustrated by a Series of Cases and numerous Practical Instructions.* By W. J. Little, M.D. London: W. Jeffs. 1830.

[17] *Practical Observations on Diseases of Women.* By William Jones, M.R.C.S. London: H. Balliere. 1839.

work is addressed, will be effectually responded to by the profession and the public. The treatise displays research and ability, and will be valuable to the junior practitioner.

Dr. Dickson has published a book, called "The Unity of Disease[18], the intention of which, in his own language, is "to subvert the entire fabric of British medicine." We know not that we can render a better service to the author and the public, than to announce the fact, and leave it to make its own impression.

A gossiping, rantipoling, rigmarole description of medical, or medico-anecdotical work on physicians, past and present[19], may be briefly dismissed as a pleasant collection of scraps from all quarters, having no pretensions to the weight of authority, even on the traditions of the profession, and filling no loftier niche than Dr. Millingen's laborious trifling, under the quaint title of "Curiosities of Medical Experience." The volumes may fill up an idle hour quite as well as any other idle production — but, once put aside, they are not likely ever to be resumed by the medical reader. They have as much claim to be considered a record of physic and physicians, as the Military Sketch Book has to be considered a history of the army.

We must postpone for future notice several works that have reached us— some of them too late to receive the requisite consideration for our present Number, and others which demand more space than we can now afford to bestow upon them. Amongst these are Mr. Caunter's beautiful piece of criticism and learning, "The Poetry of the Pentateuch," Sir G. C. Haughton's "Prodromus," "The Philosophy of Mohammedanism," "The Works of Sydney Smith," a few volumes on historical subjects, and some half dozen novels and poems. The remainder of our space must be assigned to a miscellaneous variety of productions that belong more strictly to the current literature, and that cannot with so much propriety be postponed.

Amongst the numerous pictorial publications which perplex the choice of bookfanciers, "The Illustrated Shakspeare"[20], beyond all comparison, holds the first place. It is entitled to this distinction — a proud one in this age of munificent competition — by a rare combination of attractions, in every one of which excellence has been attained. The typography is clear and beautiful — the embellishments, cast into the pages like "a shower of shadowing roses," are profuse in number and exquisite in design — the text is carefully revised — the introductions to the plays brief and full of the spirit of the poetry — the notes few, and all to the purpose — the size adapted to the dimensions of a noble library — and the whole crowned with the merit of being so cheap, that it assumes the name of "The People's Shakspeare." The undertaking, as far as it has proceeded, appears to be conducted with great care in all its departments, and in none are the taste and feeling that pervade it more truly drawn out, than in the marvellous vignettes that seem to float through its pages. The work is honourable to the enterprise of its projectors, and cannot fail to obtain an extensive circulation wherever the name of Shakspeare is loved; and where it is not loved is, we believe, as yet a *terra incognita*.

A new edition of the works of Sir Humphrey Davy, edited by his brother, Dr. Davy[21], is in course of publication. The first volume, con-

[18] *The Unity of Disease, analytically and sympathetically proved.* By Samuel Dickson, M. D. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1839.

[19] *Physic and Physicians. A Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the Public and Private Life of the most celebrated Medical Men, &c.* Two Vols. London: Longman and Co.

[20] *The Illustrated Shakspeare, revised from the best Authorities, with Annotations and Introductory Remarks on the Plays by many distinguished Writers.* Illustrated with nearly One Thousand Engravings on Wood. London: Robert Tyas. 1839.

[21] *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart.* By his Brother, John Davy, M. D. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

taining the biography, which is already known to our readers, has appeared. The edition promises to be a complete collection of Sir Humphrey's labours, and is got up in a style worthy of his fame.

The fifth part of the History of Napoleon[22], by Mr. Horne, is now before the public, and the expectations excited by its announcement have been fully and ably fulfilled. The narrative is written in a spirit of perfect impartiality. The author seems to have thrown himself into the future, and to have looked back upon a past world, far removed from the reach of its influences and prejudices, describing and deciding with a dispassionate seriousness that is seldom exhibited in works of this description. He exposes many popular fallacies as he proceeds, clears off much of the ill-will and verbiage of Scott and his imitator Lockhart, and fairly rescues Napoleon from the ridiculous enthusiasm of his panegyrists on the one hand, and the slanders of his enemies on the other. In addition to the merits of the work as an historical memoir, it has high claims on the public from the lavish richness of its embellishments, which are chiefly from the designs of Horace Vernet, Raffet, Jacque, and others, who, whatever may be their general merits as artists, possess this peculiar distinction, that, in the portraiture of Frenchmen and French scenes, they are *unique* and unrivalled.

In the "Life Book of a Labourer,"[23] by a Working Clergyman, we are presented with an odd book — full of practical knowledge — inspired by a sincere piety — and exhibiting such a freak of fancy as clergymen of such a stamp seldom venture to indulge in. The work details the experiences of a minister contending with the difficulties of the position in which working ministers in this country are placed; and although it is written after an eccentric fashion, it is yet so truthful, so wise, and so entertaining, that even those who fail to catch the point at which it drives, will be amused and unconsciously instructed by its *brusque* revelations.

Lady Blessington ventures, we believe for the first time, on a very small book[24]; which, accustomed as we are to see her ladyship associated with magnificent octavos and grand quartos, has the same sort of effect as if we saw Cleopatra navigating the Nile in a fairy skiff. But the book, although small, is weighty and substantial. It is apparently a gathering of the thoughts of years — axiomatic in form, and for the most part profound and just. The subjects to which these brief reflections are principally addressed, are subjects connected with society — characters, manners, fame, sentiment, passion; a few of them are trivial and hardly worth preservation; others are fallacious; but the majority of them contain the essence of a close observation of life under a great variety of circumstances.

The lovers of tea[25] ought to read Dr. Sigmond's exposition of its virtues, its history, and its geography. The subject is more curious than it appears on the surface, and, like the celebrated ode on tobacco, draws out quantities of entertainment and speculation from a weed, which we are in the habit of treating with a very superficial familiarity.

"The Heads of the People,"[26] a series of irresistible wit, which has just attained its ninth number, may be described as one of the most original works of the day. The idea was unquestionably an admirable one, and whoever conceived it, must have an extraordinary talent for hitting off the

[22] *History of Napoleon.* By R. H. Horne, Esq. Part V. London: Robert Tyas. 1839.

[23] *The Life Book of a Labourer.* By a Working Clergyman. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.

[24] *Desultory Thoughts and Reflections.* By the Countess of Blessington. London: Longman and Co. 1839.

[25] *Tea; its Effects, Medicinal and Moral.* By G. G. Sigmond, M.D. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

[26] *Heads of the People, taken off by* Henry Meadows, *the Artist to the Illustrated Shakspeare.* Part IX. London: Robert Tyas. 1839.

popular weakness. Perhaps there is no country in the world, except England, which could bear to see itself thus drawn in classes, depicted faithfully with a little spice of sarcasm, and exhibited at so much a head to the wondering gaze of the whole world. But in England no man believes that he belongs to the class that happens to come under the lash of ridicule. He has a saving clause through which he escapes, and which enables him to look on and enjoy the joke against others. It is not so much pride as selfishness that produces this confidence of security, and enables an Englishman to laugh at every one's faults except his own, and to be ready to join in the hue and cry set up against all foibles and follies, under a thorough conviction that he has none himself, or that, if he have, they cannot be detected. Like the ostrich that buries its head in the sand, and believes that nobody can see it, an Englishman muffles himself up in his self-love, and thinks he is safe from assault. The experiment of "The Heads of the People" has succeeded as it ought to do, for it is one of the most complete gallery of portraits — literary and pictorial — that England has produced. A high order of talent is engaged upon it, and a very accurate judgment is exercised in assigning to each writer a character upon which his previous habits of thinking may be presumed to give him peculiar advantages. The work is as cheap as it is clever, and has already found its way into some of the languages of the Continent.

The number of whole libraries of reprints now in course of publication is so great, that we cannot even enumerate them; but they may be generally alluded to as a striking evidence of the general tendency to recur to the sterling literature of the past, and as a proof that the reading spirit of the age is rapidly extending its domain. Of these series, "Smith's Standard Library" is one of the cheapest and most comprehensive. It embraces some of the poems of Scott and Crabbe, the works of Goldsmith and Burns, Kirk White and Thomson, "Anson's Voyage," Coleridge's exquisite translation of Schiller's tragedy of the "Piccolomini" and the "Death of Wallenstein," the poems of Gray and Collins, and other works, all printed with remarkable beauty and precision.[27] "Chambers's Educational Course of School and Text Books," and "People's Edition of Standard and Original Works" may be allowed to divide popularity with this excellent series. Paley, Butler, Franklin, Goldsmith, Defoe, Smollett, Ramsay, Tennent, Bacon, and Burns, furnish the principal materials of the numbers, which are very carefully printed, and possess the further advantage of being edited with considerable ability, new notes and prefaces being frequently introduced to clear up the obscurities of the text, or, as in the case of "Clarke's Travels in Russia," to enlarge the information by references to the latest authorities.[28] "Ward's Library of Standard Divinity" includes, without abridgment, some of the distinguished theological treatises of Hall, Howe, Mayhew, Leighton, Brooks, Porter, and Bellamy; and, like the other cheap libraries, is brought out with equal care and elegance.[29] In addition to these, there are the pictorial histories, and popular encyclopedias, and cheap issues of the "Old English Poets,"[30] the series commencing with the works of Spenser, illustrated and re-edited, and presenting such treasures of knowledge and delight at so low a rate, that there is not a cottage in the country which may not now make up a bookcase of choice volumes at a less cost than Hume or Shirley, Johnson or Gibbon, could have been procured a few years ago.

[27] *Smith's Standard Library.* London: 1839.
[28] *Chambers's Educational Course. Chambers's People's Edition.* Edinburgh: 1839.
[29] *Ward's Library of Standard Divinity.* London: 1839.
[30] *Old English Poets.* Edmund Spenser's Works, No. I. London: Walter Spiers. 1839.

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

COLONIES AND EMIGRATION.—SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

The British public in general have but a vague idea of the real extent of the British colonial empire. It has often been said, indeed, that the well-known Spanish boast, that "the sun never set upon the dominions of Charles and Philip," has been more than verified by the development of British greatness; but until Mr. Montgomery Martin applied himself to the task, no work of any lasting value was ever published, from which a comprehensive view of the statistics and resources of our colonies could be obtained, and that gentleman's writings, we fear, are very far from having obtained a circulation at all commensurate to their real value. Trashy tales, that to another generation will be as vapid as the comedies of Murphy are to this, have counted their circulation by tens of thousands; while the "Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire," a book which no library ought to be without, has been for nearly a year before the public, and is as yet known only to a very limited circle even by name.

Mr. Martin calculates the area of the British colonial empire at 2,119,708 square miles,—an extent equal to twenty times that of Great Britain and Ireland; to nearly double that of European Russia, including Poland; and to more than double that of the United States of America, including the territories of Michigan, Arkansas, and Florida. In this calculation, moreover, the Polar regions of North America, generally marked in our maps as British territory, are not included; and of the vast island of New Holland, only the three colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Swan River are considered as colonial possessions, though there cannot be a doubt that the whole of that leviathan of islands will, at no very remote period, be occupied by the descendants of Englishmen. In Southern Africa too, the spirit of enterprise inherent in the European race will eventually force the mother country to extend her sway beyond the present limits of the Cape colony; and even while we are writing, the British government is preparing to take formal possession of the valuable islands of New Zealand, which, for several years past, without any interposition on the part of the mother country, have displayed many of the most important characteristics of a British colony. Nor must we neglect to mention the British settlement about to be formed at Port Essington, on the northern coast of New Holland, which, with judicious management, may be made to develope itself with a rapidity fully equal to that which has marked the advancement of the flourishing colony of South Australia. In the next edition of his valuable work, Mr. Martin will have to make some important additions to his already astounding calculations.

The Russian empire, indeed, as usually marked out upon our maps, has an extent of more than 7,000,000 of square miles, being three times that of the British possessions; but of this vast territory by far the larger

frontier is disqualified by the severity of its climate from ever attaining a high degree of cultivation, while of the very limited extent of sea-shore there is not one point that is not cut off for many months of every year from all maritime communication with the rest of the globe. The British colonies, on the other hand, have almost an incalculable extent of sea-coast accessible at every season of the year; several of them are situated within the tropics, others in the most favoured regions of the temperate zone; and it may safely be assumed that there is no one article of commerce which may not be reared in one or other of our colonies, to an extent sufficient to supply the demand of all the markets in the world. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that the most remarkable fact connected with our colonial empire, is the very limited amount of benefit which it has conferred upon the mother country, and the slow rate at which the resources and capabilities of those distant possessions have generally been developed.

We have seen, and the world has seen with wonder, the astonishing rapidity with which the ancient British colonies in North America have advanced in their career of prosperity, since the day on which they renounced allegiance to England. No one believes that, had they remained in subjection to the mother country, the same magnificent results would have been obtained; nor have we seen in any of our other possessions, though many enjoy local advantages fully equal, indeed superior, to those of North America, that those advantages have been turned to account to an extent that can, in the most distant manner, be compared with the unparalleled development of the United States. Some enthusiasts may attribute these effects to the magic influence of democratic institutions; but highly as we esteem the advantages of popular government, we are not prepared to look to it as a panacea for every social evil. The history of the Spanish colonies affords a striking proof that independence alone does not secure prosperity; while the improvement that has taken place in the still dependent island of Cuba, shows that even a very imperfect system of government at home does not preclude the possibility of an enlightened system of administration in a distant colony. It ought to be our study then to trace the causes that have led to the advancement of the United States since the period of their independence, and to study whether the same causes cannot be put into operation in our remaining colonies, without awaiting their separation from the mother country.

The causes to which we are disposed to attribute the chief share in the prosperity of the United States are the total absence of restraint upon domestic industry, and an admirably arranged system of emigration to the waste lands of the interior, — a system that could scarcely be improved, as far as the interest of the whites is concerned. But are these causes of a nature not to admit their application to British colonies? Is there a rational ground that can be adduced why the trade of Jamaica with foreign countries should be placed on a less liberal footing than that of Ireland? or why the sugar of the former island should not be admitted into the markets of England with as little restraint as the oats and butter of the latter? If Jamaica is, as we maintain it to be, an integral portion of the British empire, there can be no reason why the produce of Jamaica should not be admitted into Middlesex and Surrey upon the same terms as the produce of Yorkshire or Munster; and if it is just that the merchant of Hull or Dublin be allowed to import his wines from Bordeaux, and export his fabrics to Hamburg, without being compelled to the circuitous route of London, there can be no rational ground for refusing the same facility to the merchant of Kingston. Instead of such a system, however, we have

established one founded on principles diametrically opposed to those of a free intercourse. From a selfish dread lest foreign nations should in any way participate in the commerce of our distant possessions, we have almost wholly excluded foreigners from an intercourse with our colonies; and we have compelled those colonies not only to bring their produce exclusively into the home market, but also to purchase from the mother country alone whatever European commodities may be necessary to the supply of their real or imaginary wants. To confine them thus to one market, both as sellers and purchasers, is to set artificial limits to their powers of production, and to force them, in many instances, to buy their supplies at a higher price and of a worse quality than if placed on the same footing as Ireland and Scotland. In the last-named country would manufacturing industry ever have attained its present importance, if the same principle had been put in force by which we have been guided in the administration of the more distant portions of our empire? If we wish the prosperity of our colonies to equal that of the United States, we must study to imitate the system of America; and we may rely upon it that when the same causes are brought into play, the same effects will not be slow in manifesting themselves.

If we consent to place the colonial trade on the same footing as the coasting trade, a new system of taxation, we are aware, must be adopted; for if the sugar, coffee, cotton, and wines of our colonies are admitted freely into the mother country, a substitute must be found for the revenue now raised on those articles. A large proportion of the deficiency, however, which would arise, would be cheerfully borne by the colonies themselves; and by throwing open the colonial trade to foreign nations, a new source of revenue, and one of no insignificant amount, would be created in the duties paid on foreign goods imported into the colonies. In the mother country also, it may fairly be expected, the stimulus that would be given to the shipping and manufacturing interests would render every other branch of the revenue much more productive than it now is; while the low price at which all descriptions of colonial produce would be sold to the consumer would not only stimulate trade, by an almost incalculable increase in the consumption, but reconcile the people, at the same time, to the imposition of such taxes as might be found necessary for the maintenance of public faith.

Speculations of so vast a compass may seem visionary to many, but there is no part of them of which the execution is not practicable; and if once realized, far from leading to financial embarrassment, they would insure a development of national greatness, and an increase of revenue, immeasurably beyond any thing that the most sanguine can anticipate from a perseverance in the present system.

The plan of commercial reform, which we have here hastily sketched, would necessitate many other changes. As we should have to look to the colonies for no inconsiderable portion of the national revenue, it would follow that a system of internal government, likely to possess the confidence of the inhabitants, would have to be established in each colony; for no race of men, with English blood in their veins, would long submit to taxation imposed upon them, either directly or indirectly, by the Colonial Office in Downing Street. A system of domestic legislation, consequently, wholly independent, *as long as it acted upon certain fixed constitutional principles*, would become the inalienable right of each British colony, as soon as it contained a population sufficiently large to enter on the exercise of self-government. Each colony, then, in the administration of all interests of a purely domestic

character, would become as independent of the mother country as the several states of America are of the federal congress sitting at Washington; and the imperial parliament would cease to be cognizant of all matters except such as concerned the general welfare of the whole British nation, in and out of Europe.

Whether a system so simple and just will ever be adopted by Great Britain towards her colonies, may fairly be doubted; but of this we are well assured, that without some great modification of the present oppressive, impolitic, and restrictive plan of government, there is not one of our colonies which, when it feels itself sufficiently strong to do so, will not hasten to sever the bond that unites it to the mother country.

The second great cause which we have mentioned as having mainly contributed to the rapid advance of the United States, in their astonishing career of national prosperity, is an admirably organised system of emigration to the waste lands of the interior; so far, at least, it is admirably organised as the interest of the white population is concerned, but to the Indian race it has proved to be cruelly destructive. A little forethought on the part of the American government might have obviated this great moral drawback; and at all events it is to be hoped that any plan adopted by the British, in imitation of the American government, may be honourably distinguished by a considerate regard for the welfare of the aborigines whom we deprive of the wastes over which they have been wont to range uncontrouled.

The American system for the encouragement of emigration is extremely simple. As soon as a fresh tract of land has been acquired by the government, by what is called "the extinction of the Indian title," (a proceeding the humanity of which we will not attempt to vindicate,) the land is surveyed, and divided into counties, townships, and sections; and from time to time public auctions are held, at which the sections are put up for sale at the minimum price of a dollar and a quarter (about five shillings) per acre. If any higher price is offered, the land immediately becomes the property of the highest bidder; and locations which, on account of their vicinity to a navigable river, to a projected road or canal, or from any other cause, present peculiar advantages, lead at times to spirited competition. In general, however, no advance on the upset price is offered; and the land from that moment is for sale at the above-mentioned minimum price, at which it may be purchased by the first stranger that presents himself. The revenue which the United States have derived from this sale of the public lands has been sufficient to liquidate the whole public debt of the republic; and the fund which has accumulated, since the extinction of the debt, has even become a subject of embarrassment to the federal government. The facility which this system offers for the acquisition of land at a low price, and with a secure title, annually tempts many thousands of enterprising individuals to leave the more densely peopled Atlantic states, and to plunge into the wilderness, where with industry and frugality they seldom fail to become comparatively wealthy, by the increased value which a growing population is constantly giving to their land.

The manner in which, till a very recent period, the waste lands have been disposed of in our own colonies, forms a singular contrast to that which we have been describing. The government at home, and the governors in the colony, were in the habit of granting away these lands with indiscriminate profusion to those whom they happened at the time to feel disposed to favour. These grants were guided by no plan or principle. Hundreds of thousands of acres have frequently been given to individuals who wanted the means or the inclination to cultivate their newly acquired

domains, and these vast unoccupied tracts too often became a serious impediment to general improvement. What is obtained for nothing is usually valued at the cost price. The land prodigally given away to idle favourites was frequently disposed of again with the same reckless improvidence; and as a much larger portion of land was appropriated than could possibly be brought into cultivation, the natural consequence was that the market value of land was kept much below the point which, with a more prudent system, it would certainly have reached.

Several writers had at various times endeavoured to point out the impolicy of the British government in thus allowing to be squandered away what might with ease be made a source of national wealth. The wiser conduct of America was often, but in vain, appealed to: the Colonial Office, like every other department of government, was in those days prepared to do battle for every antiquated usage; and every proposed innovation was pertinaciously resisted, as though administrative improvement must be the precursor of revolution, as though the most indefensible abuses constituted the nerves and sinews of our political institutions. Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield was the first that succeeded in awakening the attention of the public to the American system for the disposal of public lands. His success was mainly promoted by the suggestion, which he offered at the same time, that the funds arising from the sale of colonial lands might be appropriated to the conveyance of poor emigrants to the colonies; thus furnishing a constant supply of labourers to the new settlement, at the same time that the mother country would be relieved of a portion of that surplus population for which she found it impossible to provide employment. The scheme proved attractive to almost all classes. To the speculator it held out promises of wealth; to the colonist the prospect of a new and rapidly peopled country; and to the philanthropist the hope that many thousands of human beings might be removed from the privations and sufferings of a highly taxed and densely populated land, to one where their only capital, their labour, would become an article of value, and where the fruits of their industry would not be snatched from them for the maintenance of an expensive and deeply indebted government. The plan obtained so warm a support from all classes, that it triumphed eventually over the inert resistance opposed to it by the Colonial Office; and at length, on the 15th of August, 1834, the royal assent was obtained to an act of parliament, by which the king was empowered to erect South Australia into a British province, and to provide for its colonisation and government. As this is the first act by which the principle of selling public lands, and investing the proceeds in a labour fund for the conveyance of poor emigrants to the colony, is recognised, we believe our readers will willingly excuse the insertion of a brief abstract of what has not inaptly been called the Charter of South Australia.

The act consists of twenty-six clauses. By the first, the limits of the colony are fixed; the Tropic of Capricorn forming the northern boundary, the 132d degree of longitude the western, the 141st degree the eastern, and the coast with the adjacent islands the southern boundary. The clause proceeds to say, that the new settlement shall not be subject to laws passed for the other parts of Australia.

By the third, fourth, and fifth clauses, the secretary for the colonies is authorised to appoint three or more commissioners for the purpose of carrying into execution those parts of the act which relate to the conveyance of poor emigrants to the colony.

The sixth clause declares the whole of the lands within the above limits

open to purchase by British subjects; that the purchase money shall be employed in conducting the emigration of poor persons from Great Britain and Ireland; that the lowest price at which land is to be sold shall be 12*s.* per acre; and that no land shall be sold except for ready money.

The eighth clause directs that one of the commissioners shall reside in the colony.

The seventeenth clause allows the commissioners to raise, on loan, a sum of 50,000*l.*, for the immediate removal of poor emigrants to the colony; so that the first body of emigrating capitalists might, from the first, be supplied with labour. By the two succeeding clauses, a further loan was authorised of 200,000*l.*, to pay the necessary expenses of the commission and the first establishment of the colony.

The twenty-second clause declares that no convicts shall ever be sent to the new province.

The twenty-third clause holds out the promise of a constitution for South Australia, as soon as the population shall amount to 50,000 inhabitants.

By the twenty-fourth clause, a sum of 20,000*l.*, part of the above-mentioned loans, is ordered to be invested in Exchequer bills, as a security that no part of the expense of the colony shall ever fall upon the mother country.

By the twenty-fifth clause, the right is reserved to the Crown of re-entering on possession of the whole of the lands that may remain unsold in August, 1844; if, in the meantime, the population should not have increased to at least 20,000 natural-born subjects.

Lastly, by the twenty-sixth clause, it is ordered, that the powers of the commissioners shall not commence until 20,000*l.* have been raised towards the proposed loan, nor until 35,000*l.* have been invested in the purchase of lands.

Thus it will be seen, that without any pecuniary assistance from the government, but by the mere dint of private enterprise, it was proposed to lay the foundation of a new empire at the antipodes. The preliminary difficulties which the authors of the plan had to contend with occupied upwards of two years. In March, 1836, however, a sum of no less than 36,377*l.* had already been paid for land to be allotted to the purchasers in the projected settlement; and on the 25th of May, 1837, Captain Hindmarsh issued a proclamation, by which the site of Adelaide, the capital of the new colony, was determined — a day from which the new province of South Australia may be said to have been constituted. Much unnecessary delay arose from a series of paltry squabbles between Captain Hindmarsh and Colonel Light, the chief of the surveying department; a subject on which we shall have occasion to speak more fully in the course of the present article.

We have now lying before us the "Third Annual Report of the Colonisation Commissioners for South Australia," from which we propose to extract a few facts, to show the splendid results that within so short a space of time have been obtained from the first attempt ever made by this country to establish a colony on a plan approximating to that of America; and, with these results before us, we think we shall be justified if we express our astonishment that no preparations have yet been made to call on the government to extend the same principles to all the other British possessions beyond the seas.

Including the preliminary sales of land, to which we have already alluded, 43,221*l.* had been received down to the end of December, 1837, in payment for 63,795 acres of land in South Australia. The first sales were

effected at the price of 12*s.* per acre; but one of the first acts of the commissioners was to raise the minimum price to 20*s.* — an act, the policy of which we are disposed strongly to condemn. The sales effected in 1837, therefore, were all at the uniform price of 1*l.* an acre, at which rate 3300 acres were disposed of in that year. In 1838 no less than 37,800 acres were sold by the commissioners; besides which, in July, 1838, the sale of lands in the colony itself commenced, and during the first two months of July and August (the latest date to which the commissioners were in possession of returns when making up their report), no less than 6160 acres had been sold in the colony. Since then the sale of lands has been going on merrily, as will be seen by an extract we are about to quote from the "*Southern Australian*," an opposition paper, published at Adelaide; but before we give the extract in question, it will perhaps be as well to say a few words in explanation.

People buying land and paying for it in England, or in South Australia, acquire the right of selecting their several portions from such lands as may have been surveyed by the colonial surveyors; but any person choosing to pay 4000*l.* down in one sum, acquires the right of having what is called a *special survey* of 4000 acres made for him in any part of the colony that he may point out. Now it happens that, since the site of Adelaide was chosen, many localities have been discovered which offer much greater advantages; but those who have already purchased land in and about Adelaide are exceedingly anxious to prevent the new settlers from flying farther away than necessary from the infant capital. This hint will be sufficient to make our readers understand the motives that induce the Adelaide editor to lament, in such moving strains, the investment of so much good money in the purchase of distant allotments.

(*From the Southern Australian, March*, 1839.)

"During the last ten days two more special surveys have been paid for, making in all ten, by which the labour fund is, or ought to be, increased 40,000*l.* Viewed in this light, it is a gratifying fact; it is also consolatory to have this evidence of the amount of the unemployed capital in the province, and satisfactory to find that the neighbourhood of Adelaide is so highly esteemed as to offer inducements to parties to pay 36,000*l.* (the cost of nine special surveys) for land immediately surrounding it; but at the same time we must express our decided opinion that the greater part of the sum above mentioned might have been employed more profitably for individuals, and more beneficially for the province. We fear that many of the special surveys lately claimed have been taken by parties as mere speculations, and will not add in any way to the wealth or advancement of the province; and although we do not presume to interfere with private enterprise, we confess we should have had much more pleasure in seeing the major part of the money expended in stock. We have always laid particular stress upon the importance of speedily getting an exportable commodity; and we cannot but view with regret the season for communication with the other colonies fast passing away, without seeing any energetic measures taken on the part of our capitalists for the introduction of that stock which must be our chief support.

"Land is being purchased in all directions to a great extent, while there is ten times a greater quantity adapted for tillage already given out by the surveyors than will be used for two or three years to come. Pasturage may be had (at present for nothing) to almost an unlimited extent, and yet, within the last eight weeks 40,000*l.* has been subscribed for fresh land; and during the present season for intercourse with our Van Diemen's Land, Sydney, and Port Phillip friends, we do not think more than 10,000 sheep have been imported. Surely this is unwise: if the land be bought as a speculation, where do the parties expect to find a market for it at a profit, especially as some of the recent special surveys have been divided amongst many individuals? If bought for tillage, we would ask whether the proprietors have got the capital to bring it into a good state of cultivation, and to live while the crops are growing; or if they would be able to bear up against a failure of the first year — a thing not at all improbable with land that has never been turned up? We stated in the outset that ten special surveys had been taken, and we said subsequently that nine were for land surrounding Adelaide, — the tenth has been paid for at Port Lincoln, and declared for at Boston Bay. It is said that this has been done by a body of subscribers, of whom very few, if any, have *seen* the spot, and consequently know nothing of its localities. If

such be the case, we cannot but designate it as one of the wildest speculations we ever heard of. There are not many parties in the colony who have been at Port Lincoln; and if we understand right, there are none who have landed in Boston Bay and made explorations in-land. If this be the case, we cannot understand upon what ground the subscribers have declared, or what advantage they expect to reap that cannot be found here. We understand they have been induced to do so because two parties have taken up vessels and gone down there to explore; and, if so, we hesitate not to pronounce the step the height of folly. That the parties referred to may find some spot or spots on the coast to the westward of Port Lincoln well worthy of a special survey, we can imagine; but it will be years before such location will be in requisition; and therefore no one person, or body of men, ought to expend 4000*l.*, unless they can afford to lie out of their money for ten or twelve years. Is this the condition of the subscribers to the Boston Bay survey?"

From the above extract some idea may be formed of the rate at which the sale of land must have been going on in the colony, since the date to which the last report of the commissioners extends.* In reply to the lamentations of the editor at the investment of so much money in land rather than in stock, all we can say is, that it may safely be left to individuals to decide upon what they think the most advantageous way of disposing of their money. Besides, it must be borne in mind, that 40,000*l.* paid for land will provide for the conveyance of 2000 British labourers to the colony; and we doubt whether there is any description of "stock" the importation of which is likely to be more to the general advantage of the settlement.

During the year 1838, it appears that twenty-three vessels sailed from London for South Australia, four from Liverpool, one from Dundee, one from Greenock, and one from Kirkaldy Roads. By these vessels 3154 emigrants were conveyed thither, who in the report are classified as follows:—

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Labouring class -	1388 -	1309 -	2697
Superior class - -	258 -	98 -	356
			3053
Superior class children - - - - - -			101
Grand total - - - - -			3154

Of these, 2361 were sent out wholly or partly at the expense of the emigration fund.

In 1836, the number of emigrants who went out amounted to 941 souls; in 1837 to 1227; and in 1838, as we have just seen, to 3154.

* Since this article has been in type, accounts have been received from South Australia to as late a date as the 13th of March; and, as the intercourse is daily becoming more active, even later intelligence will probably have arrived in England before our present number reaches the majority of its readers. The purchases of land, and more particularly the special surveys, appear to be increasing with geometrical progression. The *South Australian Gazette*, of the 2d of February, announces "another special survey of 15,000 acres" as having been just taken by Mr. C. Flaxman, for himself and others. "We *know* of another in immediate contemplation," the writer continues, "and we hear of several more. It is impossible to conceive the spirit which these surveys are infusing among all classes of colonists; and we trust they will demonstrate in England, beyond all doubt, that the soil, climate, and situation of South Australia are far superior to any other known portion of New Holland. Let it always be borne in mind, that several of these surveys have been demanded by some of the largest stock-proprietors of New South Wales — not merely alive to their own interests, but themselves the very best qualified to judge by comparison of the advantages of our more favoured land. His Excellency has, in the most considerate manner, allowed land-orders to be received to the extent of one half, or 2000*l.*, on each special survey; so that not merely all reasonable complaints, with regard to the want of surveyed land, are avoided, but a greatly increased amount of benefit is conferred upon those who have purchased land in England, in so far as a certain number of them can, by concerting among themselves, choose whatever district they consider the most advantageous." It is not, however, enough that only one half the amount of a special survey should be received in land-orders; and the Commissioners will do well to apply an immediate correction to a system, the effect of which is at present to make it more advantageous to the emigrant to carry out cash than to buy his land-order before starting.

The emigration to South Australia has not, however, been confined to this country. About 600 German Protestants, desirous of escaping from the religious persecution to which they were subjected in their native land, have been sent over to the colony by the assistance of Mr. George Fife Angas, the Chairman of the South Australian Company. A very considerable immigration has likewise taken place from the older colonies of Australia; and, upon the whole, it is calculated that when all the emigrants known to have embarked in England in 1838 shall have arrived at Adelaide, the population of the province will amount to between 7000 and 8000 souls.

The Commissioners, in the selection of emigrants, have been desirous to procure an industrious and moral population for the colony; with this view, the remuneration paid to the various agents throughout the country is so regulated, as to give to each of them a direct pecuniary interest in the good conduct of the labourers selected for a free passage. During the voyage also, to promote habits of temperance, all intoxicating liquors are excluded from the ordinary dietary of the emigrant labourers; and a library of moral, religious, and entertaining books is provided for them, as well as a schoolmaster for the instruction of the children. Habits of temperance, however, according to the accounts of most of the travellers who have visited South Australia, do not prevail among the labourers, owing to the low price of spirits, and to the high wages which the men are able to obtain. Perhaps the most effectual remedy for this evil might be found in encouraging the cultivation of the vine, which would soon correct the habits of the humbler classes, who are almost always found to incline to temperance in countries where wine is equally easy of access with spirits.

The following extract from the Report of the Commissioners shows the progress that has already been made in providing the means of education and religious instruction:—

"We have great satisfaction in stating, that our endeavours to plant in South Australia an industrious and educated population, have been zealously and effectually seconded by the spontaneous and voluntary exertions of enlightened and benevolent individuals, as well in this country as in the colony.

"The state of religious instruction, and the progress which is making amongst the various sects of Christians in planting the principles of the gospel in the country of their adoption, are satisfactory and auspicious. The temporary building which the South Australian Church Society sent out to the colony for the accommodation of the members of the Church of England having been found unsuitable, a stone church, capable of holding 500 persons, was, when the last accounts were received, in the course of erection, and was advancing rapidly towards completion: the whole of the sittings are said to have been taken in a single day. A Sunday school is connected with this church, and is under the superintendence of the colonial chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Howard.

"The Wesleyan Methodists have formed a society in the colony, and to their zeal and activity the colonists are indebted for a stone chapel capable of holding about 200 persons. This chapel has been opened for divine worship, and every sitting is said to be let. A Sunday school is also connected with this chapel, and the desire for instruction is such that the attendance has increased beyond the limits of the accommodation provided.

"The Colonial Missionary Society have sent out the Rev. Mr. Stowe, a very respectable minister of the Congregational denomination, and a numerous auditory attend upon his ministry.

"There is also a Baptist minister of high character officiating in Adelaide.

"The South Australian School Society, the object of which is to establish and conduct Infant British and Labour Schools, have commenced their operations in the colony, under the superintendence of Mr. Shepherdson. This gentleman is considered in every respect suitable for the office of head teacher and director of the schools. The school is under the management of a committee in this country, assisted by a committee and officers in the colony. The number of children under instruction is very considerable, and additional buildings are required for their accommodation.

"In compliance with the wishes of some of the leading colonists, the Rev. T. Q. Stowe has established a day-school, in which the classics are taught, and purposes, as soon as the

necessary buildings can be erected, the establishment of a boarding-school, in conjunction with a relation of his own, formerly the master of a grammar school in this country. A gentleman of known reputation as a scholar, and with a sufficient command of capital for the undertaking, has sailed for the colony, with the view of opening and conducting a classical school, upon a comprehensive plan. Besides these several establishments for the instruction of the youth of the province, a Mechanics' Institute has been founded in Adelaide, and is in full operation."

One of the most gratifying characteristics of South Australia, is the respect that has been paid to the rights of the aborigines; and the uniform kindness with which they have been treated has hitherto had the effect of preventing those unhappy collisions which disgrace the early history of all our other settlements. An officer has been appointed with the title of "Protector of the Aborigines," whose office it is to guard them against oppression; and though we are far from admitting that all has been done for them that strict justice required, on taking arbitrary possession of the lands over which it had been their privilege to roam, still we rejoice to see the recognition of the principle. We shall make no apology for occupying some space with an extract from the last Report which their Protector has addressed to the Colonial Office:—

"Adelaide, July 1. 1838.

"I have much pleasure in announcing that the aborigines' location is sufficiently advanced to admit of the occupation of the twelve huts, and the natives express great satisfaction in the possession of them. The interpreter is settled on the spot, a garden is in preparation, and rations of biscuit are twice a day distributed to whatever persons choose to apply for them. Sugar and rice are occasionally supplied; and old garments of every description are generally bestowed upon the natives by the colonists. The progress of the school has been retarded by the melancholy death of Captain Bromley, who was found drowned in the river on the 7th of May. I have not since met with any person fitted for the office, and who would accept of it at the present salary. In the meantime, however, many natives, especially children, are becoming acquainted with a great number of English words, and are very eager to learn the names of every thing which attracts their attention. But their general indifference to whatever is valued by civilised man, whether it be clothing, the luxuries of food, and comfortable habitations, or the more worthy gratifications of the intellect, makes it no easy matter to stimulate them to that degree of industry necessary for acquiring such advantages; and the salubrious climate of their native land predisposes very considerably to this indolent condition of mind and body.

"Viewing this as the grand obstacle to their civilisation, and making allowance for all others which oppose so desirable an end, I am impressed with the thorough conviction that the only means which can be permanently successful is, first to teach them the simple and sublime doctrines of Christianity; and that to begin by any other method is truly to commence at the wrong end.* The success of such an undertaking promises to be the more certain, in that the aborigines do not appear to be attached to any superstitions, of whose influence it would be previously necessary, and perhaps difficult, to divest them. Their minds rather seem to be in that unoccupied condition which capacitates them for receiving impressions of whatever may be presented to them in a sufficiently interesting form.

"Entertaining this opinion, I cannot but believe that the arrival of a special missionary for the aborigines would be the greatest benefit which can be bestowed upon them; and there can be little doubt that, aided, as he would be, by the co-operation of the Protector, and immediately put in possession of as much of the different dialects as is now known, without having to overcome the first difficulties of acquiring an unwritten, and therefore variable language, his progress would be commensurate with the wishes of those who look upon the aborigines of South Australia as fellow-members of the great human family.

"I have, &c.

(Signed) "William Wyatt,
"Protector of the Aborigines
(*ad interim*).

"To the Honourable the Colonial Secretary,
&c. &c. &c."

* We cannot coincide with this, while the facts of the present utterly wild and savage condition of the aborigines are so strongly placed before us. They cannot, at present, comprehend even the extent of their own physical requisitions: how, then, should their minds be in a state to receive abstract truth? The same discrepancy applies here as in the case of the New Zealanders (see the *Monthly Chronicle*, for August, p. 121.); and in both, the extreme difficulty of finding competent teachers of the simple and sublime doctrines of Christianity.—Ed.

We have already alluded to some paltry squabbles between the first governor, Captain Hindmarsh, and the surveyor-general, Colonel Light. We have frequently seen allusion to those differences in the South Australian papers; but until we had seen the particulars detailed in the Report of the Commissioners, we own we had but a vague notion of the causes of these dissensions. From the statements in the Report, we are tempted to attribute these differences, and the inconveniences thence arising to the colonists, chiefly to the arrogance of Colonel Light. We would fain use a milder expression if we could feel justified in doing so: but, assuming the Report to be correct — and the Commissioners are not likely to screen the governor at the expense of their own officer — we must say that Colonel Light appears totally to have misunderstood the nature of his mission.

The colony of South Australia, as at first projected, was to have been a chartered colony, founded on principles similar to those which had guided the establishment of the British settlements in North America in the seventeenth century. Such a plan would have placed the disposal of the public lands under the control of the governor. The Act of Parliament, however, went to establish a divided authority — leaving to the governor and council the executive and legislative powers, and the levying of taxes; but vesting in a Board of Commissioners the disposal of the public lands, and the application of the emigration fund arising from the sales. The Commissioners also were charged with the raising, the custody, and the application of the revenue loans necessary to defray the expenditure occasioned by the first establishment of the colony. This divided authority does not appear to have produced the happiest effects.

"The governor had scarcely landed," say the Commissioners, "when a governor's and a commissioners' party were formed. The partisans of the former imagined that they were upholding the royal prerogative, and maintaining the power of the crown, by forcing a departure from the regulations and instructions by which the commissioners gave the selection of the site of the capital to the surveyor-general, and left to private enterprise the laying out of all secondary towns; while, on the other hand, the partisans of the latter acted as if they thought that to limit and oppose the exercise of the executive authority was to vindicate the peculiar principles of colonisation embodied in the South Australian Act. The irritation of the contending parties became daily more intense. The despatches received from the several authorities in the colony were chiefly occupied by narratives of official contests upon subjects comparatively unimportant. This state of things was beginning to produce impressions unfavourable to the new settlement, as well in this country as in the neighbouring colonies, and must have impeded, if not altogether suspended, the prosperity of South Australia, had not prompt and effectual measures been adopted for removing the cause in which it had originated."

The measure adopted for removing this fertile cause of dissension has been simple enough — that of uniting in one and the same person the functions of governor and resident commissioner. The officer on whom this joint character has been conferred is Colonel Gawler. As yet we have no means of judging of the success of his mission; but the extraordinary progress which the colony has already made, in spite of all the inconveniences arising from the civil discord just alluded to, is calculated to leave an impression that even should the experiment not succeed to the full extent anticipated by the Commissioners, no serious impediment can now be thrown in the way of South Australian prosperity.

The surveyor-general, Colonel Light, left England on the 1st of May, 1836; and about eight months afterwards Captain Hindmarsh sailed to assume the government. Immediately on the governor's arrival the first difference arose, in consequence of the refusal of the latter to sanction the site selected by Colonel Light for the new city of Adelaide, the capital of

the colony. We cannot but think that in this refusal Captain Hindmarsh displayed a correctness of judgment, to which it would have been well for the colony if greater deference had been shown. The new capital has been established on a site eight or ten miles distant from the sea shore, on a small brook, which though it may afford the inhabitants a sufficient supply of fresh water, is altogether valueless for any purposes of navigation. The natural consequence is, that all merchandise sent from Europe costs almost as much in land-carriage as in freight, before it can be conveyed from the coast to Adelaide. The motive assigned for this preposterous selection is about as puerile as can well be conceived; neither more nor less than an apprehension that the morals of the young community might be corrupted by the evil example of the crews of the ships arriving from England. We are not surprised that the sailor was disgusted by so mawkish a piece of twaddle, and by the insult which it implied to his own profession. We could almost wish that Captain Hindmarsh had persisted in withholding his sanction altogether. Nevertheless, a compromise was brought about, on condition that a secondary town should be established at the harbour; and this first bone of contention having been disposed of, the preliminary purchasers were put into possession of their town sections at the two embryo cities of Adelaide and Port Adelaide.

Other subjects of contention speedily arose between the governor and the surveyor-general, and the natural consequence was, that the business of the surveying department was neglected. Complaints soon arrived from those who had bought land-orders in England, and who justly murmured at not being put into possession of the lands for which they had paid their money before their departure from Europe. In October, 1837, some unofficial communications were made to the Commissioners, attributing the delay in the preliminary surveys to the insufficiency of the surveying department. The Commissioners immediately applied for advice to an officer of acknowledged experience and ability, Captain Dawson, of the Royal Engineers, who gave it as his opinion, that the surveying department under the command of Colonel Light was amply sufficient for the survey of a district of 150 square miles (the extent required) within a period of from four to six months. This opinion, which was furnished in writing, and which is appended to the Report, was then sent out to the colonel, and certainly conveyed what appears to have been a well-merited rebuke, as a period much longer than that mentioned by Captain Dawson had already been allowed to elapse.

"In November, 1837, Mr. Kingston, the deputy-surveyor, arrived in England, bringing letters from the resident commissioners, and from the surveyor-general, representing that in the beginning of June, more than two months after the survey of the town had been completed, scarcely any progress had been made in the survey of the rural lands; that with the staff, then engaged, the completion of such surveys, to the extent required by the first purchasers, would occupy a period of three years; and that, in order to complete the survey of 100,000 acres in the period of six months, the surveyor-general required such an addition to the supply of assistant-surveyors, labourers, and instruments, as would, according to the estimate inserted in the Appendix, raise the expense of the surveying establishment to upwards of 14,000*l.* per annum."

"For this communication," say the Commissioners, "we were unprepared;" and we can readily believe the assurance: 14,000*l.* for the survey of 100,000 acres! — nearly half the price at which the American government sell their public lands! And this extravagant estimate, it must be borne in mind, was for the survey of a tract of level country, very thinly wooded, and offering no natural impediment whatever to the labours of the

engineer. In this emergency the Commissioners again applied to Captain Dawson, requesting him to reconsider his opinion, and referring him for local information to the deputy-surveyor, Mr. Kingston. Captain Dawson did reconsider his opinion, and was strengthened and confirmed in his first judgment — "that with the actual strength of the surveying department, the preliminary surveys ought to have been executed in a period not exceeding six months." The Commissioners then decided to send Mr. Kingston back to the colony, with fresh instructions to Colonel Light; and in the event of the latter declining to undertake the task of making the requisite survey within the stated time, the execution of it was to be confided to Mr. Kingston; in which case Colonel Light's authority was to be for the time suspended, though he was to retain his full salary, in order that he might be employed in surveying secondary sites, and in completing the examination of the coast and of Lake Alexandrina. At the same time, to be on the safe side, three additional assistant-surveyors were sent out.

On the arrival of these instructions, Colonel Light, under an impression that Mr. Kingston had acted unfairly towards him, resigned his office; and his resignation was followed by that of all the assistant-surveyors, with the exception of three, two of whom had just arrived from England. The Commissioners in their report declare the impression of Colonel Light to have been altogether unfounded, Mr. Kingston having throughout the whole affair "acted towards his superior with scrupulous honour."

On the resignation of Colonel Light, the direction of the surveys devolved on Mr. Kingston, who, according to the report before us, set about his work with zeal and energy; and although almost left alone, he appears in a very short time to have placed the holders of preliminary land-orders in possession of their sections in the district of Adelaide. Under these circumstances, it would have been only fair to have promoted so active an officer to the vacant appointment. The Commissioners seem to have thought otherwise; and inform us, with evident satisfaction, that they "have had the good fortune to secure the services of Lieutenant Frome, R. E.," who, with a corps "about equal in numerical strength to that which existed before the recent resignations, estimates that he shall be able to effect an accurate survey of upwards of 400,000 acres per annum.

We have dwelt at some length on the history of these delays in the surveys, chiefly on account of the frequent allusions that have been made to them by the daily press — allusions which we believe were often intended to raise unfair prejudices against the new colony. We trust that the inefficiency of this department will not furnish so important a topic to the next report which it may be our duty to examine.

Upon the whole, we look upon the report which we have been considering, as a document that fully justifies the expectations entertained by the original promoters of the colony of South Australia. Should this career of prosperity continue unchecked, we feel satisfied that it must lead, at no distant period, to a complete remodification of our whole system of colonial government. Of this we are assured, that if a similar plan is acted on in British Guiana, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in the new settlement about to be formed on the northern coast of Australia, those colonies may each look forward to results quite as brilliant as any that may fairly be anticipated for South Australia. British Guiana alone contains an area of 100,000 square miles, or sixty millions of acres, of which only a few pestilential swamps on the sea coast have hitherto been colonised. In the interior is a noble expanse of upland country, with a delightful climate, and, by the sale of those unoccupied lands, an abundant emigration fund

might be raised; moreover, owing to the greater proximity of the country to England, an equal number of labourers might be conveyed thither at a much less expense than to South Australia. Nor is England the only portion of the British empire to which the emigration of a part of its labouring population would afford a welcome relief. In India, it is but too well known, the poorer classes suffer yearly the most frightful privations. Why should not an emigration fund be raised by the sale of public lands in the new settlement now forming at Port Essington, on the northern coast of Now Holland, to be expended, in part at least, in the conveyance thither of poor emigrants from India? This is a question well deserving the consideration of those who have lately taken it upon themselves to inquire into the wrongs sustained by our Indian fellow-subjects.

Before closing this article, there are one or two points connected with South Australia, to which, though they may be familiar to many of our readers, we feel it our duty to refer. Since the establishment of the colony, a navigable inlet has been found to Lake Alexandrina, a large inland sea situated within the assigned limits of the province; and it has moreover been discovered that the Murray river, the only river of any magnitude which has yet been met with in New Holland, discharges its waters into this lake or inland sea. The prospect of a large extent of inland navigation is thus opened to the colonists; and so important are the advantages anticipated from this discovery, that many of the purchasers of land-orders have declined to select sections in the district of Adelaide, choosing rather to wait until some of the lands on the lake and along the river have been surveyed. We are disappointed to find that no allusion is made to this subject in the report of the Colonisation Commissioners. Great anxiety, we know, prevails among those who have already located themselves about Adelaide to discourage the establishment of distant settlements; but selfish motives of this kind, we trust, are not allowed to stand in the way of what we cannot but consider the true interest of the colony. The Adelaide gentry may rest assured that sooner or later towns will arise in South Australia, that will eclipse their seat of government as completely as New York and Baltimore have already left the city of Washington behind in the march of improvement. The site of Adelaide, away from the sea coast, and remote from any navigable river, can never become the commercial capital of the colony. To talk of remedying this inconvenience by the construction of a railroad or canal is mere childishness; it will be many, many years, before capital will be such a drug in South Australia as to allow of its being invested in such expensive undertakings. In the meantime thriving cities will be rising on the Murray river, and on different points of the coast; and the sooner the Commissioners direct the surveyors to extend their operations to the favourite points, the more rapid will be the improvement of this interesting colony.

We should blame ourselves if we were not to say a word or two about those enterprising gentlemen who have within the last year succeeded in effecting the overland journey from New South Wales to Adelaide, for the purpose of driving large flocks of cattle and sheep from the old to the new colony. Captain Sturt, Mr. Joseph Hawdon, Mr. Eyre, and perhaps some others whose names have escaped us, have repeatedly made this journey, and always without experiencing any annoyance from the native tribes through whose grounds they passed. In a recent number of the *Southern Australian*, we find the following report (addressed to the governor by Mr. Eyre) of the last of these trips of which any account has reached us: —

"My party is composed of thirteen individuals, exclusive of myself, and two boys aborigines of the Hume and Murrumbidgee rivers; and my stock consisting of about one thousand sheep, about six hundred head of cattle, and four teams.

"We left Limestone Plains (our point of departure) on the 5th December, 1838; and following the high road to Port Phillip as far as the crossing-place of the Murrumbidgee, we turned that river to the westward, instead of following further south, as all the parties coming to this colony had previously done; and by this means we avoided crossing the several rivers on that line of road, materially shortened the distance, and obtained a more abundant supply of feed and water for our stock. After passing my party twice across the Murrumbidgee, to avoid some ranges, I continued following its right or northern bank, and passing through the marshes of the Lachlan, I crossed the bed of that river without being aware of it, as its channel presented the appearance of nothing more than an ordinary creek, and had no water in it as far as I went up, beyond two hundred yards from its junction with the Murrumbidgee; my drays crossed about half a mile above this junction, and had no difficulty in effecting a passage. The marshes of the Lachlan (at least that portion of them which I crossed, and which lies contiguous to the Murrumbidgee) no longer exhibit that formidable appearance they did some years ago, and the many dry seasons we have had lately have so much changed their character, that they now only present the appearance of large and rich alluvial flats, more or less covered with reeds, but generally of a firm surface, and affording an easy and good road to travel over. After passing the Lachlan, we followed down the Murrumbidgee to its junction with the Hume, and on our arriving there on the 20th January, we became aware that another party (which I have since ascertained to be Captain Hart's, from Portland Bay) had arrived on the south side of the Murray about the same time we did on the north; and our two parties continued following opposite sides of the river to beyond the junction of the Darling, where Captain Hart crossed to the northern side with his party a day or two's stage in advance of mine. After crossing the Darling I felt anxious, while in that neighbourhood, to ascertain the nature and course of a junction laid down by Captain Sturt as the Lindesay, and falling into the Murray on its southern bank; and I was the more anxious to ascertain this point, as I had myself last year (when endeavouring to cross the interior of the country to the southward of the Murray on my route to Adelaide) met with many difficulties and much delay from my not being able to fall in with this (supposed) stream in the direction I expected to have found it. After seeing my party two days' stage beyond the Darling, I crossed to the south side of the Murray, accompanied by two of my party, and spent three days in a careful examination of the surrounding country, but was unable to discover any stream connected with the country to the south. I found the extent of land subject to flood much greater in this vicinity than I had done higher up the river; and its surface was intersected by very many creeks and lagoons, some of which were of considerable size and had a good deal of water in them, and one in particular, which I took to be the Lindesay of Captain Sturt, is both wide and deep, and has its whole course distinctly marked by lines of lofty gum trees. This creek appears to separate the flooded lands from the higher ground beyond, and continues for a course of about sixteen miles, taking first a south-westerly and then a north-westerly direction, and coming to the river at both its extremities; but it appears (as do also all the other creeks and lagoons) to be filled only by the surplus waters of the river in seasons of flood. Immediately beyond the low lands are extensive plains of red sand, covered with low bushes, but destitute of low grass; and these are again locked in by sandy ridges covered with scrub, which appeared to extend far into the interior to the southward. After crossing the Darling, my party continued to follow in the same route I kept last year; and as soon as I had seen them over the worst of the road, I left them a few days ago, leisurely advancing, and preceded them myself to Adelaide.

"It affords me much pleasure to have it in my power to state, that my intercourse with the aborigines has been generally of a very friendly nature, and that I have again conducted a party in safety and in peace through the various tribes that frequent the line of route; but at the same time I should strongly impress upon future travellers the necessity of the utmost care and vigilance on their part, and would caution them by no means to rely too much on the exhibition of a friendly disposition on the part of the natives, as they are both cunning and treacherous, and frequently refrain from acts of violence only from dread of a superior force. In the vicinity of the Lachlan river I had one of my party dangerously wounded with a spear by some natives, who, but a few minutes before, had shown themselves to us on the opposite side of the river waving green boughs, and making the usual demonstrations of amity; and with these natives we had no intercourse whatever, so that they could not possibly have received offence of any kind to induce them to commit so wanton and treacherous an outrage.

"Having been the first to bring sheep over-land from New South Wales, and having thereby proved its practicability, I may be expected to make a few remarks on the subject. From the nature of the country, and the great quantity of scrub we were obliged in many

places to pass through, we had much difficulty in getting the sheep along, and our trouble was not a little enhanced by the very hot weather we experienced during the greater part of the journey, the thermometer during the heat of the day generally ranging from 120° to 134° in the sun. In some parts of the route we had also much difficulty in procuring a sufficiency of feed, but this seldom occurred for more than a day or two's stage at a time, and we had always an abundant supply of water; so that our losses, on the whole, did not amount to one per cent. on the original number. I have therefore much pleasure in stating it as my opinion, that though far from being a good line of route for driving sheep; yet in ordinary seasons I consider it to be a perfectly practicable one, and have no doubt but that by careful and judicious management, and dividing the sheep into small flocks for driving, this most valuable description of stock may eventually be introduced into the colony in considerable numbers, by a safer and cheaper means than can be done by water, and the colonists thus have the prospect of obtaining, at no extraordinary risk, a property which is almost the only one they can look to for a sufficient and available export.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"EDWARD JOHN EYRE."

We have not yet exhausted the topics on which it was our intention to have dilated, but the space already occupied warns us to beware lest we exhaust the patience of our readers. We have given a hasty sketch of the flattering results that have been obtained in one colony from the adoption of a system, far indeed from perfect, but based at least on correct principles: may it not fairly be calculated that the same policy, applied to our colonial empire generally, would produce similar effects? We confidently reply to this question in the affirmative; and should we live to see the experiment tried, we feel convinced that our anticipations will be fully justified by the consequences. Proud as the political eminence is to which Great Britain has already attained, it is trivial in comparison to that which would be secured by the adoption of a truly liberal and enlightened system of colonial government.

THE BRITISH QUEEN STEAM-VESSEL.

THE richest ship that ever sailed from land,
Was, in imagination, all a wreck:
What hopes were founder'd then, or running mad!
She rides in port!—and all is ten-fold joy,
Because the wealth hath not yet passed away.
O, Man! erroneous in realities,
When wilt thou know that deep-set inward things,—
Some heaven-ward principle of love and truth;
Justice and charity, the soul of friendship,
And general sense of innocent happiness,—
Are nobler and *more real*, as more lasting;
Producing more substantial good on earth;
Than the huge bulk of Mammon on the seas,
Whose wreck were small to losses such as these.

STUDIES OF UNDEVELOPED CHARACTERS IN SHAKSPEARE;

FROM SKETCHES AND SUGGESTIONS IN HIS PLAYS.

No. VII. — *Macbeth.*

Everybody believes in physiognomy according to the extent of his experience and the strength of his involuntary impressions. As a theory, few can admit its truth, "for sundry weighty reasons;" but all people tacitly acknowledge its validity by their practice, simply because they cannot avoid such practice. Of late years the study of phrenology (which has been rather prematurely termed a science) has found innumerable proselytes; and its developments, being perfectly definite, tangible, and fixed, whatever blunders or changes may have been made in the nomenclatures, present the substantial groundwork of a system, which, (after it has performed all its necessary lunations of absurdity, by the temptations it offers to mechanical extravagance,) will one day be the means of conferring immense advantages in individual and national education. But with the study of physiognomy the case is very different. The features, it is true, are definite and fixed, yet their outlines are rendered evanescent and changeable to the most confusing extent by the variations of expression; and, even when in repose, the variations of character in the outlines are generally so extremely fine and delicate, so liable to convey false impressions by a peculiarity of light and shade, that the attempt to reduce the principles of physiognomy to any system of regular fixed practice seems impossible, although it must be evident that such principles do exist in nature, find them who can. Now, when we add the imperfections of our sight, our experience, our knowledge, or our imagination and judgment, to the natural and circumstantial complexity of this most elaborate and hair-breadth study of that index which is, perhaps, simultaneously occupied in the same aim-dazzling speculation upon ourselves, there can be no manner of wonder at the disrepute into which all the theories of physiognomy have fallen, and the denial which even its few demonstrable and well-known verities experience. A Greek, Latin, or Dutch proverb is quoted by a gentleman against "all faith in the face," and the next moment he refuses to hire a servant because he "don't like the looks of him." If the worshipful bench of metropolitan magistrates, to say nothing of the elders of the civil force, were able to display their combined experience, the question would be wonderfully illustrated on the darker side of humanity, while for the rest we must go (not to the, generally-speaking, handsome nonentities of sculpture) to Raffaelle, Murillo, Guido, Correggio, &c. to the poets and romancists, and to Shakspeare in particular.

The opinion of the venerable Duncan on the question of physiognomy is very clearly expressed: —

> "There's no art
> To find the mind's construction in the face."
>
> Act I. Sc. IV.

We are to recollect, however, that Duncan does not say this till after the treason of the Thane of Cawdor has been discovered. Previous to this he

had always looked upon him with eyes of unbounded confidence, because he liked his face.

> " He was a gentleman on whom I built
> An absolute trust." — *Ibid.*

It would hence appear, whether there be or be not an art of physiognomy, that Duncan did not possess it, because he had made a woful blunder in his estimate of Cawdor. But, inasmuch as no single act of misconduct or depravity can cancel a previous life of worth and integrity, so we are disposed to think that Duncan was very probably right in the general opinion he had all along entertained of the thane; and that the act of treachery which led to his death was an exception to himself and his better nature, from which he was led astray by some powerful circumstances, even as was Macbeth, who, no doubt, had a noble-fronted physiognomy before his fall. Previous to his meeting the witches on the heath, who set his imagination diabolically at work, anybody would have trusted the open manly expression of Macbeth's countenance, and would have been right in so doing. The same may be said of the Thane of Cawdor. The deep penitence and high-sorrowed dignity in the expression of his feeling towards the king whom he had injured, and the proud abstraction with which he met his death, show that the spirit of nobleness in his nature had only been obscured or inveigled, not extinguished nor permanently perverted.

> " *Duncan.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
> Those in commission yet returned?
> " *Malcolm.* My liege,
> They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
> With one that saw him die: who did report
> That very frankly he confessed his treasons;
> Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
> A deep repentance: nothing in his life
> Became him, like the leaving it; he died
> As one that had been studied in his death,
> To throw away the dearest thing he owed
> As 'twere a careless trifle." — *Ibid.*

The arch-seducer of the faith and fealty of the Thane of Cawdor seems to have been Sweno, King of Norway. This Sweno, after certain " skipping kernes " had been beaten in the field, suddenly, " surveying vantage," made a furious assault, " with new supplies of men," upon the forces commanded by the two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo. He was frustrated, however, in his attempt, after having engaged in single combat with Macbeth during the battle.

> " Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
> Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
> The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict:
> Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
> Confronted him with self-comparisons,
> Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
> Curbing his lavish spirit."
>
> Act I. Sc. II.

By what circumstances of temptation and inveiglement Cawdor was seduced from his allegiance by Sweno, or whether, indeed, the act originated in himself, and, if so, from what circumstances and motives, no positive information can be obtained from those who knew him.

> " Whether he was
> Combined with Norway; or did line the rebel

With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He laboured in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed, and proved,
Have overthrown him."

ACT I. SC. III.

An old Scottish ballad is, however, extant, which throws some strong though broken gleams of light upon the matter. It is entitled "The Last Wordis o' the Zane o' Cawdor." No date is affixed to it. We give it verbatim, with the exception of a trifling transposition of words where the measure required it, in consequence of our rendering the dialect more acceptable to present times.

"My Marion, loose your braid, your braid sae lang behind;
O! loose your yellow hair, — cast its gold upon the wind!
For your father now maun die, and yon grave a traitor hold,
And nane beside yoursel will bless his ashes cauld.

"O, nane but ye, my child, will pause beside yon grave:
They 'se pass wi' siccan shudder, as though the foul fiend drave;
They 'se pile their stony thoughts aboon thy father's bones,
An' curse the restless ghaist that ay maun bleat his moans.

"When I am hid, ye'se gang unto the Norway's king;
May be he'll hold his promise for a' this news may bring:
But for thee I'd hate him now, as I hate my treacherie;
Yet nane shall ken the secret cause why thus disgraced I die.

"Hie to the gude King Duncan, wi' a' thy winsome grace;
Tho' you love his mortal foeman, yet look up in his face:
The truth, my Marion, tell, that, allbe my acts were foul,
Yet did I love my gude king wi' a' my harte an' soul.

"I would na' he forgave me, — I could ne'er forgie mysel:
Deep, dark-down 'neath the cairn my shame doth hunger for to dwell.
Farewell, kind gentlemen! I pray ye dinna greete,
But take my head, and lay it at gude King Duncan's feet."

"These laste wordis o' my bleeding harte, I would sue toe have maist humblie made knowne unto the king by my dochter, for whom, in death, toegether with hys majestie, shall my restelesse spirit constantlie praye. Amen."

Concerning the character of Sweno, whatever might have been the nature of his connexion with the unfortunate Thane of Cawdor, nothing is developed in the text beyond such qualities as belong to the class of bold, fierce, iron-clad, sword-and-battle-axe-men of the olden time, and rude regalities who could scarcely write their own name. In his "correspondence" with Macbeth, he, however, got the worst of the argument; and we learn from Rosse, that,—

"Sweno, the Norway's king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at St. Colmes' Inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use."

ACT I. SC. II.

The logic of Macbeth had also brought another equally ferocious and unprincipled reasoner to a transcendental pitch of conviction: we refer to Macdonwald, surnamed "The Merciless."

"The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements."

ACT. I. SC. II.

After the acute reasoning of Macbeth had thus laid open the inward man, it is not without some scruples that we class Macdonwald among the undeveloped characters. The foregoing, however, may be regarded as instances of rough-drawn and non-apparent characters in Shakspeare, which tend to enhance and elucidate his main design. That such individuals have continually nothing whatever to do with his subject, is the excess and abuse of a principle which (however it may be erroneously considered as undramatic in *these* days) is often an important element of the true dramatic art. By means of Sweno and Macdonwald we are shown the grounds of Macbeth's pride in his soldiership and courage, which makes him open to the strongest influence when these qualities are called in question by his wife, and finally by Macduff. By means of the thanes of Cawdor and Glamis, the rapid fulfilment of the first part of the predictions of the weird sisters is brought about, which impels Macbeth to a belief in all the rest, and to assist in the accomplishment.

Of Sinel, thane of Glamis, we can ascertain nothing, except that by his death Macbeth succeeded to his title and lands. Macbeth, in reply to the witches, says, "By Sinel's death *I know* I am thane of Glamis." The king did not, therefore, confer the title upon him; consequently, his succession to the estates, as heir, shows that Sinel was a relative. It is most probable that Sinel was killed in the recent battles with Macdonwald and Sweno.

Several luckless individuals, besides Macbeth, have recently suffered, or are about to suffer, under the malignant spells of the witches. The first of whom we hear is the sailor's wife. This woman was "pretty well off" in the world; and having grown to a fat "ronyon," or scorbutic excrescence, by feeding upon constant rumps of beef, made indigestible with laps full of chesnuts, which she was always "mounching," her indolent proud flesh had brought her into a state of selfishness, which not only suffocated every generous feeling for others, but made the very application for sympathy an astonishment and a provocation. The insulting terms in which she couches her refusal to give the longing applicant a few chesnuts, stirs up the soul of our sister to revenge; but that the latter singles out the woman's husband, instead of the actual offender, for the exercise of her malignity, seems at first like a natural perversity in the moral constitution of weird sister aforesaid. On second thoughts, however, we should rather say that the witch was right; for, inasmuch as the woman's chief enjoyments of life were centered in her corporeal exuberances, the ruin of her husband would necessarily be the shortest cut to the best revenge. The sailor, her husband, was merchant-captain, or master, of the good ship "Tiger," and had gone to Aleppo. What the witch was to do, who had resolved to follow him in a sieve, we are left to conjecture, by the very significant hint, that the thing done should be worthy of the sharpened wisdom and malignity of a rat who has lost his tail. The actual extent of the poor man's black visitations are not known, but the promises of the visitant are sufficiently appalling to the imagination.

"I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his penthouse lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tossed."

ACT I. SC. III.

Of the pilot, whose thumb was bitten off by the same witch, either before his vessel was wrecked, while he stood gazing over the uplifted waters in the direction of his home, or after his drowned body was cast upon the rattling slope of the oozy shingles, — nothing occurs to identify his character: he is only remembered by his misfortune.

There are many things in prose as well as poetry which we read and understand sufficiently well for the comprehension of the general scope and tendency of the given work, yet which we never *realise* to our imaginations as facts, or supposed facts, without the ingress of certain adventitious circumstances inducing a home-searching view of the literal truth. This is not only the case in reading books, but in our affairs of life and knowledge of actual things. We believe, know, and understand very well that a certain number of men are shipwrecked, murdered, and starved every year; but let us be suddenly called upon to imagine a drowned, murdered, or starved man lying before our feet, and we shall feel that our previous impressions were vague idealisms of the fact, and that we never were conscious that the thing was a reality. But, in proportion as people possess and exercise this power of calling the mental faculties onward to the imaginary realisation, or inward vision of the embodied truth, so is the depth and breadth of their comprehension and sympathy with men and books. Our dormancy in realising known or admitted facts will become apparent to every one who examines himself on the point. We will offer, however, a complicated instance and illustration of the question, in which the dreadful supposititious result of a self-evident antecedent fact has been realised, we are persuaded, by many who, notwithstanding, have never realised the very fact necessarily antecedent. We confess to having never, till almost the present moment, realised the fact to ourselves of Lady Macbeth's child — a little boy, of, probably, less than three years old — yet we had often shuddered at the horrid image of the child dashed on the blood-stained floor, with its gaping skull and distorted form.

There is considerable excuse, we think, for our not having ever believed in the reality of Lady Macbeth as a mother, and in her exercise of any of its tender offices. The unnatural horror of the picture she presents of the frightful predominance of her will over the strongest ties of affection, carries off the mind from all maternal associations. When she declares she has known what it was to suckle an infant, we have, hitherto, never believed her, nor her maternity, being led onward to consequences which made the illogical instinct of humanity admit no credence to the necessary antecedent fact. A child however — we are compelled to know it — she once had; apparently a boy, who probably died in infancy.

We should conjecture that Lady Macbeth lost her mother when she was very young, and that she was consequently left to pursue her own course, without any of the constant influence of authority or affection which a mother only can acquire over a daughter. We do not doubt her father's affection for his daughter, and his admiration of her soaring and unconquerable spirit, but we much doubt his influence and authority; partly because he was much abroad, and still more because she was naturally indomitable, while he possessed less strength of will, having, besides, been nearly

worn out in previous fruitless contentions with her mother. She was thus left almost entirely to the spontaneous development of nature; and, consequently, the strongest inherent qualities grew to an overwhelming preponderance, unchecked and unbalanced by any internal or external influence. On the whole, notwithstanding his affection and admiration, her father was very glad when Macbeth fell in love with her. The daring spirit which overpowered her father's energies was the chief cause (not forgetting the commanding beauty of her person) of attraction to Macbeth; while on her part, the high-famed valour, and strong, excursive, superstitious vastness of imagination in Macbeth, rendered him an object of sympathy, as the only man whom she could regard with any admiration, and upon whose neck she could not set her foot. How much feeling of a finer and deeper kind was subsequently developed in her, towards her husband, is palpable, but does not fall within the compass of our present plan to elaborate.

The father of Lady Macbeth had lived to a period of old age, but was dead at the time of the great and tragic events to which his daughter was a chief agent and a victim. It is worthy of observation that the unrestrained and otherwise injurious mode of Lady Macbeth's "bringing up," or, rather, the unchecked excesses of her spontaneous growth, had led her into a mistaken estimate of herself. Her will, in imagination (or her imaginative will, if we may use such an expression) was boundless, and restrained by no thought or feeling whatever: her animal or practical will was limited by both, and was also open to nervous affections and influences. She was not the monster of a fixed purpose, but the human agent; not the fate-wielder only, but the sufferer no less than the doer. We have no belief that she would have dashed her child's brains out while it smiled in her face, because she had "sworn" to do it. She would have found some high-minded excuse for evading it, or compromised that will by the promise of exercising a greater. She had evidently contemplated, in the first instance, to murder the king herself; but, even in the imagination of the act, she calls upon the aid of the spirits, who attend on mortal thoughts, to unsex her (because she felt as a woman), to fill her full of direst cruelty (which she felt was not natural to her), to stop up the passage to remorse (which looks like a presentiment of the dreadful remorse she afterwards experienced), and to let no compunctious visitings of nature (which she already felt by anticipation) shake her fixed purpose and destroy its accomplishment. Finally, in this working up of all her energies to a deed — which would have needed no such efforts, had she really possessed such an integral, unmitigable, meteoric, self-centric, and sheer-damnable will as she imagined — she invokes night and hell to blot out all vision, so that her knife shall not gleam upon its victim, "nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark, to cry hold! hold!" Instead of this, however, something else occurs; and she fails in what she had contemplated, with the excuse that Duncan resembled her father as he slept. Now, most probably, the venerable victim did not resemble her father at all, in a literal sense. She saw a venerable, old, and "gracious figure," with a grey beard and thin grey locks, sleeping on a couch, and her revolting purpose conjured up the idea of her father, and forbade the deed. It was as though heaven, in the shape of her dead parent, *had* looked through the blanket of the dark, and cried "hold! hold!" Conscious that she was unequal to the dreadful deed about to be done, she drank deep to nerve her courage — so deep, that her excitement only prevented her from being as intoxicated as were all the grooms; but even in this preternatural state of boldness she is not proof against, nor preserved from, the influence of the horrible scene, which haunts her in her after-dreams —

makes her walk in the agony of her sleep — see the constant-pouring blood of the murdered king — wash her hands for ever, and in vain — become insane with "thick-coming fancies,"— and die, either by excess of crowding horrors, or the suicidal attempt to escape from their intolerable presence.

The foregoing considerations of the chief elements in the character of Lady Macbeth, as originating in the equally profound and subtle complexity of her allusion to her father, might readily lead us into psychological speculations, (which, however, we must not pursue,) on the involutions of the will with the imagination. It will be apparent to those readers who are conversant with such studies, that the characters of Lady Macbeth and of Hamlet, though dissimilar in so many respects, are extraordinary illustrations of a peculiar principle of self-deception in some of the strongest natures, to which we have previously alluded. And this makes us revert to certain difficulties in the theory and practice of phrenology, of which we spoke at the commencement, and to the confidence with which its disciples establish "a local habitation and a name" to qualities or faculties, all of which are so involved in each other, as to defy the separation even of the mental analyst, with his most profound synthetical summing up, to boot; since no one can say at what precise line of demarcation the will ends and the imagination takes up the "many-mingled" thread.

There must have been a mysterious sensitiveness in the natures, or a prophetic horror in the dreams, of the two attendants of the king, who slept together near his chamber. That they actually uttered broken ejaculations, such as "murder!" "God bless us!" and "amen!" is pretty certain; but the voice which cried "Sleep no more," &c., was evidently an hallucination of the over-wrought senses and imagination of Macbeth.

A passing remark is made concerning Duncan's wife — the queen, who is dead — from which we should gather that she was full of all motherly affection and tenderness, but of weak character, and unfit to bring up children, being sure to spoil them by constant indulgence, and a morbid feeling about religion. She did not live long enough to spoil Malcolm, who turned out a noble youth. Macduff, reminding him of his early infant years, says, —

> "———the queen, that bore thee,
> Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
> Died every day she lived."
>
> ACT IV. SC. III.

We had once entertained a notion that the expression of the queen's bearing this child, does not allude to her always sitting with the child in her lap, but to her constant praying on her knees with the child in her arms: we have since been compelled to believe in a much less recondite reading of the passage. "Died every day she lived," that is, made up her account with this world every day, and was always prepared to die. Her confessor must have had a busy time of it, and perhaps he had taken advantage of her morbid tendency, and thus hastened her end by the over-excitement of her sensibilities.

Of the elder Lady Macduff — we mean the mother of Macduff — we regret to find no sort of clue to her history, which would probably be interesting. As the state of chirurgical science, both in theory and practice, was very imperfect at the period, there can be little doubt but that she died under the cæsarean process, whereby the future conqueror of Macbeth was ushered into the world. Nor can we doubt the equally summary fate of any tragedy by a modern author, in which the *denouement* should be assisted or announced by so horrifying a circumstance (to say nothing of

the quibble) so revoltingly expressed. Since Macbeth's head, stuck on a pole, is not brought upon the stage by Macduff, according to the text of Shakspeare, and considering the innumerable liberties taken with all his plays in representation, we certainly think, without one atom of respect for mere mawkish refinement, that some trifling change in the verbal expression of the above passage might have been adopted with advantage.

The eight kings, descendants of Banquo, are, of course, mere shadows; for, though it is true that they appear on the stage, they certainly were not born at the time. The grooms or attendants of Duncan, who were found smeared with blood upon their hands and *faces*, (a circumstance resulting from the wild excess of bewildering passion, and a most suspicious circumstance in their favour, had there been time for the spectators to come to their reason,) are simply vague tragic episodes. There are a great many nondescript creatures skipping and flapping round the heads and heels of the witches, such as Graymalkin, Harper, and Paddock. These three only, however, are named; the remainder (Puckle, Hoppo, Hellwain, Stradling, &c.) are interpolated from Middleton's "Witches." The use made of these interpolations, together with the fine music to which the words are set, give the scenes in which they occur the character of a tragic opera. We by no means object to this element as an assistance to the preternatural presentation of the witches; we cannot, however, admire the crowded herd of gipsies, which have been substituted, being precisely the same in scenery, dresses, and choruses, as in "Guy Mannering." Of all those connected with the stage, English singers have the least notion of any thing approaching the ideal: they are far worse in this respect than the dancers, especially in pantomime. A competent manager may make a dancer fly before him into some semblance of the aërial, but he has scarcely ever yet been able to storm the heavy substance out of an English singer.

There is only one scene in the progress of this great tragedy which disturbs the atmospheric "keeping" of its otherwise sustained and regular torrent. We refer to the entrance of the Porter directly after the murder, when the knocking at the gate alarms the conscience-stricken Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, who hurry away to their chamber. The porter comes in: he is a kind of moral-satirist wag, and drunk into the bargain, which makes him rather coarse in his sallies. *He* knows nothing of the murder which has just been committed under such appalling circumstances; but *we* do, and his excellent impertinence is felt accordingly. The occurrence is perfectly natural, and therefore, under such immediate circumstances, perfectly offensive. In the course, however, of his half-drunken, half-drowsy impertinence, he suggests three characters, two of which represent large classes. The first is that of a farmer "who hanged himself on the expectation of plenty." This man, probably, had a great quantity of corn on his hands, and wanted a famine to enable him to sell it at some enormous price; and as there had been violent rains just at the time when the wheat was in blossom — a blossom of most delicate structure, and easily destroyed — he had entertained sanguine hopes that there would be a miserable crop of corn in the country, and no foreign supplies. The next is "the equivocator;" one who "could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven." This masterly accidental sketch needs no comment, for certainly, however a man may tamper with heaven upon earth, the subsequent call he receives is not likely to be equi-vocal. The third is an English tailor, who is said to have come to Macbeth's castle "for stealing out of a French hose!" Truly and inexplicably, a most extraordinary place to seek upon

such an occasion! He is welcomed in a strain befitting this very Shaksperean and much-to-be-forgiven speaker: —

"Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: never at quiet. What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further. I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go *the primrose way* to the everlasting Bonfire."

Act II. Sc. III.

Our list of characters from the present tragedy comprises —

The Thane of Cawdor.
Sweno, King of Norway.
Macdonwald.
Sinel.
The Sailor's Wife.
The Sailor.
Macbeth's Son.
Lady Macbeth's Father.
Duncan's Wife.
Macduff's Mother.
The Farmer.
The Equivocator.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

When we behold the hair-suspended sword
O'er human joy for ever pendulous;
And see the earthy pitfalls 'waiting us
Thickly along life's way; of act or word
We grow incapable, and fain would wait
Stirless and speechless for the coming state,
Wherein the millions of the past abide —
Their dust, their deeds, and their recorded pride:
And our vow'd spirits (like the devotees
In attitudinal monotony
Transfix'd in Indian forests, till the trees
O'ergrow them, and the wild birds build thereon)
Seem stricken to their place eternally,
And no more vital than a stock or stone.

II.

The life continual, the fast flow of things,
That welters round about us; every year
Bearing the next upon its changing wings,
And disappearing but to reappear;
Like-visaged, tho' transfigured; rise and setting
Of sun and moon, planets, and starry crowds;
Coming and going of the solemn clouds;
Wild play of storms and streams, and billows, fretting
The ever-shifting girdle of the ocean;
The bursting of green buds, and fall of leaves;
The unfolding and decay of gracious flowers;
The music and the silence of the hours,
Still alternating: 'tis all this reprieves
Our spirits from their trance, to sweet commotion.

* W *.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

We live in an age when attempts are made, not only to explain every thing by way of analysis, but also to lend to all the phenomena of intellectual life a general signification, a character bearing upon the general development of the human mind. Music, the most popular, attractive, and sublime of the fine arts, has, it can easily be imagined, not escaped the test of critical ordeal, and the results of the investigations it shall be our task to exhibit in the following pages.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven may be considered the first who have impressed German music with a character, at once original, profound, and energetic. Their works are distinguished, not only for sublime harmony, but also for their obvious tendency to raise music into the sphere of science by the better development of its elements. Haydn, especially in his earlier productions, though he never loses sight of the ordinary rules and principles of the art, appears, nevertheless, to animate them with a new spirit, and often even to metamorphise them into new elements, by the brilliancy of his style, breathing a calm and innocent spirit imbued with all the grace and serenity of nature. Grief and melancholy assume in his compositions a soft and mild character, never giving utterance to bursts of violent and stormy passions. In Mozart, form and principle are blended with wonderful tact. The structure of his compositions is generally rounded into perfect symmetry by means of contrasts and repetitions, while the whole is characterised by sublime harmony, lofty melody, and graceful rhythm. His music expresses a divine or "melodious sorrow" on the one hand, and the most exalted joy on the other. But the title of the "Father of music" he chiefly owes to the skill with which he brought to perfection instrumental music, raising it on a level with the vocal part of the art, in the true spirit of the German style. "Don Juan," the grandest of his creations, will also always remain the grandest opera in German music. In Beethoven, science predominates over all the other elements. He contemplated nature in all her charms, struggles, and sorrows, from an elevated station, and disdaining form and symmetry as something too sober and physical, he obeyed, in his ethereal flight, the inspiration of his poetical imagination alone. Joining the cheerful simplicity and variety of Haydn with the deep fervour and richness of harmony of Mozart, Beethoven succeeded in establishing harmony between all the various instruments, and with it also the sovereign power of instrumental music; while vocal music, proving rather deficient to express the nuances of the violent emotions of his poetical fancy, he almost neglected altogether. These three maestros may be considered as the original founders of the various schools of music now extant in Germany.

The Rombergs, rather deficient in profoundness and original thought, are the disciples of Haydn, while Spohr, in creating in his symphonies a style of his own, characterised no less by harmony than passion, is easily known as the follower of Mozart, by the form of his style. Ries seems to work on neutral ground, without marked partiality for any school; his talents have produced charming melodies in all styles, while Kalliwoda, after having imparted to his earlier compositions the character of Spohr, pursued afterwards a new style, full of pleasant and fantas-

tical melody. Onslow is, we think, the only one of that period who well knew how to control his lively fancy by the principles of the art.

The *Concerto* was first brought to perfection by Mozart, by the change he wrought in the instrumental part. It was greatly cultivated after him by Beethoven and the later composers, such as Clementi, Dussex, Handel, and, lastly, Moschelles, all of whom united science with brilliancy of style and execution. In Ries and Kalkbrenner, we are more struck with graceful melody than scientific harmony.

The *Sonata*, of which the early masters were Bach, Haydn, and Handel, was perfected by Mozart and Beethoven, and afterwards greatly cultivated by Humel, Kalkbrenner, Schmit, &c. At present, it is partly neglected by the profession, and entirely abandoned by amateurs, though the spirit still lingers in the masterpieces of Moschelles, Pixis, Reissiger, and Schubert.

The *Variation* is, of all the species of music, the only one which has undergone a change for the worse in process of time. It formerly had, at least, the merit of scientific harmony and combination; while now it is destitute of all character and principle whatever, the whole consisting of random and superficial melodies and accompaniments. Mere mechanical execution, especially on the piano, seems to be the fashion of the day; while all the numerous compositions are more or less confined to the piano alone, the favourite instrument of the present time, among all classes and both sexes. The fashionable mania for brilliant mechanical execution has infected even the scientific Czerny, who relinquished his more serious and sterling compositions in favour of the existing folly; he is followed by Herz and Hünten, who, with more tact and elegance than profoundness, have become the spoiled children of the fair sex. Their whole power consists in turning, twisting, and repeating certain passages of favourite operas with taste and precision.*

Of the composers of simple music for other instruments beside the piano, we shall only mention Viotti, the father of our modern violinists. His style and ideas are clear and naïve. His pupil Rode was at first inclined towards simple, but noble and pathetic compositions, but was afterwards influenced by the progressive spirit of the age to give them a more complicated and scientific character. The concertos of Spohr for the violin are, in that respect, the best models for study, as even the parts which are chiefly characterised by the difficulty in execution partake of the most sublime lyric beauty. Of equal merit are his, as well as Weber's, concertos for the clarionet; nor ought we to omit noticing the charming pots-pourris of Spohr, as also the pieces composed for the violoncello by B. Romberg.

The number of composers for the wind instruments is comparatively very limited, owing to the imperfection of the instruments themselves, on which no great variety can be performed. There is no more such a thing as military music, the truly military marches of the former days having been superseded by dances and opera-airs; nor can we, indeed, withhold our admi-

* And a careful abstinence from all meaning in their legerdemain. This is precisely the case in England at present. Scarce a single concert takes place in which every solo performer does not play similar tricks. He gets through his morsel of original melody, or theme, as soon as he decently can, and the next instant off he goes, up and down the scale, in endless evolutions, and you hear no more of the melody. In this manner, and by the hour, do pianists, more especially, worry the ears of an exhausted flock of fashionables with the interminable repetitions of their mere manual exercises; and these exemplary auditors sit patiently, partly because they have paid their money — partly because they are afraid it would show a want of science and taste not to be delighted — and partly because, like the English at Waterloo, they will not go away, however worn out, while there remains any thing more to endure.—Ed.

ration for the dances of Strauss and Lanner: there is in them something piquant, varied, and cheerful, which render them altogether irresistible.

Let us now examine the state and progress of vocal music. We shall begin with the opera, which has obtained, in our age, a high degree of perfection, and nearly monopolised stage popularity, above even tragedy. The cause lies more in the increasing taste for music, than in the absence of good dramatic performers. The popular predilection for the real drama has of late so diminished in Germany, that the composers take care to select subjects for their music the least poetical, provided they express strong passions, and admit of stage effect. The million usually prefer seeing and hearing, to thinking.*

Mozart is, without doubt, the first creator of the German opera. Before him, the German composers, with only one or two exceptions, confined their talent to imitations, and especially of the Italians, but Mozart finally effected a perfect revolution in the musical world by the appearance of his two masterpieces, "Don Juan" and "Figaro" where he united to a great extent dramatic effect with the most original vocal harmony, blended with all the grace of Italian melody. Beethoven's "Fidelio" has, however, a better claim to scientific harmony, despite the comparative inferiority of the vocal part in it. Before Beethoven had published his "Fidelio," Cherubini and Mehul were the musical stars in France; the first was distinguished for original harmony, as the latter for great simplicity of expression; but their chief forte was the instrument: the orchestra was the sphere of operation, and dramatic situations were more delineated by the harmony of the instruments than expressed by the utterance of the voice; so much so, that when, in process of time, instrumental music became more and more developed, a sort of forced and unnatural modulation was introduced into the songs, utterly destitute of all melody, expression, and dramatic action. The malady found its way also to Germany, and affected the productions of all her composers, with the exception of Weigel and Winter, who had been reared in the Italian school.

About that time arose in Italy a maestro who wrought a reform in vocal music, and established, by the force of his genius, a school of his own, which soon spread all over the musical world; we mean Rossini, whose melodious airs resound throughout the civilised world. It was Rossini who gave life and spirit to the Italian opera, and elevated the vocal part to the utmost degree of melody and art. In his earlier compositions, it is true, we rather miss the pervading spirit and truth of the drama itself; but in his later productions, he proved that he was no stranger to them; nor could the Germans, with all their strict adherence to principle, withhold their admiration for a genius, even in his transgressions of the laws of the art. In Germany, vocal music was characterised by science and principle alone, never making allowance for melody or natural sentiment; while Rossini, with the boldness of a genius that defies pedantic restraint and authority, broke through the barriers of dry laws and discordant principles, and created such luxuriant melodies as to share his triumph with the performers themselves. All that time the German opera had been under the control of two rival composers, Spohr and Weber. The efforts of the latter evidently tended to give to music, both vocal and instrumental, the language of thought and sentiment; in short, to express, by musical sound, even the delicate various shadings of

* The million never did otherwise in any part of the world: the greater reason why there should be as little delay as possible in teaching them better, instead of pandering to their grossness.—Ed.

inward emotions, as conveyed in the words of the text, — a task that met with many obstacles in the practical part; it had, however, the advantage of preventing the German stage from copying the Italian style altogether.

It was reserved for the genius of Weber to introduce in France a taste for German music, and more especially by means of his wonderful opera of "Der Freischütz." It soon also led to the introduction of Beethoven's music, first in the concerts of sacred music, and then in the musical conservatories, with rapid progress and success. Ever since, the superiority of German instrumental music was duly appreciated in France, at the side of the Italian style of vocal music, which had been introduced in the opera-comique by Hérold and Auber, in opposition to the style of Dalayrac, Iscuard, and Boïeldieu. Hérold and Auber possess, indeed, to a wonderful extent, talent, and taste for graceful rhythm, which lends to their compositions a character not less distinguished for art than delectable harmony.

Airs and songs have taken in Germany a more artistical turn, with that of the instrumental accompaniment, in which Schultz, Hiller, Himmel, Reichardt, and, above all, Zelter, so much excelled. As to Beethoven's accompaniments, they surpass, in every point of view, the art, melody, and harmony of the songs themselves.

At the time when the lyric poems of Göethe, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, Müller, Körner, Schneckendorf, &c. attained in Germany high popularity, they soon became a theme for musical composition; and in which Weber distinguished himself by his peculiar mode of expressing the words. The elegies of Spohr, the airs of Berger and Weidebein, belong as yet to the best specimens of that branch of vocal music, which was, however, soon superseded by the grand cavatinos of operas, introduced under such a heavy load of flourishes and other artificial ornaments, as to banish nature and expression altogether from the sphere of music. Some composers, such as Löwe and Schubert, it is true, did their best to arrest the rapid decay of natural music, by the composition of a great number of ballads; but they failed in their attempts, by a fault of their own, by rendering the accompaniments stupendously difficult in point of execution.

Church Music was originally confined to the voice alone, as religious worship does not require the éclat and effect of instruments. The masterpieces of that early period might as yet serve for models of sublime simplicity; even profane music had then partaken of the same character. But the perfection of instrumental music soon secularised the style of sacred music, and filled it with all the richness of imaginary art. Some are of opinion that this sort of worldly splendour in sacred music has entirely destroyed its true spirit, and that, in order to create it anew, we ought to re-adopt the style as prevalent in the sixteenth century. No one has, however, as yet, found any blemish in the taste of introducing an immense orchestra in the temple of Solomon: why then suppose that the Christian worship be averse to the sublime joy of the heart manifested through the imposing sound of buoyant instruments? The Credo surely contains, not only passus and sepultus, but also ressurrexit; and the words, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," — do they not claim the greatest display of pomp and splendour imaginable? Moreover, the advanced state of civilisation, and the peaceable times of our present age, do by no means correspond with the gloomy and sombre character of the ancient sacred music, risen, as it was, amidst the horrors and disasters of war and civil convulsions. But we digress: let us return to the history and progress of sacred music.

Church music, during the seventeenth century, bore the stamp of a spirit

not less narrow and pedantic than dogmatic and semi-savage, despite the noble efforts of a Bach and Handel towards its amelioration. Some will conclude, from the endeavours of Haydn to extend and enlarge the instrumental part of church music, that his religious sentiments had lost of their previous intensity. In looking, however, at his "Salva Regina," and the "Seven words," we only discover in the compositions a strain so sublime and divine as to disclose to us at once the sacred source from which they emanated, viz., religious enthusiasm and devout piety; though we must admit, on the other hand, that in his "Creation," Haydn seems more to preach the gospel of nature than Christianity. His brother, Michael Haydn, who devoted his time and talent solely to the composition of sacred music, proved by his productions the immense extent to which modern art may be rendered subservient to the exigencies of religion. The masses of Mozart were produced in his earlier days; his hymns belong to a later date; and his requiem he composed shortly before his death. Beethoven wrote but little of sacred music; circumstances, and the peculiar turn of his mind, rendered him unfit for the task; witness his oratorio of "Christ in the Olive Garden," and many more, which are decided failures, despite some fine parts in them.

Among our contemporaries, we must notice Eybler, the follower of Michael Haydn, and Schneider, who unites deep study with a fertile imagination, and has given quite a new character to the oratorio. His style partakes of the dignity of Handel, and the popularity of Haydn, and the talent he displayed in the total reform of the choral music, especially in his "Last Judgment," places him in the rank of the first-rate composers of Germany. Klein and Löwe followed his footsteps, the first (in his oratorio "Japhet and David") with characteristic simplicity, and the latter with a touch of stage effect. Both of them, as also Spohr, have composed the most excellent choruses.*

In the other countries beside Germany, we meet with but one great composer of sacred music; we mean Cherubini the elder, who after having quitted the stage, where his talent was not duly appreciated, turned his whole attention to church music. His requiem, masses, and hymns rank among the best compositions of the day. In all the temples of Italy, with the sole exception of the Vatican chapel, we hear nothing but the adapted airs from Rossini's operas.

Having given a brief sketch of the progress of the art in its different species with regard to composition, we shall now endeavour to examine the prosaïcal part of music, practical and mechanical execution.

Though it cannot be denied that the study of music has now become universal, the old national differences in the art, to which we have alluded in the foregoing pages, are still perceptible. Italy may, indeed, boast of a few individuals, such as Clementi and Paganini who excel in the skilful execution of one instrument or other; upon the whole, however, the force of her artists is exclusively confined to the vocal part; so much so, that even the orchestra plays in Italy but a secondary part, to accompany the voice. The reverse is in Germany; but few possess fine and flexible voices; while the study of the instrumental part is carried to a pitch equalled by no nation on earth. The smallest town in Germany possesses an orchestra whose members are capable of executing the most difficult compositions. Music is in Germany a recreation, an indispensable evening amusement,

* We do not know why our correspondent omits his highly-gifted countryman, Mendelsohn, and his grand oratorio of "Paul."— Ed.

after the toil of the ordinary pursuits of the day. Every place has its harmonic societies, where professors and amateurs assemble promiscuously, all animated with one feeling, the love of the art, ancient and modern, profane and sacred.

In the provinces along the Rhine, musical festivals are annually celebrated in one of the principal towns, such as Cologne, Düsseldorf, Coblentz, where amateurs make a pilgrimage from the remotest corners of Germany to participate in the instrumental part. Most of the great German composers have been reared in those nurseries of amateurs, though in some places, especially at Dresden and Prague, there are special establishments for the education of musical artists in the profession of their future career.

The influence of the aforenamed societies on popular songs is visible in the churches of Southern Germany, and more especially in Würtemburg, Bavaria, and Baden. At the university of Würzberg, professor Frölich, head of the musical seminary, instructs young schoolmasters or aspirants in the art of singing. The society of singing at Berlin has been established for the laudable purpose of studying and publishing the works of the art of the former ages, which have nearly been sunk into oblivion by the modern productions. The musical world in Italy is wholly given up to opera music, and public attention is absorbed in admiration for the vocal powers of the professional singers of both sexes. England manufactures excellent pianos, and even improves and perfects them; the public admires music, and pays dearly for the whistle of foreign virtuosos. In France, music has not become as yet general or national, and the want of musical festivals is chiefly the cause that the cultivation of the art is confined to a few individuals alone.

Good orchestras are there unusual. But France possesses an institution which eclipses in point of talent and skill all the establishments of a similar nature in Europe; we mean the famous conservatory at Paris, the most unique in the world with regard to the perfection of the instrumental music, and the taste and dexterity with which it is managed. Nowhere are the works of the great German composers executed with more spirit, effect, sentiment, and precision than in that celebrated conservatory. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven appear there in the full splendour of their genius. We must, however, not forget to mention, that the director of the establishment, Mr. Habeneck, is a German, who endeavours to render German music popular in France, by inculcating its spirit into the minds of the distinguished artists of whom he is the leader.

That Germany, where music is carried to such a high degree of culture and enthusiasm, has nothing to compare with such a magnificent establishment, is chiefly owing to the want of a central point, of one single capital town which would assume the character of a supreme tribunal in the arts, to decree tone, spirit, and fashion to the other places. Such has been once Vienna, the residence of the three aforenamed maestros of Germany, and where the muse found protection and encouragement by the brilliant imperial court, and full scope for development in the royal chapels, rich churches, and sumptuous monasteries. At present, however, all that splendour has passed away; and Vienna, instead of upholding the glory of the German composers, was the first which introduced the Italian opera in Germany, together with the whole style of Rossini's melodies. It is also at Vienna where Strauss, the modern Orpheus, reaps his laurels; and, despite the efforts of the musical society, and the complaints of amateurs of true music, this king of the waltzes is preferred at Vienna even to Mozart and Beethoven.

Some time back Berlin had the glory of having revived the national operas of Glück, which had been supplanted by those of Rossini and his disciples; but the strenuous efforts of the various and numerous societies of music proved abortive against the all-powerful influence of Spontini, the director of the opera of that place. His compositions, however, which oscillate between the styles of Mozart and Rossini, are on the decline in popular favour; and the glory of the stage is now divided between the school of Rossini, Auber, and the German composers. Considering the smallness of the place, and its slender resources, Leipsic exercises comparatively a far greater influence in the art, by means of its three celebrated institutions: the concert by subscription, the singing school of St. Thomas, and the music of the two Protestant churches. It has, moreover, an excellent theatre, which is frequently visited by the dramatic troop of Dresden, and the stage often displays the talents of foreign minstrels in their passage through that place; nor are there wanting societies and journals for the dissemination of musical taste among the people.

Dresden cultivates chiefly vocal music. Weber, who once directed the stage of that place, impressed upon it the spirit of German melody. Nor can we speak with less respect of the instrumental music as displayed in the orchestra of the great Parc. Münich, Stutgard, Carlsruhe, and Darmstadt have always possessed excellent musical chapels, where singing in particular is cultivated. The musical school of Münich, founded by Winter, has produced the best cantatrices in Germany. Of late, the compositions of Chelard, a Frenchman, have met upon the stage of Münich with unbounded applause. Cassel, the residence of Spohr, deserves to be noticed for its splendid theatre, and conservatory for singing. Nor ought we to omit mentioning Brunswick, where the four (brothers) Müllers are the leaders of an admirable orchestra; Hanover, the residence of Marschner, a talented opera-composer; Weimar, where the late Hummel has exercised a salutary musical influence on a population possessing a natural taste for the arts; and lastly, Francfort, ever famous for its orchestra; and Hamburg, the residence of Bernard Romberg.

The present spirit of German music is particularly characterised by a sort of wild delirium, most licentious modulation, confused passages of harmony, and precipitate discordant transitions from key to key. Instrumental music now presumes to be descriptive, to paint scenes, and to express, in short, every thing in animate and inanimate nature. Witness the symphonies of Berlioz and others, where attempts are made to describe, by the modulation of sound, a series of landscape scenes. This is, indeed, carrying music far beyond its natural bounds; and we do not hesitate to assert, that without the guide of the programme before them, but few, if any, would guess the true design of the composer by listening to the sound alone. Even Beethoven has failed in a similar attempt in his pastoral symphony. All we can expect from the most perfect harmony, is the expression of our inward emotions and sensations, but nothing beyond. Apel, author of "Metre based of Music," has, it is true, discovered a poem in one of Mozart's symphonies in E major; but we doubt of the intentional design of the plan; and the very tardiness of the discovery shows the futility of the attempt. We must not confound the resources of vocal and instrumental music. In the former, the word models the sense of the melody, while in the latter imagination alone developes the train of obscure ideas which have been called forth by the spell of music. Berlioz, a young composer of great talent and promise, oversteps in these theories the due boundaries, and loses himself in a wild sphere of confusion and extravagance. His efforts to give to instrumental music all

possible signification are laudable enough; but, be it remembered, that the plan can only be realised (if ever) at the expense of the dignity and independence of the noble art. Who, indeed, could be made to believe, or be able to hear, "the dream of the young Andalusian?" Also, the present compositions for the piano are beset with the same mania for extravagance. Attempts are made to unite the utmost flights, fits, and starts of fancy, with the extremest difficulties in point of execution: hence, the strangest turns, discords, broken harmonies, and unmelodious passages, all calculated to express the extreme agonies of despair and bewilderments of grief. We must, however, except Chopin, the only one of the modern school whose very defects assume a graceful appearance. He is one of the best pianists in point of mechanical dexterity; and the deep and intense feeling he unites with energy, calm melancholy, fertile imagination, original rhythm, and progressive harmonies, abundantly redeem the odd, harsh, and shocking passages of the new school to which he adheres. He has found numerous but unsuccessful imitators. A composer ought neither to adhere too scrupulously to the rules and principles of the art, nor defy them altogether. His task is to modify them by his views, and act up to them; but those who supply the place of sentiment and originality by disorder, *tours de force*, and far-fetched harmonies, can never pretend to lasting fame. There are, however, many young composers at present in Germany, who, by dint of severe study, have produced remarkable compositions, such as "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Hebrides," &c., by Mendelsohn, Bartholdy*, and many others.

Exaggeration is the characteristic malady of our present opera. Music is considered as a mere means to produce stage effect, to express more the history of the piece, than the sentiments of the actors. A striking instance of this defect is, "Robert le Diable," by Meyerbeer, an opera which, despite some beautiful parts and parcels in it, is, nevertheless, utterly destitute of style and character. It is a mistaken notion that music can and shall express all mental situations; there is a savage sentiment that will not ally itself with art, as there is a despair that can never be dissolved into harmony. We must, however, give due credit to the operas of Marschner, a composer of rare comic talent; and we shall conclude by saying, that since the musical defects of our epoch arise more from presumption and a sort of wanton liberty than lack of knowledge, we are fully justified to expect a pleasant spring after a stormy winter, even in music. Also, the Italian opera has undergone a change, and, we are glad to add, for the better. It assumes every day more and more the true character of the drama. Rossini was the first who introduced it, and his example was soon followed, with more or less success, by Bellini and the other young composers of his chools; while, on the other hand, the new tendency to the grave, dramatic, and serious, has proved the death-blow to the Opera Buffa, and laughing gaiety seems now for ever banished from the Italian stage, where the delicious "Barber of Seville" had led to quite different expectations.

* Our erudite friend does not appear so conversant with his contemporaries as with the great men of other days. Not merely by dint of severe study has Mendelsohn produced his works. We regard him in the musical world as what is commonly called the "rising genius" of the time; and this is scarcely ever said until the individual *has* risen, and done a great work.—Ed.

LETTERS ON THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF ITALY.

No. IV.

It was in 1831, when all the illusions nourished by the incorrigibly credulous on the advantages to be derived from the accession to the throne of Charles Albert, vanished before the evident tenor of his way, that the "*Giovine Italia*," which had long been conceived, was realised in an association. The band of youths who took upon themselves to propagate and realise its programme had passed through the stage of carbonarism, and had become convinced of its impotence, from its want of unity of ideas, corresponding to the exigences of the age, and from the want of energy in its chiefs: they had examined with care the movements of 1831, and had deduced, from this examination, that there was in Italy no deficiency of revolutionary elements, but of a guiding spirit. Moreover, their hearts were tenanted by faith; they had not merely political calculations in their heads; they aspired to be not simply revolutionary, but also regenerative; they felt that, at bottom, the question was no other than the grand problem of *national education*, and arms and insurrection were for them only the means, without which, from the state of Italy, it was impossible to accomplish this; they appealed to bayonets, but only under the condition that they should have ideas at their points. They cared little to destroy, if they had not the hope of creating; they cared not to inscribe rights and obligations in a charter, if they could not succeed in engraving them on the hearts of the people. This was what their predecessors had almost entirely neglected, and what they sought to effect with all their soul and strength. To rouse the different Italian states to revolt was not their object; their sole endeavour was to create the nation. They believed religiously — and they found support for their belief in history, philosophically considered — that Italy had not performed its task in the world; that it had still something to add, some element to introduce in the progressive march of humanity; that it had yet to live a third life; and it was to initiate this life that they aimed. With these ideas, they found themselves, from the commencement, placed at an immense distance from all who had preceded them. They had to turn their backs at once on the theory of materialism, leading in politics to individualism, good at best to guarantee, but never without the exercise of force, some personal rights, but impotent to found nationality, or association, or the belief in a unity of origin, of law and tendency: they had to recur to the synthetic, spiritualistic Italian philosophy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; to revive the faith which alone could implant in the minds of the Italians the conscience of the destinies of the nation, and restore to them, by means of this conscience, courage, devotion, constancy, and harmony: they had to combat the fractional spirit, and to pave the way for unity, by principles embracing all the manifestations of Italian life, applicable not only to politics but to philosophy, to the science of law, to literature, to the fine arts, to every thing. It was a wide task; but the men of whom we speak believed that it was sufficient to have caught a glimpse of it, to render it their duty to pursue it, whatever might be the time to elapse before the enterprise succeeded: they undertook it.

Hence the double phrase of the "*Giovine Italia.*" Pursuing a work of education, and all education requiring a principle for its basis, every principle being, by its nature, general, the association must, of necessity, live

a two-fold life, general and special, humanitarian and national. This it felt. The flag of the *Giovine Italia* (that which was borne at the head of the band which, in 1834, attempted to rouse Savoy to revolt) bears, on Italian colours (white, red and green), on the one side the inscription, *Liberty — Equality — Humanity;* on the other, *Unity — Independence* — GOD and HUMANITY: this was, from the commencement, its principle in all its foreign relations, as GOD and the PEOPLE was in all its labours for its country; and from these two principles — which in effect are one and the same, but with different applications — it deduced all its religious, social, political, and individual creeds. It does not enter into my task to follow it in its general applications.* I have here only to seek for signs of the revolutionary prospects of Italy, and I shall content myself with proving that *La Giovine Italia* has been perhaps the first amongst the political associations of our time to comprehend, in its conceptions, all the branches of national activity, and to seek, from a religious point of view, to cause them all to converge towards one object, according to the idea of a mission imposed upon man.

Convinced that every nationality to be real and durable must be founded by the nation itself, and must issue from its labours and its sacrifices, *La Giovine Italia* laid it down as a fundamental law, that the Italian revolution might profit by foreign elements, but ought not to choose them as its sole support; and that it ought to be effected by its own powers. Convinced that what is deficient in Italy is not force, but harmony, and conscience of force, *faith*, in one word, in its possible triumph, it concluded first, that it was above all, from the character of the initiative and of the direction, that the inspiration of this faith and energy must proceed and be communicated to the masses — an energy which triumphs because it wills it, and because it believes it powerful to triumph: then, that the grand study of this initiative should be to call to combat the most powerful force possible, that is to say, the people. Now, for the association which undertook to initiate the movement to be strong and to feel itself so, a good, clear, and precise object was necessary; and in order that the people should answer to the appeal and should descend into the arena, a fixed, known, and popular object was also necessary; for, on the one hand, true force consists not in uniting for a moment a crowd of discordant and heterogeneous agents, but in concentrating on a given point homogeneous elements, forces of the same nature; not in placing in juxtaposition, but in associating: on the other hand, we have neither the right nor the power to cause a people to rise without telling it exactly for what; no one will ever succeed in inspiring it with faith in those who summon it to action, or in their power, if it be ignorant of the price of victory: the people loves just and useful revolutions, but it does not wish them to be eternal, and it will remain cold and indifferent when it perceives that its chiefs seek, from fear or from bad faith, to hide from it the object in view, or when the object itself is vague and incomplete. Besides, morally speaking, every work of regeneration implies a belief in those who undertake it; every soldier of the revolution who has none is a fomenter of discord, a provoker of anarchy, without having a remedy to still it: practically, the means correspond to the object; the definition of the latter gives the law of operation, dictates the programme of

* The general idea, philosophical and social, of the *Giovine Italia*, afterwards, in 1834, gave birth to an association, or rather a federation of national associations, under a unity of belief, known by the name of *La Jeune Europe*. This association, of which the object is to organise the holy alliance of the people, in opposition to the alliance of Vienna, caused from its very commencement great alarm, and has met with no little persecution.

action, directs and maintains those who follow it, and also the choice of the elements which are required for its success. For all these reasons, and wishing to avoid the errors of 1821 and 1831, *La Giovine Italia* resolved to disguise nothing, and to sacrifice nothing. It presented itself as it was, as the tendencies and exigences of Italy required it to be — an association republican and indivisible.

The first step taken, it did not recoil before the difficulties, whatever they were, of its subsequent steps. A principle and its consequences — all its revolutionary logic was comprehended in these words.* It felt that the most powerful party was the most consistent party, and it was this. It was not satisfied with simple views of reaction, with vague professions of liberalism; it demanded his belief of every one who presented himself, and only accepted those as members who had a belief in conformity with its own. It did not speculate on the number, but on the unity, of its forces; it thus made a first experiment on the nation; it was content to run the risk of finding the results unfavourable to its desires and anticipation; but it was not content to allow divisions to break out in its bosom on the day after the revolution. Wishing to cut out new paths, and rearing a standard which had never yet been reared by any Italian political association, it felt the necessity of planting it in the midst of new and pure elements, not preoccupied by old theories, and free from all anterior engagements; it addressed itself, consequently, more particularly to the young, for amongst them was capacity for enthusiasm, zeal, devotion, and energy. To them it told the whole truth, without reserve or disguise. The grand error which had ruined all the previous revolutionary efforts had been the custom of confiding the destinies of the country rather to *men* than to *principles;* it was a violent reaction against this custom; it combated all traditional deference to great names; it preached thus — "Have no faith in names, but in yourselves, in the masses, in your right, and in God; if you require chiefs, choose them amongst those who do not belong to the past, but who have drawn their inspiration from the revolution itself: new things demand new men." It exposed the errors of 1831; it told the whole truth of the chiefs; it separated itself from the past, in as far as this past pretended to dominate the present and future. It repeated in every tone and under every possible form, that the salvation of Italy was in the people; that it was its flag which must float above the insurrection; that the grand lever of the people was action; that it was necessary to act — act — act — without ceasing, without discouragement, without being intimidated by reverses at first. It said to the people and to the young — "Rise and fear nothing, for it is sufficient for you to will, in order to conquer. Rise with the banner of your democratic nationality entirely unfolded. Let there be no evasion, no compromise; they are iniquitous, and, moreover, useless. Raise your standard, and advance; look neither to the right nor to the left, but to your object before you. Think not of avoiding or of deferring the struggle with Austria, for it is inevitable; whatever route you take, you cannot escape it; and because it is inevitable, provoke it: the offensive is the war of revolutions. Attack! and you will cause all the more alarm to your enemies; you will inspire those who follow you with all the more confidence and ardour. Wherever you rise, let it be in the name of Italy, and for the whole of Italy: let every city revolt as if it only sought the means of causing the next city to follow its example. The more you enlarge the basis of your operations, the more you will augment your chances of success. Hope nothing from any foreign government whatever: if any succour can come to you from

* I treat here of the spirit of the publications of *La Giovine Italia.*

abroad, it will not be until you have shown yourselves strong and able to conquer without it. Hope nothing from diplomacy; nothing but ill can come of it; discomfit it, in allowing it no hold upon you: your arms are action and publicity. But know that, provided you rise in the name of a general principle; provided you show yourselves ready to fight and die for all, your cause will become the cause of all; know that the people of other nations, your only natural auxiliaries, will follow into the arena the first who shall open it in the name of all; know that this war between particular states, which is shown to you from time to time as the favourable opportunity which cannot fail to arrive, and which you are bound to await — know that you have it in the skirt of your garment. It is possible that you will succumb, but even then you will, instead of falling basely and without effect, have educated the country; a great principle will survive you, and the generation which follows you will read upon your tombs the programme of the Italy to come." *

As a practical measure, *La Giovine Italia* recommended guerilla warfare, which is improperly called "*guerre de partisans*," and which is known in Italy by the name of "*guerra per bande.*" This was the war of Spain in 1808, and is that of almost every people which has to reconquer its independence; it is not only possible, but natural in Italy. It is the subject of a long article inserted in the fifth number of *La Giovine Italia*, and of a work of Carlo Bianco, an exile of 1821, but a member of the association, an experienced officer, whose constancy has never been belied during all the trials of the time, and who, after having taken part in the Piedmontese insurrection, displayed Italian valour in Spain, in the war of Catalonia. This idea is pregnant, perhaps, with the fate of Italy. It is not in fact simply as a method of warfare preferable to all others in Italy that it ought to be regarded, but as a powerful means of education and of nationalisation. Considered from the first point of view, guerilla warfare has the triple advantage of setting in motion the greatest possible numbers of elements, of requiring the least possible quantity of military materials, and of rendering a reverse of the smallest possible importance. It is the only plan compatible with the want of organisation, of discipline, and of military education, existing in Italy; it obviates the difficulty of forming regular armies, which would necessarily be weakened during the first days of the insurrection by desertions, by change of officers, by the want of sympathy and confidence between the soldiers and their new chiefs. It never risks, as regular warfare is often forced to do, the salvation of the country in a single battle; it does not depend on the fate of the metropolis; its centre is every where, its circumference nowhere. It demoralises the enemy in dragging him upon new ground, in interrupting all his habits, in harassing him by fatigue, incessant exertion and alarm, without ever consoling him by the chance of annihilating his persecutor at a single blow; it is opposed, in our case, to an enemy who — the Tyrolese alone excepted — is unfit for mountain warfare, and who upon the mountains of Genoa in 1795 and 1796, in 1797 on those of the hereditary provinces, in 1799 amongst those of the Grisons, and in 1800 amongst those of Nice, was always beaten.

Considered from the second point of view, it is the war of the people *par excellence*; it summons every where every man to arms, without destroying the popular, free, and spontaneous march, by the materialism of military regularity; it opens a path to every individuality, to every species of activity, to those even whose turbulence or ambition might be prejudicial in an

* See particularly the exposition of principles addressed to the Italians by the association, in the twenty-fourth number of *La Giovine Italia.*

army; it annihilates for ever all aristocratic tendency, in giving to the people the conscience of its force; it teaches it to love liberty, in causing the latter to issue from its struggles and dangers, and to be cemented by its blood; it consecrates by a crowd of deeds of arms every inch of ground, every stone of the country; it renders all military usurpation impossible; it saves the cause of the country from the treason or ambition of a single chief, so frequent and so dangerous in revolutions. Passes like Thermopylæ are not defended, says Napoleon, "*par la charge en douze temps.*"

Now there are Thermopylæean passages every where, where it is the foreigner who attacks and the citizen who defends. By war in bands, by associations, by public meetings, by the press and by popular journals, by a military organisation, in which care should be taken to mix together men from the most distant points of Italy, by all the means, in short, which well-intentioned chiefs can find in a country in fermentation, *La Giovine Italia* proposes to form, during the progress of an insurrection, a national political sense in the people, and to develop rapidly the germs of education which exist in it, sufficiently at any rate to enable it to exercise worthily its first act of sovereignty—its suffrage in the formation of the Italian Assembly. I say, during the progress of the insurrection, for *La Giovine Italia* appears to wish to distinguish two phases in the enterprise of emancipation—the insurrection and the revolution. In its idea, the former only finishes when the last inch of national territory has been torn from the enemy; and it does not appear to it that it can be otherwise conducted than by a band of men of courage and talent, belonging to the different Italian states, who themselves have issued from the bosom of the insurrection, who have been recognised by provincial assemblies according to a provisional organisation, superintended by them, and responsible to the nation. Not until the ground had been swept to the foot of the Alps, would the constituent assembly, elected by universal suffrage, be convoked at Rome to give its fundamental law to the nation. It believes that any national assembly meeting from the commencement of the insurrection would be fatal to the Italian cause. It is necessary that men, worthy by their virtues and their talents to represent the country, should have time to make themselves known to the people. It is necessary, too, that the constituent assembly should calculate in its labours all the elements which are at work in the bosom of the country, and which the insurrection will bring to light; and that it should not be influenced by events: it is to the nation declared free, issuing renovated from the struggle, and proud of its victory, that it ought to offer the pact which is to regulate its life at home and abroad.

Now are the ideas of the *Giovine Italia* of which I have only sketched some of the principal, really the result of the experience of the past?—Do they mark a progress in the ascending march which I have sought to trace in Italian life; or are they but the ideas absolutely premature of a handful of ardent enthusiasts, strangers to the reality of the elements existing in Italy?

Men stunned by disappointment, after some years of misfortune; writers interested to discredit every enterprise which may reveal her own force to Italy, or actors in past insurrections, who find their condemnation written in every page of *La Giovine Italia*, have sought, especially since that association has ceased to have a periodical organ, to insinuate the truth of the latter opinion. I believe I have data which refute it; they have none to support it. The failure of a conspiracy proves nothing against the popularity of the ideas of which I here trace the history. That is an affair of centrality which establishes nothing with respect to the army; and if I have asserted—

and perhaps my readers will allow that it is not without grounds—that the failure of Italian insurrections has nothing in common with the state and the resources of Italian patriotism, I think I may deny the force of the argument which may be deduced against the extent of the ideas promulgated by *La Giovine Italia*, from the fact that a conspiracy prematurely discovered and repressed with atrocious ferocity, has not hitherto been able to realise them. The history of this conspiracy, and of the whole period from 1831 to the present time, remains to be written; it will perhaps be one day published, and in revealing numerous causes now obscure, which have contributed to stay our youth in their course, it will furnish a useful study of men and things. But there are circumstances from which we may even now deduce the power of the principles of *La Giovine Italia*, viz., the very ferocity with which the conspiracy was opposed; the boundless fright with which the Italian governments have to this day persecuted the slightest movement of the members of the association, and sought to banish them as far as possible from the frontiers of Italy; the furious and immoral edicts hurled against its writings *; and above all the fact of an association establishing itself at the end of 1831, and being able already, in the summer of 1833, to cause the governments to tremble. Such an association must have evidently found an echo in every part of the peninsula.

This association organised itself in a very simple manner. Having principles, and reckoning upon them rather than on the power of mystery and of symbols, it rejected all the complete machinery of the carbonarian hierarchy, and all the pomp which was only calculated to hide the absence of all real purpose. It had a central committee abroad to keep upreared its standard, to form ties between Italy and foreign democratic associations, and to direct the general enterprise; it had also interior committees, directing the practical conspiracy, established in the important provinces, and corresponding with the central committee; men for the purpose of presiding over the work in the cities, corresponding with the committee of their province: then the mass of members, all equal, except that only such as were believed to be endowed with the necessary prudence and discernment were allowed to introduce others into the society. It had the formula of an oath or declaration of political belief; a method of recognition, especially for the envoys of the association; a branch of cypress for a symbol in memory of the martyrs of the Italian cause, and as an image of the constancy to which all were pledged; and the words "Now and for ever" (*ora e sempre*) for device. Reckoning for success on other elements than its predecessors, having at heart especially to banish distrust and scepticism, and to call forth in the hearts of the young, enthusiasm, devotion, and that faith which does not exclude the observation of facts, but which does not allow itself to be subjugated by them; having besides to initiate a work of education, the association only decreed secrecy in as far as necessity required it, that is to say for its interior operations; with respect to its existence, its object, its hopes, its principles, it challenged publicity. The journal *La Giovine Italia* was established at Marseilles, of which the situation was favourable for communication. Another secondary journal was afterwards established in the canton Ticino, in Switzerland, and was more especially devoted to Lombardy. The exiled members of *La Giovine Italia* there developed the doctrines of the association, and its ideas on the prospects of Italy. Others undertook to render these familiar

* The edicts of Charles Albert punish with imprisonment and with the galleys, the introduction' possession, or perusal of these works. Two years' imprisonment and a fine is the punishment for *not denouncing* their possessor: the informer receives one half of the fine; and his name is kept secret, unless he should prefer publicity. These edicts are signed by four ministers, Caccia, Pensa, Barbaroux, and L'Escaréne. Their names deserve to be known.

to the people, under the form of dialogues or catechisms. The object was to spread all this throughout Italy. This was effected by means of a considerable pecuniary outlay, and through the devotion of a valuable class of men, for the most part eminently Italian,— the merchant-sailors. These men were worked upon, and they accepted their mission with enthusiasm. By organising actively relations at every point where communication is most frequent with the peninsula, regular transmissions were effected; the packets were confided to devoted youths, who braved every risk to carry them to their destination; they were finally distributed throughout the country; and in spite of "espionnage," severe penalties, and a thousand acts of imprudence, their circulation was immense, and their effect also.

The Italian youth had found its men. The language which was addressed to it expressed all which it had long felt, without giving it utterance — all the secrets of its heart. It caught the inspiration; it took its fire. Organisation commenced at every point. In the twinkling of an eye the chain of communication was formed from one extremity to the other of the peninsula. Every where the principles of *La Giovine Italia* were preached; every where its standard was recognised and hailed. Its members continued to increase; its emissaries were continually meeting each other, crossing from province to province. Every day the demand for its publications became louder; presses were set up in some parts of the interior, where small publications, dictated by local circumstances, or reprints of what was sent from Marseilles, were thrown off. Fear was unknown. There was no doubt of success. All this was the result of principles; and all this effected by some young men without great means, without the influence of rank, without material force, is strong evidence, it appears to me, in favour of the standard they had reared.

Persecutions commenced; and I say it with regret, they commenced on the part of France. They were directed, under vulgar pretexts, against the nucleus of the association at Marseilles. Engagements were entered into with the Italian governments to destroy the journal; but the French had a hard-necked race to deal with. They commenced by chicanery, but were baffled; they arbitrarily expelled the director; the director concealed himself; by shutting himself up he escaped the police, and pursued his labours. Then all were expelled who took an evident part in the actual publication of the writings of the association, or in their transmission; but others came and took their place. Nothing was interrupted. At the same time the conspiracy pursued its course in Italy. From the youth it descended amongst the people; from the people it proceeded to the army; there it found, as was natural, the chiefs and the officers of rank inimical or indifferent; but the inferior officers were admirably disposed. An excellent publication on the *oath taken to the government*, dictated by the purest soul it has ever been given me to know (see *La Giovine Italia*, No. 2.), made many converts, and these made others; by degrees the affiliations became numerous; the association began to feel itself strong enough to think seriously of the plan and period proper for the revolt.

But here I must stop; my letter is already long enough; nor can I, I think, reveal the causes which appear to me to have frustrated the projected insurrection — they are multifarious. There are amongst them some inherent to every conspiracy — accidental, independent of all foresight — such, in a word, as the best organised enterprise may encounter in its march. There are others which testify the revolutionary inexperience of the Italian youth, and the impossibility of uprooting in two or three years all the prejudices, all the habits of distrust and of hesitation there, where it

is necessary to act, and to act in spite of every thing. There is none, I think I may affirm, which proves a want of sympathy with the principles I have described; not one which indicates a want of courage or devotion in the young conspirators. Personal courage is rarely absent in Italy; it is *social* courage, if I may so express myself, the spirit of common action, which has not yet reached the necessary degree of force. There are doubt, hesitation, and distrust of all; and in this case the energies of the individual conspirators were frustrated by a something very vague, if we attempt to define it, but very real in practice — the result of long centuries of slavery, of the want of experience, and of the narrow and corroding spirit of analysis, in which the youth of Italy are educated. These energies were great and active, though destined to remain unknown. At the critical moment, when arrests were taking place on all sides, men who had been warned and urged to save themselves, became victims, rather than augment the general dismay by their flight; many others, proscribed and condemned, re-entered Italy, to bear an order or to gather information, though the least result of their conduct might easily be their seclusion for ever from the light of the sun. Such deeds are now forgotten; and such forgetfulness is ingratitude.

But that which I could not, without remorse, pass over in silence, are the names and the sanctity of the victims, and the infamy of their executioners.

There is here, in the second half of the year 1833, in events which transpired in the Sardinian states especially, a grand and terrible page of history, which I must at any rate — since I cannot write it here — point out to my too forgetful contemporaries: one of those bloody pages full of instruction, which men should re-read whenever they feel their indignation against tyranny inclined to relax, and which mothers should whisper to their children, to teach them the fate of a country without liberty. As soon as a few words, which had imprudently escaped a soldier in the heat of a quarrel, and which were directed against one of his comrades belonging to the association, had furnished the government, which had hitherto merely felt that there was a conspiracy, without being able to discover it, a trace of its existence, arrests and other repressive measures commenced: a general examination of the knapsacks of the artillery-men at Genoa furnished other indications. Finding itself attacked in its only safeguard, the army, the government, struck with terror, adopted terror as its system. Arrests multiplied with rapidity; wherever there was the slightest suspicion, the individual was seized. The conspiracy was so general, that with no other assistance than simple conjectures, some of those who were seriously compromised were necessarily hit upon. The prisons of Genoa, Turin, Alexandria, Chambery — every where indeed — were filled; only intervals were allowed to elapse between the arrests at different cities, in order that an air of probability might be given to the report that the arrests were made in consequence of revelations divulged by different prisoners. Then commenced a plan of demoralisation of a nature to brand with eternal shame, not those who adopted it — for them shame has long ceased to have a meaning — but the magistrates and all respectable men who allowed such things to be done without protesting against them. By this means an explosion was prevented. The Piedmontese Gazette declared that it was clear, from the papers found on them, that the conspirators professed that they had no religion; that they had engaged to avail themselves, for the destruction of the throne and altar, of all means whatsoever, from the poniard and poison to the match of the incendiary; that in fact a quantity of poison had been found in the apartments of two officers; that at Chambery it was in-

tended to blow up the powder-magazine behind the barracks, and that a subterranean passage was already dug for this purpose; that Turin was devoted to the flames; that it was to have been set on fire in eight different places at one time, and so on. These infamous inventions were commented on by a crowd of subordinate agents: by some of these it was whispered to the soldiers at Genoa that the conspirators had contemplated a kind of Piedmontese vespers; they flattered local or other prejudices wherever they found any, in order to prevent a general understanding. Whilst, without the walls of the prison, the parents or friends of the individual arrested were told that nothing had been found against him, and that he would soon be at liberty, very different scenes took place in the dungeons themselves.

Every thing which hatred and experienced villany could suggest was called into operation in order to tear from the prisoners confessions or accusations. With some, corruption was tried; with others falsehood, and the machiavelism of interrogations — terror with all. Those who were thought the least firm were thus addressed: — "We know that you are culpable, and you will be shot within twenty-four hours if you do not reveal all you know." To those whose virtue was known, the following appeal was made: "You have erred, but you are sincere; we know it, and we pity you; you thought you were engaged in a work of devotion, and you have confided in traitors unworthy of your sacrifice; you think you will save virtuous and constant friends by your silence; far otherwise! you sacrifice yourselves and your family for the sake of miserable traitors; it is by them that you are accused; here is their evidence against you: now, are you resolved to perish, or will you, by confirming their statements, make your families happy?" And the forged evidence of their friends, bearing forged signatures, was held for an instant before them. With those from whom it was wished at least to extort something confirmatory of their personal culpability, recourse was had to the "espionnage" of prisons.* False conspirators were placed in their company, who undertook to profit by every moment of sympathy or confidence. For each individual new tortures were invented; but all were equally base, ignoble, and ferocious. Here a crier stationed near the window of the cell shouted, "Your friends have just been shot: to-morrow it will be your turn." There, one of the friends of the accused was placed in the same corridor, and vague intimations were given to the latter of the dangerous position of the former; at length, some day, after much passing to and fro, his chamber was changed suddenly; but whilst the prisoner hearing him led away, feared that he was about to meet his fate, a few muskets were discharged, in order to make him believe in the reality of his suspicions.† In some places, the prisoners were deafened by continual noises; they were prevented from sleeping; then after one or two sleepless and agitated nights, they were assailed with the moral torture of minute interrogations, of which the extent and effect cannot be conceived except by

* This was resorted to in the case of a sergeant of the guards (Miglio). A man was thrown into the same dungeon with him, who, with tears in his eyes, lamented that he was implicated in the conspiracy. Upon his asserting that he possessed the means of communicating with his family, Miglio opened one of his veins, and wrote with his blood a few lines to his friends. This note was part of the main evidence against him on his trial (at Genoa).

† The officer Pianavia was placed in the same corridor with Giovanni Re, one of those whom it was wished to force to a confession. He was in the habit of singing: on a sudden he ceased to sing. Persons were heard frequently to enter his cell: the governor remained there some time, and proceeded thence to that of Re, having with him a chaplain. All appeared serious, — melancholy, even, and the governor, in an agitated tone, demanded of Re if he felt himself tranquil. During the night, the bustle continued. At break of day, Re heard some one leave the cell of Pianavia, and in a short time the report of several muskets caused him to believe that he had been shot. Pianavia still lives; he had yielded, and betrayed his confederates (at Alexandria).

those who have passed through the prisons of Italy.* It was when his moral energy was thus harassed and exhausted, that an offer of pardon was made to the prisoner, or that the sanctity of domestic emotions was profaned by sending the grey hairs of a father to extort confessions, or a mother, who believed that in saving her son she should injure no one. Some succumbed: they must be now extremely unhappy, that is if they are not villains. Others resisted, and were devoted to death. One only, the author of the publication on the military oath, which I have mentioned above, a man of pure and powerful soul, whom the seductions and menaces of all the kings of the world could never have polluted or conquered, refused, in a burst of noble indignation, to submit his body to the executioner. In the night, with a nail torn from the door of the cell, he severed the bonds of his mortality, and went to appeal against tyranny to God: this he could do, for he was without spot. He was a youth the most loving, the mildest, the most delicate and constant in his affections, that could be found on earth. He loved his country, of which he comprehended the whole mission, his mother, a model of every virtue, his brothers, now in exile, and a friend. His intellect was vast and active: he was capable of the grandest ideas, for the grandest ideas rise from the heart. He was one of the chiefs of the *Giovine Italia* at Genoa. His name was *Jacopo Ruffini;* and those who knew him intimately revere his memory like that of a saint.

Those who perished at this mournful time were *Joseph Tamburelli*, corporal in the brigade Pinerolo, May 22d, 1833, at Chambery; *Anthony Gavotti*, of Genoa, aged forty-seven, fencing-master, June 15th, at Genoa; Joseph Biglia, of Mondovi, aged twenty-nine, sergeant in the grenadier guards, on the same day, at Genoa; *Francis Miglio*, of Rivalta (Turin), aged forty-seven, sergeant in the guards, the same day, at Genoa; *Dominick Ferrari*, of Taggia, aged twenty-five, sergeant in the brigade Caneo, on the 14th June, at Alexandria; *Joseph Menardi*, of Rocca-Sparviera, aged twenty-five, sergeant in the same brigade, on the same day, at Alexandria; *Joseph Rigasso*, of Leghorn, aged thirty, sergeant in the same brigade, on the same day at Alexandria; *Amande Costa*, of Lisiana (Genoa), aged twenty-one, sergeant in the same brigade, on the same day, at Alexandria; *John Marini*, of Sunna, aged twenty-six, sergeant in the same brigade, on the same day, at Alexandria; *Effisio Tola*, of Sassari (Sardinia), aged thirty, lieutenant in the brigade Pignerol, on June 11th, at Chambery; *Alexander de Gubernatis* of Gorbio (Nice), sergeant in the brigade Pignerol, June 19th, at Chambery; *Andrew Vochieri*, of Alexandria, legist, June 22d, at Alexandria. Afterwards, at the commencement of 1834, fell *Volonteri* and *Borel*, at Chambery.

Those who were condemned to death, but who succeeded in escaping, were the advocate *Scovazzi; Ardoino*, lieutenant in the brigade Pignerol; *Vacarezza*, sub-lieutenant in the same; the sergeants in the same, Vernetta,

* "The following day my books were taken from me; that is to say, a bible, a book of prayers, and a history of the illustrious captains of Piedmont. My cell was changed, and a chain was fastened to my leg. The cell was dark, bare, with double-grated window, and a door with two bars. The chain, fastened to a ring in the wall, permitted me to approach the window. Opposite my cell was that of poor Vochieri. There were cracks at the bottom of my door, which had been imperfectly closed; and as the door of Vochieri's cell was kept open, the light from his window rendered me curious to know whence it came. I looked through the door, and saw Vochieri seated on a chair, with an enormous chain fastened to his foot, and two guards, with their sabres drawn, at his sides: he changed his position every hour; not a word was spoken either by him or his guards. A third sentinel, with a musket, was stationed before the door. During the day, two Capuchins came to speak to him: he remained thus before my eyes, in a sort of agony, for the space of a week; then he was taken away and killed." This took place at Alexandria. I have extracted the above passage from a narrative in manuscript written by one of the prisoners for the affair of *La Giovine Italia*, who is now free, and out of Italy.

Enrici, Giordano, Crina, *Scotti*, a surgeon; *Gentilini*, a person of property; the Marquis Charles Cattaneo; the advocate *John Ruffini*; the advocate *Berghini*; the officer of division, in the district of Turin, Barberis; the Marquis Rovereto, &c. Several individuals already in exile were formally condemned to death. Other sentences were commuted, in consideration of confessions and denunciations. *Thappaz*, lieutenant in the royal corps of engineers, was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment; the general out of service, Joseph Guillet, to ten years; the physician Orsini, to twenty years; the merchant Noli, and Moja, to perpetual imprisonment; the jeweller Lupo, to twenty years' imprisonment; a crowd of others to five, three, and two years. Several officers were cashiered. The confinement already endured appeared a sufficient punishment for several individuals belonging to the principal patrician families of Genoa, — *Spinola*, *Durazzo*, *Cambiaso*, &c., and they were set at liberty.

All this was done in a hurry, without a shadow of legality, without the slightest appearance of that solemnity which renders human justice at any rate imposing. It was a sort of madness which raged, a somewhat revolutionary terror, but without the grandeur of its object. It was such haste as if it were feared that something might happen to tear the victims from their gaolers. Every difficulty was surmounted by arbitrary measures; an absolute will uttered its sanguinary commands from the throne. Charles Albert demanded his prey; the trials and the condemnations were the work of military commissions, — soldiers or citizens, it was all the same.*

Protests were useless; a billet royal of the 1st of June 1833 set them all aside. Defence was a cruel mockery; the documents were given to the defenders incomplete and mutilated; scarcely any time was given to examine them; only a military man could read the defence, and nevertheless, a short time afterwards, almost all the officers who took the part of the accused were punished; perhaps a trace of emotion had been discovered in their voice, or on their countenance. The executions generally took place at break of day, or almost in the night. The murky hues of crime invested these bloody deeds. The hands of justice were those of a murderer.

Here and there horrors took place which chill the listener. The butchers outdid in bestial cruelty their master, sure as they were of his royal smile.† General *Morra* at Chambery; *Favenga*, the governor of Cuneo; the general governor *Galateri*, at Alexandria, signalised themselves by their ferocity. Charles Albert recompensed them; on the most ferocious amongst them he

* The law by which all were judged was the royal penal military edict of August 27. 1822, — a law essentially Piedmontese; but it was nevertheless called into force equally against the Genoese, though it was stipulated by the Congress of Vienna that the laws of Genoa could not be violated. We cannot here pass over without honourable mention an attempt, which was not without danger at the time, to cause justice to be respected. A certain number of advocates of Genoa signed a long argumentative consultation against the application of military jurisprudence to civilians. They presented it to the king, July 17. 1833. Of course no notice was taken of it. The billet royal of the 8th of June is countersigned by Villamarina. Several condemnations to death were pronounced solely for the crime of non-denunciation, on persons who were not accomplices: see, for instance, the preliminaries of the sentence of June 13., on Rigasso, Costa, and Marini.

† Let it suffice here, that I mention the conduct of *Galateri* with respect to *Vochieri*, the same who is mentioned above. *Galateri* did every thing in his power to extort from him revelations. Irritated by his refusal, he loaded him with insult. After the sentence, he went again to see him, and urge him to confess, telling him that he was acting for his best. "The best that you can do for me," said *Vochieri*, in the midst of his guards, "is to rid me of your odious presence." *Galateri* then kicked him on the abdomen. *Vochieri*, whose limbs were fettered, spat in his face. The only favour the latter demanded was, that in marching to the scaffold, he might not pass by his own house, where there was his wife, then pregnant, his sister, and his two little children: — it was refused: his sister has been mad ever since. "*Sbirri*" were appointed to shoot him; they wounded him at the first discharge, without killing him. Galateri was present at the execution: it was he who was favourably distinguished by Charles Albert. See *Angeloni*.

conferred the order of the Holy Annunciation, which gave him the right of calling the king his cousin. He deserved it.

Such was the result of the first conspiracy of *La Giovine Italia* for the realisation of the principles which it has proclaimed. Was it, as the central committee of the association expressed it in 1834, *only a simple incident in the struggle*, and is the work persisted in which duty imposes on all those whose country is enslaved and suffering? * Or has the association slept since then? We have nothing to say respecting the actual state of subterranean Italy. Woe to the Italians, if the martyrdom of their brothers has only taught them despair! Woe to them if they do not feel what a sacred and binding cause is that which has furnished such pages to history! But however that may be, the march of ideas, I repeat, has nothing in common here with the march of the conspiracy; the latter may fail twice ten times; the former will keep always advancing, for they cannot be destroyed by the musket. It is these ideas, unknown or misunderstood, which I have sought as much as possible to verify; they govern the fate of Italy: 1821, and its monarchico-federal standard is gone for ever, as is also 1831, and its standard without a name. The arena is now open for the standard of the people and of unity, and it is *only* under this banner — let all those who would aid us in the sacred cause remember — that the regeneration of Italy can be accomplished, and will be accomplished, sooner or later.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW ACT OF PARLIAMENT TO PREVENT THE USE OF HORSES.

A POOR village schoolmaster sends us the following embryo of a petition to parliament, countersigned by three very small hucksters of his parish: —

"Amidst the continual repetitions of 'The time has at length arrived!' it could hardly have been anticipated, by the most far-seeing philosophers and telescopic speculators on social reform, that the period would really dawn upon us when every thought and feeling of humanity and sound legislation should cry aloud for the suppression of horses. But the voice of the Animals' Friends' Society has, at last, been heard; and the eyes of statesmen will shortly be opened. Horses are not 'noble animals' in themselves, (having far less sagacity, magnanimity, courage, and faithfulness than dogs, and many other quadrupeds,) nor are they the cause of nobility in mankind. They are the medium of all barbarity, and a mere relict of barbarous times. They not only impede the progress of knowledge, but are constantly liable

---

* "For ourselves, our task is plain; our path is marked out before us. Nothing has changed — nothing can change our belief — our object — our mission. We have suffered a repulse: this is only an incident in the struggle. There is something on which, in their turn, all the artifices of despotism will be wrecked, viz., the force of things, moral progress, the mind of the people, liberty, which alone is immortal. She falls to-day, but it is to rise to-morrow more lofty of stature than ever . . . . . We shall fulfil our duty: we must first hold ourselves firm and unshaken in the line which we have taken; and this we engage ourselves to do on our honour: we will never desert it, come what may." Declaration of the committee, February 1834. Geneva. Vignier.

to produce the most tragic disasters to the best-informed people. They are an unmitigated cause of anguish to all refined sensibilities, and an insult to science: in fine, they are a nuisance, and must be abated."

Our village schoolmaster proceeds to state at some length the innumerable grievances which he considers to result from the use of horses. He says they lead, by the shortest cut, to the ruin of rich families, "in an eminent and salutary degree, by the *facilities* they afford for the loss of property by racing;" and tend, also, to produce utter distress of mind in the aforesaid families, "by the breakage of necks, and the detriment or destruction of human eyes and limbs, in the deleterious mania called 'hunting.'" They are, moreover, highly conducive — when attached to deep-cushioned carriages — to the miseries of indigestion, plethora, obesity, selfishness, and sudden death by apoplexy. They expose gentlemen of the middle class to live beyond their means, "to the great objection of tradesmen in general, and to the distress of innumerable families." They place the whole body of the fair sex, of the middle and lower classes, in continual jeopardy "of their pedestrian lives;" and out of this jeopardy they do not always escape, being frequently knocked down by one or other of these "high-spirited nuisances," and either trod upon by hoofs, or "trundled over by wheels, in the most horrible and unbecoming manner." In touching upon the "equestrian lives" of the fair sex of the higher class, our village schoolmaster winds up with a burst of loyal apprehension for the safety of her most gracious Majesty; and this reflection brings him at once to the consideration of a remedy against the fatal practice of using horses, and suggestions for a substitute.

He proposes, then, that oxen should be used instead of horses, and that these animals should be carefully bred for the purpose, to eradicate all seeds of viciousness, and trained up from their earliest calf-hood upon the most humane and philosophical principles. Their horns are to be sawed off, and they are to wear shoes, or rather, as he says, "a sort of cloven patten," on their feet. They are to have "soft bits" in their mouths, made of prepared leather or India-rubber, and the head is to be reined-up a little, but not so as to prevent their exercising it on all great occasions, as an aid in drawing; a prevention universally and absurdly adopted in England with regard to "the exploded nuisances now in use;" meaning, of course, the horses. In carriages, he suggests that the oxen should also have their ears cropped, "so as to conform to old associations of natural grace as much as possible," and their tails docked, and encouraged to a horizontal, or even ascending position, — not, he says, by the insertion "of a steel skewer or other barbarity," but by a back rein, or training noose, attached to an elevated part of the body-harness. After noting these and sundry other parts of his proposed bill, our friend of the village falls into raptures with the ameliorated condition of all classes, especially of those high circles, concerning whose thoughts, feelings, and habits, he declares himself to be as intimately conversant as they are with those of the working classes, and anticipates the day when he shall read in the newspapers that, "Yesterday her majesty took an airing in St. James's Park, mounted on a fine, docile, cream-coloured heifer, and attended by a numerous suite on young fleabitten cows, and noble liver-and-white three-year-old oxen, of the most superb action and sonorous voice; the whole *kortayge* being in excellent health, spirits, and security."

But the main point and object of the whole argument and proposed bill of this village scribe and reformer, who is so full of original views, is to be found in a few sentences which we have hitherto omitted. After remarking

upon the temptations to rob, lie, and cheat, encouraged and necessarily attendant on "the curse of horses," as exemplified in the sale of horses, and in the jockeys and grooms purloining the corn, &c., he breaks forth into invectives against the waste of money and patronage bestowed "in the diffusion of vice," and then draws a really affecting picture of a man in the humblest station of life, who, with uncomplaining fortitude of toil, supports himself and family by the sale of small hardwares, wending his weary way in sun and shower, from daybreak till late in the night, his labours being shared by one faithful companion, — his dog, who assists in drawing his little cart from town to town. Among the nuisances and abominations of horses, we consequently find it set down that "the dog-carts of poor people are continually almost, and sometimes quite, run over by these larger beasts; and that this tyranny and wilfulness is very difficult for a poor man to bear, who may have as good a spirit as any coachman, although he is not so high up."

Here, then, we perceive the gist of the whole matter, for matter there is amidst all this eccentricity. The village schoolmaster's method of arguing against the real value and importance of a thing, by overlooking all its uses, and giving only a catalogue of its abuses or imperfections, is precisely what he has been taught to do by the example of those who undertake to legislate for the poor, — pretend to know all about them and their affairs, and fancy they have conferred a public benefit, when they have done nothing but display their ignorance and tyranny. This is but too common an occurrence, as witnessed by the public debates. In the present instance, however, we allude to a recent enactment, which has been accomplished with a quietude that leads us to imagine there was some degree of consciousness, (though it might be of peculiarly characteristic smallness), that if made the subject of a public debate, or even if made known, it might stir up some of the few friends who are conversant with the feelings and affairs of the working classes to a strenuous opposition.

In this country, measures of the greatest importance to individuals and to classes, and more especially to those who, from their humble station in the social scale, possess no sort of means of resistance or remonstrance, are often, what may be justly termed, *smuggled* through parliament, and never seen or heard of till in their operation and effects. Certain individuals, who take it into their heads that a particular class of people ought to be restricted or annoyed by legislative enactments, contrive to introduce the restricting clauses into some bill which has no obvious connexion whatever with the matter, and take all possible pains that the most profound silence shall be maintained relative to the clauses in question during the whole progress of the bill through its respective stages. By these means, the people, or class especially affected, hear nothing of the measure which has attacked or destroyed their interests, until they learn, as by a thunderclap, that it has passed into law! Ought such a system to continue? Should there not be a publicity in these matters which would supersede such disgraceful occurrences?

A remarkable instance of this abusive mode of legislation has just taken place. A clause has been silently introduced into the bill for improving the police, which is to prevent any poor person from employing dogs in carts, or in any other way which they have been accustomed to find useful. Not a word was breathed of this clause in the House of Commons. It was by the merest accident that it was mentioned in the House of Lords. The moment it was heard of, some individuals, well known to the public and to both houses for the interest they take in the welfare of the working classes,

and for the exertions they have successfully made for the improvement of their condition, drew up the following petition, and were about to present it to the House of Lords on the very day that they found, by the newspapers, that the bill containing this obnoxious enactment had actually passed through all its silent stages.*

"To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled, the humble Petition of the undersigned

Sheweth,

That your petitioners are not accustomed to interfere in party politics, but take a deep interest in all matters which influence the condition and happiness of the working classes of the community.

That your petitioners have learned through the public newspapers that, in the bill for improving the metropolitan police, there is an enactment which, if adopted, will greatly annoy and injure many very poor but industrious members of the community, who aid their own labour by the employment of dogs, and are thereby enabled better to support themselves and families.

That your petitioners are well aware that this enactment will be considered by many persons too trifling and ludicrous to be the subject of a petition, even from individuals so unimportant as your petitioners; but your petitioners cannot deem any matter frivolous or a fit subject for ridicule which concerns on the one hand the annoyance, and on the other hand the advantage and comfort, of the industrious poor.

That in the judgment of your petitioners such an enactment is totally uncalled for, and the alleged protection to the animals employed is a mere pretence, inasmuch as, if cruelty be at any time practised, it is sure to call forth the indignation of all who witness it, and moreover subjects the perpetrators of it to summary punishment before the magistrates. Your petitioners, therefore, submit that the existing law is amply sufficient to prevent cruelty to the dog, in common with all other animals.

That the dog is less liable to ill usage than any other animal employed in the service of man, inasmuch as, from his intelligence and other good qualities, he becomes the friend and companion of his master; and it has been a matter of observation to your petitioners that the dogs, now the subject of legislation, go to their work with as much animation as is manifested by sporting dogs, and that they perform their task with great apparent zeal and satisfaction.

That numbers of dogs are employed in various sports well known to your lordships, some of which are constantly so exhausting to the animals that hot baths and other means of NURSING (indispensably necessary after a hard day's sport, to prevent the death or permanent injury of the dogs) form a regular part of the apparatus of the kennel; yet your petitioners have never heard of an enactment to protect the hound or any other sporting dog. It therefore appears to your petitioners to be flagrantly unjust in principle, and most annoying in its practical tendency, to let the dogs of the rich entirely alone, and to legislate only for the dogs of the poor.

That your petitioners humbly represent, that there are a number of persons in the community whose morbid sensibilities constantly lead them to endeavour, in every possible way, to interfere with the occupations and amusements of the working classes; that through their influence enactments are introduced into acts of parliament which are directed exclusively against the poor — enactments which, although they may apparently apply to all classes indifferently, yet, in practice, are nevertheless exclusively put in force to the harassment and disadvantage of the poor; the cowardice of their oppressors deterring them from making the slightest effort to interfere with the occupations and amusements of the rich, wherever or however carried on, and with whatever evil results to themselves or others.

That your petitioners have remarked that the parties who thus interfere with the poor, not only do not direct their attention to the hardships inflicted on sporting dogs, but that they do not extend their benevolence to race-horses, nor to any other creature whatever employed in any manner in the service or the amusement of the rich, and that they thus prove that their alleged feeling of humanity is a mere hypocritical pretence.

That while your petitioners are perfectly assured, and know that a great part of the working classes are satisfied that no unkind disposition towards them exists in the breasts of your lordships, yet they do feel, and they know that a great part of the working people also feel, that, through false representations, enactments are made which the legislators, if

* Whatever may have been thought of the village schoolmaster, and his one-sided views, our readers may depend upon the truth of the above statement, and the authenticity of this petition. It was drawn up by several gentlemen eminent in science, statistics, and various branches of knowledge; and the only reason for omitting their names is because they do not wish to get credit for a purpose which they have at present failed (however excusable under the circumstances) to accomplish. — ED.

they had a more perfect knowledge of the working people, and of their calumniators and oppressors, never would sanction.

"Your petitioners, therefore, think it the more obligatory upon them to come before your lordships, humbly to represent that the vexatious legislation, and the vexatious exclusive enforcement of legislative enactments to harass the working people, produces, more than any other cause, soreness of feeling, distrust in the legislature, and disunion in society, and produces these, and the like evils to an extent which never would have been excited by the public burdens, severe as they are, which are to be borne for the support of the state.

"That this distrust in the legislature, the lower house of which is chosen chiefly by the middle classes, is one principal cause of the desire now felt and expressed that the elective franchise should be extended to all the members of the community; and your petitioners feel assured that this desire never can be pacified as long as the occupations, amusements, and pleasures of the working classes are vexatiously interfered with by unnecessary legislation.

"Your petitioners therefore pray that the clause restraining the employment of dogs by the poor, may be struck out of the bill now before your lordships for improving the police of the metropolis.

"And your petitioners will ever pray."

A petition more just and reasonable we never read; and we may entertain some hope that the large and unexclusive benevolence of its purpose, and the conciliating spirit in which it is couched, may induce Lord Ellenborough to return to the subject next session, with increased objection to a clause so foolish and injurious. We may also anticipate that if these facts and remonstrances can be fairly brought before the mind of Lord Brougham, he will not persist in the line of argument which he used upon the question. The only ground of any validity for this tyrannical proceeding against the dogs of the poor, is that they are liable to be driven mad, or to bite those who approach too near the cart or truck they may be drawing. Now with reference to the first of these grounds (which involves the second) it is true that, as dogs do not perspire from the skin, but by exhalations from the lungs, through the medium of the tongue, the use of a muzzle (as ordered by magistrates) is not unlikely, in the hot months, and under circumstances of over-exercise, to induce hydrophobia. But where are the facts resulting from this liability? Where are the reports of cases of dogs, so circumstanced, going mad or biting people? On the contrary, the exercise appears to do them good. It is the rich dog that most commonly goes mad; and high-fed lap-dogs are absolutely famous for hydrophobia. In fine, the only real objections that can be urged against the dogs of the poor is, first, that men sometimes, though very rarely, get into the cart drawn by dogs, which ought to be prohibited; secondly, that a muzzle is used in hot weather (whereby hydrophobia *might* be induced); and, lastly, the criminal fact that they are occasionally in the way of carriages and long stages, the drivers of which are painfully afraid of running over them. But to put them down on such flimsy assumptions and partial views is at least as preposterous as it would be to put down horses, because they "now and then" occasioned the loss of life and property.

EPIGRAM.

Ad Plagiarium contra Plagiarios scribentem Auctorem.

Plurima lectori tradis, nec inutilis auctor,
De furtis. Unum nunc mones, et meruit.

E. W.

BYRON AND GÖTHE.

We witnessed one day the commencement of a storm at a Swiss village at the foot of Mont Jura. Black and massive clouds, their borders tinged with a crimson purple by the rays of the setting sun, were rapidly spreading themselves over the azure of the most beautiful sky in Europe, the Italian only excepted: the thunder was growling in the distance, and a biting wind was scattering large drops of rain in sweeping gusts over the thirsty landscape: the smaller birds sought the leafy shelter of the trees. Looking upwards, we beheld a large Alpine falcon sinking, rising, and floating bravely in the very midst of the storm; we could have fancied that he was bent on contesting its power. At every roll of the thunder, the noble bird bounded aloft into space, as if in answering defiance; and we followed him with our eyes for a long time, till he was lost in the east. Beneath, on the ground, at fifty paces from us, was a white stork, tranquil and unruffled in the midst of the elements of discord. Twice or thrice she turned towards the quarter from whence the wind came, looking before her with a kind of careless curiosity; then she drew up one of her sinewy legs, bent her long neck on her wing, and set herself to sleep. We thought of Byron and Göthe; on the sky of tempest that hung over them, and still hangs over us; on the struggles of the one, and the calm of the other; and on the two sources of mighty poetry which they opened, followed out, and, we think, exhausted.

Byron and Göthe — are two names that predominate, and, whatever may happen, always will predominate, in all our recollections of the fifty years that have just passed away. They preside as masters, almost as tyrants, over that period of poetry, — so brilliant, and yet so melancholy; so glorious in youth and audacity, and yet carrying despair in its bosom "like a worm i' the bud." They characterise the two great schools under which are grouped almost all the intelligences that rendered the era illustrious. The qualities that adorn their writings are to be found — scattered it is true — in other poets, their contemporaries; still we catch *their* names on our tongue whenever we wish to designate the poetical tendencies of the age. Their poetry pursues different, and often, opposite routes; still thought cannot glance on the one, but the image of the other immediately springs up as a sort of necessary companion. The eye of Europe has been fastened on the pair as on two wrestlers treading the same arena. Like two frank and generous combatants, as they were, they admired, praised, and held out the hand to each other. Other poets have grown up in their footsteps; — none have been so popular; none have caused so many hearts to beat, or excited so many brains. Others have found judges, — have been appreciated calmly and impartially; — not so they: for them there have been but enthusiasts or enemies — wreaths or stones. When they disappeared in the great night that enshrouds and transforms men and things, there came a wide silence around their tombs. Little by little poetry had passed away from the world, and we might say, that their last sighs seemed to extinguish its sacred flame.

Just now, a reaction has commenced; good in that it betrays a desire for, and gives the promise of, life; bad in that it discovers narrow views, a tendency to injustice towards genius, and the want of a fixed rule for the appreciation of the past. The human mind, like Luther's drunken peasant on horseback, too often mounts on the one side to fall on the other. The re-

action against Göthe, begun by Menzel during his life courageously and justly, has, since his death, been pushed to exaggeration; social opinions, holy in their principle, and our adherence to which we are proud to own, but which ought never to interfere with the impartiality of our judgment on the men of the past, have pressed heavily on the scales, and an ardent youth —may their ardour be proof against temporary disappointments — have reiterated with Börne that Göthe is the worst of despots, *the cancer of the German body*. The reaction against Byron — we are not speaking of that medley of cant and unintellectuality that withholds from the poet a place in Westminster Abbey, but of the literary reaction — has shown itself still more unreasoning. We have met with adorers of Shelley denying Byron poetical genius; others seriously comparing with his the poetry of Sir Walter Scott; we have seen a critic write that "Byron makes man after his own image, woman after his own heart; the one is a capricious tyrant, the other a yielding slave." The first forgot the verses in which their master saluted

> "The pilgrim of eternity, whose fame
> Over his living head like heaven is bent *;"

the second, that after "Childe Harold" and the "Giaour," Sir Walter Scott renounced poetry. † The last forgot that, almost at the very time he was writing his criticism, Byron was dying in Greece for regenerate liberty. All judged, and still judge, the two poets we are speaking of, after an absolute type of the Beautiful, just or unjust, which they had formed in their own imagination, without regard to the social state as it was or as it is — without a just conception of the destinies of poetry, of its mission here below, of the law that governs its existence.

There is no absolute type on earth: the absolute is in the mind of the Divinity alone, whose intelligence the human being follows after, making nearer and nearer approaches, but unable to attain it here below. There is the eternal evolution of life manifesting itself in idea and in action, strengthening itself by all the produce of the past, ascending from age to age through a series of successive transformations, towards the less and less imperfect expression of this mind. There is the eternal aspiration of the soul towards Progression, which is the law, ever launching itself with more purity and power from the finite to the infinite, from the real to the ideal, from what is to what shall be. There it is — in this immense depôt of the evolutions of the past, constituting the universality of tradition; and in this instinct of presentiment extant in the depths of the human soul — in this, so to say, living life-tide continually flowing — there it is that poetry is nourished. She changes with the times, for she is their expression; she is transformed with society; her song, whether she know it or not, is the life of humanity; only, according to circumstances and individual bias, she is imbued with a preference sometimes for the life of the actual time, sometimes for that which is already preparing to succeed, and is revealed to her by the intuition of genius: she sings the song of the cradle or of the tomb; she is the initiative or the abstract. Byron and Göthe were the abstract. Was this their fault? No; it was the law of the times. Society at this day, twenty years after their song, presumes to punish them for that they were born too soon. Happy are the poets whom God permits to flourish at the beginning of an era, under the rays of a rising sun! A sequence of generations will lovingly repeat their verses; they will attribute to them the life of whose germ they caught but a glimpse, and but hinted the theme.

Byron and Göthe are abstracts; there is the philosophic view of their

* Adonais, 30.

† Lockhart's Life of Scott.

labours, and there also is the secret of their popularity. A whole epoch of the European world became incarnate in them as a prelude to its decease; just as in the political sphere, Rome and Greece became incarnate before death — the one in Alexander, the other in Cæsar. They were the poetical expression of what England has produced in economy, France in politics, Germany in philosophy: the last formula, the last effort, the last result, of a society founded on the principle of *individuality*. The epoch that had received, first from the philosophy of Greece, then from Christianity, the mission to re-establish, to develop, to emancipate the *individual*, was desirous of concentrating all its forces in them, as in Fichte, in Adam Smith, and in the French School of Rights, to show what she had dared, and what she had accomplished. This was much, but it was not all, and so sealed its death irrevocably. She thought the goal almost attained, and, behold, new and immense horizons expand in the distance before her; unknown virgin lands that, with the single principle she held, she felt herself powerless to go in unto and possess. By her long and painful efforts, the great human unknown quantity had been disengaged from all the quantities of a different nature that were about it; but weak and isolated, and feeling as though terrified at the solitude. Her politics had proclaimed, as the sole basis of civil organisation, those grand rights of liberty and equality (liberty for all) that form and constitute human individuality; but she blundered against social anarchy. Her philosophy had installed *self* as sovereign throughout her dominions; and had ended in a mute adoration of *fact*, in Hegelian immobility. Her economy had thought to organise *free* competition, and found she had organised the oppression of the weak by the strong, of the labourer by the capitalist, of the destitute by the wealthy. Poetry had toiled for ages to exhibit individuality in all its shapes, to translate feelingly what science had coldly and theoretically established, and, at length, came to a vacuum: as society had, on a sudden, perceived that the destinies of the race were not contained in a mere problem of liberty, but rather in a problem in which liberty and association should harmonise together; so she became conscious that her life, hitherto supported by the study of individuality, would perish for want of food, and that, to exist, she must enlarge her sphere and be transformed. Society and poetry uttered a cry of anguish. The agony of society produced that agitation we have seen increasing in Europe since 1815. The agony of poetry evoked Göthe and Byron. We know not if this point of view be novel; but we believe it to be true, and the only one that can lead to a useful and impartial appreciation of these two giant spirits.

Individuality has two forms, two lives; the internal and the external, subjective and objective, as the Germans call it. These two lives, these two forms, they shared between them. Byron was the poet of the subjective life, Göthe of the objective.

In Byron *self* is shown mighty and fierce, great in freedom and appetite, in all the uncontrolled plenitude of its faculties, breathing existence at every pore, active, daring, "a flaming energy," willing to snatch "the life of life." The external world on him imposes nothing; it tempers him not; to him nothing, if not his subject. Not to command its pleasures does the Byronic *self* aspire to rule it, but solely for the dominion, to exercise on it the Titan strength of its will. He draws not even from it, to speak accurately, colours, sounds, or images; for it is *he* who colours, *he* who sings, *he* whose image is every where reflected and reproduced. Poetry passes from him to things external. He holds his state in the centre of the universe, and thence gives out the light that kindles at his soul's hearth — scorching as the rays of the

sun concentrated. Thence the terrible unity that worn-out and superficial readers alone can take for monotony. Byron's heroes, whatever form they may please to assume, all resemble each other; for they are all brothers, all the poetical children of his powerful thought, all springing from the depths of his conception, none of them from without. And they are born free — born for the struggle, not for servitude. They believe in themselves. They defy the world, the conventional society around them, good and evil principle: they "will bend to neither." In life as in death, they "stand upon their strength;" they resist every power, for their own belongs entirely to themselves; it was purchased by

> "———— superior science — penance — daring —
> And length of watching — strength of mind — and skill
> In knowledge of our fathers."

They court not love; they *seek* it not, they *will* it; and it might be said that it is by a sort of fascination of the will that they find it. They dread not sorrow nor danger; they front them fearlessly, and will not deviate from their route an inch to avoid them. Each of them would be estimated as worth the whole of society; and should he find himself not at ease, would set his strength to break it piecemeal. Each is the personification, slightly modified, of one same type, of one same idea: the man-king, but the solitary king — the *individual* free, but nothing beyond free, such as the epoch now ending has made him — Faust, but without the covenant that yields him to the enemy: Cain kneels not to Arimanes; and Manfred, about to die, proclaims —

> "The mind, which is immortal, makes itself
> Requital for its good or evil thoughts —
> Is its own origin of ill, and end —
> And its own place and time — its innate sense
> When stripped of this mortality, derives
> No colour from the fleeting things without,
> But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,
> Born from the knowledge of its own desert."

Are they happy? — happy, we mean, not in the vulgar happiness of success — for men wreck themselves and are merry — but happy with a cheerfulness that flows from the consciousness of its own strength, happy with the enjoyment that accompanies the feeling of life in the plenitude of independence? No; they are not — and that is the ring that links the poetry of Byron to the future. They could not be so; for they all carry in their breasts, without telling it, without taking count of it even themselves, the ideal of another world, the presentiment of a life that liberty alone could not give them. Free they are: iron souls in iron frames, they climb the Alps of the physical world as well as the Alps of thought; still their visage is stamped with a gloomy and ineffaceable sadness — still their thoughts, whether with Cain and Manfred they plunge into the abyss of the infinite, "intoxicated with eternity," or whether with the Corsair and the Giaour they scour the vast desert or the boundless ocean, still are they followed by a certain secret and ever-wakeful terror. We would say they drag rivetted to their feet the chains they have broken. Their souls feel ill at ease not only in the petty societies with whom is their struggle, but also in the world of spirit. Neither is it under the attacks of these societies that they for the most part succumb, but under the assaults of this nameless sadness — under the corroding action of powerful faculties, "inferior still to their desires and their conceptions" — under the deception that comes from within; they are "their own destroyers." What shall they do with this

liberty so painfully achieved? On whom, for what, shall they spend the exuberant life boiling in their veins? *They are alone;* there is the secret of their sadness and their impotency. They thirst — Cain has said it for them all: — they "thirst for good," and they cannot produce; for they have neither mission, nor belief, nor understanding of the world they desire to transform. They have never thought on that humanity which is thronging around them, which has thronged before them, and which will throng after them. They have never thought on the place they occupy between the past and the future — on the continuity of labour that unites generations — on the grand object of common perfection, to be realised only by common efforts — on the spiritual and post-sepulchral life on this earth of the individual, by the thoughts that he transmits; and, perhaps, when he lives devoted and dies in hope, by the guardian agency that it is given him to exercise unseen over his brothers in terrestrial relationship. Alone they stand before God, and they recoil terror-stricken; alone, in face of the universe, and they feel cowed by its grandeur; and in place of drawing new strength from that ocean of life they comprehended so well — we need no other proof than the wonderful third canto of "Childe Harold" — they lose their own, they are absorbed; the individual is so little in the presence of God and the world! Thus, gifted with a liberty they know not how to use — with an active strength they know not how to apply — with a life whose object they know not — discontented and irritable, they lead an unsteady and useless existence. They die alone, as they have lived: unknown, unwept, they fall like the dead leaf into the current that bears ages on its bosom. Nature, that they so much loved, blooms indifferent over their tomb: —

> "Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear,
> Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf shall fall,
> Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee, for all."

No, never have we seen the life and death of solitary individuality so energetically, so thoroughly summed up, as in the pages of Byron. How is it that those who reproach him with the habitual melancholy and the frequent frenzies of his characters, have not perceived that it is precisely by these frenzies and this melancholy that the work of the poet is moral, social, and prophetic? There is much of calmness in Göthe, — do we gain any thing more in consequence?

Göthe — individuality in its objective life — living at the same time as Byron, and having like him a consciousness of the then actual reality, followed an absolutely opposite path. After he also had uttered his cry of anguish in Werther — after having stated in all its frightful nudity, in Faust, the problem of the epoch, he thought he had done enough, and refused to occupy himself with the solution. Perhaps he despaired of the task, as beyond his powers; perhaps the feeling of resistance to social ill, that broke out for an instant in Faust, exercised his soul in secret for a long time afterwards. He himself remarked in his later years, commenting on a Frenchman who when he saw him exclaimed "That is the face of a man who has suffered much," that he should have said, "*That is the face of a man who has struggled energetically.*" But there remains no trace of this in his works. Whilst Byron writhed, bleeding, under the ill, he attained the calm — we cannot say of victory — but of indifference. In Byron, the man always overcame the artist; in Göthe it was smothered by the artist. In him there was no subjective life; no unity coming from the head or the heart; Göthe is an intelligence that receives, elaborates, and reproduces. Poetry is affluent to him in external objects — from all points of the circumference

to him as centre. He takes his lofty watch alone in the midst of creation: his curious look dives with the same penetration and the same interest into the bottom of the hare-bell's cup and into the ocean's depths. The rose exhales to the sky its eastern perfume—the sea throws on its shores the breakage of a hundred wrecks; but the aspect of the poet remains calm: they are for him but two forms of the Beautiful, two subjects for his art.

Göthe has been called a pantheist. We know not what sense was given to this vague and very often ill-understood word by the critics who used it. For there is a materialist pantheism and a spiritualist pantheism; there is the pantheism of Spinoza, there is that of Giordano Bruno, there is that of St. Paul; others also, and all different. But there is no poetical pantheism possible save on the condition of embracing the whole world of phenomena in one unique conception; on the condition of feeling the life of the universe in its divine unity, and of living that life. There is nothing of this in Göthe. There is pantheism in some parts of Wordsworth, in the third canto of "Childe Harold," in the poetry of Shelley: there is none in the most brilliant compositions of Göthe, for life is there admirably seized on and reproduced in *each* of its *successive* manifestations, never in the mass: Göthe is a poet of details, not of unity—of analysis, not of synthesis. None so able as he to dive into details, to set off trifling points; none to throw so beautiful a light on parts; but the connecting tie escapes him. His performance is a magnificent encyclopedia unclassed. He has felt *every thing*, but he has not felt the *whole*. Happy at catching a spark of the beautiful from the humblest blade of grass gemmed with a dew-drop—happy at discovering the poetical element beneath an incident in appearance the most prosaical, he knew not how to reascend to the common focus and to frame anew the mighty ascending scale, in which, to avail ourselves of a fine expression of Herder, "each creature is a numerator to the grand denominator, which is Nature." How could he?—he who had no place in his works, and in his sympathies as a poet, for Humanity, the crown of the pyramid, which alone determines the worth of sublunary beings? "Religion and politics—(said he)* are a troubled element for art: I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible." Around him were being agitated matters of life and death for millions; around him were resounding the war-songs of Körner; Fichte, at the close of one of his lectures, threw himself, with a musket on his shoulder, into the ranks of the volunteers, who rushed forward—(alas! what have kings made of that magnificent outburst)—to fight the battles of their country; the ancient soil of Germany heaved with the future under their footsteps: he, an artist, looked on!—his soul, old before its time, stirred not at this movement of his nation; his genius, become entirely passive, kept itself without the current of action that carried away whole races. He witnessed the French revolution in its terrific grandeur; and whilst a world crumbled under its blows—whilst the good and candid spirits of Germany, who had fancied that the birth of another world might come to pass without the labour-pains, were wringing their hands in distress at sight of the crisis—he found in it only the subject of a farce. He saw Napoleon, his glory, and his fall. He saw the reaction of forgotten nationalities—sublime prologue to the grand epic of the people which will one day or the other unfold itself! He remained frigid. He neither learned to estimate men, nor to better them, nor to suffer with them. Save in the beautiful type of Berlichingen; an historical inspiration of his youth, and belonging entirely to the past: the man of thought-action, the man artificer of the future, that Schiller has so divinely sketched in his dramas, has no expression with

* Göethe and his Contemporaries.

Göthe: he has carried something of his nonchalance even into the manner in which his heroes make love. His universe is beautiful, but motionless. On the altar he has erected we certainly behold the choicest flowers, the most exquisite perfumes, the first fruits of nature; but the priest, where is he? In his work of second creation — for it must not be denied that such it was — he went over the vast circle of things visible, but ceased before the seventh day. God withdrew from him before the time, and the existences the poet has evoked run the round of the circle, dumb, uncomplaining, and prayerless, waiting on till the MAN comes to give them a name, and to teach them their destination.*

No, Göthe is not the poet of pantheism; he is a polytheist; in his method as an artist, he is the pagan poet of the modern era. His world is, before all, a world of forms; his heaven, a multiplied Olympus: the Mosaic and Christian heaven is to him veiled. Like the pagans, he splits nature into fractions, and makes divinities of the fragments; like them, he rather adores the sensuous than the ideal: he sees, touches, and hears far more than he feels. And what pains are bestowed on the plastic portion of his art! What attention given, we say not to objects, but to the exterior representation of objects! Has he not somewhere said that "The beautiful† is the result of happy position?" Under this definition is concealed an entire system of poetical materialism, preferred to the culture of the ideal — a whole series of consequences, a rigorous deduction from which drove Göthe to indifference, to the suicide of the noblest faculties of genius. The determined concentration of all the powers of observation on each of the objects to be represented, without relation to the *ensemble*, without a thought on the destination of the object — the determined absence of every impulse likely to influence the manner in which the object might be looked at — became with him the two most effective means of art. Thenceforwards poetry was, in his eyes, no more the rapid stream that divides and fertilises the country, its waters ever breaking in their course; or the flame that with unsteady point ascends to the sky, and dies away in light and heat: it was the peaceful lake, that reflects by turns the neighbouring landscape and the passing clouds, its surface never ruffled by the slightest breeze. Passive calm, and a distinct successiveness of impressions, into each of which he had thrown his whole power; such were the two great characteristics of Göthe. "I leave (said he) the objects that I desire to retain *to act tranquilly upon me;* I then *observe the impression I have received* from them, and I endeavour to render it *faithfully.*" In this well-known expression, Göthe pourtrayed his every feature. He was in his life such as Madame d'Arnim proposed to represent him after his death: — a venerable old man, with a serene and almost radiant countenance, clothed with an antique robe, his hand on a lyre placed on his knees, and listening to the harmony drawn from it by the hand of a genius or the breath of the winds. The last har-

* While expressing our entire sympathy with the general tone and spirit of the high-minded views of our most deservedly admired and esteemed correspondent, we may be permitted to entertain a doubt with reference to his estimate of the *cause* of Göthe's immobility and quiescence to all practical struggles for the good of mankind. We cannot think that because he persisted in remaining calm amidst the storm, he had therefore "no place in his works or in his sympathies, as a poet, for Humanity." His personal character, and his notions of Art, led him to a belief that by the production and influence of Beauty he should create a more extensive and permanently beneficial effect than by taking up a musket, like Fichte, and killing, perhaps, one man, and wounding or putting to flight half a dozen more before he was killed himself. Göthe's quietism must be excessive provocation to all who are ardent onward-workers in this transition state of the world; but future times may see reason to forgive his placid star, that looked so cold and bright upon the troubled waters, and feeling no power in itself to appease them, concentrated its beams upon abstract parts, or sung a hymn to some concrete principle of universal Harmony. — En.

† In the Kunst und Alterthum, we think.

mony wafted his spirit to the east, the country of inactive contemplation. It was time; Europe had become too agitated for him.

Such were Göthe and Byron in their general traits: both great poets—distinguished and approximated, if we may be allowed the expression, by a striking analogy of contrasts—pursuing two independent and opposite paths to arrive at the same point, at a homogeneous conclusion. Life and death, character and poetry, every thing differed in them; and yet the one completes the other. Both are the children of fatality; for it is, especially at the close of epochs, that what has been the law of Providence for generations assumes with respect to individuals the appearance of fatality; and compelled by that, they go on, without knowing it, to work out the accomplishment of a great mission. Göthe contemplates the world in parts, and delivers the impressions that he received one by one just as chance supplies them: Byron looks at it from one single comprehensive point of view, and modifies in his own soul all the impressions that ensue. Göthe successively absorbs his individuality in each of the objects that he aims at portraying; Byron stamps every object with his own individuality. Nature is to Göthe the symphony, to Byron the prelude; she furnishes to the one the matter, to the latter the occasion, for his verse: the one executes, the other obtains his inspiration, and composes. Göthe better expresses *lives;* Byron, *life.* The one is more vast, the other more profound. The first skims the plain in his flight; he just moistens his plumage in the ocean-foam, and loves not to explore its depths; he plays on the surface of the tempest, but never buries himself therein. The second investigates, searches till he reach the root of things; like the true aquatic diver, he plunges boldly into the watery profound, without a thought that he may find there the voracious shark. The first looks every where for the beautiful, he loves harmony and repose; the second, for the grand, and he adores action and force. Characters like those of Coriolanus and Luther disturbed Göthe. We know not if, in his numerous pieces of criticism, he has ever spoken of Dante, but, assuredly, he must have felt for him somewhat of that antipathy felt also by Sir Walter Scott; and if, from respect to art, he placed him in his Pantheon, certes, he threw a veil between the eyes of his soul and the lofty and saddened countenance of the exile who dreamt of the empire of the world for his country, and, through her, of the harmonious development of that world. Byron drew inspiration from Dante; he loved Franklin and Washington; he followed the comet-like career of Napoleon, the greatest genius of action that our time has produced, with all the sympathies of a spirit covetous of the quality: he was indignant—perhaps wrongly so—that he died not in the struggle. Travelling in Italy, that second father-land of all spirits blessed with poetry, these two still pursued a divergent route; the one experienced sensuousness, the other emotion; the first attached himself especially to nature, the second to extinct grandeur, to living wrongs, to the traces of humanity.* And yet throughout these contrasts that we here merely

* Nowhere is the contrast so striking as in a comparison of the sensations of the two poets at Rome. In Göthe's elegies, and particularly in his Travels in Italy, we find the impressions of the artist. Rome he understood not. The eternal synthesis that spreads from the pinnacle of the Capitol and of St. Peter, its circles ever widening, and at each of its manifestations conquering first a nation, then Europe, and at length, perhaps, Humanity, to him was silent; he saw of it but one circle — paganism, the most barren and the least indigenous: or, if he caught a glimpse of it for an instant in the passage, "History is read here far otherwise than in any other place of the universe; elsewhere we read it from without to within; here we fancy we are reading from within to without," he soon falls back and becomes absorbed in external nature. "Whether we halt or advance, we discover a landscape continually renewing itself in a thousand fashions. We have palaces and ruins, gardens and solitudes; the horizon lengthens in the distance, or suddenly contracts; huts and stables, columns and triumphal arches, all are pell-mell, and often so close that all might

enunciate, but which we could well support by extracts from their works, they arrived — Göthe, the poet of individuality in his objective life, at the selfism of indifference — Byron, the poet of individuality in his subjective life, at the selfism (for with regret we say that it is one also) of despair. Double condemnation of the epoch they represented, and came to close!

That was their mission.

They have both — we meddle not with their purely literary merits, great, undenied, and universally acknowledged — the one by the spirit of contest that breathes in all his creations, the other by the spirit of sceptical irony that runs through all his descriptions, and by the independent sovereignty attributed to art over all social existences; they have both powerfully served the cause of intellectual emancipation, and scattered abroad the seeds of spiritual liberty. They have both — the one directly by an implacable war against the vices and absurdities of the privileged classes, indirectly by the nature of his heroes, whom he invests with all the brilliant qualities that constitute the despot, and then dashes to pieces as if in disgust; the other, by the importance attributed to details, by the poetical renovation with which he elevates and embellishes objects the most insignificant, forms the most modest; they have both combated aristocratical notions, and laboured for the development in the world of the sentiment of equality. In exhausting, by their excellence, both forms of the poetry of individuality, they have ended the cycle of its poets, reduced, beforehand, to the subaltern rank of imitators all those who might have persisted in that course; created thence the necessity of a new poetry, and changed to a craving what was only a wish. They have laid an era in the tomb; have wrapped it in a shroud that none can unswathe; and, as if to certify its death to the young generation springing up, the poetry of Göthe has written its history, and the poetry of Byron has engraven its epitaph.

And now, farewell to Göthe! farewell to Byron! farewell to the troubles that oppress and sanctify not — to the poetic flame that illumines without warmth — to the ironical philosophy that analyses without recompounding — to the poetry that, in an age where there is so much to do, teaches us inactive contemplation — to the poetry that would inoculate us with despair in a world where there is so much room for self-devotion! Farewell to all types of power without aim — to all personifications of individuality, solitarily seeking its object and not finding it, feeling the life-blood boiling in its veins, and not knowing how to apply it — to the joys and griefs of selfism, —

> " ——————— Bastards of the soul,
> O'erweening slips of idleness: weeds — no more —
> Self-springing here and there from the rank soil:
> O'erflowings of the lust of that same mind
> Whose proper issue and determinate end,
> When wedded to the love of things divine,
> Is peace, complacency, and happiness." *

---

find room on the same sheet of paper." At Rome, Byron forgot passions, troubles, his own individuality, for the ideal, and gave utterance to this burst of a soul born for devotedness:

> " Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires! and control
> In their shut breasts their petty misery."

When he came to a recollection of himself and his position, it was with a hope for the world (stanza 98.), and a pardon for his enemies. — " My curse shall be forgiveness!" There is in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, and in some stanzas of the third, more of the spirit of her father than could be taught to the daughter of Byron by all the volumes that have been written on him, or than by all that she might hear.

* Ernest, or the Regeneration of Man.

Farewell! a long farewell to the past! The future already dawns to those who know its signs, and to that we owe ourselves entire.

The duality of the middle ages, after having struggled for centuries under the name of the emperor and the pope — after having left its traces and carried its fruits into every branch of intellectual development, has reascended to the sky, its mission accomplished, in the double-pointed meteor of poetry, called BYRON and GÖTHE. The two formulas of life, hitherto distinct, became incarnate, before death, in these two men. Byron is the isolated man, living only his *internal* life: Göthe, still man, but living only his *external* life. Beyond Byron and Göthe — beyond these two incomplete existences — at the point of intersection of these two poetries that aspire to heaven without the power of attaining it, is found another. This will be the poetry of the future and of humanity, and she will bring harmony, life, and oneness.

But because we at this day foresee, and yet very vaguely, the new social poetry that will sing the destination of man, and soothe the suffering soul within him, teaching it to rise to the Deity through Humanity, are we therefore, from the threshold of the epoch where without them we should not be, to speak ill of those men who, coming so many years before us, could do no more than fill with their giant bodies the chasm that kept us all on the other side doubting and trembling? From all time, genius has been made the scapegoat of generations. In all time, men have been found who are pleased to make it a crime to the Chattertons of society that they were not examples of self-devotion, that they were morally or physically suicides, without thinking for an instant whether, during their life, they placed aught else within their reach but destitution and doubt. But we are not of this class, and we feel the necessity of protesting earnestly against those sentiments of reaction inconsiderately raised by some ardent spirits against the mighty-souled, and that soon afterwards serve for a cloak to the grovelling spite of mediocrity. There is something harsh and repulsive, — as it were, ingratitude, — in this destructive instinct that makes us so often forget what *has* been done by the great men who have preceded us, to demand from them an account of what more they *might* have done. Is it believed that the pillow of scepticism is so soft to great intellects that it may be thought these poets sometimes laid their burning brows thereon from selfism? and are we so thoroughly cured of the evil reflected in their verses as to feel the right of inexorably condemning their memory?

Evil was not brought into the world by these poets: it was about, in the air, in that society that now seeks to charge it on them. They saw it, felt it, respired it; they were themselves the first victims: how then was it possible that it should not be reproduced in their verses? Is it not the first characteristic of genius to assimilate to itself the utmost of the life of its time? It is not by deposing Göthe and Byron that we shall destroy what there is still amongst us of sceptical indifference and anarchical despair: it is by making of ourselves believers and organisers. Be such, and fear nothing: — as is the public, so will be the poet. Reverence enthusiasm, self-devotion, the hopes of immortality, virtue, country, and humanity: let your hearts be pure, your intelligences patient and firm; and the genius that should register your aspirations for the future, and carry to heaven on the wings of sacred melody your vows, your thoughts, and your sufferings, will not be wanting. Let these statues remain. What fear you? Do the noble monuments of the feudal times create a desire to return to the condition of serfs? But there are imitators! We know it well; but what influence can they exercise on social life who have no life in themselves? They

enunciate, but which we could well support by extracts from their works, they arrived — Göthe, the poet of individuality in his objective life, at the selfism of indifference — Byron, the poet of individuality in his subjective life, at the selfism (for with regret we say that it is one also) of despair. Double condemnation of the epoch they represented, and came to close!

That was their mission.

They have both — we meddle not with their purely literary merits, great, undenied, and universally acknowledged — the one by the spirit of contest that breathes in all his creations, the other by the spirit of sceptical irony that runs through all his descriptions, and by the independent sovereignty attributed to art over all social existences; they have both powerfully served the cause of intellectual emancipation, and scattered abroad the seeds of spiritual liberty. They have both — the one directly by an implacable war against the vices and absurdities of the privileged classes, indirectly by the nature of his heroes, whom he invests with all the brilliant qualities that constitute the despot, and then dashes to pieces as if in disgust; the other, by the importance attributed to details, by the poetical renovation with which he elevates and embellishes objects the most insignificant, forms the most modest; they have both combated aristocratical notions, and laboured for the development in the world of the sentiment of equality. In exhausting, by their excellence, both forms of the poetry of individuality, they have ended the cycle of its poets, reduced, beforehand, to the subaltern rank of imitators all those who might have persisted in that course; created thence the necessity of a new poetry, and changed to a craving what was only a wish. They have laid an era in the tomb; have wrapped it in a shroud that none can unswathe; and, as if to certify its death to the young generation springing up, the poetry of Göthe has written its history, and the poetry of Byron has engraven its epitaph.

And now, farewell to Göthe! farewell to Byron! farewell to the troubles that oppress and sanctify not — to the poetic flame that illumines without warmth — to the ironical philosophy that analyses without recompounding — to the poetry that, in an age where there is so much to do, teaches us inactive contemplation — to the poetry that would inoculate us with despair in a world where there is so much room for self-devotion! Farewell to all types of power without aim — to all personifications of individuality, solitarily seeking its object and not finding it, feeling the life-blood boiling in its veins, and not knowing how to apply it — to the joys and griefs of selfism, —

> " ——————— Bastards of the soul,
> O'erweening slips of idleness: weeds — no more —
> Self-springing here and there from the rank soil:
> O'erflowings of the lust of that same mind
> Whose proper issue and determinate end,
> When wedded to the love of things divine,
> Is peace, complacency, and happiness." *

---

find room on the same sheet of paper." At Rome, Byron forgot passions, troubles, his own individuality, for the ideal, and gave utterance to this burst of a soul born for devotedness:

> " Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires! and control
> In their shut breasts their petty misery."

When he came to a recollection of himself and his position, it was with a hope for the world (stanza 98.), and a pardon for his enemies. — " My curse shall be forgiveness!" There is in the fourth canto of Childe Harold, and in some stanzas of the third, more of the spirit of her father than could be taught to the daughter of Byron by all the volumes that have been written on him, or than by all that she might hear.

* Ernest, or the Regeneration of Man.

Farewell! a long farewell to the past! The future already dawns to those who know its signs, and to that we owe ourselves entire.

The duality of the middle ages, after having struggled for centuries under the name of the emperor and the pope — after having left its traces and carried its fruits into every branch of intellectual development, has reascended to the sky, its mission accomplished, in the double-pointed meteor of poetry, called BYRON and GÖTHE. The two formulas of life, hitherto distinct, became incarnate, before death, in these two men. Byron is the isolated man, living only his *internal* life: Göthe, still man, but living only his *external* life. Beyond Byron and Göthe — beyond these two incomplete existences — at the point of intersection of these two poetries that aspire to heaven without the power of attaining it, is found another. This will be the poetry of the future and of humanity, and she will bring harmony, life, and oneness.

But because we at this day foresee, and yet very vaguely, the new social poetry that will sing the destination of man, and soothe the suffering soul within him, teaching it to rise to the Deity through Humanity, are we therefore, from the threshold of the epoch where without them we should not be, to speak ill of those men who, coming so many years before us, could do no more than fill with their giant bodies the chasm that kept us all on the other side doubting and trembling? From all time, genius has been made the scapegoat of generations. In all time, men have been found who are pleased to make it a crime to the Chattertons of society that they were not examples of self-devotion, that they were morally or physically suicides, without thinking for an instant whether, during their life, they placed aught else within their reach but destitution and doubt. But we are not of this class, and we feel the necessity of protesting earnestly against those sentiments of reaction inconsiderately raised by some ardent spirits against the mighty-souled, and that soon afterwards serve for a cloak to the grovelling spite of mediocrity. There is something harsh and repulsive, — as it were, ingratitude, — in this destructive instinct that makes us so often forget what *has* been done by the great men who have preceded us, to demand from them an account of what more they *might* have done. Is it believed that the pillow of scepticism is so soft to great intellects that it may be thought these poets sometimes laid their burning brows thereon from selfism? and are we so thoroughly cured of the evil reflected in their verses as to feel the right of inexorably condemning their memory?

Evil was not brought into the world by these poets: it was about, in the air, in that society that now seeks to charge it on them. They saw it, felt it, respired it; they were themselves the first victims: how then was it possible that it should not be reproduced in their verses? Is it not the first characteristic of genius to assimilate to itself the utmost of the life of its time? It is not by deposing Göthe and Byron that we shall destroy what there is still amongst us of sceptical indifference and anarchical despair: it is by making of ourselves believers and organisers. Be such, and fear nothing: — as is the public, so will be the poet. Reverence enthusiasm, self-devotion, the hopes of immortality, virtue, country, and humanity: let your hearts be pure, your intelligences patient and firm; and the genius that should register your aspirations for the future, and carry to heaven on the wings of sacred melody your vows, your thoughts, and your sufferings, will not be wanting. Let these statues remain. What fear you? Do the noble monuments of the feudal times create a desire to return to the condition of serfs? But there are imitators! We know it well; but what influence can they exercise on social life who have no life in themselves? They

will flutter in the vacuum, as long as vacuum there shall be. On the day that something shall take the place of what has just deceased, they will disappear like wandering spirits at the crow of the cock that heralds the coming day. Shall we not then feel ourselves strong enough in belief to respect the great historic figures belonging to an anterior period? Truly, it would be useless to speak of social art — of conceptions widely sympathetic — of the intelligence of Humanity, if we could not raise on our altars other gods without trampling the ancient under foot — if we were not capable of extracting and revering the eternal principle that is in them, without linking ourselves to what they have vicious and imperfect. Let those alone venture to utter the sacred name of Progression who have in their brain intelligence enough to comprehend the past, and in their heart poetical religion enough to respect in it all that it has of greatness. Believers in art, our temple is not a little sectarian chapel, it is a vast Pantheon; and in this Pantheon the glorious images of Göthe and Byron will keep their place and our admiration, long after Göthism and Byronism shall be no more mentioned.

And in this holy reverence that our spirits, purified from all irritation and all fear, will pay to the "mighty dead," we know not if Göthe will obtain a larger share of our admiration as an artist; but we do know, and we hesitate not to declare, that Byron will obtain a larger share of our love, as a man and a poet; — the larger for that our injustice has been, and still is, the greater towards him. Whilst Göthe separated himself from us, and from the summit of his serene Olympus seemed to smile with disdain at our desires, our sufferings, and our griefs, Byron lingered through the world, sad, gloomy, unquiet, bearing the barb — the barb of us all — in the wound, and made not even one effort to draw it thence. It might be said that desires, sufferings, struggles, — he longed to take them all on himself, to relieve us — us, his brothers.* Never did he desert our cause; never was he false to human sympathies. Solitary and unfortunate from his infancy; cruelly wounded in his first love, and still more cruelly in his marriage; attacked and calumniated in his acts and intentions, without inquiry or defence; annoyed by pecuniary difficulties; forced to quit his country — his home — his child; friendless — we have seen it since his death; pursued, on the Continent, by a thousand absurd tales, and by the cold malignity of a world that made even his sorrows a crime, he preserved, in the midst of inevitable reaction, his love for his sister, his Ada, his pity for misfortune, his fidelity to the affections of the years of his childhood and youth, even from his old nurse Mary Gray to Lord Clare. He was generous of his money to those to whom he could be useful, from his literary friends to the wretched libeller Ashe. Impelled by the temper of his mind, by the period in which he lived, by the fatality even of his mission, towards a poetry whose place has now to be filled, towards the incomplete tendency we have sought to characterise, he by no means set himself up as a standard; he presaged the future; he vindicated the prescience of genius, in this definition hitherto misunderstood, and yet the best we know of,—"Poetry is the feeling of a former world and a future;" he always preferred activity for good, to all that *his* art could do. Surrounded with slaves and their oppressors, a traveller in countries where remembrance even seemed extinct, a witness of the progress of the Restoration, and of the triumph of the principles of the Holy Alliance, he never swerved from his courageous opposition; he publicly preserved his faith in the rights of the people, in the final triumph * of liberty, in the duty

* To this, and one or two things which follow, bearing reference to private matters, we are obliged to demur.— Ed.

of devoting body and soul to hasten it whenever the occasion should present itself. The passage following, the very abstract of the law of our present efforts, is from his pen: — "Onwards! it is now the time to act, and what signifies *self*, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchedly to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the *ocean* conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the *Armada*, it wears the rock, and, if the Neptunians are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world." At Naples, in the Romagna, wherever he saw a spark of life stirring, he was ready for exertion or for combat, could it but break into flame. His lay was of splendid ruins, lofty thoughts, and great actions; he stigmatised baseness, hypocrisy, and injustice, whencesoever they sprang. Thus lived Byron — unceasingly tossed between present ill and future hopes — often unequal, sometimes sceptical, but always suffering, even when he seemed to laugh; always loving, even when he cursed.

The "eternal spirit of the chainless mind" never assumed amongst us a more brilliant port. A transformation of that immortal Prometheus whose cry of agony and woe, yet of futurity, rang out at the cradle of the European world, and whose grand and mysterious form, transfigured by time, reappears from age to age, between the entombing of one epoch and the accession of another, to wail forth the lamentation of genius, tormented by a presentiment of things that it will not see realised in its time — Byron, too, had the "firm will" and the "deep sense" — he, too, made of his death a victory." † When he heard a cry of patriotism and liberty arise from the land that he had so much loved and sung in his early youth, he left his harp unstrung, and set forth. Whilst the powers of Christendom were protocolising, if not doing worse, — whilst the nations of Christendom gave alms of a few piles of ball to the Cross struggling with the Crescent, he, the poet and pretended sceptic, went to throw his genius, his fortune, and his life at the feet of the first people that rose, and to mingle in the ranks of her combatants. We know no more beautiful symbol for the destinies of art in our modern times than the death of Byron in Greece. The holy alliance of poetry with the cause of the people — the union, still so rare, of thought with action, the only one that makes complete the human Verb, the only one that will emancipate the world — the grand solidification of men of all nations in the conquest of the rights which God has given to all his children, and in the accomplishment of the mission for which alone they were granted — all that makes our religion and our hope, shines forth gloriously in this image, that we, barbarians as we are, have already forgotten.

England will one day recall to her recollection, we hope, the mission, entirely English, and always overlooked by us, that Byron fulfilled on the

* "Yet, freedom! yet thy banner torn, but flying
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind:
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind:
The tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts — and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the north,
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth."

† "——— a firm will and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry,
Its own concentred recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory." — PROMETHEUS.

Continent. She will recollect that he led the genius of Britain as on a pilgrimage throughout Europe; that from him, him alone, dates the impulse of the youth of Europe towards the study of English literature, and the sympathy of men of heart towards this land of liberty, whose vocation he worthily represented amongst the oppressed of all countries. She will then comprehend that it is bad, not for the memory of Byron, but for herself, that the foreigner who lands on her shores has still, in the temple that should be a national Pantheon — there where she has found room for the pedant Casaubon — to search in vain for a statue of the poet whom Europe admires, and whose death two nations, Greece and Italy, wept as the death of one of the best of their sons.

For ourselves, in these few pages — brief, but written from the heart — we have endeavoured, as far as was in us, to put criticism on a wider, more impartial, and more useful path than that which seems so generally followed. The voyagers of the fourteenth century relate that they found at Teneriffe a prodigiously lofty tree, whose immense extent of foliage collected all the noxious vapours of the atmosphere, which the branches, on being shaken, discharged in a shower of pure and wholesome water. Genius is the parallel of this tree; and the mission of criticism should be to shake its thick branches. Now-a-days, like the savage, she seems bent on cutting it down to the very root.

L * * * F * * * H * * *.

"At Vienna it was believed, on the 20th of March, that she remained an hour on her knees, begging mercy of the Queen." — HAMILTON FITZGERALD'S LETTER.

WHERE was the "man" who should such mercy beg,
If guilt, or image of his wrong, were there?
He sits in judgment! — whether on the bench,
His office chair, or in his moral house;
The club-room, billiard-room, horse-mart, or box
Of four-in-hand, or in the jaunty saddle;
And, smiling, plots new treacheries 'gainst the fair.
Believe this, one-eyed courtiers of Vienna!
Guilty or innocent (the Angel of Death
Proving that innocence), a victim see,
Of ignorant man's most selfish vanity!

R. H. H.

ON EXCHANGES AND BANKING.

ADAM SMITH writes as follows on exchanges: — "When for a sum of money paid in England, containing, according to the standard of the English Mint, a certain number of ounces of pure silver, you receive a bill for a sum of money to be paid in France, containing, according to the standard of the French Mint, an equal number of ounces of pure silver, exchange is said to be at par between England and France. When you pay more, you are supposed to give a premium; and exchange is said to be against England, and in favour of France. When you pay less, you are supposed to get a premium; and exchange is said to be against France, and in favour of England."

This is a perfectly intelligible account of the terms "favourable" or "unfavourable" exchange. These terms, however, in the extract from Adam Smith, apply only to *an adjustment in the exchange of pure silver.* When applied as they are in Parliament, by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Loyd, by merchants on the Royal Exchange, and by all the newspapers, to exchanges generally, the terms become quite erroneous; since what is termed an unfavourable exchange, is favourable to the exporter of *merchandise.* Now, it is certain that the exports of Britain greatly exceed the imports in value. They have been as 3 to 2; but the exact ratio of excess is unimportant; the fact of excess in any degree is sufficient. So long as it exists *a low exchange, or what is termed an unfavourable exchange, is beneficial to the country at large.*

Let us suppose a case in illustration. British goods to the amount of 20,000 francs are sold in France, for which the seller in France is desired to remit in English money to the exporter in England. Let us suppose this transaction to take place at a time when the exchange is said to be *unfavourable* between France and England, being twenty-four francs to the pound sterling. The seller remits to England 20,000 francs divided by twenty-four francs, or 833*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*

Another transaction at a different period takes place between the two parties. Times are now said to be better. "The exchanges get in our favour;" say twenty-six francs to the pound sterling. The seller now remits to England 20,000 francs divided by twenty-six francs, or 769*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.* Loss by exchanges "turning in our favour" 64*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.*

The truth is, these terms, "favourable" and "unfavourable" exchange, which have got into general use, relate solely to the state of bullion or coin in the coffers of the Bank of England, which bullion or coin is increased by a high exchange, therefore called "favourable," and diminished by a low exchange (which encourages the exportation of the precious metals as of every thing else), therefore called "unfavourable." It is scarcely necessary to say more to prove that the adoption of any system in the currency ought not to be rejected merely because it will or may "turn the exchanges against this country." Get foreign countries in your debt, and leave the exchanges to shift for themselves.

In both Mr. Palmer's and Mr. Loyd's pamphlets the general reader finds difficulty and obscurity, in consequence of their employing the terms (as applied to the Bank of England) "securities," "liabilities," and "deposits," to which Mr. Palmer adds "assets." The question would be simplified if the Bank employed only the terms CIRCULATION, viz. their notes out, to be met by bullion or coin in their coffers, and SECURITIES, viz. bills dis-

counted. Government securities, in our opinion, they ought not to be permitted to purchase. Deposits are none of these, but should be in the Bank of England as in the Bank of France — viz., property of any kind deposited in the Bank of England as a place of security, to be restored on demand in the shape in which it was deposited to the party depositing, and for which accommodation the Bank should charge a certain per-centage.

Both Mr. Palmer and Mr. Loyd seem to consider trade as depending on banking, not banking on trade. Banking is the servant of trade; it exists solely to facilitate trade. But, in the opinion of these gentlemen, to manage the currency is the great object of banking, and it will be found not much unlike the desire of the countryman to be intrusted with the management of the weather. The chief, if not the only, use of a currency, be it paper or metallic, or both, is to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another — to render unnecessary the intolerable grievance of barter. This is the origin, and this the object of money, of whatever kind, and of its machinery — banking; and whenever this, the true object of either, or both, is lost sight of, the subject becomes embarrassed and unintelligible.

Let it be observed, by the way, that "under the management of the currency" by the Bank of England, the interest, that is the value of money, varied from 2½ to 4 per cent. in the course of three years ending in 1833 (see Mr. Palmer's pamphlet, pages 6. and 7.), and that, under the same management, the interest is now, in 1839, 6 per cent.

Mr. Loyd's distinction between the Bank of England as a manager of the circulation, and as a body performing the ordinary functions of a banking concern, has been received, I believe, with general approbation. He says, "As a manager of the currency, it is undoubtedly a sound rule by which to guide itself, that against the amount of notes out it shall hold at its disposal securities and specie; that the amount of the securities shall be invariable; and that, consequently, all fluctuations in the amount of notes out shall be met by a corresponding fluctuation in the amount of specie in deposit. Thus the public, and not the Bank, will be made the regulators of the amount of the circulation, and that amount will, by this principle, be made to fluctuate precisely as it would have fluctuated had the currency been purely metallic.

"For the regulation of the conduct of the Bank as a manager of the currency, this rule is perfectly unobjectionable, and rests, indeed, upon the soundest principles." It is painful to object to a theory so well expressed. Mr. Loyd goes on to say, "But when the same rule is farther applied to the regulation of its conduct as a banking concern, it is necessarily found to be wholly impracticable. * * * * It is, therefore, quite absurd to talk of the Bank in its character of a banking concern keeping the amount of its securities invariable, — the reverse must necessarily be the case." If I mistake not, however, this distinction seems lost sight of when Mr. Loyd (paragraph 9.) says, —

"A bank of issue is intrusted with the creation of the circulating medium.

"A bank of deposit and discount is concerned only with the use, distribution, or application of that circulating medium.

"*The sole duty of the former is to take efficient means for issuing its paper money upon good security, and regulating the amount of it by one fixed rule.*

"The principal object and business of the latter is to obtain the command of as large a proportion as possible of the existing circulating medium, and to distribute it in such manner as shall combine security for repayment with the highest rate of profit."

Now it appears that the duty of the bank of issue is here mixed with the duty of a bank of discount; unless it be denied that "among other efficient

means for issuing its paper upon good security" is that of discounting bills. But it is required by Mr. Loyd that the amount of securities should be fixed; consequently, if bills discounted and not due are part, and probably the chief part, of these securities, a certain amount, and no more, should be vested in them.

Now, suppose the necessaries of life to rise 200 per cent.; suppose, for instance, wheat to rise from 50*s.* to 5*l.* per quarter, or more, as we have frequently seen, is the same quantity of circulating medium that would be sufficient to represent it at 50*s.* sufficient to represent it at 5*l.*? If the circulation were purely metallic, would the same quantity of gold or silver suffice in both cases? Certainly not. The dormant capital of the country must be called into action; the deposits at the Bank of England would be demanded; the balances of the private bankers would be drawn out; and if all these were not sufficient, a sort of currency would be introduced which would be far from desirable (unless by the Chartists), and not at all under the control of the Bank of England.

The condition that the amount of securities should be fixed, which is insisted upon, seems very questionable; but let the condition be conceded, by whom then shall these securities (bills for discount) be offered to the Bank of England? By banks of deposit and discount, says Mr. Loyd; for so we understand him. Why may not the merchant offer the *same securities* to the Bank of England? Because, says, or rather infers, Mr. Loyd, all such securities are to be offered to the Bank of England through the medium of the private banker; *and thus the Bank of England will not be exposed to the perils of complying with the pressing calls of the trader.* But be it observed, at the same time, that upon this plan the merchant is made to depend upon the private banker to negotiate with the Bank of England, when he would rather be, as he ought to be, at liberty to enter into direct negotiation with the Bank of England, himself.

The term deposit, as applied to the Bank of England, is objectionable, if used in the same sense in which it is understood by private bankers. Deposits in the Bank of England need not and ought not to be used. The private banker, on the contrary, gains by using his deposits, and the more he discreetly uses them the more he gains. This is a palpable distinction between a bank of issue and a bank of deposit and discount.

It is insisted upon that the Bank of England should contract its issues "in strict and undeviating conformity" with the diminution of its specie in deposit, and that it should increase its issues in proportion to the increase of its specie. The Bank being constantly a buyer of bullion, it is necessary that it should circulate paper for the amount of those purchases which it thus hinders going into circulation.

This last operation seems reasonable; but the former, viz. the contracting of the circulation in consequence of a diminution of specie in deposit, is a questionable proceeding. The specie withdrawn from the coffers of the Bank goes, say the advocates of the measure, into circulation; therefore, a reduction of bank notes equal to the specie so withdrawn, and said to circulate, should take place. But in point of fact the specie so withdrawn does *not* go into circulation; it goes abroad. The quantity of circulating medium is thus reduced by the Bank contracting its issue; money, as the phrase is, gets scarce, and the trader is distressed.

All this complicated policy seems to arise from the Bank being constant purchasers of bullion. Mr. Loyd in his second pamphlet, "Further Reflections, &c.," seems somewhat embarrassed by this operation of the Bank. And *why* should the Bank be a constant purchaser of bullion to be locked up in

its coffers, and consequently not immediately entering into the circulation? For whose benefit is this proceeding? It can give no security or confidence to the public in the stability of the Bank, for as its hoards increase its notes or liabilities increase also. When a demand comes for gold to send abroad, the exporter knows immediately where to find it, viz. at the Bank: the Bank, on the other hand, fears that its treasure will be exhausted; few or no discounts can be given to the trader; a panic ensues, and multitudes are ruined.

It is not intended on the present occasion to advocate a paper currency; but no one will at this time of day assert that a currency purely metallic can be, or ought to be, restored. Our currency is necessarily mixed: paper comes in aid of gold and silver; but to base paper on those metals is a palpable fiction, of which no greater proof can be, or need be, adduced than the statements of the Bank itself exhibiting the amount of paper in circulation and the amount of gold in deposit. For instance: in March 1837, the amount of the circulation was 18,178,000*l.*, while the amount of bullion was only 4,048,000*l.*

The great problem, and much will he deserve who shall solve it, is to discover a currency, the possessor of which cannot fear or suffer loss; that shall relieve the trading world from such destructive fluctuations in the interest of money, and in its plenty and scarcity. Such in a great measure is the currency of Scotland, based on property which exceeds the notes in circulation an hundred fold. The banks in Scotland are banks of issue as well as banks of deposit and discount; a fact which renders the soundness of Mr. Loyd's distinction between the two very questionable.

To conclude. No intention has here been entertained to analyse Mr. Palmer's statements or Mr. Loyd's searching replies; but rather to give publicity to a few long-digested opinions, revived, not occasioned by, these pamphlets, with a view to invite inquiry on topics of vital importance to the commercial world.

THE SPANISH THEATRE.

Tesoro del Teatro Espanol. Obras escogidas de Calderon. Por Eugenio Ochoa. Paris: 1839.

Origen del Teatro, Español de D. Nicolas Moratin. Nueva Edicion. Paris: 1839.

Ensayo sobre el Drama Español de Martinez de la Rosa. 1838.

Calderon's Schauspiele ubersezt von Gries und Schlegel. Vien. London: Senior, Pall Mall. 1839.

It has long been matter of surprise that the masterpieces of one of the great dramatic writers of modern Europe should have so long remained totally unknown to the bulk of English readers. Frequent as are the essays of journalists upon the characteristics of the Spanish drama, and numerous as are the translations and adaptations upon our stage, of French and German pieces, we believe we may correctly assert, that English literature does not possess a single version of a Spanish play from beginning to end executed in the forms and spirit of the lyrical original. The cause of this may be as much the difficulty of rendering into the vernacular the intricate

measures, as the proverbs, puns, jokes, conceits, and hyperbolical flights of Calderon. It is impossible to assign too much praise to the translations of Gries and Schlegel, or to admire sufficiently the elegant facility with which each shade and peculiarity of the master is rendered with a fidelity which, like the German versions of Shakspeare, is absolutely marvellous. Persuaded of this difficulty, and, at the same time, of the impossibility of creating an interest in these works, unless the task be accomplished, we abstain from dealing in philosophical criticism or general characteristics, and address ourselves exclusively to the infinitely more laborious task of laying before our readers the means of judging for themselves, and drawing their own conclusions. At a period when dramatic literature is turning on all sides in search of a new inspiration, or a new picture of manners and morals, it may not be uninteresting to indicate to the student in this collection of Señor Ochoa's the sources of a species at once novel and beautiful, clothed in a form which the popularity of the lyrical drama shows to be agreeable to the general taste, and which, indeed, in the musical languages of Spain and Italy, is a natural adjunct of a work which ought to unite in itself, according to the best critics, the flower of poetry, painting, and music. We do not anticipate that an English audience, like a German one, would endure to listen to a rhymed lyrical play any more than they would to rhymed heroical verses, but as dramatic poems, we see no objection to them exactly as they were written by their author. Calderon's plays, and those of all the Spanish dramatic writers, are divided into three distinct species — the comedy of every-day life, the heroic comedy, and the religious drama. Every reader knows the characteristics of the common Spanish comedy of intrigue; its salient features have been preserved traditionally on every stage of Europe; its intrigue, courtesy, point of honour, and bombast: its elegant form and poetry alone have escaped imitation, by reason of the difficulty of equalling or excelling them. In the heroic comedies, the same traits are manifested, with the addition of more improbable events and historical fables or anachronisms, coupled with a spice of humour, character, and gaiety, which show the poet at his ease amidst his air-drawn creations, and from which we suspect, notwithstanding the neglect of character with which Spanish dramatists are charged, our own Elizabethan school derived many of their conceptions. In Calderon's *Conde Lucanor*, for example, the characters of two fops, amatory and military, are contrasted with a *preux chevalier*, in very entertaining verses, sketched with a light and airy pencil, and, as it is one of the most characteristic of its tribe, we select it as a specimen. In order to its better comprehension, it is necessary to inform the reader, that the scene takes place in the cave of the sorceress Irifela, whom Federigo, Duke of Tuscany, captive to the sultan of Egypt, invokes to conjure up the suitors of his absent daughter.

Irifela. What three are these whom you would fain behold?
Federigo. Show me the two! I know the other well.
Irifela. Their names?
Federigo. Are Casimiro, Prince of Hungary,
And the young Astolfo, Russia's lord.
Irifela. Approach, and view their persons through the gloom,
And listen how each one employs his time.
[*Within, on one side, sound of trumpets and drums; on the other, soft music.*
Voices within.] O, war, thou scourge! To arms! To arms!
Within, Astolfo and Casimiro.
Astolfo. Let all sound horror and alarms!

Casimiro. Sing, and let all be peace and love,
All shapes that in this garden move! [*Music.*
Like groves, where still blithe song doth flow,
When odorous flowers in spring-time blow! [*Instruments sound again.*
Irifela. What see'st thou?
Federigo. I behold a city stormed,
Wherein no living creature 'scapes the wrath
Of a fierce youth.
Sultan. And I a garden view,
Enamelled o'er with flowers of various dyes;
And there, a fair boy, in a myrtle bower
Retired, sits smoothing down his silken hair.
Federigo. That to his conquering troops exclaims—
Voices.
War! War!
Astolfo. To arms! To arms! Let all be overthrown!
Sultan. And this——
Casimiro. O sing; and, in your languid strain,
Let birds, and flowers, and leaves, and all things move [*Music within.*
To love, only to love!
Irifela. Now, ye have gazed on both. [*Covers the mirror.*
Federigo. Stay, cover not
So soon the magic mirror, till we view
Something of their achievements and their minds.
Irifela. Therefore, that ye may nearer see their forms,
Another phantom figure I will show;
And thus to young Prince Casimiro listen.

Enter Casimiro, dressed in the Hungarian manner, viewing himself in a mirror, which a page bears. Musicians discovered singing

Casimiro. But with regard to my design,
Touching the motto and the song. [*Music.*
Ah! fond hope, still lingering, vain;
How long wilt thou increase my sorrow?
Hiding still the present pain,
Hoping still the cure to-morrow!
Casimiro. Yes! the hope that song creates
Well defines my heart's desire;
Since, while I view the days expire,
Fate my bliss procrastinates.
To-morrow and to-morrow's wane
Still usher in to-morrow's pain,
And nought my passion's tyranny
Decreases, but still stores for me,

He and Music. Ah! fond hope, still lingering vain!
[*Passing to and fro, admiring himself, at each turn, in the mirror, and arranging his locks.*

Casimiro. Rosimunda fair, I love
Since first I saw the pictured glance
Of her matchless countenance.
He who seeks her worth to prove,
A portion of her charms must borrow:
If I, in presence of the maid,
As faultless look, as here portrayed,
I scarce can find her frown severe;
And thus with useless doubt, I fear,
He and Music. How long wilt thou increase my sorrow!
Casimiro. For it is plain that love secures
The first election mine; because,
In love, proud beauty ever was
The card that first of all allures;
And then, when in its rigour, I
Yield all my soul, love's strength to chain;
Since they alone deserve who sigh——
He and Music. Hiding still the present pain
Casimiro. Yet, tho' I may her scorn inherit,
Still will I love, tho' fate may choose

That I may her bright beauty lose
(Tho' not the less her favour merit).
Thinking then, 'midst her disdain,
Whose is the loss, and whose the gain,
I'll comfort take, and soothe my sorrow,
Smiling at my former pain ——
He and Music. Nor hoping for the cure to-morrow!
[*They turn to depart in the order in which they entered, repeating the motto.*
Ah! fond hope, still lingering vain,
How long wilt thou increase my sorrow,
Hiding still the present pain,
Hoping still the cure to-morrow?
Sultan. This is vain, affected.
Federigo. His presumption
Disgusts me; for, though beauty in a man
Be an adornment, yet is it no merit.
But now proceed, and let the action tell
Regarding young Astolfo, Russia's lord.

Enter Astolfo, clothed in the Polish dress, armed with a sword and buckler, combating with citizens, who retire before him.

All. O war! thou ruthless scourge! to arms! to arms!
Astolfo. Let the affrighted orb resound with dire alarms!
Our conquered foes in vain for mercy strive!
Let not a man our onset fierce survive! —
Glory is not for me if victory's crown
Circle my brows for bloodless triumphs won.
All. Pity, great lord!
Astolfo. Ho, villains! This from me?
What mercy more than by these hands to die?
Fly! for a foe's rebellion to repay: [*All fly.*
This mercy 's mild — more would be thrown away!
Now, fire the city, 'till with blood the plain
Flows in empurpled torrents towards the main!
So that the quenchless dropsy of my rage
May, in that tide, its cruel thirst assuage,
And drown in oceans there.
O Rosimunda, fair!
Who, that he might in thy pale presence stand,
Would change the haughty pride of high command,
The stormy joy, the trembling hope, that wait the victor band

Enters with his troop, and trumpets sound again.

Sultan. Why, this is proud!
Federigo. And well I know his mind,
Since, to their prayers, a deaf ear he inclined;
And happy is the crown alone whose king
In war o'ercomes his foes, yet pardons, co nquering.
Irifela. Now ye have seen the two that you desired.
Federigo. And for one's softness, and the other's pride,
My choice rejects them both.
Sultan. Pass to the third.
Federigo. Nay, that were useless; for already I
Have some small knowledge of his dignity.
Sultan. And who is he? for now your doubts and care
Awake my interest.
Federigo. 'T is Count Lucanor,
A youth of fortune, whom my blood ennobles,
But whose condition and misfortunes shame it.
He was my soldiers' general, and, in war,
Many and noble victories obtained;
And, failing now the school of Mars, devotes
His time and study to Apollo's school,
Displaying with the falchion and the pen
The graces of a most accomplished mind.
But has no other heritage to boast
Than being my kinsman.
Sultan. Him, too, I must see.

Irifela. Then hear that which within a wood occurred
To Rosimunda's chase.
All. Beware the lion!
Enter Rosimunda, alarmed; Lucanor after her.
Rosimunda. Will no one, then, to my succour fly?
Clori! Estella! Sirene! haste,
See you me not by the monster chased?
Lucanor. Ah, lady! yes there is one to die
In thy defence the foremost; then turn,
And, while he draws near, in safety retire.
Fear not, Señora! he cometh no nigher.
Rosimunda. I tremble, lest fear my frame o'erturn.
[*Stumbles, and leaves a shoe on the stage.*
Federigo. Ah! she 's in danger. I die to behold!
Lucanor. But my envious stars this favour withhold —
Nor permit me to die for the beauty I love:
For the beast, in his fury, now towards the grove
Once more his last footsteps retraces.
Enter Pasquin.
Pasquin. Señor!
Lucanor. Whither go you so fast? Stay, sirrah, Pasquin!
Pasquin. And the wild beast?
Lucanor. E'en now, midst the bushes our foe
With furious speed hastens towards his den.
Pasquin. Not lions alone to turn tail will begin
Now-a-days.
Lucanor. Sirrah! mean you your folly to show?
Pasquin. No folly, I say, or impertinence, for
As I am a sinner, 't is even just so.
Lucanor. Then who is the coward — the wild savage?
Pasquin. No!
'T is just her young cousin, the Count Lucanor.
Lucanor. That fortune the bliss that I seek should debar!
Nor give me of that happy cup to partake!
O fair Rosimunda! to die for thy sake!
More cruel than lions, thou envious star!
Pasquin. Why didst thou not somewhat of this to her break,
And tell her the tale of thy heart-losing; or
Is thy star more thy duchess than Rosa, señor?
That one, not the other, forbids thee to speak.
Lucanor. 'T is the beauty which I saw,
And, seeing, became blind with error.
Weak ambition, which the awe
Of her presence bound in terror.
Had I the world's sovereignty
At her feet with pride to lay,
Or had the power to essay
Federigo, her sire, to free ——
Federigo. Hear I this?
Lucanor. Then would I tell
My tale of love; but, can I soar
(His poor esquire, and no more)
So highly that I should excel
In rivalry with princes? No!
Poverty and love betray
Great arrogance, or they display
Small prudence; but what glitters so?
Pasquin. A slipper 't is!
Lucanor. Now, Pasquin, hold!
I must not, dare not.
Pasquin. Why? 't is gold
Which dazzles and which shines so bright,
With a thousand sparkling rays —
'T is the brilliant diamond's blaze,
Or golden fringe, that meets my sight.
When sold, I think I may expect
For nakedness a remedy.

Lucanor. I may not but with gallantry
Handle this, and deep respect.
[*Takes out a handkerchief, casts a knot on it, and raises the shoe.*
Come Pasquin! to the miniature
A noble cover I have found.
This, than I, better will expound
The meaning that I would assure.
Pasquin. But, whether it have that effect
Or not, 't were better, in my mind,
To sell the slipper that we find,
With the most profound respect. [*Exeunt.*
Federigo. Now you have seen if with my first description
Agrees his person.
Sultan. Yes, Federigo!
And were I to make choice among the shadows,
This were the man.
Federigo. Your reasons, pray you, sir?
Sultan. That, still withholding, for decorum's sake,
He does not yet withhold himself from danger,
Because he, with the passion most refined,
Loves, and still feels with sensibility;
That, with a manly courage, he aspires,
Yet still is conscious of his own demerit;
Because he knows his star, and, in his pain,
With hope dissembles.
Federigo. Strange!
Sultan. Why dost thou marvel?
Federigo. That 't is——
Sultan. Proceed: what troubles you?
Federigo. The counsel
Of my worst foe, and yet, that I adopt it.
Irifela. Night's gloomy mantle falls:—before you leave
The cover of this solitary hut,
To quicken your false memory, these shades,
United, shall once more their song repeat.
[*This to be sung and acted in concert, trumpets, flutes, and drums sounding incessantly, till the scene closes, taking care that, whether heard or not, all must end at the same moment.*
Voices. O war, thou scourge! To arms! to arms!
Astolfo. Let the hoarse trumpet sound alarms!
Casimiro. O sing! and see ye murmur love,
All shapes that in this garden move!
Music. Like groves, where still blithe song doth flow,
When odorous flowers in spring-time blow!
Rosimunda. Estella! Sirene! hasten, or I,
In your defence, the foremost shall die!
Sultan. To prison, and there to your questions reply.
Federigo. A man, 't is the noblest, first to provide,
And, last of all, beauty of person and pride. [*Exeunt.*

It is to events more than to physical accidents of climate or situation that Spanish poetry is indebted for its particular type or form. The Peninsula contained an aggregate body of men scarcely sufficient to merit the name of a nation, when it was engaged in one of the longest and bloodiest contests of which the annals of any people make mention. Powerful and grasping conquerors assembled from the extremity of Africa to invade Spain, and laid the foundations of a brilliant and lasting empire. The whole kingdom was bowed beneath their yoke. The standard of Mahomet already floated from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Bidassoa, when a handful of men who had taken refuge in the mountains of Asturias conceived the idea of delivering their country from the yoke of strangers, and began a career of exploits which was continued for nearly six centuries, and terminated by the expulsion of the oppressors. That war had a particular character which necessarily exercised its influence upon the whole

nation, for the whole nation took part in it. It was carried on against a distant people whose manners, customs, language and dress differed essentially from those of all other nations then known. The contests were partial, and took place at different periods, according to circumstances; sometimes in one province, sometimes in another; one day against formidable armies, at another against detached parties. The war was pursued without any diplomatic view, and, without the aid of any government, through the sheer force of opinion and patriotism, and above all through a spirit of religion. It is this latter feature which historians have not sufficiently observed, and to which they have not attached all the importance that is due to it. Hence comes that religious colouring which, during so many ages, has been spread over the character, institutions, manners, and entire existence of the Spaniards. Among all Catholic nations there is no one which has followed a system of fanaticism and persecution so decided, general, and violent as Spain, from the days of Pelayo to our own day; because no other European people have been formed and matured in the midst of religious wars; because those wars which devastated other countries have only been occasional and transient, whilst in Spain they formed the basis of social instruction, the atmosphere in which the political body was nourished and developed; it is, in short, because Spain has always identified the country with religion, and because the enemies she has had to contend with have always been as dangerous for the one as the other. Hence those fantastic devotions which at first were only so many different manners of imploring the protection of heaven against their enemies — hence that blind respect for the ministers of religion, whose cause was mixed up with that of the national interests — hence that ferocious disposition, so favourable to the establishment of the Inquisition, which was considered as an instrument of war, or a species of hostility against the common enemy. Such were the muses which inspired the first accents of the Castilian lyre, and to the influence of which they owed their origin and strength. It is to these sources that we must attribute the ineffaceable character of the Spanish poetry: firstly, its heroic and romantic tone; secondly, its superfluity of images; and, lastly, its eminently religious spirit. The oldest compositions which deserve the name of poetry are all the products of these causes. Such are the celebrated romances and ballads which are so greatly admired for the elevation of the thoughts and the force of the sentiments. And let us not reject contemptuously these imperfect essays. They have supplied the silence of history, and saved from oblivion illustrious names and deeds worthy of admiration and gratitude. The ballads form the chronicle of those stormy times when every man was a soldier, when no one had either the leisure or instruction necessary to hand down his historical reminiscences to posterity. All that we know at present of the famous Cid, one of the greatest warriors who ever figured on the world's stage, has been preserved to us only by means of the ballads which were composed and sung in his time, of which Herder has made the beautiful translation recently published with such elegant illustrations. The same may be said of an infinite number of other heroes. Monuments like these are much less equivocal than statues and historical praises. Enthusiasm may have enlarged objects, but the praise at least has not been poisoned by flattery. In the Spanish character there exists a disposition particularly favourable to that species of poetry, the noblest of all, if we merely consider in it the interest of truth and the original beauties of the human mind. The Spaniard is by nature a poet; but he does not, like the Frenchman, give voice to his feelings amidst the gaiety of festivals or

banquets. He sings when he is solitary, or when he is animated by some strong passion, or induced by that vague and pleasing melancholy which is inspired by religious impressions and the serene nights of a beautiful climate. Even this disposition may be merely a moral languor, the necessary result of that warmth, and the absence of all mental excitement. When the reason is not provided with all the materials which it requires, its power is naturally directed towards the dreams of the fancy. The Spaniard, full of spirit and fire, dreams rather than reflects, and sings instead of converses. Actual existence affects him but slightly. His carelessness and sobriety serve him instead of philosophy; he does not live amidst the realities which surround him, but amidst the dreams of his fancy. Perhaps there does not exist a single remarkable event in the annals of Spain, from Pelayo to Mina, which does not furnish a proof of this characteristic trait of national genius. It is thus that the ballad multiplied and became the support of public spirit, and the traditional history of men, places, and events.

This period ended on the destruction of the empire of the Arabs. The ballad, like the swan about to die, then uttered its most harmonious accents. In fact, all the most beautiful Spanish ballads, in regard to poetical imagery and style, are those in which the conquest of Grenada, the civil wars of the Moors, and the virtues and magnanimity of Isabella, are celebrated. That celebrated woman united upon her brows all the crowns of the Peninsula; and from that moment Spain became a state, and ceased to be poetical.

Garcilasso de la Vega, one of the most famous captains of those heroic times, marched to the wars in Italy, and returned from that country with his head full of poetical innovations. He introduced the endecasyllabic verse; the taste for *canzone;* the affectation of sentiment, and that ingenious verbiage which makes Italian poetry a kind of music agreeable to the ear, but void of sentiment, nature, and reason. Peace had given leisure for mental cultivation. Garcilasso's novelties spread with astonishing rapidity. The simplicity of the ancient poetry was regarded as vulgarity of style.

The bad taste which reigned in other departments of literature served to increase and develope these seeds of corruption. The Latin language, which was spoken in the schools, communicated to poetry barbarous phrases, forced constructions, and false ornaments. On the other hand, the pomp and etiquette which Charles V. established at his court, and in the national manners, imparted to the language, and above all to its poetical expression, that turn of conceited phraseology, that spirit of exaggeration, and taste for the monstrous and gigantic, with which all civilised nations have reproached the Spaniards, as a caricature which degenerates into the ridiculous. Scholastic disputes, abuse of the syllogism, and Aristotelian jargon, passed from the schools into Parnassus, and poetry became pedantic and unintelligible. Lastly, devotion ceased to be tender, reflective, and sincere, to become argumentative and ascetic; and sacred poetry was overcharged with those affected circumlocutions which deprived it of its finest essence. Such was the general state of Spanish poetry under the reigns of Charles V. and the three first Philips. The Spaniards wrote a great deal in verse, because they did not know what subject to treat in prose. They were what the slaves of absolute power are every where — grown-up children, who are forbidden to meddle with things of value, but allowed to amuse themselves with trifles. This poetical activity, however, gave rise to distinguished talents, which, perfecting themselves by the study of the ancient classics, wrote with taste, purity, and moderation. Many names figure honourably in this career. They form a brilliant constellation, which modern Spaniards

quote with pride, and designate under the general denomination of the golden age of their literature.

In speaking of this small number of distinguished writers, we cannot refuse the first place to the sublime Luis de Leon. The perusal of his exquisite works can alone afford us any consolation for the loss which Spanish poetry suffered at the moment when foreign innovations deprived it of its natural beauties: it is in them that we learn to feel how capable the Castilian language is of expressing whatever is most profound in the meditations of philosophy, most touching in religious sentiments, and most noble in lyrical inspirations. Full of the classic beauties of Homer and Horace, still more deeply penetrated with the grandeur of imagery and mystic unction of the Bible, nurtured in the study of the best authors of preceding ages, and versed in the oriental languages, Leon has managed the Spanish poetry like a prism, to reflect the brilliant creations of his fancy and the treasures with which he had stored his mind. His translations of Horace, Job, and David, are models of perfection. He has preserved the original colours of his prototypes in all their original purity. He has developed in the Spanish language the facility with which it accommodates itself to all the harmonious combinations of which the organ of speech is susceptible. He bestowed roundness on its periods, variety to its rhythm, and ease to its inversions. This purely mechanical labour is, however, concealed in his works under the appearance of the most natural simplicity. It is not a painful arrangement of words and syllables,—it is like the creation of a new idiom.

In his original pieces he exhibits all the elevation of his genius, the grandeur of his thoughts and the sensibility of his soul. Nothing is more simple or majestic than his "Prophecy of the Tagus." The genius of that river arises from the waters to predict to King Roderic, who reposes on its banks in the arms of his Cava, the misfortunes which are on the point of bursting upon Spain by reason of his insane passion. He paints to him the legions of Africa, profiting by his lethargy to overwhelm the kingdom. Already he beholds the cities in flames, their virgins violated, their temples profaned, and the rivers bearing to the sea the bleeding bodies of the Spanish warriors. Finally, he terminates his terrible imprecation by the prophecy of the long slavery which his beloved country is about to suffer. In this admirable composition every word bears the impression of that sacred fire,—*qui vatum pectora nutrit.* His anger is terrific, but noble and majestic; his language pure as the waters of the river he personifies. The style of this fine poem may be compared to the awful calm of the ocean at the moment that precedes the tempest which is to swallow its thousand victims.

In the magnificent ode, entitled "Noche Serena," it is no longer the indignant prophet that speaks,—it is the contemplative philosopher pouring out his soul in a transparent and perfumed atmosphere; allowing his imagination to wander among the stars that gild the firmament, and feeling himself transported by an irresistible power to the gates of the sanctuary of the God he adores.

Leon had many imitators, but no rivals. Whilst the poets of his time busied themselves in flowery groves, or sang the torments of love, the rivalries of shepherds, the praises of kings, or the miracles of saints, his flight, like that of the bold eagle, bore him into regions more elevated. He penetrated into the mysteries of contemplation—disdaining whatever pleased but did not elevate, whatever amused the ear without enriching the mind. Pastoral poetry was of this species. It is not in the

bucolics of cardinals, counts, and marquises, sighing for their *patita*, and hiding their vain compliments under rustic verbiage, that we find real sentiments and ardent passions; but all that is nature and truth, under whatever form it be, is banished from the abode of despots and the cave of persecuting fanaticism.

After an Austrian family had seated itself upon the throne of Castile, the fear of offending the idol, the mania of hyperbolical and oriental affectation, the desire of pleasing a foreign king by affecting foreign manners, were the sources which corrupted taste in all the arts, and morals in all classes of society. The last Philip of the house of Augsburgh was a poet, and poetry became a national fever or universal contagion. It was the only means by which men could obtain place or fame. Every one wrote verse; and, amidst this deluge of compositions, classical beauties were totally lost sight of, and they remembered no longer that poetry is an art of which the beautiful is the model. In the midst of this universal profanation, one grieves to see placed a man of such genius as Lope de Vega, whom nature had gifted with such an astonishing versatility of talent. He possessed a great knowledge of the human heart, as well as of the rules of art; and whilst he spurned so contemptuously those sage laws, he explained them in a didactic poem, declaring at the same time that he despised the rules, though he well knew the use of them, — that he wrote merely to please the public; and that, as it was the public who paid him, he was obliged to speak to it according to its taste. Thus in writing he proposed to himself neither to improve his art, nor to acquire reputation, but simply to please and amuse. Many of his innumerable comedies were composed, learnt, and repeated within the space of twenty-four hours. One may judge of the dignity of the muse at this period, and of the glory which could be acquired by such means. More than forty writers of his school laboured at the same time with himself. Thus there is not a mythological fable, an historical fact, or a miracle in the lives of the saints, which has not been formed into a play by these dramatic workmen. Lope de Vega, however, must be admired for his admirably managed plans, his carefully drawn characters, his theatrical situations, and a style sparkling with wit.

Spanish genius was next doomed to traverse, in its poetical career, not only vulgar and ignoble paths, but the precipices of extravagance and the labyrinths of obscurity. A writer, who had deservedly acquired reputation by his romances full of charm and sentiment, and by satires remarkable for their justice and elegance, ashamed to speak in the language of other poets, invented a peculiar idiom, the whole merit of which consisted in clothing the simplest ideas in the most unintelligible phrases. This man was Gongora, the founder of a sect which reigned for a century in the republic of letters. He deserves that we should pause for a moment to define his system and examine the influence which he exercised upon the public mind.

Gongora had studied the learned languages, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the scholastic theology; he was, besides, well versed in history and mythology, and, despite the agreeable *badinage* with which he filled his youthful productions, possessed a mind prone to melancholy. The style which he invented participates in all these qualities and dispositions. He abandoned simple and regular construction, contrary to all rules of syntax, and separated by enormous parentheses and long tirades the correlative words which depended upon each other, precisely as if he had written Latin with Spanish words. His favourite metaphors are

those which are the farthest removed from the objects he sought to represent, his allegories are puzzles which we attempt in vain to solve, and his hyperboles are lost in the clouds. He chooses for his allusions the most unknown circumstances and the most mysterious relations between the things which he proposes to explain. Add to all this, eccentric epithets, an affectation to employ words of the longest and most guttural sounds, pictures charged with the most extravagant sentiments, the most incoherent choice of expressions, and we have an idea of Gongora's style, — a style decorated with the name of the *cultivated*, to distinguish it from the language of nature. It was a mortal blow to all branches of literature. *Gongorism* invaded the tribunals, writings of all kinds, official documents, and private conversation; and such progress did it make in the pulpit, that more than a century after its introduction it was necessary to interfere seriously, to set bounds to an abuse not less contrary to the interests of religion than to the rules of taste. The witty Jesuit, Isla, was inspired by it with the idea of his "Friar Gerund," a work which almost deserves the title of the "Don Quixote" of literature.

Such was the state of Spanish poetry when the Austrian branch became extinct upon the throne of Spain, and Louis XIV. succeeded in placing upon it a king of his own family. The first Bourbon who governed Spain, without inheriting the talents of his grandfather, possessed all his faults and vices. He was above all things infatuated with that vanity which recognised nothing good or beautiful, except what was born on the banks of the Seine. Spain became French, as she had previously become Austrian; and extravagant romanticism gave way to a classical taste the most monotonous, insipid, and barren. Scarcely escaped from a war which the opposing interests of two powerful houses had produced, governed by a feeble and voluptuous prince, excluded from literary and scientific commerce with the rest of Europe by the barrier of the Pyrenees and the sinister projects of France — despoiled, in fine, of their ancient institutions, their ancient customs, and their ancient prerogatives, the Spaniards remained many years in a moral and intellectual lethargy, in a state of complete degradation and privation of all education and mental enjoyment. The successor of Philip was not the man to rescue his subjects from this lethargy. Under Ferdinand VII. the only art cultivated in Spain was Italian music, of which he was passionately fond. The increase which the commerce of America experienced produced none of those advantages which are every where the effect of the circulation of wealth. An ignorant and superstitious people trafficked with people to whom they had communicated their own ignorance and superstition. In such circumstances the exchange of products was only the removal of the superfluities of each people, and produced as its result merely the prosperity of a few commercial houses and the monetary death of the royal treasury. Ferdinand amassed immense sums, the greater part of which was squandered on singers and dancers.

Charles III. ascended the throne of Spain after having occupied that of Naples. He brought with him from the latter place that taste for the arts and passion for study which constitute the elements of social life in Italy, and which all the efforts of superstition can never efface from the minds of the natives of that country. Chance placed in his court and around his throne enlightened men desirous of reform, and burning with the desire to restore their country to the height from which she had fallen during preceding reigns. The general impulse then given to the rest of Europe communicated itself to Spain, and revived the principles of civilisation. Canals were opened, roads constructed, cities founded, learned societies, public

courts, and academies for the fine arts, instituted; foreign artists were liberally paid, abuses reformed, and every thing seemed to promise an age of happiness and prosperity. Magistrates, as respectable by their rank as by their knowledge and virtue, openly attacked the usurpations of the court of Rome. The grandees of Spain allied themselves to the *philosophes* of Paris. Aranda became the friend of Voltaire. The monks yielded to the writers, and in place of building convents and chapels, magnificent edifices, destined to the study of the sciences, were erected every where. Depressed until then by so many shameful bonds, public spirit took a new spring. Curiosity and the desire of knowledge penetrated into those countries whence they had formerly been banished. Poetry followed the general movement. Modest and timid muses gave prelude to the great innovation that was about to be accomplished. Gonzales, Cadalso, Jovellanos, Moratin (the father of the celebrated comic writer), wrote with taste and precision. But it was reserved to their friend Melendez Valdes to open a new career. It was the lot of this superior man to found a school of which the principles do not belong to particular opinions or beauties of fashion or convention, but to the eternal and immutable rules of all that has been admired as beautiful, and sanctioned by taste among every people and in every age. Sublime in the ode, simple and true in the Anacreontic, always original, philosophic, and pure, Melendez appears less to have created a new style than to have purified other styles. His imagination which avails itself of all beauties susceptible of poetical colouring, never flies from the salutary yoke of an irreproachable taste, and his manner of painting nature shows that he knows how to embellish without failing in resemblance, to be exact without being common, and to obey its rules without laying aside the wings of his imagination. But the greatest service which Melendez rendered to Spanish poetry was to open to it the sanctuary of science. He proved by his example that poetry might explain the phenomena of nature, and interpret the oracles of human knowledge, without descending from the lofty regions which it inhabits, and that the discoveries of the astronomer and botanist may be expressed in harmonious verse without being obscure or pedantic. From that time poetical language and taste were fixed in Spain. Numerous imitators proved how well Melendez traced the vast carer. Cienfuegos, Quintana, Lista, and many others of whose works the English public knows little — as, for example, Martinez de La Rosa — are upon a par with most of the modern lyrical poets. Novelty of imagery, purity of style, boldness of thought, care in selecting the most harmonious sounds, a philosophic tone, and finally truth and warmth of sentiment — such are the characteristic traits of this school. It has yet, however, a great step to make ere it attain perfection. Despite the latitude which it grants to the inspiration of genius and the study of nature, it still advances trammelled by a certain number of turns that give it an air of monotony and affectation. It is still too lyrical, too elevated, too *recherché* in its ornaments.

It seeks too much for circumlocutions to express simple things as if it dared not exhibit truth in its plain nakedness. The source of this defect is the same as that which has produced so many errors and prejudices in the public mind of Spain. It proceeds from her unfortunate geographical position, since nature has separated her from the rest of Europe by a nation from which she is obliged to receive every thing—books, ideas, and fashions. Spanish literature is still too French. It must study a little more the freer, more natural, and more energetic style of the English. The history of literature is merely the expression of society,—the picture of events, morals,

and vicissitudes which have influenced its changes, and marched in accord with it. To the literary man and the historian this point of view may furnish reflections upon the mutual action of human institutions, as well as upon the character imparted to the arts by the errors of the mind, the passions of mankind, and the movement impressed upon ages by the interests, errors, and faults of politics. The Earl of Clarendon, in his speeches in the House of Lords, has painted the character of the nation among whom he lived so long as our ambassador in terms of glowing praise. Spaniards, according to one who has had an opportunity of knowing them, are not sunk in the depths of moral and political degradation which would justify us in regarding them as a nation of murderers and cut-throats. When our own course of political conviction and action shall have been made more manifest to the rest of the world, we doubt not that their line of policy will be definitively fixed; but what rule of conduct the Spanish or Turkish nations are to deduce from the wavering policy of French and English parties must depend more upon deeds than upon professions of principles. The voice of England, like the monetary exchanges of her capital, influences the whole civilised world — for weal or for woe.

The civil war in Spain has, at least, had this good effect, — that it has decided the mass of the population one way or other. By drawing their attention to the contest between Carlist and Christino, they have been led to give attention to the two principles which they represent. The minds of the peasantry have been led to inquiry, and the fatal apathy of ignorance has given way before the excitement of battle. Three out of four provinces of Spain have pronounced unequivocally in favour of liberty. Not a Carlist can show his front in them; or if so, only during a swift and disastrous flight. Commerce, agriculture, and prosperity are on the increase, and the national resources are greatly developed. Capital is being employed in works of public utility; and, what is of vastly more importance than all, a numerous class of independent landed proprietors, created by the sale of the national property, have sprung up, and constitute, as in France, the bulwark of the new order of things,—all vitally interested in the success of the constitutional cause. Sooner or later Carlism, like the Vendean insurrection, must burn to its ashes; for organic changes in the basis of society itself have for ever prevented the permanent restoration of absolute power.

FORTUNATE FOLLY.

HAD he possess'd the proper complement
Of senses, this good fortune he had miss'd;
But, from a marvellous deficiency,
He 's blind to some things, sees but half of others,
And thus slips through the dangerous wheels of reason,
Which would have crush'd a man of pausing thought,
While such a fool gains safe the open flood,
And floats in gold by his own levity.

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION — POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A Voice from America to England. By AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN. London: Henry Colburn. 1839.

ALTHOUGH the reader, if he expect the contents of this work to correspond with its title, will be sadly disappointed, he will find it in other respects both interesting and instructive. "A Voice from America" should be a voice of warning, or condolence, or congratulation, or of something or everything; but this is a mere hubbub of comments on the different phases of American society, which the author seems to have transmitted across the Atlantic without having any definite object — any advice to convey — any principle to refute or establish; but merely, as he says himself, "to exhibit a true and faithful picture of American society, mainly as political and religious," and to leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. While, however, he thus professes to have no particular object in view, he directs attention to two principal subjects, with which he himself is almost exclusively engrossed, the alarming inroads of "the demon of Radicalism" on the thrones of Europe and the constitutions of America, and the danger of separating religion from the state. The other subjects noticed in the volume are, the abolition of slavery, the Canadian rebellion, the "Jackson dynasty," and "the American constitutional party and the democracy."

The writer commences with a chapter of definitions, which appears to have been principally designed as a safety-valve to "let off" a variety of notions about democracy, liberty, equality, political rights, &c. &c. From the first definition the reader may learn the character of all: —

> "Democracy — a government of primary assemblies; this is pure democracy. Type Grecian, — as in the small states of Greece, at one period, the people are supposed to be convoked for original legislation, for judicial decisions, and for all purposes of government." — p. 1.

This he again calls the "primary *grammatical* form" of democracy. Concluding that, because in some of the states of Greece the *power of the people* was occasionally exercised in this manner, a democracy must be, in all times and places, "a government of primary assemblies," he raises the monster in every variety of shape, and destroys it again with the same zest and facility, with which, in our younger days, after reading "The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," we used to conjure up and slaughter as many ferocious savages as ever that illustrious hero had consigned to eternity. When he comes to the consideration of the words Liberty and Equality, he exhibits the impatient desire of a schoolboy, to enlighten mankind as to the real nothingness of these terms, as if every one did not already know that they were mere "words, by cunning caught and spread." In illustrating them by the passage in the Declaration of Rights, "That all men are born *free* and *equal*," he displays a *naïve* ingenuity; which, if not convincing, is at least amusing. Instead of saying that those words in that document are a national lie, he very coolly lays it down, that the framers of it were only comparing themselves with those against whom they were struggling; that the term "*free*" referred only to the denial of the right of the British Crown to enforce taxation without representation; and that the term "equal" merely indicated the abolition by Congress of the hereditary titles of kings and nobles!

In speaking of the political organisation of American society, our author contrasts what is called the British constitution, with the constitution of the United States. The latter he describes as "a summary of powers delegated originally by the States in general convention, for federal and national purposes, having a palpable, prescribed, and definite form." But that which is called the constitution of the United States should be more properly styled Articles of Confederation, for it is merely an agreement between several independent states to combine for certain specified purposes, on certain principles, and under certain conditions; so that the majority could not inflict on one or more states any injuries to which they would not be liable, had they remained independent of the Union. This differs materially from a power conceded by a single nation to its own representatives, to promote its welfare by every means which their ingenuity could devise. We are aware of the undefinable nature of "the British constitution," but the American Gentleman should have compared it, not with the *constitution* of the United States, but with that of each and every of the states in its separate character, so far as it is not controlled by the general government. If he had done this, he would have found that the *constitution* of each was as undefinably illimitable (with the above exceptions) as that of Great Britain.

Of "*the constitution*" he seems perfectly enamoured, and as opposed to any changes in it, as if he were a Mede or a Persian. Since the time of Jefferson, he describes "the popular will in the shape of a dynasty of opinion," as habitually assailing "the constitution," and triumphing over its provisions, "and the all-ruling element of democracy constantly increasing in power and efficiency."

"It is true, indeed, that *the constitution* has presented a strong barrier to the operation and progress of this power, as it has been explained and defended in the national councils and elsewhere, by the opposing party; and also as guarded by the shield of the national judiciary; but in every great pinch, *the constitution* has been forced to bend to this antagonist power, and sometimes to give way."— p. 48. . . . . "The victorious party in a state will of course deny the violence charged upon them, the vanquished are compelled to submit, and make the best of their defeat; while both, it may be, profess respect for *the constitution*, and the nation goes on under its rule, acknowledging its authority. Such hitherto has been the fact in America." — p. 49.

But this "fact in America" is not an American fact; it is an universal fact: and although the writer seems to think there is something peculiar in it, a little observation would have shown him, that it is no more a peculiarity in America, than the spring and fall of the leaves, or the ebbing of the tides.

About the specific character of the constitution, it seems that different opinions have been entertained, the author having "known the startling doctrine advanced by very high American authority, that the popular will for the time being — meaning of course the majority of voices — is the constitution, and consequently the supreme law of the land." Taking the constitution to be, according to his definition, the document, or articles of confederation, adopted by the national legislature in 1788, we learn that the fate of *the Republic* depends on whether the people will be bound by this specimen of "the wisdom of *their* ancestors," or will make use of their own.

From an American Gentleman, evidently conversant with the laws of his country, strongly attached to the constitution, and hostile in proportion to the inroads of democracy, we did not expect a defence of *Lynch Law* — that most extraordinary emanation of "a government of primary assemblies." Indeed, one would think that his love of the "constitution" must have necessarily implied a horror of popular violence: but the combination of antagonist elements is not at all uncommon in America.

"The American people, knowing and feeling themselves to be the authors of law, are accustomed to take the liberty of altering it, and sometimes of adapting it to present exigencies before it can be altered. Like the horse that takes the bit in his teeth, defying the hand which vainly attempts to check his way — like the ocean wave, that rolls onward by its own irresistible momentum, so a people of such habits will sometimes take the law into their own hands, and run riot in the extemporaneous use of their original powers; hence Lynch-law and mob-rule, which may be practised when they happen to anticipate the will of the people in an opinion already formed. For the sake of order, however, and to assert the supremacy of law, these practices are of course reprobated, at the same time that there is a secret and silent acquiescence, by a sort of instinctive sympathy pervading the public mind, though not openly expressed." — p. 50.

"This *en masse* popular license, at one moment suspending the operation of the laws, and at another apparently trampling them under foot, we are quite aware, may seem in the eye of foreigners an inexplicable mystery in American society. But it is to be considered, that, in America, it is the law-making power that resolves upon and executes this extemporaneous process; whereas, in Europe, it may be the germ of a revolution, or a revolution itself. In America, it is the momentary expression of the popular will, in anticipation of its legitimate functions, and then it dies away into a calm." — p. 53.

"Popular disturbances of this kind are not always void of respect for existing law, as in the case of abolition riots, in one of which, Pennsylvania Hall, at Philadelphia, was burnt to the ground, May 17. 1838. *On the contrary, the people, who looked quietly on this scene, and permitted the proceeding, regarded the erection and opening of that building, under the circumstances connected with it, as an outrage on public feeling, and looked upon the place as a nest of sedition against the peace and integrity of the American Union. While, therefore, they appeared to be conniving at the violation of law, and were in fact doing so in regard to one of its lower departments; they were governed by a respect for the 'supreme law of the land,' the constitution of the country.*" — p. 273.

If the opening of the Hall were an outrage on the constitution, why did not the constitution provide a remedy for abating the nuisance by "the forms of law?" No, no; the constitution had nothing to do with the matter — but whenever, at either side of the Atlantic, a statesman, a lawyer, or a scribbler, discovers a *nodus vindice dignus*, and has in vain appealed to every other divinity in his professional mythology, he, as a last resort, invokes the aid of *the constitution.*

The writer next draws our attention to the subjects of education and religion, as "two capital conservative elements, indispensable to the permanency of the American government and its institutions, in this present form." "Education," he observes, "has received some care and attention from the government, but by no means proportionate to its importance. After devoting a chapter to a "Comparative View of American Religious Sects," and another to the "Political Character of Religion," he proceeds to exhibit the consequences which have flowed from divorcing religion in America from the state, and allowing it "to take care of itself." These have been the same as have at all times followed from the government of a free country leaving, to the unrestricted competition of an enlightened community, the promotion of any object in which every member felt interested. In America "free trade" in religion has produced the same results as "free trade" in every other article of public consumption; and these results cannot but be gratifying to every one whose mind is imbued with enlarged views of the scope and objects of Christianity. The following passages will afford a glimpse of these results: —

"In no country of Christendom, in our view, has religion so much vitality as in America, and in none does it wield so much political power." — p. 83.

"The separation of church and state, and other causes, have given rise to a new species of social organisation, before unknown in history, and one of a very important and formidable character, and prolific of great results, though public attention has not yet been much directed to it, as involving such a tendency. Within the space of about thirty years it has entirely changed the character and aspects of the American religious world, and set up a gigantic religious power, systematized, compact in its organisation, with a polity and government entirely its own, and independent of all control. It exists, indeed, in different forms, or collateral branches, having no visible corporate connection, but a common sympathy." — p. 87.

"And, behold! — the Religious and Benevolent Society System is thoroughly established over the wide American public. It is a system so entirely independent of the state, that the state cannot reach it: it is so powerful that the state cannot contend with it: it is so all-pervading, that it comprehends the state itself, in its individual parts, and in its most vital and influential portions. It has stolen a march on the public, on 'the powers that be,' on the world." — p. 89.

After detailing the great advances which this system has made, and the extraordinary social and religious wonders it has accomplished, our author says, that he thinks —

"It has attained to a supremacy of influence over the state. American society, as we have observed in a former chapter, is a dynasty of opinions, and the state must yield to it. And it happens that these voluntary associations are so numerous, so great, so active, and influential, that, as a whole, they now constitute the great school of public education, in the formation of those practical opinions, religious, social, and political, which lead the public mind and govern the country — at least xercise an influence over the state, which cannot be resisted."— p. 97.

"The Religious and Benevolent Society System" is merely a phrase to express an organisation of various societies similar to those in this country, for the celebration of whose anniversaries Exeter Hall seems to have been specially erected. But it appears that the Exeter Hall societies cannot bear comparison with the societies in America as to political influence. The great power of religion over the minds of the Americans, is partly ascribable to their activity and fondness for excitement. "*The Americans*," saith our author, "*like a fervent, not to say a hot, religion. Like the Welsh, many of them want a religion that will make them hop and jump.*" — p. 94.

"Religion in America," says De Tocqueville, "must be regarded as the foremost of the political institutions of the country."

When we see Christianity thus obtaining such extraordinary influence over the public mind, when we see that, although specially excluded from political power, it is regarded "as the foremost political institution of the country," and is alone sufficient, without the aid of legislation, to prevent the publication of immoral and irreligious works by the mere hold it has of the faith of the community, are we not justified in concluding that its real ascendancy would be strengthened elsewhere by relieving it from a position which, by its wealth, indisposes it to exertion, and, by its character, as a stipendiary of the state, deprives it of the confidence of the people?

To the present movement in America for the abolition of slavery, this writer is decidedly opposed: indeed, so strongly opposed, that, at the end of his first chapter on the subject, he deems it necessary to add a note in these words:—

"On account of the ground taken by the author on the subject of slavery, it may be proper for him to state that he is a Northern man; that he has never had any interest or connection with slavery whatever; and that he is opposed to the system in all its forms, as a Christian and as a man."

After demonstrating the comparative facility of procuring the abolition of slavery in the British dominions, in consequence of "the remote geographical relations of slavery to the seat of empire," the right and the power of the government at home to liberate the slaves, and the ability of the nation "to indemnify all parties, — to execute the project with safety to all — to establish the most salutary mode—to supervise its operation—to sustain an armed force and police adapted to the exigencies of the progressive change—to consummate the plan—and finally, if that should be necessary, to cover the retreat of the white population, and to indemnify their losses" (query, Is not the American Union rich and powerful enough to do the same?) and next showing, that, by the constitution of the United States, the power

of legislating on the subject of slavery is guaranteed exclusively to the legislature of each state as to all within its boundaries; that therefore the general government cannot meddle with the subject; and that,

"No matter what the moral sense of the nation or its will may be," as Dr. Wayland says, "should the majority of one hundred to one of the people of the United States be in favour of the abolition of slavery, still that would not alter the case, the one being competent, under 'the supreme law of the land,' to over-rule the one hundred."

He says,

"In this state of things a popular movement has been made in the United States, simultaneously with that of Great Britain, and under a wide-spread excitement on the subject, to abolish American slavery; and an organised power has arisen, under the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which has taken this subject in hand with an apparatus and force of no mean consideration. The object of our present inquiry is to ascertain, as near as may be, by the estimate of probabilities, the aspects of this enterprise, and whether it is likely to succeed. The title of this chapter ("*American Abolitionism in a false Position*,") as will have been seen, intimates our opinion."—p. 119.

This society seems to be of precisely the same character as the many associations lately adopted in these kingdoms for the attainment of moral, religious, or political objects. The "American Gentleman" goes into some considerations to prove, that it is "an organised sedition, at war with the genius of the American constitution." But his notes on this subject can have no interest for our, or for any, readers. The only curious point in them is a sort of indication, that he acquired his slight acquaintance with constitutional law in the office of an attorney.

To oppose the exertions of this society the writer assures us, that the general government has been compelled "to connive at a constant violation of one of the most sacred laws of the country, *in allowing committees of vigilance at the South to enter post-offices, to examine parcels and papers, and to order what may and what may not pass.*" What a *constitutional* proceeding in "*the model republic!*"

He conceives that the success of the society will be more disastrous than defeat: either will be injurious, and may involve extensive ruin:—

"Success will involve the stability, not to say the existence, of the American government; for both these powers cannot occupy the same field as victors. The American abolitionists must trample on the constitution and wade through the carnage of a civil war, before they can triumph..... All truce is, therefore, necessarily suspended, till the strife shall be brought to a close by the suppression of one of the hostile parties. Henceforth nothing can be done for the amelioration of the condition of the slaves, till this warfare is ended."—p. 127.

"The effect of the abolition movement" he considers to be, in consequence of its recklessness and violence, most injurious to the cause it was designed to advance. It had "arrested the improvements which were in progress in the slave states, for the amelioration of the condition of the slave; it has broken up the system of intellectual and moral culture, that was extensively in operation for the slave's benefit, lest the increase of his knowledge should lend him a dangerous power in connection with these crusading efforts;" it had blighted the prospects of the slaves in every way, and made the planters of the south resolve "on the pro-slavery system absolute, unconditional, and for ever. They aver that God has ordained it; that it is right and proper; and they have sworn by heaven and their own swords to maintain it." (p. 135.) When people begin to swear in this manner, it may generally be concluded that they have determined on some atrocious course of action.

The number of slaves in the Union being "probably little less than 3,000,000, increasing with a rapidity in excess of the whites in the same

states, as 112 per cent. is to 80 per cent. in the term of forty years, and constituting about one-third of the population of the slave-holding states, besides about 400,000 free blacks scattered over the Union" (p. 146.), our author deems it necessary to consider how the system of slavery may be disposed of, and suggests that the vast public unoccupied domain should be mortgaged for the price of every slave in the Union, and the African race should be settled in various colonies, and encouraged to return to the land of their fathers. This plan seems reasonable enough; and was, it appears, suggested in the national senate in 1825, and supported by very high authority, though our author remained unaware of it till he had himself committed it to writing.

To the subject of religion he again draws our attention, devoting a chapter of fifty pages — the longest in the book — to prove the necessity of the states paying the ministers of Christianity. This is a question which has been so repeatedly discussed, that it is unnecessary to follow him through the details of his arguments.

The following extracts from "The Blue Laws" of Connecticut will perhaps afford some "valuable" hints to the framers of our own sabbath bills and marriage acts. We regret to say that these pious enactments are not the law of the land at present in Connecticut. They are given in the volume before us, merely as historical curiosities, the degeneracy of modern days having removed them from the statute book: —

"17. No one shall run of a Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church.

"18. *No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day.*

"19. *No husband shall kiss his wife*, and no mother kiss her child on the Sabbath-day.

"31. No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas, or Saint's-day, *make mince-pies, dance*, or play on any instruments of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jew's harp.

"36. No one shall court a maid without first obtaining the consent of her parents: five pounds penalty for the first offence; ten pounds for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."—p. 313.

As "in America, the strife is between a constitutional republic, as originally set up, and a radical democracy," and "on Webster and Clay, in no small measure, hang the destinies of republican empire," the author has given an elaborate sketch of these two gentlemen.

A few extracts from the chapter on the "Jackson Dynasty" will show the line of argument taken by the party to which the author belongs, and their points of attack on their opponents. The author affirms, that though "Jackson contributed not a little towards raising himself to power by declaiming on the importance of retrenchment in the expenses of government," yet "these expenses, called in England the civil list, increased rapidly from the moment he was installed in the chair of state, till before he retired they had nearly or quite doubled; and they are still increasing under his successor, who was raised to power by his influence;" and though in his inaugural speech, March 4. 1829, he noticed the necessity of correcting "those abuses that have brought the patronage *of the federal government into conflict with the freedom of elections*," no preceding administration had been "so active and efficient through all its dependencies, in those matters which would render it liable to this specific charge."

"It is a simple matter of fact, that all the public funds lost in this way * have actually gone to buy up friends to the government, whether the defalcations were matters of under-

* Failures of banks, in consequence of Jackson's opposition to the United States' Bank.

standing between the powers at Washington and these parties, or not. The money is gone; and is going; and it goes to friends: so much is true, whatever else is false. And what has already been used up in this way, according to official report, is sufficient to buy the votes of a large fraction of the population of the United States — that is to say, sufficient to produce an influence adequate to secure them."

"On the 17th of January, 1838, the United States' treasurer reported to Congress *sixty-three* defalcators (individuals), in all to the amount of 1,020,587 dollars, without touching the vast sums in the local banks,— a mere beginning of the end."—p. 243.

A committee of the senate of the United States, of which Van Buren was a member, made a report, in 1826, on the executive patronage, from which the following are given as extracts in the work before us: —

"With the Blue Book they will discover enough to show, that the predictions of those not blind to the defects of the constitution are already realised; that the power and influence of federal patronage, contrary to the argument of "The Federalist," is an overmatch for the power and influence of the state patronage (the patronage of the states respectively); that its workings will contaminate the purity of all elections, and enable the federal government eventually to govern throughout the states, as effectually as if they were so many provinces of one vast empire.

"The whole of the great power will centre in the president. The king of England is the fountain of honour—the president of the United States is the source of patronage: he presides over the entire system of federal appointments, jobs, and contracts; he has power over the support of the individuals, who administer the system; he makes and unmakes them; he chooses from the circle of his friends and supports, and may dismiss them — and upon all the principles of human action, will dismiss them as often as they disappoint his expectations. His spirit will animate their actions in all the elections to state and federal offices.

"We must then look forward to the time when the public revenue will be doubled; when the civil and military officers of the federal government will be quadrupled; when its influence over individuals will be multiplied to an indefinite extent; when the nomination of the president can carry any man through the senate, and his recommendation can carry any measure through both houses of Congress; when the principle of public action will be *open* and *avowed*. The president wants my vote, and I want his patronage. I will vote as he wishes, and he will give me the office I wish for. What will this be but the government of *one* man? And what is the government of one man but a *monarchy?* Names are nothing; the nature of a thing is in its substance, and the name soon accommodates itself to the substance. The first Roman emperor was styled the emperor of the republic; and the last French emperor took the same title.

"And," quoth our author, "this is a true picture, a veritable history of the Jackson dynasty, continued under Mr. Van Buren, who, as is understood, stands pledged to 'follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.'"—p. 238.

The writer cites some authorities to show that, "in whatever state an individual unites in his person the execution of the laws, the command of the army, and *the management of the revenue*, that state may be termed a monarchy," and then enters into some details, from which it follows, as clear as any demonstration in Euclid, that "King Andrew I." was real and veritable monarch of "*the model republic.*" He had the command of the army, the execution of the laws, and the federal patronage of right — and he assumed to himself the keeping and disposal of the public funds, we will not say wrongfully, but "without law and in violation of the constitution," for such is the phraseology of our learned and accurate author. The entire passage is worth quoting: —

"And what is extraordinary, he invaded* the province of the legislative department of government, to which alone is entrusted the care of the public funds by the constitution, removed them from the bank, where they were deposited by order of Congress, and took them into his own keeping..... The powers thus assumed by president Jackson, have passed into the hands of his successor, and are used by him. This is now the established govern-

* The word in the volume before us is "*involved*," but we suppose it is a typographical error.

ment of the republic — established without law, and in violation of the constitution. It has been proposed to Congress to sanction it by the passage of the sub-treasury bill, but it was refused. And yet it continues." — p. 241.

Let us pause, and compare for a moment the relative powers of the quadrennial elective monarch of the states, and the hereditary monarch of this degenerate country. The former has all the patronage of the government, the execution of the laws, and has transferred to himself from the commons of his realm the custody of the public revenue! Could our monarch appropriate the public funds? What is the amount of her patronage? Scarce seven weeks have passed since a *constitutional* statesman attempted to deprive her of the right of selecting her own female society — of being the sole mistress of her own house, or of touching a custard, unless it were doled out to her by some ministerial retainer. The difference between the powers of the two is great. Neither is called monarch in *constitutional* phraseology: but if either deserves it, it is the President, — he enjoys the reality of monarchy, until he feels himself no longer able to discharge its duties; then, perchance, he appoints his successor; and, having laid aside the cares of state, becomes a clown or a philosopher. He, while in office, has the power to commit mischief, and is nominally responsible for it. The sovereign of these realms is not responsible, as she is considered incapable, and deprived of the power of committing it. In fine, the president has power and patronage — our sovereign has not. The rival *monarchical* claims of the two are ordinarily determined by the simple fact, that the former is elected every fourth year, and gets an annual stipend of only 6000*l.*, whereas the latter holds office for life, and by hereditary succession, at a salary of something less than a million.*

The volume closes with a chapter on "the Canada rebellion." The author states that the people of the United States can have no interest in the independence of the Canadas — as it is probable that neither would desire a union —

"That no more quiet or more comfortable international relations could be formed, than those which have hitherto existed, while the Canadas have been under British jurisdiction; that, although the United States would have no fear of a superior power in that quarter, there might, nevertheless, and probably would, arise serious and vexatious jealousies and collisions; and that both the government and people of the United States would deprecate most grievously the change contemplated by these rash proceedings."

We are glad to hear that the citizens have not the temptations of profit or interest to stimulate their love of freedom, in aiding the revolters of Canada.

In conclusion we may observe, that the work, though it will disappoint those who will be entrapped by its title, to buy or peruse it, will be acceptable to the general reader; and that, though the writer appears on the two principal subjects of the volume, religion and politics, to be a mere sciolist, he amasses a considerable amount of details, both novel and interesting, to all who look forward with solicitude to the results of "the great experiment" of "the model republic."

* If the definition of the term "monarch" is to be any one of those enumerated above, viz. the possessor of a large salary, or hereditary right, or power, or patronage, or the execution of the laws, or the custody of the public revenue, — it would be rather a knotty problem for the people of England to solve how many monarchs rule over them. — Ed.

AN OLD TRAGIC BALLAD,

MODERNISED.

"Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid," &c.*

"WHY does your blade sae drop wi' blood,
Edward, Edward?
Why does your blade sae drop wi' blood,
And why sae sad gang ye, O?"
"O, I ha' kill'd my hawk sae good,
Mither, mither;
O, I ha' kill'd my hawk sae good,
And I had nae mair but he, O."

"Your hawk! his blood was never sae red,
Edward, Edward!
Your hawk! his blood was never sae red,
My dear son, I tell thee, O."
"O, I ha' kill'd my red-roan steed,
Mither, mither;
O, I ha' kill'd my red-roan steed,
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Your steed was auld, and ye ha' got mair,
Edward, Edward;
Your steed was auld, and ye ha' got mair,
Some other grief feel ye, O."
"O, I ha' kill'd my father dear,
Mither, mither;
O, I ha' kill'd my father dear,
Alas! and wae is me, O!'

"And what is the penance ye 'll suffer for that,
Edward, Edward?
And what is the penance ye 'll suffer for that,
My dear son, now tell me, O?"
"I 'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither;
I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
And I'll fare over the sea, O.

* From the Percy Reliques, a new and excellent edition of which has just been published in one volume. This tragic ballad, which finely and comprehensively epitomises the history of two lives, passed in the indulgence of evil passions, is designated by its editor as "a curious song." Under the impression that there was far more in it than its curiosity, an attempt has been made to rescue it from its obsolete dialect. Two explanatory stanzas have also been interpolated.

"But how can ye bide this bloody mishap,
Mither, mither?
But how can ye bide this bloody mishap,
And aye think penance can pay, O?
O, there in your heart was an awfu' gap,
Mither, mither!
O, there in your heart was an awfu' gap
As deep as the judgment day, O!"

"And what will ye do wi' your towers and your hall,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye do wi' your towers and your hall,
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"I'll let them stand till they down fall,
Mither, mither;
I'll let them stand till they down fall,
For here never mair may I be, O."

"And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your bairns and your wife,
When ye gang over the sea, O?"
"The wide world's room: — let them beg through life,
Mither, mither;
The wide world's room: — let them beg through life,
For them never mair will I see, O!"

"And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
Edward, Edward?
And what will ye leave to your ain mither dear,
My dear son, now tell me, O?"
"The curse of hell from me shall ye bear,
Mither, mither!
The curse of hell from me shall ye bear,
Sic counsels ye gave to me, O!

"I'se leave my father's blood in your lap,
Mither, mither!
I'se leave my father's blood in your lap,
For your heart's a dark pit to see, O:
O, the curse of hell shall fill up that gap,
Mither, mither!
O, the curse of hell shall fill up that gap,
And its flames my penance be, O!"

R. H. H.

*** It is to be observed that the mother of the parricide knows very well from the first (her knowledge being betrayed even by the very cautiousness of her progressive interrogations) what he has done. It seems likely that she had brought it about herself, and had trained up her son to the deed, from some old, remorseless, "lodged hate;" the cause of which, however, is "another story."

THE LAST "BOOKS" OF SUMMER.

Now that bevies of gentlemen are scouring over the country after coveys of partridge—now that the pavement of Palace Yard is as silent as the court yards of the Alhambra—now that Fashion is gone out of town to try on her cottage bonnet—now that London is like a theatre with the lights put out, the audience gone, and the scenery in a state of confusion, and the windows and curtain up to let the air in upon the stage,—it cannot be expected that the publishers would waste their activity in the production of new books. There is nobody to read them. People have something else to do in the country besides reading. The publishers know this very well; and although there is no class of producers that exhibits greater constancy of purpose, there is no class that knows so well how to *time* its operations. Look into the newspapers in the "dead watches" of the year, and you will discover scarcely a solitary literary announcement; unless it be, perhaps, the poem of some enthusiast who thinks that genius can vanquish all artificial conventions, or a book on quack medicine or cookery, or a perpetual spelling book, whose use is perennial, and does not depend on modes and customs. But the flat interval is not idle. The embryo catalogue is in a state of incubation; and when the proper season comes round again, the birth of a thousand volumes is advertised in the journals with as much pomp of circumstance as if so many duchesses had just been blessed with heirs to their estates.

In the meanwhile the last books of summer, like the last rose and the last swallow, must be duly noticed, ere some fade and others die away from the public mind; albeit, we have two or three to mention, the influence of which, we confidently anticipate, will be beneficial, elevating, and enduring. Several of these final books of the season come like drops after a shower;—some of them, indeed, are of an earlier date, but have suffered postponement, as many excellent measures have done of late, in consequence of the "pressure of business." As they are not sufficiently numerous to require classification, we will take them in the order in which they happen to dispose themselves before us; and the poetical appears at present to rule in the "ascendant."

After the feverish avidity with which poetry was read some years ago, when the meteoric genius of Byron blazed with a light at once baleful and beneficial, startling the dormant imagination of the public, and leading minds whose energies were stagnant into new trains and exercise of thought, thus assisting to bring round the time when higher poetic aims and deeper views of humanity will become more generally appreciated, it can be no matter of wonder that a period of repose has followed, when poetry has been only read by the few; while the many, obeying the necessary conditions of great excitement, sank into comparative indifference and inanity. But this dull and phlegmatic state,— this prostration of the soul's vitality,— this half stupified interval, in which the young men of the age have deserted the old book-shops and stalls of dusty immortality and unfading life of mind, not for the games of healthful manly exercise, but to loll their enervated limbs and clouded heads amidst the fatal folly of cigar divans, and thus lose themselves and become a nuisance to others;— this period is passing away, and in the clearing atmosphere we may discern the signs and tokens of a manlier and a brighter day, in which poetry and divine philosophy will again exert their due influence, and a lover of literature be well content to

buy a book without a picture. In such a belief, independent of what is done from time to time by old-established poets, we find several new ones (to say nothing of the legion of very creditable versifiers) continually putting forth their works; and in such a spirit have various publishers given us reprints of standard poems. By the term of "new poets" we do not mean tyros, but those who are "rising geniuses" of the time; *i. e.* to the estimation of whose genius *the public is rising* for this is the real sense of the foregoing expression. We allude to those who have been working for the last fifteen or twenty years, and have only put forth a few works, the merits of which generally require almost an equal period for the public to discover, and which the Quarterly Reviews never discover till after the public. We have no reason to complain of the dearth of new poetry of the finest order during even the last twelvemonth only, beginning with Miss Barrett's "Seraphim" (published about a year since), taking the beautiful "Prothanasia" of Mr. Wade as the nucleus of the intermediate appearances, and finishing up to the present day with the epic poem of "Ernest, or Political Regeneration,"—a work not yet published, and smothered up for the present, apparently by the author himself, owing to certain political or personal misgivings. Of the poetry we have no sort of misgivings; but it is much to be feared that the author's power is *of* him, rather than *in* him, or he would not thus shrink away from the great work of his own hands. Of the republication of standard poetry and rich gatherings together of poets, we have spoken as they severally appeared. Among the last of these, there is not one in the whole series the appearance of which we hail with more pleasure than the "Percy Reliques;"[1] while the circumstance of the book being already on the brink of a second edition proves the awakening taste of the time, and the healthful character of its resuscitation.

Mr. Caunter has given to the world two elaborate volumes of mingled criticism and historical disquisition on the Poetry of the Pentateuch[2]—a work which displays an extent of erudition and a severe refinement of taste, which have rarely been equalled by any writer within the memory of the living generation. The subjects embraced in this recondite and laborious production include all those magnificent prophecies in which the inspired language of the Hebrew authors took the most elaborate shapes of poetry; and Mr. Caunter's main object is to draw out this inner poetical life, or spirit of the prophecies, and expound the sacred mysteries of its beauty. In the execution of this great undertaking he exhibits varied accomplishments and profound research; traces the history and establishes the authenticity of the Pentateuch; collates a multitude of analogous specimens of poetry; shows the exact character of all the most striking passages, not merely as the integrity of their purpose is concerned, but the structure and peculiarities of their versification; and produces on the whole one of the most comprehensive criticisms on these antique relics of Hebrew genius, elevated by inspiration, and heightened in its glory by the surrounding darkness, that has ever been presented to the contemplation of the students of Holy Writ.

But the predominant charm of these noble commentaries—the charm which is most likely to recommend them to extensive popularity, and which will penetrate even where their learning can be least appreciated—is the graceful simplicity and unaffected clearness of the style and treatment.

[1] *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* Collected by Bishop Percy. One Vol. Templeman, Smith, & Miller.

[2] *The Poetry of the Pentateuch.* By the Rev. John Hobart Caunter, B. D., Incumbent Minister of St. Paul's Church, St. Marylebone; and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Thanet. Two Vols. London: Edward Churton. 1839.

They will be intelligible to all classes of readers; and are as full of intellectual fascinations as if they dealt in the lays of the Troubadours or the legends of the middle ages. The cultivator of the modern springs of literature must not turn away from these volumes under an impression that they contain any esoteric doctrines, or crabbed philological investigations. Mr. Caunter conducts us through the inquiry in a path so lucid, that the mere English reader can see around him on all sides as far and as clear as the most profound scholar. This quality of masculine perspicuity constitutes the high and peculiar merit of the book,—a merit that cannot be too strongly recommended for imitation. The design of such labours is less to instruct the explorers of sacred lore, than to draw into its circle the great multitude who hover on its confines and are afraid to enter, believing that the vast philosophy it encloses is too solemn or too mystical to be sounded by them.

All throughout the volumes, Mr. Caunter treats poetry as an Art, and in that sense develops the exquisite designs of the numerous passages he traverses. While we are much disposed, upon general grounds, to dissent from this view of the subject, because we believe that poetry exists in an endless diversity of forms that was not recognised by the canons, we grant the critical privilege of so considering it for the sake of the admirable critical disquisitions to which it gives occasion; and, having so granted, there is not one position assumed by our author which we think can be impugned. His explanations of the remarkable metres of the Pentateuch are exact and luminous, and sustained by discursive evidences that confer additional value upon the production. It is to be regretted that we are compelled to generalise our notices of works of this description, which, treated with any approach to analysis, would occupy a greater space than we can afford to bestow upon any single publication dedicated to topics of remote or abstract interest. There is, in fact, no choice between a close inquiry, step by step, into such books, and a vague glance at their nature and character. To indicate the chief and paramount aim of such a dissertation, is therefore all that can be accomplished in a periodical limited in its scope, and miscellaneous in its plan.

A very close translation of the Abbé de Lamennais' "Book of the People" has recently appeared.[3] It is a reproach to those literary labourers who have rendered the works of De Kock, Thiers, and Chateaubriand familiar to the English reader, that they should have allowed the productions of Lamennais to remain unknown in this country, except to those who can read them in the original. Of all the writers of the time, De Lamennais is that one who has penetrated most deeply the spirit of the Present and the Future; who has, with a power, most characteristic of the inspiration of genius, cleared off the clouds of prejudice from the forms and manifestations of Life as it is, throughout all its modes and institutions, and developed to us Life as it ought to be, and as, according to the necessity of things, it must be; and who has luminously, fearlessly, and prophetically initiated the Idea of the age. In the "Book of the People" he addresses himself especially to the great duties of social existence; traces the dependencies and relations subsisting amongst men; shows the obligations and the rewards of labour; and, above all, points out the grand distinction between the revolution that has nothing for its object but the overthrow of despotism, and the revolution that is directed solely to the establishment of liberty. This is the great moral of the book; a moral that has been perverted, by false criticism, into a multitude of hideous shapes of conspiracy against the peace

[3] *The Book of the People.* By F. De Lamennais. Translated from the French. Glasgow J. Hedderwick & Son. 1839.

and welfare of society. There never has been a writer so grossly misrepresented as Lamennais. If we are to credit our Quarterly reviewers, Lamennais preaches sedition against all human authorities, and desires to set up in their place an impracticable equality. This is pure fabrication: Lamennais is the advocate of order, of justice, of charity, of truth. His precepts are full of Christian philanthropy, — the means by which he proposes to reform the community of men are, union for the common good, mutual support, active benevolence, and the universal recognition of those rights which God has given to us, and which are in their nature inalienable; and he nowhere justifies selfish brute force, which is too often confounded with higher and nobler efforts for regeneration. "If ye would succeed," says Lamennais, "do what is good by good means. Confound not strength, directed by justice and charity, with brutal and ferocious violence." A code of precepts might be compiled from the works of Lamennais, which would prove of inestimable value to the people at large. This little book is full of such wise suggestions, and the translator has rendered it so faithfully, that it entitles him to the thanks of all those who cannot otherwise make acquaintance with the distinguished author.

The collected works of the Rev. Sydney Smith[4] will be received with no slight enthusiasm by the reading public, to whom his brilliant essays in the Edinburgh Review are already well known. In this collection we have the celebrated Letters of Peter Plymley, now acknowledged for the first time. When the last edition of these Letters was published the author disavowed them, or at least repudiated ambiguously the honour of their authorship. The custom of anonymous writing is understood to sanction a *ruse*, which, in this case, at all events, deceived nobody. The spirit of the witty divine could not be mistaken; for who but Sydney Smith could have thrown so much caustic ridicule, so much playful illustration, and so much practical intelligence, into a series of papers on Catholic emancipation? The pamphlets on the ballot, the correspondence with Archdeacon Singleton, the criticisms on the "Consecrated Cobblers," which excited such curiosity several years ago in the Edinburgh Review, and a variety of pieces on education, slavery, colonisation, and other topics, are gathered into the volumes, and present on the whole a sufficient amount of talent and knowledge to justify the high reputation which their author has long enjoyed. We learn from the preface that the Edinburgh Review was suggested in the first instance by Sydney Smith, who commenced it with Brougham and Jeffrey. Perhaps there is no living writer who excels him in the art of hitting the exact point of success in periodical literature. His essays are illuminated all throughout by an incessant play of wit; but so diversified in manner, and so rich and varied in its resources, as never to fatigue the attention, supplying, on the contrary, a succession of agreeable and diversified excitements. The charm of these compositions consists in the admirable union of sound sense and healthy vivacity. They make you think while they make you laugh, and render intellectual enjoyment subservient to the ends of utility. A tolerant spirit pervades the publication. While he advocates the maintenance of the church establishment (which is natural enough), the author demands the best means of maintaining it by urging upon its "heads" the necessity of just and extensive voluntary reforms. Upon the question of the ballot alone he seems to retreat behind the advancing spirit of the age. He ridicules the machinery of the ballot-box, endeavours to show that it is averse to the national character, and struggles hard to prove that a dishonest man may be

[4] *The Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.* In Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

as dishonest in the dark as when he has the eyes of his neighbours watching him. But all this is beside the real argument. The machinery may be puerile and cumbrous — a fanciful national character (wonderfully distorted by undue influences in the present state of things) may be irreconcileable with secret voting — and neither the ballot-box nor any other ingenious contrivance can make rogues honest; but what is wanted is protection for the voter. Give him, at least, the chance of acting honestly, without the certainty of being kicked out of doors for it if "unsuitable." Now, as the Rev. Sydney Smith does not propose any better practical mode of enabling a man to vote so that he shall incur no penalty for voting agreeably to his conscience, all this ridicule — apt as it is — goes for nothing. The ballot may not be desirable *per se*, but it is the only resource left; nor does it exhibit to advantage the usual sagacity of the writer that he should be found opposing a measure which recent circumstances, even putting out of view all past experiences, appear to have rendered inevitable.

"The Forester,"[5] by Miss Boyle, is a romance of the times of the English revolution of 1688. The interest of the story is skilfully preserved through a series of vivid incidents; the characters are strikingly contrasted and individualised; and the historical *tableau* is drawn and coloured with fidelity. The loves of Lord Fleming and Mary Savile, attached to the fortunes of king James, constitute the main plot. The lovers are estranged by false reports, are reunited by explanations towards the close, and are permitted by the generosity of William III. to follow their beloved mistress, Mary of Modena, into exile. This narrative of ruffled attachment and personal devotion is very touchingly related; and in the delineation of Mary Savile a very high order of ability is exhibited. She occupies a prominent place in the foreground, and reminds us of those figures of marvellous beauty, resignation, gentleness, and truth, for which Raffaelle, Guido, and others among the old masters, are so eminent and unrivalled.

The successful and useful labours of the missionaries in the South Seas has furnished the subject of a very affecting little poem, entitled "Polynesia."[6] The difficulties encountered in the first instance, the savage customs and rude idolatry of the aborigines, the gradual introduction of Christianity, the arts of civilisation, and the final transformation of the scene from the wild usages and wilder tenements of barbarian life to the placid and peaceful habits and orderly life of a religious community, are treated with remarkable simplicity and poetical fervour. The versification is melodious — the images are chaste and highly appropriate — and the purest taste, in sentiment and diction, prevails throughout. Some of the descriptions of Tahiti are highly graphic, and worthy to be ranked as companion sketches to the beautiful cabinet views scattered through the tales of St. Pierre.

"Ninian," a poem in three cantos[7], is of a different class. It is a tale of horrors — partially suggested by a tragical incident in Prince Puckler Muskau's "Tutti Frutti" — full, to the running over, of disappointed love, insanity, and suicide. The subject is ill chosen and worse treated. The "fatal facility" of the octo-syllabic has seldom been more painfully illustrated.

The "Old Sailor" gives us a novel, in which he blends, more truthfully

[5] *The Forester: a Tale of* 1688. By Mary Louisa Boyle. Three Vols. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

[6] *Polynesia; or, Missionary Toils and Triumphs in the South Seas.* A Poem. London: John Snow. 1839.

[7] *Ninian.* A Poem, in Three Cantos. By John Wilson Ross. Edinburgh: Adam & Black. 1839.

than the majority of our naval writers, the traits of life ashore and afloat. "Hamilton King[8]" is a cleverly constructed story. The scenes at sea, especially the chase of the "Blue Bob," and her escape through a storm on the Irish coast, are powerfully described. In this element lies the main strength of the author; on land he is less felicitous, and sometimes hurries us into unpardonable extravagancies; but his characters are nevertheless life-like and vigorous, and the action of the tale is exciting and dramatic. The portrait of the Dwarf is appalling, and some of the sketches of subordinate persons are extremely well conceived. The great defect of the novel, considered as a work of art, consists in the introduction of numerous episodes, which interrupt the continuous interest and perplex the attention of the readers. This error is very frequently committed by the authors of naval fictions; they seem to have too little faith in their powers of invention to rely implicitly upon the development of the principal narrative, and hope to mend it by collateral aids. They overlook the importance of unity in productions of this kind, which are never so moving and absorbing as when they are simple, clear, and uniformly progressive.

A curious and interesting work upon Metaphysics, in relation to the principles of reasoning, by Sir Graves Chamney Haughton, may be recommended to the careful perusal of the students of logic and philosophy. The volume is entitled "Prodromus[9]," and its main object is to develop the right use of language *quoad* things. A variety of other considerations branch out of this principal trunk; and we are conducted by a process, at once perspicuous and profound, into a series of inquiries which are well calculated to improve our choice and use of words, and, as an inevitable consequence, to render our views of all the subjects, of which we speak and think, more accurate and determinate. Sir Graves Haughton repudiates the employment of what are called abstract terms. He grapples boldly with the Nominalists; maintains that abstract ideas are pure moonshine; that it is utterly impossible for the mind to contemplate or comprehend an idea, unless we attach it to something actually existing in nature; that every abstract word implies either a state or an action; and that when we talk, for example, of goodness, we mean the *state* of a man who is good, that is, a *good man's state;* and by *vibration* and *movement*, we mean the *action* of bodies that *vibrate* and *move*. If this discussion proceeded upon the actual signification of the word "idea," there could be no doubt of the correctness of this argument; but waiving that point, we think it must be admitted that the entire subject, as it is laid down by our author, is fortified on all sides by general experience and common sense; but where such fortifications end, the author will admit of no more things "in heaven and earth than are written down in *his* philosophy." The fault of the work is its tendency to encourage the too material and mechanical spirit of the age, and proportionately to bring into contempt all subtle abstract inquiries. The work is, nevertheless, deeply interesting, and is written with remarkable precision and excellent taste.

We have to notice a series of very useful and pleasing little publications, cheap in price, and of waistcoat-pocket portability, entitled "Hand-Books for the Million."[10] They comprise rudimentary instructions in various departments of both useful and ornamental knowledge and art; such as the

[8] *Hamilton King; or, the Smuggler and the Dwarf.* By the Old Sailor, Author of "Tough Yarns," &c. Three Vols. London: R. Bentley. 1839.

[9] *Prodromus; or, an Inquiry into the First Principles of Reasoning, including an Analysis of the Human Mind.* By Sir Graves Chamney Haughton, K. H., M. A., F. R. S., &c. London: Allen & Co. 1839.

[10] *Hand-Books for the Million: a Series.* Tyas. 1839.

German language, archery, short-hand, swimming, cooking, architecture, &c. We have examined three of them, taken up promiscuously, and found much reason to be pleased with their concise and clear information as primers. The "Swimmer's Hand-Book" does all that words can do to teach the beginner how to save his own life, and after the ordinary mode of swimming has been learned, how to swim on the back, or like a dog, or to "creep" on the water, in order to break through or pass over weeds, which are most dangerous things to get among. The method proposed for the acquirement of "confidence" is also good; and the art of hanging in the water, called "the suspension by the chin," is as clearly expressed as the advantage it gives of entire rest for an indefinite period is valuable towards the preservation of life. It contains no artistical tricks and tumbling tom-fooleries; but is simply practical throughout, as any experienced swimmer may see at a glance. The "Hand-Book of Archery" is sufficiently complete in all necessary details, which are very accurate, from the method of "proving the bow," to the fair and unimposing price of "the grease box." The "German Scholar's Hand-Book," as far as it goes, is the most clear, comprehensive, and concise book of elementary instruction in that language we have ever seen.

This is the season of the vintage on the Rhine. The progress of fashionable transmigration through that quarter has increased of late years in the geometrical ratio. The statistics of the river would furnish a more curious table than ever entered into the most complicated dreams of M. Ceasar Moreau. What eyes with souls in them, — what hearts full of incommunicable emotions, — how many people whose thoughts were absorbed in the "castled crags" and pendant vineyards, the churches buried in foliage, the picturesque rafts, the historic monuments, the ruins of forts and cities, the panorama of a thousand stories, — how many people whose thoughts were elsewhere, yearning for quiet home-scenes and distant associations, hallowed by some secret spell of the affections, — and how many people who had no thoughts about any thing except themselves, to whom these miracles of nature and glories of art were no better than blind outlines — mere stones and naked hillocks, and who passed up the Rhine, as the camel traverses the desert, exhibiting all his stupor and dulness, but lacking his patience and his bells! Could we get a catalogue *raisonnée* of the crowds who congregate in the Preussich-Rheinish-Dampf-Schiff-Fahrt Company's pretty little boats, what a world of contradictions, and passions, and perplexities, of enjoyments and disappointments, it would open to us! The English form the majority of the tourists, and the English, of all nations, are the very last to enter heartily into the spirit of the scene. They spoil everything by their ostentation and their dyspepsia. They carry their gloom and their unbending manners into the very depths of the green solitudes, and look as if they thought the hills and the forests were not sufficiently patrician for them. The blood of the courtezans of Charles II., of money-lenders and parasites, coursing through the veins of mushrooms, spurns the old Teutonic mountains, and revolts haughtily from the races of northern and central Europe! This miserable and most selfish pride is a mockery all over the Continent. The poor German student, with his wallet at his back, his cap in his hand, and his head full of erudition and enthusiasm, smiles at the empty vain-gloriousness of the travelling English. A fractured plinth of some antique dilapidated statue is more inspiring in his sight than all their cold grandeur, their equipages and their lackeys. But we have forgotten all this while reading the suggestive book that carried us away into the trellices and

wrecks of the Rhine,—a small volume of Letters from an Autumn Tourist [11], who, starting from Hamburg, made a little journey through the German cities, and relates very concisely and agreeably the results of his observations. He tells us nothing which is not already familiar to the mass of travellers, and is deficient in the power of bringing the places through which he passed vividly before us. There is too much reflection in the book — too much speculation, and too little sentiment. In such publications we look for feelings translated into pictures, and not pictures broken up into wise saws; yet, as it is impossible to write about strange sights, and to keep the imagination wholly apart from the process, the reader will find, here and there, a few passages that cannot fail to interest him. But he must not rely upon it *en route;* it is not full enough, minute enough, or accurate enough for reference. The best book of that kind extant is the Hand-Book [12], which, although it does not come within the period legitimately embraced by our notices, we may venture to recommend, at this seasonable opportunity, to all tourists in Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Northern Germany. It is written with extraordinary care and precision, contains information upon every point essential to the stranger — the choice of inns, routes, and modes of travelling; the value and variations of different currencies; the sights to be seen, and the best way to see them; and is also entitled to praise beyond every preceding guide book for the good taste and literary ability it displays throughout. The real importance of such a work may be estimated from a glance at the great increase that has taken place in the number of visitors to the Rhine, from the different lines by which that magnificent river can be reached, — Holland, Nassau, Switzerland, France, Hanover, Belgium, &c. In 1827, the old company's steam-boats conveyed 18,000 passengers up and down between Cologne and Mayence, the termini of the principal beauties: in 1836, the number had increased to 136,000; and in 1837, to more than 150,000. Last year, an opposition company was established, by which means the facilities were increased, and the fares lowered; so that a still greater number may hereafter be calculated upon to whom information of this kind will be necessary.

Of Robson's "Greek Lexicon to the New Testament" [13] we need not say more than that it is very well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is designed. We wish we could say half as much of Mr. H. G. Knight's "Hannibal in Bithynia." [14] He has mistaken the fatal talent of verse-making for the genius of poetry, and he accordingly presents us with the facetious "second edition" of as excellent a crop of dullness as ever grew upon the broad table-land of mediocrity. It rather reminds us of the Spanish Drama, without its music and its pomp.

[11] *Letters from Germany and Belgium.* By an Autumn Tourist. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1839.

[12] *A Hand-Book for Travellers on the Continent;* being a Guide through Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Northern Germany, and along the Rhine, &c. With an Index Map. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1839.

[13] *A Greek Lexicon to the New Testament.* Whittaker. 1839.

[14] *Hannibal in Bithynia.* A Dramatic Poem. By Henry Gally Knight, Esq., M.P. John Murray. 1839.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LORD NORMANBY'S ADMINISTRATION IN IRELAND.

Lord Roden's Speech on moving for a Committee on the State of Crime in Ireland.

Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the State of Ireland in respect of Crime; with Minutes of Evidence, Appendix, and Index.

When the future historian of this kingdom shall enter upon the period which embraces the acts of the present Administration, and when he shall have collected before him the strange materials out of which the fluctuating narrative is to be wrought, he will be amazed by discovering the most brilliant and remarkable feature of the whole presenting itself prominently in the very last place where he could have expected to find it. If any man had predicted, ten years ago, such an anomaly as the existence of the most lamentable disorders and party warfare in England, paralysing the course of legislation, and invading even the domestic retirement of the sovereign, while Ireland should contemporaneously exhibit a rapid diminution of crime, a growing confidence in the impartial administration of the laws, and an enthusiastic attachment to the Government; if any man had ventured to prophesy such a state of things as this, so contradictory to all past experience —so utterly irreconcilable with the principles upon which the affairs of the two countries have been invariably conducted, from the time of Henry II. to the commencement of Lord Normanby's administration — he would be treated with the contempt and ridicule that are usually showered upon visionaries and blockheads. Yet this state of things has actually come to pass; the extraordinary phenomenon of an Irish administration dispensing pure justice to the people, correcting social abuses, repressing crime, and abolishing those feudal barbarities which had long demoralised and disorganised the population *, has actually taken place; and throughout the whole term of this novel experiment of benevolence and wisdom, England has been convulsed by riots, and the machinery of Government obstructed at all points by an imperious and malignant faction.

The merits of the Marquis of Normanby's administration in Ireland are of so signal and striking a nature, that they do not admit of any such doubts as may possibly attach to any other parts of our policy, at home or abroad. By a singular felicity in the appreciation of the national character, and in the constancy, activity, and steadiness with which the grand objects of amelioration and improvement were pursued, his lordship's efforts were crowned with complete and unparalleled success. The management of our affairs in other quarters may be open to discussion; but no discussion can arise as to the description and extent of the good conferred upon Ireland by the government of Lord Normanby. There may be a variety of opinions upon the

* For a full account of the faction-fights, see the *Monthly Chronicle* for April last.

policy adopted towards Canada — towards Turkey — towards the West Indies; but there can be but one opinion, drawn from authenticated facts, upon the enlightened spirit in which Lord Normanby conducted the government of Ireland. We assert this deliberately, after a careful and minute examination of all the public documents in which the scattered history of that government is contained; and it is the special purpose of this paper to establish the truth of our assertion beyond controversy.

But if Lord Normanby's government, it will be asked, presents such undeniable grounds for admiration and gratitude, how has it happened that a committee of the House of Lords was actually formed for the express object of instituting a rigid inquiry into its conduct; that Lord Roden, and a great many other lords denounced that government as the greatest calamity that had ever befallen Ireland; and that the impeachment of Lord Normanby was not only contemplated, but confidently anticipated, as the inevitable result of that investigation? The answer to this question is, simply, because the purity and integrity of the administration rendered it obnoxious to the enemies of order, of freedom, and of justice. If we required a collateral proof, clear and indisputable, of the wisdom of Lord Normanby's administration, we should refer to the conclusive fact, that it had incurred the hatred of Lord Roden. To those who know Lord Roden, who have accidentally noticed the colour of his opinions, the crazy superstitions he has from time to time embraced with the credulity of a dupe, and promulgated with the zeal of a fanatic; who have observed the unwearied hostility with which he has prosecuted a sort of parliamentary crusade against every measure that has been introduced for the improvement of his native country, this answer would be complete and decisive: but as every body cannot be supposed to know even that there is such a person in existence as Lord Roden, and still fewer to be aware of the spinal distortion with which his lordship's judgment is afflicted, it becomes necessary to exhibit evidences of a different and more comprehensive kind. Had Lord Normanby's administration been distinguished by appeals to the gibbet and the bayonet; had it deluged Ireland with blood, forced the wretched and oppressed population into rebellion, and then taken advantage of its own criminality to wreak a sanguinary vengeance upon its victims; had it substituted fraud for justice, force for reason, and allowed a rampant faction to continue paramount over the people; had it endeavoured to stifle the operation of the law, and to rob the Catholics of the rights they had acquired under it; had it encouraged conspiracies against the British connection, for the purpose of creating a pretext for a military despotism; had it revived religious animosities, corrupted the tribunals, and overrun the country with fire and sword; had Lord Normanby's administration been dignified by such honourable exploits as these, not a murmur of censure would have been breathed against it in the House of Lords, and the world would never have heard one word about Lord Roden's Committee of Inquiry!

That the foreground of the political picture should be occupied by so mean a figure as Lord Roden is not a little astonishing; but it is at the same time characteristic of the preposterous nature of the whole proceeding. If the Tory party really thought that the inquiry was likely to terminate in results creditable to their sagacity, or calculated to strengthen their power; or if they sincerely believed that there was a particle of foundation for the grave charges which were so vehemently levelled against Lord Normanby, is it to be supposed that they would have committed the management of the case to an individual so utterly destitute of all the requisite qualities of personal weight and statesman-like ability as Lord Roden? Where was Lord

Lyndhurst, who holds the brief of Toryism, on this momentous occasion? We happen to know that Lord Roden had no sooner announced his intention of moving for a committee — which, it is only right to observe, he had formed upon his own responsibility, and without consulting with any of the members of his party — than the leading Tories, both in the Lords and Commons, were thrown into a state of consternation which they did not attempt to conceal. * They saw the jeopardy in which the rash and furious bigotry of Lord Roden had placed them; but it was too late to retract, and the only alternative that remained was to follow out the investigation to its consequences; to protract it as long as they could; and to employ all the arts their ingenuity could devise, to extract mischief from its progress.

With the issue of the labours of that committee our readers are already acquainted. But although its failure, not merely to establish the general accusations enumerated by Lord Roden against Lord Normanby's government, but even to establish the truth of any one isolated fact amongst the multitude of facts stated by Lord Roden, and upon the presumed veracity of which the House of Lords consented to grant the committee, is a matter of public notoriety, it is not so well known that the evidence taken before that committee affords such overwhelming practical illustrations of the extraordinary benefits which have flowed upon Ireland from the administration of Lord Normanby, as we will venture to say even Lord Normanby himself could hardly have anticipated. It must be borne in recollection, that this committee was formed in a spirit of avowed hostility to Lord Normanby; that a large majority of its members were selected from the Opposition; and that the Government, in the first instance, openly abandoned all participation in its proceedings. We will not affect to conceal our conviction that the Government ought not to have left the vindication of their policy to be thus worked out by its own innate force; that they were pledged to sustain, in the house and in the committee, the acts which they had done out of the house in their administrative capacity; and that, if the chivalry they exhibited in relying implicitly upon the justice of their cause challenges admiration on the one hand, it exposed on the other a want of discretion, which must have endangered any cause less fortified by truth. Under such unfavourable circumstances it might have been expected that even the strongest case would have been perverted; that the testimony would have been led insensibly into unfriendly channels; that the weaker parts of the details would have been expanded, and the more important passed over slightly, or cast into shadow. Yet, notwithstanding these circumstances, the evidence, instead of justifying Lord Roden on any solitary point—instead of yielding the most minute inference in support of the vaguest censure upon the Government, exhibits from the beginning to the end an uninterrupted series of irrefragable proofs that Lord Normanby's administration of the government of Ireland produced more salutary effects in that country, laid the foundation of more permanent good, and removed a greater amount of real evil, than all the administrations added together from the commencement of our connection with Ireland up to the hour when his lordship took charge of the government! We state this with a full and profound impression of the value of the words in which

* Upon the 21st of April, 1839, Lord Roden, in the House of Lords, charged Lord Normanby with having encouraged crime, and the House of Lords granted him a Committee of Inquiry on the strength of that charge. Upon the 22d of April, 1839, Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, expressed himself in the following very remarkable words: — "I DO NOT SAY THAT THE IRISH GOVERNMENT HAS ENCOURAGED CRIME. . . . I WILL NOT VOTE ANY CENSURE, OR CONCUR IN ANY CENSURE OF LORD NORMANBY . . . WHOSE GOVERNMENT IS IN SEVERAL RESPECTS ENTITLED TO MY HIGHEST APPROBATION."

we shape the statement; and, before we conclude, we will demonstrate its accuracy. The whole body of the evidence must be regarded as the most noble panegyric that ever was drawn up on the conduct and services of a public man; and the country have much reason to be grateful to Lord Roden for putting them in possession of so much valuable information. Had it not been for Lord Roden's committee, Ireland could never have known how deeply she was indebted to Lord Normanby's administration.

It is not alone that the evidence adduced and sifted before the committee does not prove Lord Roden's assertions to be true, but that it proves them to be false. It is not alone that the evidence proves his assertions to be false, but that it proves the contrary of them to be true. We suppose it is desirable that we should, once for all, hold ourselves to be free from intending or desiring to impugn his lordship's private veracity in the freedom which we feel it to be our duty to use in dealing with this subject on public grounds. We are quite conscious of the importance of that political convention, which assigns one morality to a man in his public capacity, and another morality to him in his private capacity; and it will, probably, save some trouble in the way of subsequent explanation, if we observe that we are now, and all throughout, speaking of Lord Roden in his public capacity alone, just as Lord Roden thought fit to speak of Lord Normanby in his public capacity.* When, therefore, we say that the evidence proves Lord Roden's assertions to be false, we mean the assertions he made in his public capacity, which of course do not come within the consideration of Lord Roden's character in any other light. What Lord Roden's respect for truth may be in his private capacity we know not; but as it is generally admitted that a man may be a great lover of truth in private, and yet not in any way answerable for his faith in public, we have no reason for doubting that Lord Roden may be a miracle of truth throughout all his domestic and social relations. Having thus cleared our conscience of all misgivings, we will proceed to the details requisite to disentangle the truth from the web of most fallacious assertions in which it was concealed by Lord Roden — in his public capacity.

The documents to which we shall refer are, first, Lord Roden's speech, containing his general and special allegations against the Government; and, second, the minutes of the evidence taken before the special committee. The evidence occupies three large folio volumes, and contains 15,384 questions and 1336 pages. As it may be assumed that very few readers, who are not compelled into the examination of this vast mass of matter, either by some personal, political, or professional necessity, are ever likely to satisfy their curiosity on the subject by such a careful perusal and classification of its contents as could alone enable them to arrive at a comprehensive view of the numerous topics it embraces, we believe we shall have performed a useful service in drawing out the principal points from the body of the evidence, and placing them under the several heads to which they refer. In order to avoid any danger of obscurity, we will separate and number, in consecutive order, all Lord Roden's charges, upon his power to prove the truth of which he deliberately claimed a select committee at the hands of the House of Lords; and will subjoin to each charge a distinct answer, derived in substance from the testimony of the witnesses, supplying the numbers of the question in the printed evidence, wherever a reference may be necessary for the further satisfaction of the reader.

* "He was speaking of the noble marquis only in his public capacity as a public officer; and, as a public man, he had a perfect right to deal with him in that house, and to arraign those proceedings under his government of Ireland which had been, he thought, so detrimental to the public safety."—*Lord Roden's Speech in the House of Lords.*

The first tangible statement refers to the deplorable condition of the Orangemen; for they, we presume, comprise the only portion of Irishmen whose "confidence" Lord Roden can be supposed to enjoy.

"I. That the distress — the deep and great distress [*Times*] — the great tribulation [*Morning Chronicle*] — to which that portion of his countrymen whose confidence he enjoyed were then reduced, had arrived at a degree which in his lifetime had, until very lately, been wholly unknown; and that in such circumstances he would be acting in a very criminal manner, if he did not come forward and state plainly the causes which rendered life and property insecure in Ireland.

"II. That the tranquillity mentioned in the speech from the Throne in the preceding session was the tranquillity of death."

These statements may be briefly disposed of. The whole testimony taken before the committee, from Sir Michael O'Loughlin and Judge Moore down, shows that no outrage is ever committed against a man upon account of his religion or politics; that the outrages are indiscriminately committed against both Catholics and Protestants, and most frequently against the Catholics, because they are the most numerous and the most assailable; that outrages of every kind, and for every cause, had diminished during the progress of Lord Normanby's government; and that the country generally, during that period, enjoyed a degree of real and living tranquillity, which had long been unknown in Ireland.

In support of these facts a few passages may be cited from the Evidence, and reference may be made to the whole.

Mr. Barrington, crown-solicitor for the Munster circuit, says, that there being no manufactures in the country, the actual existence of the peasantry depends upon their having land; the whole disturbances of the country depend upon the desire to keep it [7641.]; that it does not make a particle of difference, whether the person put in is a Catholic or Protestant — he is equally the object of their fury, and they would murder him equally [7640.]; and that, in his thirty-five years' experience, he never knew an outrage committed for a political object [7437.].

Major Warburton says, that the causes of faction-fights are universally local and personal [692.], and that the outrages were directed against Catholics as well as Protestants [1000.].

Mr. Maxwell Hamilton, crown-solicitor for the North-east circuit, says, that no outrages were committed against Protestants, as such, nor any of a rebellious character [9100.].

Mr. Kemmis, crown-solicitor for the Leinster circuit, says, that on the Leinster circuit outrages are mostly agrarian, committed neither on account of religion nor politics [6817–18–19.].

Mr. Piers Geale, crown-solicitor for the Home circuit, says, that it scarcely ever happens that religion has any thing to do with outrages on the Home circuit [8710.].

Mr. Cahill, sessional prosecutor for Tipperary, says, that the crimes which he knows to have been committed in Ireland were totally disconnected with politics [10,895.].

Judge Moore says, that the disturbances of 1830–31 had nothing of a political or a religious character [14,379–80.].

Mr. Hickman, crown-solicitor for the Connaught circuit, says, that he never knew one offence committed against a man on account of his religion [8404.], nor any of a rebellious character; that they all arise from land, wages, &c. [8406–7.].

Mr. Tierney, crown-solicitor for the North-western circuit, says that almost all the offences on that circuit arise from dispossessing tenants and occupiers [7727.].

With respect to the "deep distress" and "tribulation" of the Orangemen, the Evidence furnishes some curious information, of which take the following remarkable samples: —

Mr. Hamilton says, that on the 17th of January, 1835, the Orangemen assembled in vast numbers, and set fire to a number of houses of the Catholics at Armagh [9139.]. The Roman Catholics had therefore all left their houses on that day (17th January) [9144.]. This outrage was perpetrated to revenge the waylaying and beating of the Orange party coming from the Armagh races in the preceding October. They had previously given notice of their intention to do so, unless reparation was made for the damage done to their hats and clothes in the preceding assault [9141.]. *They marched down to the commission of the outrage publicly, in the middle of the day, with drums beating, colours flying, and bayonets fixed* [9145.].

Major Brown. — "I was sent to Belfast in 1836 to meet them. I found the *Protestant mob the worst mob I ever met in my life.* I was never so abused, although I am a good Protestant. They put up an effigy of O'Connell, and shot at it [5101.]. According to my belief, Ribbon Societies began in the North [5115.]. *And that they may have been formed many years ago for the purposes of protection*" [5105.].

Mr. Drummond says, that so many Orangemen were found guilty, in autumn, 1837, *that there was a difficulty in finding room for them in gaol*, and the ringleaders only were selected and punished [12,309.]. Stipendiary magistrates were sent to the North, *because it was the opinion of the Government that the local magistracy, with some distinguished exceptions, did not interfere in the manner which their duty required* [12,329.]. They were out of the way [12,330.]. Those processions had been in existence for many years, *and nothing was done to suppress them until* 1835 *and* 1836 [12,343.]. Believes that, were it not for the stipendiary magistrates, the processions would now be in as active operation as ever [12,345.]. There was a great extension of clemency in the spring of 1836; yet they persisted in walking in procession on the 12th of July of that year [12,337.]. There occurred a "most wanton and premeditated murder" of "four brothers," out of a party of twelve, consisting partly of children, who were sitting round a fire, on a hill, in the county of Monaghan. The youngest of the murdered persons was nine or ten years old. They were all Catholics, belonging to a family of the most industrious, well conducted, quiet, inoffensive, and peaceable character, and entirely free from all party spirit. "This diabolical murder," the police inspector calls "the most wanton, unprovoked, cold-blooded, premeditated, and cruel, that ever came under his notice." No clue to the perpetrators has been discovered [15,079.]. In another case seven cabins were in flames in Armagh, fired by the Orange mob, all armed (being yeomanry), *who marched off the ground with sloped arms, in regular order, drums beating, colours flying* [15,080.]. It was known beforehand to the magistrates of the neighbourhood, *who did not interfere, and who might have prevented the outrage, which was committed openly between twelve and one o'clock.* Another house burnt on the 21st of January, and one attempted to be burnt on the 29th. They all, of course, belonged to Catholics.

Lord Gosford, after a close and minute inquiry, reports that it was a most wanton and atrocious outrage, without any palliation.

Such are a few illustrations of the "deep distress" and "tribulation" of the Orangemen furnished by the Evidence.

"III. That he well knew that at the time there was in existence, and in full operation in that country, a *combination* of the most dangerous and alarming kind, the effects of which had been to terminate the lives of many of those whose exemplary conduct had brought them within the vengeance and under the ban of this foul and bloody proscription.

"That the facts which he meant to quote upon this subject were literally and truly facts; and if he were not convinced that he could prove them to be so before a committee of their lordships, he should not have ventured to trouble the house on the subject. He should be able to prove that combination and crime existed to such a degree in Ireland as called for the interposition of the legislature, and strongly demanded inquiry at the hands of their lordships. That country was now suffering under a tyranny, was now groaning under a system of proscription, which he believed was altogether unknown in any other country in the world. He had taken his statements from different counties, in order to show that crime was not confined to one or two counties; that it was not confined to Tipperary or Westmeath, in which there had always been crime. No: he should prove that crime, in its most frightful and repulsive forms, was extending to all the counties of Ireland."

[In this part of the speech, however, he introduced several observations about the state of the county of Longford and the property of Lord Lorton.]

The general assertions contained in this statement, about the "existence" and "full operation" of a most dangerous combination, shall be answered a little lower down, when we come to the details in which his lordship indulged on this subject. The want of lucid arrangement in the distribution of the topics referred to in the speech, obliges us to group them ourselves, in order that we may exhibit the assertion and the refutation side by side. When we come to the examination of this awful confederacy, it will be seen that his lordship's facts, instead of being "literally and truly facts," are, in so far as they are of any importance, or have any tendency to support his general propositions, "literally and truly," nothing more than mere flights of a diseased imagination.

The statement about a system of proscription is another monster of his lordship's brain, in support of which there is not a *scintilla* of evidence of any sort whatever, notwithstanding that his lordship assured the house that he would not have ventured to trouble them about these matters, if he were not prepared to prove them. His lordship indirectly assigns to the counties of Tipperary and Westmeath a decided pre-eminence in combination and crime. In reference then to these counties, let us look at the evidence of witnesses, whose local acquaintance and long connection with those counties qualify them to form the most accurate opinions on the point.

Mr. Piers Geale, the crown-solicitor for the Home circuit, states, that the whole circuit, including Westmeath, is more peaceable than it was [8575.]. Few prosecutions had taken place in Westmeath of late years [8586.]. In 1827 there were forty-six cases prosecuted by the Crown, and seventeen capital convictions, and fifteen executions. This was in one town (Mullingar), and at one assize. In 1833 there were forty prosecutions, many convictions, and nine executions in Philipstown. In 1834 seven persons were executed at Trim in Meath. Those are cases you seldom hear of now [8580.]. Meath is now very tranquil [8577.].

Mr. Kemmis, the crown-solicitor for the Leinster circuit, states, that three-fourths, or more, of the outrages committed in Tipperary are attributable to the letting of land [6743-4-5.], that, according to his experience in Ireland, crime increases in proportion to the increase of population [6756.]; that population in Tipperary has considerably more than doubled within the last twenty-eight years [6759.]; but that crime has *not* doubled [6760.]. And even Lord Donoughmore, who cannot be suspected of any great affection for Lord Normanby's administration, carries the case no farther than by stating that Tipperary *has not improved* within the last twenty years [11,999.]. Mr. Cahill, however, expressly states that it has. The commencement of such improvement, he says, was after the spring of 1836 [10,785.]; and the cause of it was the superior manner in which justice was administered, and the confidence which the people felt in those who were

engaged in its administration [10,786.]. Mr. Tabiteau states, that there are about the same number of homicides in Tipperary every year [9634.]; that he does not think the rights of property secure there; but that such has always been the case, and that no decrease of security has occurred within the last five years [9665-74.]. The whole testimony concurs in showing that there is no general system of combination in Tipperary for the purposes of outrage.

Mr. Howley, chairman of the county, says, "I have never seen a single trace of Ribandism in Tipperary, nor heard of any such in any intercourse with the magistracy, *nor of any other sworn confederacy.* I have made vigilant and anxious inquiries into the state of crime in Tipperary, and all the means of judging in my power lead me to conclude that there is no such conspiracy; and if any other person told me he believed it to exist, I should suppose he was mistaken" [10,098–101.].

Mr. Cahill says, "I am perfectly convinced that there is no such thing as Ribandism in the country with which I am acquainted. *It could not be without my knowledge, and I have never had the* SLIGHTEST INTIMATION OF IT" [10,781.].

Lord Donoughmore says, "I KNOW NOTHING OF ANY SECRET SOCIETY IN TIPPERARY" [12,128–30.].

With respect to the county of Longford, to which Lord Roden also refers, Mr. Barnes states, that in 1836-7-8 more than 330 ejectments issued from the Quarter Sessions Court [11,800.]; that the murders then committed were in consequence of persons being turned out of their land, and strangers put in [11,755.]; *that the parties ejected were all Catholics, and those put in all Protestants* [11,756-8.]; that up to 1833 the barony of Longford was the quietest in the county, and the county itself the quietest in Ireland [11,834.]; that there are six baronies and thirty-six police stations in the county of Longford; and that of these thirty-six stations there are twelve in the barony of Longford, in which Lord Lorton's property is situate [11,792-3-4.]. Mr. Barnes further goes on to state, that he received the strictest orders from the Government to *leave no stone unturned* for the discovery of criminals in that neighbourhood, with authority to *give rewards to any amount;* that he received every sort of assistance Government could bestow; and that he consequently discovered the murderers of Cathcart, and has some of them now in custody.

"IV. He then proceeds to state that the conspiracy before mentioned was completely organised in Westmeath, where the gentry and magistracy were only living on sufferance; and desired that their names should not be mentioned as the authors of the information which they transmitted.

"That there was a general organisation in Louth. That such offences, which had formerly been rare in Carlow, were now becoming very common. That in Clare no evidence could be procured in consequence of the intimidation exercised through the conspiracy, and that his information in reference to those several places had been furnished by magistrates who would not suffer their names to be mentioned through apprehension of assassination."

With regard to general outrage in Louth, Mr. Hamilton, the crown-solicitor, says, that "Louth is not very tranquil, although there is not a great deal to be done at the assizes" [8921.]. If there be "a *general* Riband organisation" in the county, its *generality* must be of a truly Irish description, as it appears by the report of Mr. Little, chief-constable, April, 1838, page 417. of the Evidence, that the disturbances there were produced by "*two parties of Ribandmen, who had been beating each other for some time past!*"

As to the general outrages committed in Carlow, Mr. Piers Geale says, that some bad homicides have been *lately* committed there between two brothers, *about property* [8558.]; and upon the subject of Ribandism in that county, Captain Vignolles says, that "*he is not aware of any Ribandism in Carlow*" [3669.].

In reference to the county of Clare, Mr. Tomkins Brew states, that he does not think that, for the last ten years, a homicide has been committed in Clare for which the parties have not been made amenable to justice [12,803.]; that so far from their being any difficulty in procuring evidence, his difficulty was in *selecting* it, as the *witnesses were too ready to come forward* [13,023.]; and he specifically mentions the case of a man, named Shelham, who, after having caused the execution of twelve men, went home and lived unmolested in the county, until he died of a typhus fever in 1837 [13,059.]. Instead, therefore, of witnesses being intimidated by Ribandmen in Clare, it appears that they are not intimidated at all, whilst it is expressly sworn by Major Browne [5081 to 5089.], and Mr. Barrington [7540-1.], that *there is no such thing at all as Ribandism in that county.*

Mr. Barrington states, also, that the outrages which were committed in that county some time ago *have been put an end to*, BY GIVING THE PEOPLE SOME GROUND FOR POTATOES [7343.].

Mr. Brew says, that the *outrages in* 1837 *arose from want of provisions* [13,048.]; and *that crime of* ALL KIND *has been diminished in the county* [13,024.].

It is worthy of observation, that no notice whatever seems to have been taken in the committee of the *anonymous magistrates*, upon whose communications the statements of Lord Roden about those counties appear to have been founded.

"V. He then made the following statement about the conduct of Lord Normanby and his government, in reference to the repression of crime :—Above all, he hoped their lordships would agree to the motion for a committee, as an act of justice to the noble marquis, on whose government rested so much responsibility for those tears of sorrow and streams of blood that had marked the career of his viceregal authority. He was speaking of the noble marquis only in his capacity as a public officer, and as a public man he had a perfect right to deal with him in that house, and to arraign those proceedings under his government of Ireland, which had been, he thought, so detrimental to the public safety. He knew that the noble lord would tell the house that crime had always existed in Ireland, and it would not be denied by him (the Earl of Roden) that unhappily for many years past that country had been stained by crime; but what he said was this,— that never had crime been suffered to go on as it had been by the noble marquis: his predecessors, when they met with crime, grappled with it and subdued it. That he had always acknowledged, notwithstanding any difference of opinion he might have had with former governments, with regard to other departments of their policy.

"After again repeating that the law had not been administered, he said that the astounding fact remained undisputed, that, at the present moment, animosities in Ireland were more prevalent, religious distinctions more marked, the social bonds more extensively broken, the Protestant faith more assailed, and life and property less secure than in any former period since the passing of the legislative act of union. All this he should be able to prove, if they would grant him a committee."

The gross ignorance, or grosser misrepresentation, exhibited in the allegations contained in this statement, is altogether unprecedented. The whole of the Evidence proves, that the anxiety of Lord Mulgrave to *anticipate*, *repress*, and *punish* every degree and kind of crime was perfectly morbid; and that he carried the practice of giving rewards for information to an extent which exceeded any thing that had ever been done by any preceding government. Not only does the Evidence prove this by the testimony of witnesses drawn from all parties, but not one syllable of testimony of a contrary character was adduced upon the inquiry. Lord Normanby not only

did grapple with crime when he met it, but he made many and very expensive efforts to grapple with it even where it was not visible, and where, perhaps, it did not at all exist.

The evidence upon this subject, as far as it relates to repression, detection, and punishment, is complete; but it is unavoidably broken up into such a number of small facts, that it will necessarily carry us into lengthy details. Upon the very important department of the prevention of crime, the best evidence is the account of the efficiency of the police force, both in Dublin and throughout the country; the credit of which efficiency appears upon the evidence to be mainly attributable to the zeal of Lord Normanby, and his abandonment of even his patronage, in order to enable him to render the police efficient agents alike of prevention and detection.

Mr. Drummond, whose testimony is of the highest importance throughout in reference to this subject, states, that one of the first objects to which Lord Normanby directed his attention was the constabulary force. He perceived, after a short experience, that on this force the Government must chiefly rely for making all offenders amenable to justice, from the perpetrators of the greatest crimes to trivial offenders; and he therefore took into immediate consideration the means by which the constabulary force might be improved. A bill was accordingly framed, and introduced into the House of Commons in August, 1835, by Lord Morpeth, for the purpose of increasing the vigour and efficiency of the body. That bill passed the House of Commons in that session, and was rejected in the House of Lords, and the benefit which would have been derived from a more efficient and a more perfect force was postponed for a whole year. The same bill was introduced in the following year, and passed with some alterations; it effected very great improvements. In the first place, the force was united under one inspector-general, who having an office in Dublin Castle was thus placed in immediate communication with the Government; the correspondence with the constabulary officers in different parts of the country was accelerated; means were afforded of creating a better description of officers; the selection of the men was vested in the lord-lieutenant, and practically in the inspector-general, instead of being, as previously, in the hands of the local magistracy. The bill also provided more effectually for the investigation and punishment of offences against discipline, by establishing constabulary courts; and it gave a greater degree of system and efficiency throughout to the whole constabulary force. Great improvements were also effected by regulation. The lord-lieutenant introduced several military officers to improve the discipline and raise the character of the corps; and having done that, he resolved that all the superior officers should in future be filled by promotion from amongst the chief-constables. His lordship gave up all the appointments, and left the promotion entirely to the inspector-general; and when Colonel M'Gregor was appointed, the whole of the promotions, which had formerly been vested in and exercised by lords-lieutenant, were confided to that officer, on the distinct understanding that he was to be responsible for selecting the most deserving and efficient men. It is now known to the whole corps, that to the inspector-general alone they must look for promotion. The result of this system is, that the constabulary force is unequalled by that of any other country. Such are the improvements introduced during Lord Normanby's government. They depend partly on the act of Parliament, partly on regulation; and, in effecting them, he voluntarily divested himself of the patronage which had been invariably exercised by the lord-lieutenant.

There were two classes of offences which especially attracted the lord-

lieutenant's attention — faction-fights in the South, and processions in the North. These he determined to suppress; and his success is to be mainly attributed to the action of the Government on the constabulary fixing their attention to these violations of the peace. Formerly it was the practice to withdraw the police from the riots at fairs, it being supposed that their presence only led to tumults; but this practice has been reversed, and the best results have followed. The presence of the police, in fact, prevents riots, as it gives greater facility to prosecutions, they being both witnesses and prosecutors, and as it effectually renders compromises impracticable.

Colonel Kennedy says, that the organisation of the force is perfect, that no advantageous alteration can be made in the powers or duties of the body, and that it is perfectly efficient for the accomplishment of its objects [77. 82, 83.].

Major Warburton says, that outrages have decreased, in consequence of the better organisation and increased number of the constabulary [682.].

Mr. Plunkett says, that Roman Catholics and Protestants discharge the duty equally well [4680.].

Lord Donoughmore says, that the constabulary is an admirable and well-conducted force [12,115.].

Major Browne says, that when a man is recommended by Government, he does not take him unless he has the necessary character, appearance, and so forth [5172.]. Promotion is the consequence of exclusively good conduct [5177.]. The men have never shown any party spirit, nor any degree of religious dissension [5181.]. No appointments of officers or men have ever been made subservient to party purposes. The Government never recommended any men, except two, whom they refused as being too short [5192.]. They are one of the most noble corps that was ever seen. He had served in some of the king's regiments, and never saw a body of men to compare with them [5196.]. *There was not a man of them that would not arrest the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury* [5196.]. *Witness used the Protestant police to prevent an Orange riot, at a meeting in the theatre* [5225–36.].

Of the indefatigable zeal of the Government in seconding the efforts of this admirable body, there are innumerable testimonies.

Mr. Hickman bears evidence to Mr. Drummond's extreme zeal to punish every shadow of crime [8387–91–8.].

Major Browne says, that when any outrage had been committed, Mr. Drummond *was never easy until he got at it* [5056.].

Mr. Sylvanus Jones, stipendiary magistrate, says, that Lord Normanby first introduced the practice of rewarding constables for the detection of offenders [14,527.]; and that of all the governments under which he served, Lord Normanby's was the most persevering and indefatigable in its exertions to discover and punish crime [14,525.].

Mr. Tierney says, that Lord Normanby carried the practice of giving large rewards and protection to witnesses to a greater extent than any preceding lord-lieutenant [7754–7978.].

We might extend these extracts until they filled the whole of this publication; but as every item of testimony in the Evidence tends to the same results, these specimens will be sufficient to disprove the assertion of Lord Roden.

The beneficial effects derived from the organisation of so effective a force, are abundantly exhibited in the remarkable and rapid diminution of crime. Upon this point a great many very ridiculous and contradictory statements have been made in the newspapers, which the Evidence completely and finally overturns by such an unanimity of opinion amongst the witnesses,

including all those who are known to be hostile to the Government, as to leave no room even for speculation on the subject.

In the first place, testimony is given in reference to every county in Ireland by law officers, magistrates, and constabulary officers; and in almost every instance a diminution of outrages is distinctly averred to have taken place under Lord Normanby's administration. In some places riots had decreased in number, in others they had wholly ceased — faction-fights had nearly gone out every where — murders had considerably decreased; and the only classes of offences that had either increased or still maintained their former average, were offences of a minor description.

In addition to this class of evidence, numerous returns are exhibited from the different counties, in which the different classes of crime are specified, and the numbers compared with former years. These returns not only bear out the general statements of the witnesses, but show a numerical decrease of crime in a ratio which, considering the short period within which it was effected, is almost incredible.

We may here observe that a table, extracted from the Evidence, has been published in the newspapers, in which the crimes are distributed under a variety of minute heads; and according to the results of which it appears that the total number of offences committed in the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, exceeded the total number of offences committed in the years 1826, 1827, and 1828, by 4897, or nearly 27 per cent. Upon the surface, therefore, it appears that there has been an extraordinary increase of crime in those years, but an examination of the principal items of which it is composed will at once enable the reader to estimate its real importance. Amongst the items of the increase, we find the following, —

Assaults - - - -	1090,	or twenty per cent.
Riot, breach of the peace, pound breach, &c.	974,	or ninety-nine per cent.
Larceny, &c. - - - -	1840,	or forty-nine per cent.
Misdemeanours, &c. - -	2775,	or one hundred and twelve per cent.
Total - -	6679	

It will be allowed, we believe, on all hands, that these are minor offences, and that they form a very slight feature in the crimes of a country; or that, at all events, however much such offences are to be lamented, they exhibit a lesser degree of depravity than offences that affect human life and the general repose of society. It is not certainly from such offences as these that any individual would be justified in forming an opinion upon the state of a community, but rather from the darker crimes, which violate the rights of property and take away life. The only item of a serious character which has increased during the above three years is that of assault with intent to commit murder, under which head there was an increase of twenty-seven, or thirty-one per cent. But if we turn to the side of the decrease, we shall find such items as the following: —

Murder and manslaughter -	- 56,	or nearly ten per cent.
Shooting, stabbing, &c. - -	- 43,	or forty-six per cent.
Conspiracy to murder - -	- 7,	or twenty-nine per cent.
Abduction - - -	- 29,	or forty-seven per cent.
Burglary - - -	- 164,	or fifty-six per cent.
Arson - - -	- 41,	or fifty-six per cent.
Administering and taking unlawful oaths	- 5,	or nine per cent.
Housebreaking, sacrilege, &c. -	- 548,	or eighty-six per cent.
Cattle, horse, sheep, and pig stealing -	- 299,	or thirty-four per cent.
Forgery, and offences against the currency	- 127,	or forty per cent.
Illicit distillation - - -	- 665,	or seventy-seven per cent.
Vagrancy - - -	- 185,	or fifty-six per cent.
	2169	

Such are the materials which constitute the decrease of crime under Lord Normanby's administration — a decrease which, in every point of view, exhibits an improvement in the morals and prosperity of the country, that cannot be regarded without feelings of gratitude and surprise. His lordship has effected in five years that which all former administrations had failed to effect; and had he continued to remain at the head of that administration a few years longer, there is no doubt that he would have materially elevated the condition and happiness of the people. We might readily exult over these unanswerable proofs of the falsity of Lord Roden's assertions, but no language can improve upon the eloquence of these figures.

"VI. The next subject towhich he was anxious to call their lordships' attention as a ground for the committee he intended to move for, he had before alluded to — the subject was that of a conspiracy in Ireland — a conspiracy, systematic, organised, and secret, and which was directed against the life and property of all who would not join it and support the *treasonable* objects which its members had in view. From that conspiracy the poor farmers were the greatest sufferers; for however anxious they might be for security, peace, and quiet, yet, if they refused to join this conspiracy, or to obey the dictates of its members, they were visited at night, beaten, maltreated, and exposed to the greatest cruelties. The object and ultimate aim of the Riband conspiracy was exactly thesame as those of the Precursor Association, namely, separation from England, in which was involved the annihilation of the Protestant faith: such he believed were the chief objects of both bodies. He had stated before, that the Government were acquainted with the existence of that conspiracy from the investigations of its own officers; and he well remembered that, when he made that statement, the noble marquis opposite had said that he knew nothing of such a conspiracy; and, if he recollected right, the noble marquis also added, that he did not believe such a conspiracy existed."

[His lordship then proceeded to quote the opinion of Judge Burton, that such a conspiracy did exist, and to cite the testimony *on oath* of a Ribandman, revealing the oath of the association (which, of course, he must have taken and violated if his statement were true), the password, &c.; and then referred to other particulars, which merely went to exhibit further illustrations of the general fact, and with which we need not trouble the reader.]

Upon this conspiracy — its treasonable objects — its organisation — and its religious character — the Evidence develops a few very remarkable circumstances. It appears that the only sources of information that have ever been procured respecting it, are ten or twelve individuals, all of whom, without exception, are persons of infamous character, incredible on their oaths from the enormity of their crimes alone; that they all stipulated not to be called upon to prosecute, or to give any test of their veracity; that all attempts at getting information to enable a prosecution to be carried on have, consequently, failed, except one; that the society, whatever it is, is principally kept up by publicans; and that it is composed of the lowest classes. The most remarkable differences of opinion prevail as to the organisation, pass-words, &c.; but it is clearly shown by the evidence that they have no leaders, no central head, and no arms. The objects of the association are also variously stated. One witness says, that he heard the object was to make O'Connell king, and put down the Protestant religion, with the help of the Duke of Leinster; all the witnesses say, that the Ribandmen themselves do not know what their objects are; and Mr. Drummond thinks that the real object is to enable the publicans to make money. The grand difficulty is to ascertain what Ribandism is. Upon this head let some of the principal witnesses speak for themselves.

Major Warburton says, there is the greatest possible difficulty in getting at the nature of it, and that he should be much puzzled indeed to give any description of it [619.].

Mr. Plunkett says, he can't exactly explain what he means by Ribandism [4676.].

Mr. Tomkins Brew says, he never knew what it was [12,740.].

Mr. Barrington says, he hardly knows what it is [7514.].

Mr. Barnes says, he don't know any thing about it [11,806.].

Mr. Hickman says, he don't very well know the meaning of it [8734.].

Mr. Green says, he has read a great deal about it in the newspapers, but don't know what it is [11,656.].

Captain Vignolles says, he knows very little about it [3994.].

Colonel M'Gregor says, he has had reports of the meetings and passwords of the Ribandmen, but could make nothing of them [1621.].

Mr. O'Ferrall says, that whilst he has been in office, he has received a great deal of information about Ribandism, but he knows no more about it than before [4752.].

It being, therefore, clearly impossible to ascertain what Ribandism is, the next thing is to ascertain what it is like.

Major Browne says, it is the same as Whitefootism [5006.].

Mr. Seed says, it is the same as Blackfootism [10,236.].

Mr. Rathbone says, it is the same as Terryaltism [14,448.].

Captain Warburton says, it is the same as Rockitism and Terryaltism [9408.].

Captain Vignolles says, it is the same as Whitefootism and Peep-o'-day Boyism [3611.].

Mr. Barrington says, it is the same as Terryaltism, and Rockitism, and Old Whiteboyism [8430–1.].

Sir William Somerville says, it is a sort of Trades' Union [14,539.].

The issue of all this is, that nobody knows any thing about it; that, whatever it is, its power is a rope of sand; and that no means have ever yet existed by which it could be traced and prosecuted to conviction. The crown-solicitors, who are all men of thirty to forty years' experience, declare that they never had a case of it. We take it for granted, therefore, that Lord Roden's "conspiracy," and all its terrible adjuncts, may be set aside as having no existence whatever. It is, no doubt, the same conspiracy that has been disturbing the slumbers of poor Sir Harcourt Lees for the last twenty years, but which even that energetic alarmist has been wholly unable to develop.

"VII. He said, that the last subject upon which he should trouble the house was more important than any he had yet touched upon, and called imperatively for their lordships' interference. It referred not to the spirit of resistance originating in ti the disputes, or any political controversy, but to the conduct of the Roman Catholic priesthood,—first of all in endeavouring to impede the Protestants in the exercise of their religious duties; and, in the next place, it referred to the conduct of her Majesty's ministers, who, when the facts were represented to them, took no measures for insuring civil and religious liberty to these aggrieved Protestants. He was sure that many of their lordships would agree with him in thinking, that much of the misery and agitation of which they had to complain in Ireland arose from the violence of the Roman Catholic priesthood; and he would fearlessly assert, that many of his poor Roman Catholic brethren, in a humble sphere of life, might be pointed to as examples of a good peasantry, were it not for the lessons they received from those who ought to teach them better things.

"Further on he says, that there can be no doubt but there is organised in Ireland, and that it is in active operation also, a secret, powerful, and dread tribunal, which has assumed to itself the government of the land, and that its members take upon themselves to regulate the affairs of the country, and exercise a power far more formidable than that of the law. They denounce from the altar, they excite the people to lawlessness, and exercise over them an unlimited despotism by the agency of their superstition. There can be no security for the country, nor any hope for its civilisation and prosperity, until this order is put down. *Delenda est Carthago.*"

The general conduct of the Roman Catholic clergy appears from the Evidence to have been exactly the reverse of the conduct attributed to them by Lord Roden.

Colonel Shaw Kennedy states, that the priests in Longford, and generally throughout Ireland, have used their influence for the prevention of crime [347–53.].

Major Warburton says, that he has received great assistance from them; that they have been generally very anxious to assist in preserving the peace, and discovering the perpetrators of crimes; and that they have given previous notice of offences about to be committed [821–7.].

Captain Despard states, that the Riband system had been dormant for a considerable time in some parts, in consequence of the exertions of the Roman Catholic clergy [3219.]. He heard from the priest, that some persons, with whom he had remonstrated, had given up the society [3224.]. The Roman Catholic clergy in Meath used efforts beyond the common to put a stop to Ribandism [3269.]. He says, that he could give many reports of the efforts of which he had been speaking, made publicly in the chapels from the altars [32,569–3450.]. One Ribandman told him that he had not been to confession for many years; and another told him that he was obliged to leave the system, as the priest would not hear his confession [4032.]. Other instances were stated to the same effect.

Captain Warburton's testimony is also to the same effect [9392.].

Captain Despard states, that the priests have made a "steady resistance" to Ribandmen going to confession [3283.]. Where the Ribandmen are the most numerous, the priests are the most anxious to put them down. The system puts an end to the power of the priests over the populace [3287.]. He believes that they look to the increase of the system with the greatest alarm [3449.]. Parish priests and curates have equally expressed their horror of it [3452.]. Both classes of the clergy have shown the greatest anxiety to assist in putting down all disturbances [3447–8.].

Captain Vignolles says, that, whilst engaged in prosecutions, he had received very great assistance from the Roman Catholic priests [4010.].

Captain Despard states, that an ineffectual attempt was made by the Rev. Mr. Newman, Roman Catholic curate of Courtown, in Meath, to induce a body of Ribandmen to disperse [4023.]. A Roman Catholic clergyman had sworn before him an information which is to be prosecuted at the next assizes, regarding a proposal to shoot a gentleman, nineteen miles off [4072.].

Mr. O'Ferral says, that he has known Roman Catholic priests denounce the society from the altar [4906–7.]. The Roman Catholic priests always co-operated with the authorities in discountenancing Ribandism [4964.].

Mr. Barrington says, that he often received information from them [7457.]. In the late disturbances in Clare, the priests did every thing to put down disturbance [7458.].

Mr. Seed says, that the only case of Ribandism, on the Home circuit, is one on the information of Doctor O'Reilly, the parish priest of Navan [10,455–9.].

Mr. Cahill says, that the amount of crime is greatly reduced by the influence of the priests; and but for that influence there would be, in Tipperary, a much greater quantity of crime than there is at present. The priests are the best police against the commission of crime; they use every exertion to suppress it [10,851.].

Mr. Drummond says, that the "Shamrock Society" in Sligo was discovered by the Roman Catholic dean, who went and kept them in the house until the provost Fawcett, whom the priest sent for, arrived and arrested them [13,254.]. The conduct of Mr. Dunleary, the parish priest, was so very laudable, that he ought, in the opinion of the inspector, to receive the thanks of the lord-lieutenant. The Ribandmen are publicly and

constantly denounced by the Roman Catholic clergy [13,368.]. Captain Warburton was able to bring the perpetrators of an outrage to justice *solely* through the information given by a priest, and through his valuable and meritorious exertions, for which he received the special thanks of the lord-lieutenant [13,375.]. Mr. Drummond concluded by saying, "I ought to add, that the constabulary reports *abound* with instances of exertions made by the Catholic clergy, both with regard to Riband societies and to every other cause which tends to a violation of the laws. I cannot, therefore, express myself too strongly, when I am questioned as to my belief in their sincerity."

A multitude of similar testimony, from a variety of witnesses, might be adduced; but it is superfluous to accumulate evidence of this nature, which consists solely in a reiteration of the same fact, that the Roman Catholic clergy, instead of being denounced by a peer of the realm as the abettors of crimes and disorders, are entitled to the gratitude of the community for their incessant exertions to prevent crimes, and to bring the criminals to justice.

"VIII. Before the conclusion, his lordship made a long statement about the Achill mission; and intimated that Mr. Reynolds, a Protestant officer in the Coast-guard Blockade, had been murdered in consequence of the evidence which he had given before a committee of the House of Lords." [Neither this case, nor any other circumstance connected with the Achill mission, seems to have been at all brought under the notice of the select committee.]

In reference to this statement and the insinuation it contains, we refer the reader to the "Monthly Chronicle" for April last, in which the whole case and the result of the trial of Lavelle, the imputed murderer of Mr. Reynolds, is given; by which it will be seen that Mr. Reynolds broke into Lavelle's house at night, attempted, without the slightest provocation, to take his life, and was killed in the "scuffle" which ensued. The accused, therefore, was not only fully acquitted, but the friends of the deceased unanimously declared that the man was fully justified by the circumstances and the necessity of self-defence. So much for one of Lord Roden's special facts.

We have now disposed of the whole substance of the speech, and, by the exhibition of the character of the evidence bearing upon each part, we have shown that not one of Lord Roden's allegations were sustained by an atom of proof before the committee. We have gone farther: — we have shown by this very evidence, that wherever Lord Roden made a distinct charge against the administration, that charge was distinctly rebutted by a host of witnesses. Within the space to which we are of necessity limited, it is impossible to do more than indicate the tendency of the evidence under each head, and to give such specimens of it in detail as would be sufficient to illustrate that tendency. But if we have succeeded in directing attention to a valuable body of facts, we shall have attained the whole object we proposed. Lord Normanby's triumphant answer to Lord Roden's accusation is the testimony of Lord Roden's own witnesses.

It would be impossible to construct a more complete series of refutations than the Evidence affords to the various allegations. Lord Roden stated, that the Protestant party (by which his lordship meant the Orange party), were reduced to great distress and tribulation: — the Evidence proves that the Orange party have been habitual disturbers of the peace, and that the number of Orangemen who were convicted upon one occasion was so great that it was difficult to find room for them in gaol. Lord Roden stated, that the tranquillity of Ireland was the tranquillity of death: —

the Evidence proves that the tranquillity was that of restored animation, and a return to order and industry. Lord Roden stated, that crime had increased under Lord Normanby's administration: — the Evidence proves that crime had considerably diminished in intensity and in amount; that a greater number of committals had taken place, through the vigilance of the constabulary organised by Lord Normanby, than had ever taken place before in an equal period; and that a greater number of convictions had been procured. Lord Roden referred specially to several counties in which crime had increased, and stated that murders on account of religion prevailed to a most alarming extent:—the Evidence proves that in the counties specially referred to crime had uniformly decreased, but that in one county it had increased *in consequence of ejectments arising out of electioneering politics;* and the whole evidence explicitly and unanimously proves that no outrages whatever had been committed on account of religion or politics, and that nearly all the outrages were traceable *to the letting of land.* Lord Roden stated, that the Government had neglected to provide the requisite means for the prevention and punishment of crime and the protection of life and property: — the Evidence proves that the Government had organised the most effective civil force that had ever been in Ireland, or in Europe; that the influence of that force in prevention and discovery was unparalleled; and that the Government had all throughout exhibited a morbid anxiety to put down and punish disturbances of every description. Lord Roden stated, that there exists in Ireland an atrocious conspiracy against England and the Protestant religion: — the Evidence proves that the information upon which this statement rests is vague in itself, and that it comes from parties who are not worthy of credit on their oaths; that the most persevering efforts have been made to trace this conspiracy; that large rewards have been offered, and large sums of money expended, with a view to prosecute the inquiry to conviction; and that the Government have not only been utterly unable to do so, but that neither Lord Roden nor any body else can furnish the smallest fragment of information, of a useful or practical character, on the subject. And we may here observe, that when the investigation before the committee was concluded, Lord Wharncliffe declared in the House of Lords, that he had no evidence before him to satisfy his mind as to the political character of Ribandism — an important declaration, considering the quarter from whence it came. Lord Roden stated, that the Roman Catholic clergy were constantly in the habit of encouraging and screening offenders against the law: — the Evidence proves that the Roman Catholic clergy are amongst the most efficient and zealous instruments for the repression and detection of crime, frequently exposing, and sometimes even losing, their lives in the discharge of their duty.

But the Evidence proves a great deal more than this, which we find it impossible to enter upon now, and which must be reserved for a future opportunity. It gives elaborate details of the labours of the Government for the conservation of the peace, which no general description can fairly or truly reflect. But we may observe, that until this Evidence was published, an adequate estimate could not have been formed of the vast benefits conferred upon Ireland by the Marquis of Normanby — benefits which are of so permanent a kind, that the administration of the affairs of that country will in future be a work of much less difficulty than ever it was before.

Upon the subject of the clemency that was extended to offenders it is necessary to say a few words, although it does not come within the allegations of Lord Roden. The misrepresentations that have been put forward

on this subject may be described as being in the last degree disgraceful to the parties who sanctioned them. Of all the acts of Lord Normanby's government in which the exercise of his lordship's discretion was attended with beneficial results of the most striking kind, these acts of clemency are unquestionably the most deserving of unmixed approbation. In no other part of his administration did his lordship display so much knowledge of the character of the people, or so much judgment in dealing with their offences. A few passages from the Evidence on this branch of inquiry will show the admirable effects that have been produced by an experiment, which was as novel in Ireland as it was peculiarly applicable to the circumstances of the country.

Mr. Howley says, "In Ireland there prevailed a great want of confidence in the administration of justice. This has lately been disappearing, and the exercise of clemency has a strong tendency to increase the confidence of the people" [1059.]. "From what I know of the Irish character, I am convinced that any thing which inspires them with confidence in the paternal character of the Government, would materially promote the tranquillity of the country. These naked penalties, without the admixture of temperate kindness and consideration, will never put down offences in Ireland" [10,061.]. "The exercise of clemency at Clonmel was calculated to produce a good effect on the minds of the people" [10,051.]. "The old system of gentlemen screening their tenants and retainers from punishment is fast disappearing" [10,139.]. Mentions the case of an insane person as the only individual discharged by Lord Mulgrave who was recommitted [10,324.].

Major Warburton says, "The exercise of clemency has in many instances reclaimed men that would have been hardened by punishment, and produced good effects upon the popular mind" [1248–9.]. "In discharging at Leitrim some persons who were confined for faction-fights, Lord Mulgrave said to me, that he thought letting them out would have the effect of making them good friends in future, and I agreed with him." [1263–4.]

Mr. Irwin says, "The persons who had disturbed Leitrim for several years at the fairs and markets never came in contact again" [3182.]. "In this instance the exercise of clemency put an end to faction-fights." [3184.] "In regard to the prisoners released at Sligo, only one has been recommitted, and that for a common assault" [24,867.].

Captain Despard says, that seventeen were discharged at Mullingar (Westmeath); only one or two of those have been recommitted, and those for trifling offences. Another on a charge of assault, where a life was lost; but, as he considered him the person originally assailed, he recommended his discharge [3469.].

Mr. Prendergast says, that at Clonmel forty or fifty were discharged [5560.]; principally those who had short periods to serve, and were well conducted [5562.]. They promised to behave well, and have done so [5550.]. I thought the subsequent state of the neighbourhood was better than it had been before [5652.].

Not one of the prisoners so liberated has since been guilty of fighting. They pledged themselves to keep the peace, and have observed their promises. The lord-lieutenant's clemency has also produced a good effect upon the feelings of the relations of the prisoners, and of the whole population of the different neighbourhoods to which they belonged. There have not been any faction-fights in any of those neighbourhoods since. Of the whole number discharged only two have been recommitted: one for breaking windows; he was an idiot, and is now in the House of Industry: the other was for driving cattle, supposing that he had a right

of distress for arrears under a grant of an annuity. He was charged with robbery, and found guilty; but the judge passed no sentence, and discharged him on his own recognisance [5667–79.].

From the evidence of Mr. Howley [9949–60.] it seems that the liberation of the Clonmel prisoners was only the performance of a sort of contract previously entered into with the prisoners by Mr. Howley on the part of Lord Mulgrave.

It must appear extraordinary to every person who had not attentively followed the details of the investigation, that the committee should have closed their labours without submitting a report of the results to the House of Lords; a course which is not only usual in all similar cases, but which the records of Parliament expressly declare to have been one of the two purposes for which the committee was formed. This remarkable abandonment of the natural consequences of their proceedings would appear still more extraordinary, but for the fact that the Evidence happened to run so directly counter to the expectations of the majority of the committee. It is not, however, to this circumstance alone that the omission of a report is to be attributed.

That a report was expected is evident from several facts. In the discussion which took place in the House of Commons on Lord Roden's committee, the principal ground relied upon by Lord Roden's party was that the House of Commons was premature in coming to any decision on the matter until the committee of the House of Lords should have made their report. The "Dublin Evening Mail" (the organ of Lord Roden's party in Ireland) immediately on the announcement of the termination of the labours of the committee, expressed its astonishment and disappointment at the fact of their not having presented a report; adding, that they knew, from unquestionable authority, that up to four o'clock on the day on which the committee closed, it was the determination of the committee to report; and as a corroborative proof of that fact, it stated that the heads of the report were drawn up, printed, and distributed amongst the members of the committee; and that a copy of these heads, or special reports, as they may be designated, was in the custody of the writer of the article in the "Evening Mail." In a subsequent number of that paper, the whole of these reports appeared, and the publication was thereupon brought under the notice of the Lords as a breach of privilege; when some of the Lords felt it necessary to express their wonder how these copies could have got into the possession of the editor of a newspaper, seeing that the whole number printed was only equal to the number of the members of the committee, and that each copy was not only to be considered, but was actually inscribed, "private and confidential."

If we refer to the proceedings which took place in the House of Lords when Lord Wharncliffe laid the evidence upon the table, and endeavour to extract from them the reason why a report was not made from the materials which were thus prepared, we shall find ourselves totally bewildered amongst statements of the most contradictory character. Lord Brougham assigned as the reason, that the great quantity of the evidence rendered it impossible to make a report at that late period of the session; whilst his lordship, in the preface to a recent edition of his Speeches *, assigns as the reason, that "the Ministerial defenders of Lord Normanby in the committee took such a course as prevented the possibility of a report being made." But how any course taken by a very small minority could have prevented a very large majority from making a report, or doing any thing else they pleased, his lordship has not thought it necessary to explain, nor can we

* Lord Brougham's Speeches on the Administration of Justice in Ireland. With a Preface. London: Ridgway. 1839.

conjecture. From the manner, however, in which his lordship alludes to the conduct of the Ministerial friends of Lord Normanby, it is evident that he considers it to have been highly reprehensible, which renders the whole case only the more inexplicable, inasmuch as Lord Roden, the original mover of the investigation, explicitly declared in his place in the House of Lords, on the occasion above referred to, that the conduct of the noble lords who represented the Government in the committee was so just, so candid, and so impartial, as to render it a matter of deep regret to himself that he had never before their attendance on that committee enjoyed the happiness of their acquaintance!

The actual circumstances, we believe, were these: — the labour of drawing up a report was distributed amongst the several members of the committee, who undertook to collect, under each head, such evidence as they considered appropriate to that part of the subject assigned to each. Amongst these was a report upon Ribandism, prepared by Lord Wharncliffe; and which, except the report of Lord Brougham upon the administration of justice, was the longest of them all. This report upon Ribandism, on being examined, was found to have omitted some very material statements which had been made upon one side of the case: it was found that the omissions, when supplied, qualified considerably, and, in many instances, altogether changed, the effect of the whole text; and it was also found that the evidence of some witnesses was wholly omitted, which evidence was considered, by the parties representing and assisting Government, to be in direct opposition to a great part of the testimony selected by Lord Wharncliffe. These omissions being supplied, the whole report, so amended and expanded, was taken into the committee by a noble lord, a friend of the Government, and presented for adoption as the report which the committee was to make under that head to the House of Lords. The fact then appeared, that the report in this form, if presented to the House of Lords, would have produced an effect diametrically opposite to that which was intended and desired by a majority of the committee; and the adoption of the whole report, therefore, became impossible. To adopt only the original part collected by Lord Wharncliffe, rejecting the evidence tendered on the part of the Government, after that evidence had been openly brought under the notice of the committee, would have been a course too flagrantly unjust to be adopted by any collection of gentlemen making the slightest pretensions to the lowest degree of integrity or candour. There, therefore, remained nothing for the majority of the committee to do, but to agree that there should be no report at all.

We believe this to be a true history of the reason why the committee, at the close of its labours, did not make a report; and we believe that this decision was arrived at within an hour of the dissolution of the body.

ON THE PRACTICABILITY OF CIVILISING ABORIGINAL POPULATIONS.

Although the following remarks may be applicable to most of the uncivilised tribes whose extermination is threatened by the progress of colonisation, they are more particularly so to the Indians of North America, by whose peculiar circumstances they have been suggested.

The capability of progressive improvement forms so marked a characteristic of the faculties of man, whether we consider him individually or collectively, that it would, at first sight, seem to be almost a needless effort to advocate the truth of the proposition.

There are, perhaps, none who will dispute it in the abstract; yet it is a lamentable fact, that it is practically denied with regard to some of the most interesting sections of the human race. It is asserted that the noble-minded, independent, brave, and heroically patient North American Indian, who has given so many undoubted proofs of possessing strong intellectual powers, is insusceptible of elevation; that he is doomed to perish by the decrees of Providence, if he remain in the proximity of civilised man; and that the utmost amount of good that can be hoped for as his lot is, that he may be driven to the most inaccessible, most worthless tracts of his remaining territory, there to await the deferred but certain extinction of his race—a consummation which must one day be inevitably effected by the extension of civilised society. This idea, which may be traced to the worst enemies of the red race, has been readily and credulously adopted by some whose minds might have cherished juster sentiments, and whom we would forbear to suspect of hypocrisy, when they profess to be the friends of humanity.

By whichever party this unworthy sentiment has been entertained, it has proved equally fatal to the Indians, whose unhappy lot it has been to be placed very much at the mercy of the two parties who have adopted this opinion. Whilst the one from interest, and the other from mistaken philanthropy, have taken measures in accordance with the conclusion that the happiness of the Indians is most promoted by removal to the depths of the forest, those who have professed and acted upon opposite principles have been greatly impeded, or wholly arrested, in the prosecution of their best and most successful efforts.

In opposition to the opinion that the Indians are necessarily irreclaimable, it may be urged that,—

First: Other races, amongst which, for centuries, there existed a want of civilisation, very similar to that which has prevailed amongst the North American Indians, have successfully struggled for their own advancement, and, under the development which cultivation has produced, have reached the greatest height to which human talent and industry have yet attained.

Secondly: We need not trust to this analogy, however strong, to sustain our hope that the Indians, if also favoured by circumstances, might similarly rise. We have numerous scattered examples of Indians of various tribes, which prove that the Indian mind and intellect form no exception to the law of progressive improvement which applies to the human mind generally.

Thirdly: If we proceed from individuals to assembled multitudes, we

shall find, that though the opportunities have been few, and invariably very imperfect, they have, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances which attended them, been amply sufficient to remove every doubt that the Indian race has all the requisite capabilities for a thoroughly organised system of social order.

Fourthly: The objection, that notwithstanding these encouraging instances, the result of past experience has generally been of a gloomy and disheartening character, may be met by evidence which shows that there have been powerful and adverse causes in operation, quite adequate to account for all the obstructed good and active evil which we have so much reason to lament, and which we are so loudly called upon to retrieve.

Fifthly: If we look to those instances in which the scheme of removal, suggested by the erroneous principle in question, has been adopted, it will be found that they have invariably been marked as total failures; and that, so far from conferring the advantages which they vainly promised, they have proved amongst the most active means for promoting the spoliation and ruin of the people.

Sixthly: It may be shown that, if the malign causes which have attached so foul a blot on the character of Europeans and their descendants in their treatment of the aborigines of America were suspended, and an opposite feeling substituted in their room, measures, neither expensive in themselves nor doubtful in their results, might easily be adopted, which would confer lasting honour on the authorities by whom they may be introduced, and great and reciprocal blessings both on the red and the white population.

It may not be amiss to enter separately into the consideration of these heads in the order in which they have been stated.

First: Although, when we look back to the origin of Grecian civilisation, we find that our inquiry is necessarily rendered almost fruitless by the want of any thing like certain history, yet we can scarcely doubt that a time existed when the inhabitants of that interesting portion of the globe were plunged in a state of deep degradation and barbarism.

There is sufficient evidence to show that civilisation was there a foreign importation, and that the gems of Grecian art and science were derived from Egypt and Phœnicia. But the new and peculiar character which those arts and sciences assumed, will not permit us to believe that in Greece civilisation flourished only amongst an imported and exterminating race; but, on the contrary, that it was engrafted upon the native population, which only needed a favourable opportunity to develop their great but latent intellectual powers.*

If we trace the same people through succeeding periods of time, in which we have the more certain light of history to give accuracy to our observations, we may see that the recurrence of adverse circumstances have been fully competent to replunge the Greeks into a state of great degradation, and almost into actual barbarism; and this, notwithstanding that the memory of their illustrious ancestors has never ceased to be proudly cherished amongst them. We may see, too, how often concurrent circumstances have, from time to time, brought into cultivation and notice individuals from amongst that people in the midst of their greatest degradation. When we contemplate these facts — much as we may be disposed on

* In the commencement and progress of civilisation in Greece, we see the operation of two causes, which will deserve attention: — 1. The Egyptian and Phœnician colonies introduced their arts amongst the more rude inhabitants with whom they united. 2. For a long subsequent course of years talented Greeks travelled in Egypt and the East to acquire knowledge and wisdom, which they brought back for the general benefit of their countrymen.

good ground to vindicate the superiority of particular races — we cannot deny the almost immeasurable influence which it is in the power of circumstances to exert.

If we turn our attention to the numerous states of Europe in which civilisation has made such great but such various progress, we cannot doubt for a moment that their population is mainly, though with greater or less amount of admixture, made up of the descendants of those very hordes whom the polished Romans despised or dreaded as barbarous savages.

Who can read the description which Tacitus gives of the ancient Germans, "*truces et cerulei oculi, rutilæ comæ, magna corpora et tantum ad impetum valida*," and fail to recognise the lineal ancestors of those very individuals who form the brightest ornaments of the most polished and cultivated nations of the present day? and who can refuse to admit the parallel which exists between the picture which Tacitus has drawn of the state and manners of those Germans, and the actual condition of the Caffres and the North American Indians? Who for a moment can entertain a doubt, that in various parts of Europe, insular or continental, we may find the almost unmixed remnants, not only of Germans, but of Belgic and Aquitanian Gauls, — of Ancient Britons, Celts and Iberians, — of Goths, and of Huns, who have progressively emerged from various degrees of barbarism to prove, not the uniformity of capacity of all the families of the human race, but that none must necessarily be exterminated, and that none are incapable of great mental improvement?

What can have been more barbarous than the state of the Picts and Scots? When we recollect that, within a comparatively recent period, some of the distant Highland clans were in a state which caused them to be regarded as barbarous by the rest of Europe, and contrast them with their descendants of the present day, who are continually and successfully competing with their fellow-men in all those situations which require the highest intellectual development, we certainly ought not to admit the discouraging idea, that actual barbarism necessarily implies that that state must be perpetual.

Has not Ireland offered another and equally encouraging instance? But it is, perhaps, to Russia that we may refer, as offering on the largest scale the proof of what may be done within a comparatively short interval of time for the progressive elevation of man from barbarism to civilisation. We may there observe that, with many unquestionably vicious modes of procedure, with many adverse circumstances to contend with, a regular system of organisation — comprehending the means whereby disorder may be repressed, instruction may be afforded, and merit may be rewarded — has succeeded in bringing forward a population composed of various kindreds and languages, and exhibiting almost every gradation of natural capability.

Though very much confessedly remains of barbarism in a large portion of the Russian dominions, it is notorious that the Russians have established for themselves a national reputation for skill in languages, science, and politics, which will bear comparison with that of the most polished and longest settled states of Europe.

The great elevation of the favoured few amongst them, contrasted with the co-existing degradation of those to whom the necessary opportunities for improvement are denied, seems to furnish the full demonstration of all which it is the object of these remarks to establish. Yet it may not be amiss, before coming to the examination of the present state of the Indians, to adduce another example, furnished by a race which has been long despised as one of the most abject of the human family. The Hottentots,

who are evidently of the same family with the Bushmen, who are stigmatised as the lowest of the African races — the Hottentots, who have been regarded as but one degree above the monkey, who have been deprived of every inch of territory which they could call their own, who have ceased to exist as an independent people, and, till lately, were only suffered to remain as slaves of the lowest description — these very Hottentots, under the superintendence of a Moravian missionary, have founded a settlement in which, in a few years, social order, European arts, and Christian morals were seen to flourish in a most satisfactory manner.

The writer of these remarks has been informed by an independent, and therefore impartial, witness, that the articles of hardware produced in that Hottentot settlement had acquired distinguished reputation in the colony. The ruin, but it is to be hoped only the temporary ruin, of that and similar settlements of Hottentots, has sprung from no intellectual incapacity of the Hottentot race, but from the lawless and unbridled passions of degenerate Europeans.

Secondly: If the preceding instances have contributed in any degree to remove the unfortunate persuasion, that existing barbarism is necessarily a permanent and unalterable condition, it may perhaps not be difficult to show that, with the Indians in particular, intellectual improvement is by no means impracticable. Facts related by numerous individuals, who have described the character of the Indians, sufficiently demonstrate that there exist amongst them strong native talents, distinguished by great acuteness, quick and accurate observation, close and sound reasoning, and very great power of foresight and combination, conjoined, in many instances, with extraordinary personal influence and persuasive faculties, which, if properly directed, would have entitled their possessors to be remembered by coming ages as the benefactors of their race, but which, turned aside by European artifice, have been rendered instrumental in accelerating its ruin.

Many schools have been established in Indian villages; and whilst their continuance has been permitted, and the services of suitable masters have been enjoyed, the progress of the children has been considered satisfactory. Indian children and youths have been educated in American schools and colleges; and, notwithstanding the obstructing and discouraging influence of the American prejudice against persons of colour, some of these Indians have become remarkable by the successful cultivation of their talents. The writer has corresponded with John Ridge, a chief of the Cherokee nation, who defended the claims of his countrymen against the unjust and oppressive measures of the United States, and succeeded in obtaining decisions in their favour in one or more of the American courts of law, although he was unable eventually to establish their right in opposition to the eminently anti-Indian policy of President Jackson. A citizen of the United States, who was personally acquainted with Ridge, declared that such were his talents and acquirements, that if he were not a Cherokee senator he ought to have been a member of Congress. An English gentleman connected with the commission for the settlement of the American and Canadian boundary informed the writer, that actual observation had impressed him with a very favourable opinion of the Indian's talents; and that a young Indian lad, attached to his service, had proved remarkably apt to learn.

It is needless to dwell on individual cases, yet it may not be amiss to add one other fact to show that the Indians have both the will and the power to learn. John Sunday, a Chippaway Indian, at the age of thirty, and whilst living in the woods, managed to teach himself to read, and has acquired such

a knowledge of Scripture as to enable him to be a successful as well as zealous preacher to his countrymen.

Thirdly: The most complete proof which can be adduced in support of the third proposition, is that which has been furnished by the Cherokee tribe of Indians. Although it may be objected that, in this tribe, some intermixture of European blood had taken place, it is unquestionable that they were retaining the Indian character and mode of living until they formed for themselves a social system of their own. It was neither imposed upon them nor servilely copied, although it is extremely probable that they may have listened to the few missionaries residing amongst them, and that they may have borrowed from the institutions of neighbouring states. They showed their originality in contriving and adopting a new and extensive alphabet for the expression of their language, and they employed it in a newspaper, which was printed and published amongst them. They had established a kind of police; and, as before observed in speaking of John Ridge, they so well conducted their cause with the United States, as, on one or more occasions, to defeat that government in its own courts, and to defer for a considerable time, though they could not ultimately avert, the fate which overwhelming power had decreed against them. Some of the Indians in the North-Western territory, not far from Lake Michigan, although they do not appear to have adopted so complete an organisation as the Cherokees had done before their expulsion from their territory, not only made considerable advances in agriculture, but commenced working the valuable lead mines, which excited the cupidity of their white neighbours, and constituted the real cause of their unjust expatriation. Different companies of Indians, which have come under the care and instruction of the Society of Friends in the United States, have made very gratifying progress in agriculture and the most useful mechanic arts. They have acquired herds of cattle, and barns stored with grain. Schools have been established for the children, whose progress in the different branches of their education has been very encouraging. The exertions of missionaries of other societies, who have laboured amongst the Indians, have also in different instances been attended with gratifying success. This has been particularly the case with the Chippeway Indians under the care of the Wesleyans, and with others under that of the Moravians.

Fourthly: With regard to the fourth head, it unhappily cannot be denied that the Indians have shown a great disposition to cling to the worst parts of their uncivilised customs, and a great readiness, when partially civilised, to relapse into what may be termed the savage state; and that, in conjunction with this, they have shown a no less lamentable aptness to acquire many of the vices which accompany and disgrace civilisation. That this is true, both of individuals and communities, is shown by the fact, that in very many of those cases in which young Indians have received a good education, and have lived for a sufficient length of time in cultivated society to become accustomed to its habits, they have nevertheless, on returning to their kindred, resumed all the habits of their countrymen, whilst they have communicated few of the advantages which they had received.

The tribes, or portions of tribes, which have been the subjects of the assiduous care of different religious societies, have, in several instances, suffered the progress of civilisation amongst them to be arrested, and to a greater or less degree have returned to their former state. Nor can it be denied that those portions of tribes which have remained in proximity to the settled parts of the country, and have had little of an efficient character attempted for their improvement, have lost nearly all those native virtues

which in their ancestors commanded admiration and respect; and that, in many instances, they have become intemperate, profligate, mendicant, dishonest, abject, and, in every sense of the word, degenerate.

The causes of all these failures are sufficiently obvious.

It is not to be expected that an isolated youth, whatever may have been his education, could possibly retain the habits of civilised life when thrown back amongst his countrymen, devoid of arts, implements, and other resources. Could he create these for himself in his native forests? Could he put his countrymen in the way of procuring them, were they most ready to listen to his representations and follow his directions? Is it not obvious that whilst many of his descriptions must be necessarily unintelligible to them, they would be very competent to detect his want of prowess and inferiority in all those pursuits which they regard as necessary or commendable in their own mode of life? Supposing the youth to have brought with him the desire to benefit his countrymen, who can doubt the overpowering influence of the discouragements with which he would have to contend? and who can question the fascinations which the chase must present to a youth escaped from the trammels of a school or a college, and restored to the haunts of his boyhood? In civilised nations the most abounding in talents, there is probably not one in a thousand who, whatever may be his acquirements, possesses those natural requisites which are essential in an individual who is to take the lead amongst his fellows, and exert such a sway over them tha·tall their powers may be combined for the fulfilment of his designs. Does it come within the range of probability that the few youths, taken almost indiscriminately from amongst an uncivilised nation, shall be the very persons to possess these rare qualifications; or that, even if formed by nature to possess such abilities, they could, by any possibility, bring them into effectual operation whilst young and devoid of personal authority?

But it may be said, that if the causes alluded to are sufficient to account for the fact that Indian youths, after having enjoyed the benefit of education in civilised society, have failed to raise the character of their brethren, the suspended progress, or even retrograde movement of portions of tribes, which in a degree have submitted to the influence of civilisation, is a clear proof of the essentially irreclaimable nature of the Indian character. It must, indeed, be admitted that nothing remains of those settlements of Christian Indians which appeared for a while to flourish in the early part of the eighteenth century; that there is probably scarcely a trace to be found of any satisfactory result of the labours of the devoted Brainard and his missionary brethren; and that some of the remnants of Indian tribes, still existing in some parts of Canada, are a helpless, miserable, degraded, and dwindling people, although they have been, for several successive generations, nominal Christians, the disciples of Roman Catholic missionaries.

Careful inquiry will, however, leave no room to doubt that these failures have not so much depended on the impossibility of effectually introducing civilisation amongst the Indians, difficult as the task must be confessed to be, as upon the imperfect manner in which the work has been attempted, and on the adventitious obstacles which have interrupted its progress.

As respects the imperfection of the method, it would appear that, with very few exceptions, the changes introduced for the purpose of effecting a new order of society have not been sufficiently engrafted upon their original system of government, which, defective and rude as it was, had, nevertheless, acquired some degree of permanence and durability.

From the want of this engrafting, it would seem that the new order, instead of possessing in itself the power of self-preservation and progressive

advancement, has been dependent on those individuals by whom it was introduced, and upon those foreign teachers by whom they may have been succeeded. Such teachers either ceasing to exist amongst them, or falling off in their character, has had the inevitable effect of allowing the infant community to relapse towards its former state; deteriorated, however, in two important particulars:—first, it has new wants, introduced by their civilised associates, which, being unaccompanied by the ability to meet them, produce absolute dependence; and, secondly, the disposition to associate with the white men having been established, they are rendered the more accessible to those who continue to make them their prey, depriving them of their property, and contaminating them by vice and disease, when their teachers either cease to exist, or are too feeble or irresolute to afford any valid protection. Although there can be no doubt that the *bonâ fide* introduction of genuine Christianity would have worked incalculable good for the Indians collectively as well as individually, and that the want of this may be admitted as one of the causes which have operated to produce the failure which has been complained of, it can scarcely be doubted by the impartial inquirer that in some instances, at least, in which the attempt at conversion to Christianity has been made, it has contributed to retard both Christianity and civilisation. Sometimes the individuals to whom this responsible task has been assigned have not only lived upon the Indians, but lent themselves to the designs of those who were seeking the unjust acquisition of the Indian territory.

In other cases there has been a great want of simultaneous effort to impart to the Indians a practical acquaintance with the arts and knowledge enjoyed by civilised men; and the invitation to embrace a new faith has consequently been met by the objection, that there was no inducement to adopt a religion, the professors of which they knew as their worst enemies,—their instructors in crime, disfigured with vices which they perpetrated with impunity. It can scarcely be doubted that the mere fact of the attempt to introduce a new faith, being conjoined with a tendency to diminish authority in the hands of those by whom it had previously been held, may have thrown impediments in the way of conversion and civilisation in some cases, in which no other charge than want of tact could be raised against the missionary labourer. In some instances, however, it would appear that the spiritless and unfrequent periodical discourses of our official preacher, with the addition of baptism, merely employed as a ceremony, and unaccompanied by any attempts to improve their intellectual and physical condition, have served only to keep them in a state virtually heathen and uncivilised, although nominally Christian.* To draw discouragement from such instances is no less irrational than to reject the encouragement offered by the great improvement, religious as well as social, which quickly followed the introduction of a better system. The last point which it seems necessary to notice amongst the imperfections in the attempts which have hitherto been made to improve the condition of the Indians, is the absence of adequate stimulus to call forth individual exertions, both amongst the youth and adults. With the exception that some few have been employed as native preachers, it does not appear that the advancement in the arts and acquirements of civilisation has opened the door to any superior advantages amongst their countrymen, or procured for them any patronage from the British or Americans calculated to reward their efforts, or make them instrumental in benefiting their countrymen. On the contrary, their acquirements have not unfrequently

* See Statements relating to the Mohawks, given before the Committee of the House of Commons.

been directed against their nation, either as auxiliary to treaties for the acquisition of land, to obtaining service in war, or in seconding the designs of traders who seek to enrich themselves by a traffic disgraced by the greatest injustice. The children who have distinguished themselves in the Indian schools have not been encouraged to further attainments by removal to more advantageous situations, either in this country or in Canada; and the pursuits in which their mode of life requires them to be engaged in a country nearly or quite uncultivated, furnish them with few inducements and opportunities for the exercise of even the very limited acquirements which they have made.

The influence of these imperfections, great as they are, can scarcely be compared with the evils which have arisen from the obstacles which have been thrown in the way of Indian advancement. Perhaps the greatest of these obstacles has been the constant succession of removals which the Indians have been induced to make, as one reservation after another has acquired such an increase of value by the approach of white settlements as to excite the insatiable cupidity of speculators in land, who have not suffered the Indians to rest until, by some artifice or other, they have prevailed upon them to quit their settlements and seek fresh abodes in the more remote wilds of the unbroken forests.

The most promising settlements under the watchful care of members of the Society of Friends have been broken up by the operation of this process, to which the American government has given its sanction and assistance, under the pretext of protecting the Indians. As it is not the object at present to bring forward these instances for any other purpose than to show why partial success has not been succeeded by greater advances, it will be needless to follow the Indians in their removal, until the subject of the fifth head is considered.

The employment of the Indians in the chase and in war has tended very powerfully to promote their adherence to their wandering and unsettled habits; and the new arms placed in their hands for both purposes have produced the double evil of rendering war and the chase more injurious, and of making them rely upon the production of their civilised neighbours, obtained on disadvantageous terms, rather than exercise the low degree of mechanical art which they have been accustomed to use.

The modes of carrying on the fur trade in particular has had a very baneful influence, from the system of supplying the Indian with articles upon credit, which places him at the mercy of the trader when his successful hunting has obtained a stock of fur for his disposal, and which leaves him in a state of perfect destitution, if infirmity or deficiency of game deprive him of the means both of repaying the trader and of providing for the future wants of himself and his family.

The laudable, and in some instances manifestly successful, efforts to improve the moral and physical condition of the Indians have been powerfully counteracted by the poisonous influence of a more numerous and no less persevering class of instructors, whose example has led them into the grossest profligacy and intemperance. Our vices and our diseases which have been thus introduced amongst the Indians have, in a few years, decimated tribes which not long since were numerous and powerful.

All travellers who have had an opportunity of observing the condition of the Indians who have come under the influence of these causes, concur in describing the awfully destructive and demoralising effect which the introduction of spirits has universally produced. But it is not merely their direct effect, great and destructive as it has undoubtedly been, which has

made them so fatal to the Indians; they have facilitated their seduction into every course which could tend to retard their progress, and bring them into a state far worse than that in which their ancestors were found by the first colonists.

The facts and considerations connected with the fifth head seem in a particular manner to claim the attention of those who, with really philanthropic intentions, are inclined to promote the removal of the Indians, with the design of rendering them service by such a measure; since, if they can, before it is yet too late, be convinced of the fallacy into which they have been drawn, they may refrain from trying an experiment which must prove as fatal and as irretrievable as that which the daughters of Pelias are fabled to have tried upon the person of their aged father.

It would be well for the advocates of the removal of the Indians to consider that their plan involves the suspension of whatever may now be in operation for the improvement of the Indians in the way of civilisation, as well as the creation of great and almost insuperable difficulties in the way of fresh attempts for that purpose. It must, therefore, be remembered, that the only advantage to be looked for in the execution of this plan is, that they may be able to enjoy a little longer a state which at the best can only be an approach to that in which their forefathers were found on the discovery of America.

It is then to the degree of possibility of obtaining this object that we must now direct our inquiries.

If the Indians are removed from the neighbourhood of civilised men, will they meet with that abundance of game which was known to exist in the American forests before the European axe and the European rifle were heard amongst them? We have the testimony of various travellers to prove that this is not the case. Every credible evidence confirms the fact, that the game, especially of the larger species, has become more scarce and more wild, and consequently less attainable by those means which the Indians, unaided by European arts, can employ.

If the Indians be removed from the vicinity of their white friends, and driven to encroach upon the territories of other Indians, can we be sure that they will find those Indians ready to receive them as friends, and not regard them as pernicious intruders? Our past acquaintance with the Indian race has shown that the different tribes are very ready to engage in war with each other; that trespasses upon their respective hunting grounds have proved powerful causes of animosity. It is also well known that their wars are of a cruel and exterminating character; and it must be obvious, that if one of the contending parties can command the exclusive or much more general possession of European arms, the total defeat of the other must be certain.

If the Indians, whilst living upon their reservations, surrounded by settlers in some degree advanced in civilisation, and whilst more or less assisted by the superintendence, instruction, and counsel of those who sincerely desire their preservation and improvement, have, notwithstanding, felt the baneful influence of those whose interest it is to injure and demoralise them, can we suppose that, when removed from such protection, they will not be followed by those whose interest in injuring will remain the same, and who will be freed from all the restraints which may hitherto have been put upon their base designs? The fact that every part of the wilds of North America, between the most western settlements of Canada and the United States to the shores of the Pacific, are traversed by the traders of England and America, can leave us little room to hope that a spot can be found upon which

the red man may be placed in security against the approaches and contaminations of his white enemies. When his white friends have removed him from their view, they may vainly flatter themselves that the evils which they do not witness have ceased to exist, although they will in fact be advancing with increased activity. Such appears to be the fate which the advocates of Indian removal are preparing for the unhappy aborigines of the North American continent; and past facts demonstrate that the anticipation is not visionary. The native population of Van Diemen's Land had been rapidly reduced in numbers by the treatment which they received from European invaders of their lands. As a measure of professed humanity, they were removed to Flinder's Island; but their compulsory emigration only hastened their decline, although they had the protection and care of the colonial government, — advantages which could scarcely be bestowed on expatriated Indians.

The experiment of removing Indian tribes has already long been tried by the United States; and the result, though it has answered the purpose of the American government, has been lamentably fatal to the Indians. The tribe of Shawnese, who, under the superintendence of the Society of Friends, had cultivated valuable farms, and acquired considerable property in corn and cattle, and were therefore enabled, by the sale of their stock, to carry with them into their exile greater resources than some of their brethren, who had only the government supplies to depend upon, were, nevertheless, soon reduced to a state of the greatest destitution in their new territory.

In their remote situation it was difficult for them to receive the succour which friends were desirous of sending for their relief. It is evident that their removal has reduced their means of subsistence, and it is equally certain that it has not secured them against the worst influence of the Whites; for these same Indians have been induced, as auxiliaries to the American troops, to send their warriors to the east to assist in the slaughter of their brethren of the Seminole nation. The Indians of other tribes who have come under the operation of this system of removal have grievously suffered in the course of their emigration, from the mode in which this has been conducted by the unprincipled contractors engaged in the work; and hundreds have been drowned in the crazy vessels into which they were crowded for passage up the rivers. The Cherokee tribe, which clung so closely to their valuable possessions and cultivated tracts in Georgia, have been thrown back into a state of barbarism; and the writer has been informed by an American citizen that the land of promise given to them in exchange was a barren tract, inadequate to the support of its new population, when as yet but a part of the tribe had been removed. If these instances are not sufficient to damp the hopes of those who anticipate the benefit of the Indians from their removal, it may be well to look at the actual state of the present inhabitants of the territory into which it is proposed to transfer the remnants of tribes at present within our provinces; and it will surely be a legitimate conclusion, that if the condition of those who from infancy have been accustomed to the country, and whose mode of life more nearly resembles that of the North American Indians of the seventeenth century, is in every respect dissatisfactory and deplorable, we cannot look for any gratifying result from the importation of a much more dependent class of men, who have the rudiments of civilisation to unlearn, the prowess of the hunter to acquire, the haunts of the game to explore, and who must be constantly on the alert to defend themselves by

arms against the insidious approaches of an enemy, to whose operations every thing in the country must lend most powerful assistance.

A comparison of the descriptions given of the Indians to the west and north-west, in the narratives of the expeditions of Sir John Franklin and Captain Back, will convince us that in the interval which elapsed between the two expeditions the condition of the remote Indians has been rapidly declining. Disease, intemperance, famine, and mutual hostilities, have fearfully reduced the numbers of various tribes. It was unquestionably proved, during the last expedition, that by the irregular movements of the game, or from want of the ammunition by which it was to be taken, the Indians, but more especially the aged, the young, the infirm, and the females, are liable to be reduced to such a state of extreme starvation as to be driven to devour the tattered and filthy skins which they wear as an imperfect protection against the severity of a winter in which the thermometer sinks many degrees below zero — whole families are cut off by the combined influence of cold and hunger, and even cannibalism is known to have been occasionally resorted to under the pinchings of famine. Surely the condition of a most abject remnant of a tribe which can be found in our provinces, however exposed to evil and neglected by those who might be expected to study their improvement, can offer no picture so revolting and so hopeless as that of these distant Indians. The Chippewyaw Indians, who appear to have been the least contaminated by our vices and diseases, and who therefore may be regarded as giving the most favourable illustration of what the condition of the Indians might be if so far removed from white settlers as only to come under the occasional influence of the fur-trading voyagers, have by no means escaped from the miseries of starvation and inadequate protection from the inclemencies of the winter season, which appear to be the inseparable attendants of the present fur-hunting system. As a proof of their diminution in number and power, it may be stated that they now dread the feeble Esquimaux, of whom they were formerly the terror and scourge. This decline of the remote Indians is not confined to those who are exposed to the severity of an almost arctic winter, — it is fearfully advancing amongst the Indians of the western coast. Although we can learn little respecting them except from individuals attached to the Hudson's Bay Company, who are obviously interested in withholding any thing which can tend to bring their system into discredit, and who are doubtless perfectly unconscious that they have furnished the proofs which their testimony affords, it is nevertheless abundantly evident that the tribes in that direction have already been greatly reduced in number, and degraded in power and character, through the operations which originate with us. In fine, there is evidence defying all contradiction, that the blasting influence which our cupidity and profligacy have carried into the most distant and almost inaccessible regions has gone far beyond the limits to which the efforts of benevolence and Christianity have yet had the means of extending themselves. Can it then be pretended that the Indians, or any other race of aborigines, are to be benefited by banishment beyond the reach of our better influences, to abodes where it is probable that they may be exposed to the unchecked operation of our vices; or where, if by some extraordinary chance they can for the present escape them, they must shortly be exposed to them before the more slowly advancing progress of good can overtake and counteract them?

It may perhaps be said that the Indians reject our proffered assistance as civilisers; that they are determined to cling to all the customs and usages of their forefathers, however incompetent to enable them to compete with their

more competent rivals; and that all the prospects of temporal and eternal welfare which the philanthropist and the Christian can place before them can only be held out to them in vain. Such may be the insinuations of their plausible but mortal enemies; but they are contradicted by numerous and authentic proofs that the Indians, within our provinces at least, are well aware of the advantages of civilisation: they are convinced of the superiority which our knowledge and our arts have conferred on us, and anxiously desire to participate in these advantages.* Although they do not fail to recognise us as the authors of their adversity, they continue to regard us with a most remarkable and touching confidence; they address us as fathers, and earnestly and repeatedly implore us not only to succour and protect them, but also to supply them with the means of instruction. Can we call ourselves Christians, and yet, when they ask for an egg, shall we give them a scorpion? And shall we adopt a course, of which it may most truly be said "that the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel?"

Although the sixth head is unquestionably the most interesting and the most important, provided those who have the power to undertake the work have also the time and the inclination to set about it with full determination to compass its achievement, it seems the less necessary to dilate upon it in this place, since the most important heads, and it would be an impertinence to attempt to offer more, have already been respectfully suggested to the highest authorities by several bodies who have memorialised them on behalf of the Indians.

It may, notwithstanding, be allowable here to remark, that a new and general stimulus is necessary to be given to such parts of the Indian department as can promote the real interests of the Indians. The points of most vital importance appear to be — 1st, To give to the Indians within our provinces, in conjunction with some special but temporary protection, the fullest participation in the rights of British North American subjects, and the permanent security of their landed possessions. 2dly, That all the efficient means at present in existence for the advancement of the Indians in religion, school education, and the arts of civilised life, should be encouraged, improved, and extended. 3dly, That efforts should be made to bring forward and encourage successful and meritorious individuals, in the first place, by employing the system of *concours*, or competition, in the

* This is not only true of the Indians connected with the Canadas and the United States, but the same feeling exists amongst the most barbarous tribes of Guiana.

Extract of a Letter from John Scoble, Esq. to T. F. Buxton, Esq., dated Demerara, June 1. 1839.

"In the year 1836 I visited the Indian station at Caria Caria, and had the happiness to enjoy Christian intercourse with above sixty converted natives of the Arrawaak nation. They were the fruits of the labours of a zealous and disinterested individual, a Mr. Peters, a black man. This worthy man had gone from creek to creek, preaching the gospel to these children of the forest; and in a period of less than six years the number above mentioned were united together in Christian fellowship, were married and baptized with their offspring,— had erected themselves, at their own cost and expense in money and labour, a neat chapel, in the midst of their native woods, capable of containing 250 people; and were longing to obtain a Christian teacher for their children, who should instruct them in the 'white man's knowledge.' During my present visit to this colony, I have again visited this highly interesting people, and find that there has been a considerable accession to their numbers — that their chapel has been enlarged — and that they now wish above all things to be formed into a community in some suitable locality, where they can have sufficient room, and enjoy protection under the direction of some one in whom they can place confidence, and who would direct them in so important a matter. Until this be done, they feel it will be impossible for them to make much progress as a people, or to get their children properly educated.

"I was much affected when up the Essequibo the other day, to learn that some Indians residing on the banks of the Mazaroony River had sent a message to Caria Caria to this effect, that they could not conceive why the Arrawaaks should be taught and instructed in religion, and they be neglected; and that they were much hurt that they were overlooked — and begged that a teacher would come among them."

schools, and also amongst those who apply themselves to agriculture and the arts; and, secondly, by appointing the individuals so selected as teachers to be distributed amongst their brethren; and in case of the discovery of more than ordinary talents, by giving them the advantages of a higher degree of instruction in the best colonial schools, or even in this country. 4thly, To form, with the assistance of the most worthy and influential chiefs, such a system of police or civil government as may both suit the Indian character, and lead to the Indian settlements becoming integral parts of the province in which they exist, like the Welsh counties in England and the Basque Provinces in France and Spain. 5thly, To extend the advantages of organisation, instruction, and participation in British laws and British protection, to the Indians beyond our frontier. They will thus not only be put in the way of promoting their own security and happiness, but will also become of incalculably greater importance to us as allies, or rather as fellow-subjects, for the maintenance of our frontier, and the extension of our commerce.

It is so evident that association, under suitable regulations, must powerfully contribute to the progress of civilisation, and facilitate the introduction of equitable traffic, that it must be very desirable to promote the formation of Indian towns in those situations which are at once well adapted to support a permanently numerous population, and to receive the easy visits of distant Indians who may resort to them for mutually advantageous exchange of commodities, and also for instruction. Such towns, which in their tendency would resemble that which the Hanstowns formerly exercised on the civilisation of the North of Europe, might be founded in some of the most favourably placed Indian reservations within the Canadas. They would thus contribute to strengthen our influence over the distant tribes, before whose eyes they would place a most important and stimulating example, whilst they would hasten the progress towards civilisation and equality with their fellow-subjects, which it is so desirable that our Canadian Indians should make.

SONNET.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

TIME! thou destroy'st the relics of the Past,
And hidest all the footprints of thy march
On shattered column and on prostrate arch
By moss and ivy growing green and fast.
Hurled into fragments by the tempest-blast,
The Rhodian monster lies — the obelisk,
That with sharp line divided the broad disc
Of Egypt's sun, down to the sands was cast;
And where these stood no remnant trophy stands —
And even the Art is lost by which they rose!
Thus with the monuments of other lands —
The place that knew them once no longer knows.
Yet triumph not, oh Time! Strong towers decay,
But a great name can never pass away.

PARK BENJAMIN.

New York, July, 1839.

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF SPAIN.

The fearful tragedy, of which Spain has been the theatre during the last six years, has at length terminated; although many an act of rapine and murder will still be committed, even after the departure of Don Carlos and his family. To those who are acquainted with the nature of the Spanish people, and the contradictory qualities which characterise them, and which render them unable, or unwilling, to avail themselves of the advantages which the country offers in abundance, it may seem hazardous to come to a certain conclusion as to any shape which affairs may hereafter assume in the Peninsula. A nation possessing within herself resources so varied and so rich, — with a history rendered illustrious from the remotest periods by deeds of high valour and noble daring — a spirit of vast enterprise, which taught her, though weakened and exhausted in a lengthened struggle for existence, to appreciate the sublime conceptions of the Genoese navigator, whose projects had been already listened to with indifference by the wisest and most powerful monarchs* of the age, and excited her to send out, with equipments which the most paltry prince in Europe could have supplied†, those bold adventurers who were destined to carry her name, her beautiful language, her arts, and her superstition to the unknown regions of the earth,—with a territory not too vast to create difficulties in its preservation, and sufficiently extensive to enable her to become a leading power on the continent of Europe, — with such recollections and such resources, it is indeed a startling anomaly that Spain should present the humiliating picture she has so long exhibited. Knowing all this, and knowing the conflicting and unaccountable elements which have entered into her recent history, all speculations upon the future must be entertained with a large allowance for contingencies, upon which it is impossible to calculate even from day to day. Perhaps while this article is going through the press some extraordinary convulsion may occur, and scatter all pre-existing theories to the winds. Against such events we derive no provision from experience; but there are, nevertheless, many circumstances in the progress of Spain, and certain points of view from which they may be examined, that will enable us to render some assistance towards the solution of this great political problem.

The present catastrophe has been brought about by causes which are by no means of recent date; and Maroto has merely availed himself of the discontent and insubordination which have existed in the army of the Basque provinces for some time past. The attempt at insurrection made by Muñagorri was founded on the hope of still farther weakening the faltering allegiance of the Guipuscoans and Biscayans, and of forming from the loose materials of the faction a *nucleus*, around which the really patriotic, as well as the discontented, might gather; and if that individual possessed even a moderate portion of military talent, or the decision of a leader, his expedition might not have been attended with so signal a failure. It must, however, be admitted that, as in most cases where an attempt is made to better

* Francis I. of France, Henry VII. of England, and Don John of Portugal.

† "Christophe Colomb découvrit l'Amérique; et quoique l'Espagne n'y envoyât point de forces qu'un petit prince de l'Europe n'eût pu y envoyer tout de même, elle soumit deux grands empires et d'autres grands états."— *Montesq. Esp. des Lois*, l. xxi. c. xxi.

the civil condition of the Spaniards, pride and jealousy effected more in thwarting his efforts than even his own want of capacity.

The numerous emigrants, — many of them large proprietors, and all of them Navarrese, or natives of the Basque provinces, — who, for some years past, have contributed to swell the population of Bayonne, and the small towns on the French frontier*, were persons whose properties had been confiscated by Don Carlos, or who had themselves disposed of them, and who preferred residing in inglorious safety in another land, to participating in the varying dangers and contingencies of civil war in their own. Each party, Carlist as well as Christino, had formed a *junta* to watch over the fluctuating success of the combatants; and though nothing could surpass the activity with which supplies were forwarded by the Carlist party, the liberal section, by some extraordinary fatality, not only did not effect any service to the body which it assumed to represent, but was ready to thwart any attempt, made by another independent of either, to divide the interests and weaken the force of the faction in the provinces. A miserable feeling of dislike for any measure not originated by themselves urged them to throw every impediment in the way; and an overweening self-conceit, the usual characteristic of a petty and provincial aristocracy, prompted them to render abortive the bold attempt of Muñagorri to raise the banner of the *Paz y Fueros*. The spirit of intrigue, too, which is so interwoven with the constitution of a Spaniard as to become essential to his existence as the air he breathes, and which pervades all ranks, from the prime minister down to the clerk who copies a despatch, from the commander-in-chief to the alferez, combined to oppose his purpose; and their barbarian pride was shocked at the idea that a ruined speculator in public works, a discontented *Fuerist*, an *escribano* by profession, should presume to claim the glory of being a leader in a design which they had neither the talent to conceive, the energy to aid, or the courage to follow up: and after the failure of the attempt, and the dispersion of the *Fuerists*, they published a manifesto, in which they declared, that they had all along foreseen the ill success of a cause not originally undertaken by men of respectability, and possessors of large properties, like themselves!

However unfortunate may have been the issue of that undertaking, there is no doubt whatever that it not only occasioned dismay to the apostolic party, but also weakened considerably the moral strength of the faction, by taking prompt advantage of previous dissensions, and by proving the practicability of another and a similar attempt; neither was it deficient in forwarding the measures of Maroto, and in producing the present happy results for the cause of the queen.

It is notorious that the rebellion of the Basques has been occasioned, less from any strong attachment to the person of Don Carlos, than as the means of defending their own privileges from invasion. Whatever might have been, in this respect, the feeling in Navarre, arising from circumstances peculiar to the nature of its inhabitants and its institutions, that sentiment has been always avowed by the army of the three provinces. It may appear strange that a people governed, from periods of which the memory of man has no account, by laws and institutions, varying indeed, more or less, from each other, but all essentially republican, should have made so many sacrifices to uphold the claims of a man who has never concealed his detestation of every thing approaching to liberalism. The cause is to be sought in the

* In Bayonne alone there have been residing no less than 6000 Spaniards, all emigrants from the Basque provinces.

previous history of Spain, and its internal administration, so different from that of surrounding nations. The government of the Basque provinces has been always mismanaged by those who have advocated constitutional principles, and who wished to see their own peculiar ideas of liberty established throughout the kingdom: and the triumph of the constitution there gave the death-blow to the *Fueros*. The few enlightened princes who swayed the destinies of the Spanish monarchy, who restrained the excesses of the Inquisition, resisted the encroachments of papal power, and endeavoured to lessen the gorgeous wealth of the monastic establishments, even whilst making those efforts for the happiness of their subjects, were unfortunate enough to invade the privileges of those fierce yet faithful mountaineers; and the Basques were, in their own defence, compelled to link their cause with the despotism which touched them not, rather than with the liberalism which had not the discretion to respect their prejudices.

We have said that the political administration of Spain was different from that of the other governments of Europe, and that to this fact is traceable the present position of affairs in that country. Until the close of the fifteenth century, the attention of the nation was solely directed to the expulsion of the Moors; and the efforts of all were united exclusively for its accomplishment. In the same year in which this result was obtained, namely in 1492, the discovery of America took place; and, from that time forward, the establishment of the faith on the reconquered territory, and in the vast possessions of the new world, became the object of undivided attention: and to these causes may be assigned the establishment of the Inquisition, as well as the colossal power of the Jesuits. It is not difficult then to understand that circumstances which were of vast importance to Spain scarcely, or not at all, affected the interests of the rest of Europe; whilst the mighty events which, in the sixteenth century, acted with so much influence elsewhere, produced no result in Spain. Thus it happened that, in the country of which we treat, the national independence was so interwoven with the national faith, as to render it one and the same cause; and the minds of men were so undividedly engaged with the contest, that they felt no sympathy with any measures which did not directly tend to produce this result. For this reason the Inquisition was established to continue that warfare against *individual* heretics which had been previously waged against the *mass;* and, in order to organise, on all sides, an army of defence to protect this Christian unity from decay or attack, a bold and ambitious soldier of the faith created the institution of the Jesuits. Religion being then the conservative principle in Spain, and its institutions being so closely amalgamated with the civil government, it is not difficult to account for the social condition of the country, and for the causes by which the interests of the clergy, of absolute power, and of the people were so linked together. To these objects,—namely, those of establishing the faith in Spain and in the new world, and the maintenance of the interests of the crown abroad, —the efforts of the Austrian dynasty, since the accession of the heroic descendant of the Emperor Maximilian, were directed with equal and unceasing assiduity.

In consequence of this exclusive devotedness of the resources of the country to the promotion of these schemes, and its non-participation in the affairs of surrounding nations, Spain was found, on the accession of the Duke of Anjou, the grandson of Louis XIV., without any internal administration; the clergy alone being the directors of the public spirit, and her only revenues supplied by the wealth of the Americas. The political tendencies of

the House of Bourbon were destined to affect those which had swayed the Castilian monarchy, and promised soon to carry out those views, if not of universal dominion, at least of vast territorial aggrandisement, which even still mingled themselves with the superstitious dotage of Louis XIV.* In a short space of time an administrative tendency was observable in public affairs, and the seeds of a struggle were sowed against that conservative spirit of the preceding monarchy which we have noticed above.

Notwithstanding the expectations which induced the saying, that "the Pyrenees no longer existed," Philip V. found it impossible to carry out the political views of his grandfather to the extent he had desired, and for which he had struggled for the throne of Spain. This monarch did not possess the statesmanlike qualities of his celebrated ancestor; and his weaker powers were unable to impart to the general administration of his new kingdom, that concentration in the management of affairs which prevailed in the country he had left, and which actually prepared the way for the revolution of 1789. On assuming the reins of power he felt himself obliged, by the very circumstances of his accession, to consolidate the federalism which existed at the time in Spain, and to recognise, by legal enactments and royal decrees, the particular interests of the provinces, of localities, and of individuals, as strongly and as distinctly as they had previously existed.

The only portion of the monarchy which did not participate in this general confirmation of rights was Catalonia; and she lost her privileges, because, with her usual fierce impatience, she had flown to arms to maintain them, and, in the struggle which ensued, she was so unfortunate as to be vanquished. The inhabitants of the Basque provinces, however, had no cause to regret the accession of the new monarch to the throne of Spain and of the Indies; and their rights and privileges were not only recognised, but they also received, as the reward of their adhesion and fidelity to the crown of Castile, additional and important ones. At this period Spain presented the appearance of an aggregation of separate communities, and only formed one state in its political aims and its moral union.

The reforms effected by the Bourbon dynasty were not without their result. The changes introduced in the public administration by Philip V. were followed up by Ferdinand VI.; and, during the reigns of these two princes, that ministerial system was founded to which France owed all the benefits she enjoyed previous to the revolution, and which, in Spain, produced considerable ameliorations. This tendency to liberalism and enlightenment in the internal economy of the government assumed a larger development in the reign of Charles III. Abuses of many kinds were touched by his unsparing hand; and the Church of Rome, which, till his time, was almost omnipotent in that land of intolerance, and the gloomy and stern Inquisition itself, within whose deadly and baleful influence no kindly virtue dared take root, crouched beneath the determined spirit of an enlightened reformer. Veneration for the memory of this good monarch, and gratitude for the benefits imparted by his exertions and those of his able ministers†, remain still deeply implanted in the hearts of all good Spaniards, who cannot forget that to him Spain owes the greater part of her public establishments, as well as the few canals, high roads, manufactures, and commercial

* "Les ennemis d'un grand prince qui a si long tems regné l'ont mille fois accusé, plutôt, je crois, sur leurs craintes que sur leur raisons, d'avoir formé et conduit le projet de la monarchie universelle."— *Esp. des Lois*, l. ix. c. vii.

† "Le Comte d'Aranda importa les idées Françaises en Espagne, et initia aux hardiesses de la philosophie quelques hommes d'elite, qui partagerent avec lui le merite de cette direction nouvelle." — *Histoire des Provinces Basques*, p. 547.

associations which are yet to be found there. During his reign the population increased to an extent far beyond the proportion of other periods. Agriculture, the usual concomitant of a spreading community, became a science; and its practice, heretofore considered a slavish and degrading occupation, became a dignified and meritorious pursuit. The sale, too, of a large portion of the enormous property of the church, which perhaps none but such a man would have ventured to effect, added to the wealth, and exalted the industrious energy, of the nation.

Those new ideas of reform and of national improvement, the offspring of the inquiring and free-thinking spirit which had its origin in France, pervaded the country: the universities of Madrid, Seville, and Salamanca received them with enthusiasm; they became a part and parcel of the education of the nobility, and softened down the dogmatism of a narrow and bigoted theology. Lessons, imbued with the liberalism of the French school, were delivered from the chairs of divinity. The political doctrines of the *Encyclopedistes* were clothed in the fascinating garb of verse; and poetry herself,—she who first catches the inspiration, and who is never so eloquent as when she becomes the priestess of liberty,—disseminated those new ideas of the regeneration of the human race in strains * of sublimity and sweetness. The sagacity and firmness of enlightened statesmen were thus slowly but steadily developing the vast resources of the country; and the free doctrines of the French school, though of a more impetuous character in the land of their birth, were becoming imperceptibly blended with the phlegmatic and graver disposition of the Castilian race. Two events arrested the progress of improvement; one of which, in particular, produced results of the most disastrous nature—the war of 1793, and the accession to power of the favourite Manuel Godoy.

The powerful intellect of Carnot, and those of the convention who most resembled him, discovered immediately that, notwithstanding appearances, the Spanish people were not yet sufficiently prepared to cast aside those feelings which were connected with the noblest associations, and to fraternise with a nation that had not only flung off old prejudices, but had even rushed to the extreme of licentiousness; and it was soon perceived that an alliance with the monarch of Spain would better forward the views of the republic, than any attempt to excite the sympathies of the people. The peace, which was the fruit of the discovery of the error they had committed, presented to Cabanus, Jovellanos, and others of the like stamp, opportunities, which were not allowed to pass unheeded, of carrying on the good work which had been interrupted; and the movement principle, once more renewed, was directed against the temporal influence of the clergy, — which body, and not, as in France, the *noblesse*, was the principal privileged class in Spain. Hatred to the persons of the French republicans was, however, accompanied by admiration for the political doctrines of the more moderate amongst them; and the result of the labours of the Spanish statesmen was the production of that code which is known by the name of the *Constitution of Cadiz*.

It is not difficult to believe that the adoption by the Spaniards of those liberal principles may have been one of the causes of the failure of the French arms in the Peninsula; and the patriots of Spain found no better means of arousing and combining the national resistance to the invasion of Napoleon, than by disseminating the Constitution. The new form of govern-

* "A Salamanca Melendez introdució la filosofía Francesa bajo el velo de la poesía."—*Hist. de la Constit. de Cadiz.* At the restoration of Ferdinand VII. the poems of Melendez were ordered to be burnt by the hands of the executioner.

ment was eagerly caught at. Their enthusiasm, universal as that which in other days excited them against the Moors, made them postpone all subordinate interests to national independence alone; and they hastened to adopt, as the best mode of effecting it, that system of concentration, though by it all local and particular privileges were annihilated. All united together: nobility, clergy, people, provinces, and localities, became inflamed with the same ardour, and eagerly grasped this new weapon of defence; whilst Navarre and the Basque provinces were not amongst the last to accept, for the time, the constitution which annulled their *fueros*.

Those principles, caught up and cherished in the hour of danger, and under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances, did not, however, long survive the existence of the danger. They had been appreciated only by the enlightened classes, — a small portion of the community, — and had not penetrated the nation with sufficient force to ensure a long endurance. The danger passed away, and the people manifested their repugnance for that constitution which had proved their safeguard. The danger that had threatened the national independence no longer existed, and a powerful reaction commenced. During the war with the French the clergy were foremost in urging on the people, and they detested alike the principles and the persons of the late invaders. When tranquillity returned, they, without much difficulty, resumed their ancient hold on the feelings of the lower classes; and the recollections of their past history, when the combined efforts of all—the nobility, people, and clergy—were directed to the expulsion of the Moors, and the establishment of the faith, served at present to render them unwilling to listen to any other teachers. Though the constitution of 1812 annihilated the privileges of the Basque provinces that were engaged in the struggle against the French, yet it was accepted by them at the time without hesitation or inquiry. The necessity for universal combination, created by those dangers, passed away when the object for that combination was effected; and the reaction introduced at the restoration of Ferdinand VII. not only was met by little resistance, but, in most parts, was received with the greatest sympathy.

Until the invasion of 1808, Spain was merely a federative monarchy — an aggregation of communities with different institutions. With the exception of Andalusia and Murcia, each province enjoyed its own distinct rights; and these privileges were most considerable wherever the adhesion to the Castilian monarchy had been most voluntary, and where, above all, the Mussulman yoke had never been imposed. Of those districts thus favoured, the Basque provinces were the most considerable; and the distinctions of local government there were still more strengthened by the difference of language. On the return of Ferdinand to Spain, his first act was to re-establish those privileges of communities and individuals, which had existed previous to the grand combination of the Spanish family. The spirit of national independence passed away with the departure of the French, and that of local interests resumed its influence, and found a protector in the monarch; *and, from henceforth, as before, the Basque provinces were taught to consider their cherished rights and beloved fueros as inseparably linked to the maintenance of absolute power in the kingdom.* Those feelings were, unhappily for the sake of liberty, disregarded by all who have, since then, attempted an insurrection in the country. This reliance on the aid of absolutism was confirmed by the revolution of 1820; it was consolidated by the restoration in 1823; and the firm conviction was, unfortunately, impressed on the minds of the Basques, that the existence of their *fueros* would be always endangered by any

tendency to political improvement, either in the shape of a constitution or otherwise.

In the recent defection from the standard of Don Carlos, it will be found that the Navarrese remained attached to his cause. The reason for this difference between them and the Basque provinces will be found in the peculiar history of that people.

Though republican in many of its institutions, Navarre retains much of the feudal system of the middle ages. In a country whose population does not amount to more than 286,000 inhabitants, there exists a class of nobility comprising more than 13,000 persons. The services rendered by this privileged portion of the community to the cause of Navarrese independence, from the most remote periods downwards, have endeared it to the people. Each property is, in law and in fact, a manor, always bearing the name of the family and the date of its foundation. The rights of the *mayorasco*, or the eldest born, are there in the most complete vigour, and the family name is transmitted with the manor. In the valleys of Navarre, families are found that can prove an uninterrupted residence in the same locality for 1000 years. No other nobility is recognised by the Navarrese in their own country; and this dignity with them can be only bestowed by the provincial cortes, or created by naturalization.

Powerful as the nobles are in Navarre, there exists another class of individuals whose immense influence overwhelms that of every other body. The secular clergy, amounting to nearly 2000 in number, exclusive of monks and nuns, possess the privilege not only of deliberating as an assembly of the state, but they also exercise the rights of an executive. The government is composed of four different branches — the viceroy, representing the king of Castile; the deputation, or cortes, composed of three *estamentos*, or estates— the ecclesiastical; the military; and *procuradores*, or representatives of towns. The first comprises the sacerdotal dignities of the kingdom, bishops, abbots, and priors of Roncesvalles; the second is composed of the nobles and barons; and in the third are found the representatives of the *pueblos* or towns, who are elected by the proprietors, the merchants, and lawyers. The grand council of Navarre, resembling the old French parliaments, and the chamber of finance, complete the general administration. In addition to the number of secular priests enumerated above, there are monastic establishments of large extent, whose inmates have been reckoned at about 1700; and the ecclesiastical estate possesses the right of *veto* in the deliberations and resolutions of the other two branches of the legislature. It is not then extraordinary that a body so numerous in proportion to the population, and possessing such overwhelming influence in the management of public affairs, should thus connect their cause with one whose entire conduct has been guided by spiritual advisers, and whose ultimate success would not only confirm, but enlarge, if possible, their present power.

During the last three years, frequent and alarming symptoms of discontent have been observable in the army of Don Carlos, which had for the scene of its operations the northern provinces of Spain. These signs of insubordination were not alone confined to the Guipuscoan, Alavese, and Biscayan divisions, but they likewise extended to the Navarrese. They were chiefly caused by the decided preference which, of late years, the Pretender seemed to manifest for his Castilian followers; who, by intrigues, succeeded in gradually insinuating themselves into the management of affairs, both civil and military, and who, in a short time, occupied the principal offices about his person. By a fatality which seemed destined to lead to

an unhappy result, they persevered not only in making an open display of the influence they exercised over the mind of their master, but every measure suggested by them was strongly opposed to the feelings and prejudices of those provinces from whose population the army of the north was supplied. The Basques saw their native chiefs, the heads of the great families with whose names their old renown was connected, obliged to give place to strangers from the other side of the Ebro, who were mere adventurers, devoid of principle, and wholly uninfluenced by those feelings of patriotism and sincerity, which, when directed even to mistaken purposes, serve to hallow the cause in which they are engaged. The suspicion arose that the specious promises of Don Carlos as to the recognition of the *fueros* were only made to serve his own immediate purposes, and were only uttered for the purpose of misleading them. They began to entertain well-founded fears also, that even if Don Carlos were well inclined, he should find himself obliged to belie his own principles, and establish a constitutional government, which, however modified, would in any case annihilate the privileges for which they fought. They saw, besides, their population drained for the purpose of supplying expeditionary armies to send to the other side of that boundary which they never willingly would pass; and, witnessing the discomfiture of those predatory bands, and the forlorn condition in which they returned, they murmured at, and arraigned the evil counsels which had entrusted the Guipuscoan and Biscayan youth to the guidance of Castilian adventurers, who had neither country nor rights to fight for.

The frequent and heavy contributions to which they were subject became a serious source of discontent; and their indignation and astonishment were at the same time excited at beholding the collection of the imposts taken out of the hands of their natural rulers, whose authority only they were accustomed to recognise, and placed in the hands of foreigners, whose persons they despised and hated. As if nothing should be left wanting to fill up the measure of discontent, a band of idlers from Castile and Andalusia, to whom the appropriate name of Oxalateros* has been well applied, crowded the court of Don Carlos. With the usual talent for intrigue, they wound themselves into the affairs of the Pretender; and in a short time their influence was felt in all the departments of the civil and military administration. Those persons had no standing in society; they were not employed in any official business of the state; and though the movements of the army were supposed to be in a great measure directed by their suggestions, they not only held no appointments, or no rank in the military force, but were not present even as amateurs when the troops were in action with the enemy. They subsisted on the miseries of the country, without contributing in any way to advance the cause in which all around them were engaged.

The dissensions thus occasioned were never healed; and in the engagements which latterly took place between the hostile armies, the success which, in most cases, attached itself to the army of the Christinos, did not by any means tend to allay the discord. Since the return of Maroto, who had himself been the victim of intrigue, those angry feelings became more than

* *Oxala*, in the Castilian idiom, means, "*God grant it*," or "*I wish*"— the *utinam* of the Latin language bears the same meaning. It is applied to all those who, without using any exertions of their own, depend solely on Providence.— A humorous application of the term is also made to gipsies, tinkers, pedlars, mendicant friars, and all others who lead a wandering life, who have neither a fixed place of residence, nor any well-defined mode of living, and who exist on the folly, or the credulity, of their fellow-men.

ever manifest. It has been said that the many desertions which had taken place since the second appointment of Maroto to the command in chief were caused with the intention of forwarding the latent purposes of that general. The line of conduct had been previously marked out for those persons who passed over to the Carlist camp; they were intended to aid Maroto in the defection which he meditated, and to protect him against the consequences of any sudden and unforeseen change which might take place in the minds of those whom he might be able to seduce. We believe there is a good deal of truth in this opinion.

The intercourse which, for the last year and a half, has been permitted to subsist between the town of San Sebastian and the interior of the province of Guipuscoa, most powerfully assisted, in our mind, to bring about this consummation. In San Sebastian alone, the emigrants from Tolosa, Aspeitia, Ascoitia, and other inland towns in possession of the Carlists, amount to more than 1000 persons. There are 300 from Tolosa alone, who bear arms in the national guard. All these had been obliged to abandon their homes, and many their families, on the retreat of the Pastor before Zumalacarregui, in the commencement of the war. The communication being once more opened by the mutual consent of the hostile commandants of the provinces, the intercourse between friends and relations gradually softened down the asperities of political hostility; and the longing to return again to the bosom of those quiet valleys, on one side, and the desire to renew the ties of friendship and natural affection, on the other, aided, too, in a powerful manner, by the recollection of all they had lost in supporting a cause, which, if not utterly hopeless, did not certainly promise a speedy termination, rendered the Guipuscoans and Biscayans more susceptible of reconciliation and peace. The most important difficulties had been previously got rid of by Maroto; and the banishment of one portion of the apostolical party, and the putting to death of the other, left him free to practise on those feelings which were half prepared to receive the first powerful impulse imparted by a daring and powerful will, reckless and unprincipled though it may be.

Though the negotiations which have led to the present result have been going on for some time, it is certain, that, but for the part which Lord John Hay has taken in them, they never would have been brought to their present satisfactory conclusion. His lordship has been most indefatigable in his exertions to confirm the determination of Maroto, if at any time that chief manifested indecision, — prompted, perhaps, by the excusable feelings of fear, or shame. His visits to the head quarters of the Carlist general-in-chief were long and frequent; and, by his active co-operation as representative of the English government, he became successful in removing any impediments that might have arisen between the negotiating parties, and in entirely securing the defection of Maroto from the declining cause of the misguided prince who had confided to him the command-in-chief of his armies. The sanguinary measures previously adopted by Maroto, in order to prepare the way for this last act, cannot certainly be commended; and we are persuaded that however great may have been the influence of those representing our government, the monstrous acts of cruelty perpetrated by Maroto were beyond their control. For some time past the British government would have desired that the *fueros* of the Basques were recognised by the cabinet of Madrid; and the very decided aid in supplying engineers to construct a fort near Irun, in giving arms and ammunition, (ostensibly delivered on the receipt of Jauregui, a retired general in the

queen's service,) for the purpose of promoting the designs of Muñagorri, even in open defiance of O'Donnell, the captain-general of the province, sufficiently proves the sympathy of our government with the demands of the insurgent provinces for the *fueros*. We certainly should have preferred open and direct interference on the subject; because we foresee, that, in case any repugnance be manifested in the cortes, or any difficulty be thrown in the way of the execution of the articles of the treaty by differences existing between the *Exaltados* and *Moderados*, —circumstances not at all improbable, —our government, pledged as it is by the acts of its agents, will be compelled to lay aside its secret diplomacy, and, in order to maintain its consistency and good faith with the mountaineers, who have not trusted to Spanish dissimulation, but to British honour, will have to insist on the honest fulfilment of that treaty which they have all but dictated. Its position, in case of refusal, would be awkward and embarrassing in the extreme.

In the town of Bergara (Guipuscoa), a solemn treaty was entered into, between Rafäel Maroto and Baldomero Espartero, Duke de Victoria, by the terms of which that portion of the army under the immediate command of the Carlist general were to lay down their arms, and submit to the government of Queen Isabella II. In accordance with this arrangement, five battalions and two squadrons of the Castilian division, three battalions and four companies, with a squadron of the Guipuscoan division, eight battalions of the Biscayan division, with four pieces of heavy artillery, were united, on the 2d September, with the army under the command of the Christino general. Espartero ordered a review of the combined forces on the same day. Accompanied by Maroto, he rode slowly along the extended line, where Carlists and Christinos were now associated as fellow-soldiers. As they moved along in front, shouts, that might have startled the eagles on the crags of Santa Barbara, burst from the assembled multitude. The two generals were bareheaded, and tears flowed fast from the eyes of Espartero. The day was beautiful and still, and the gentle and soft repose of the delicious valley harmonised well with the feelings of peace and brotherhood which seemed to animate the bosoms of all. The line was formed into square, and the two chiefs placed themselves in the midst. Unbroken silence prevailed. Espartero addressed them in a feeling and eloquent manner. He seemed to pour out his whole soul in expressions of love and gratitude, for the sublime act of uniting themselves, like brothers, to consolidate the peace so earnestly desired by all. On the conclusion of his address the acclamations were deafening; but the universal feeling rose to a frenzy of delight when Espartero, falling on the neck of his late enemy, clasped him in his arms, strained him to his bosom, and kissed his cheeks repeatedly; whilst the heaving of the heart, and the sobbing of these veteran warriors, showed that the ties of ancient comradeship, and brotherly affection, contracted in far distant climes, and on the field of battle, though interrupted for a season by the misfortunes of their common country, were united, never again to be rent asunder.* At the termination of this affecting scene, the troops were allowed to mingle together without restraint, and friends and relations soon recognised each other.

The treaty thus celebrated consists of ten articles; the first and most important of which is the pledge, given by Espartero, that the queen's govern-

* Espartero and Maroto had served together in the New World against the patriots of Venezuela. It is said that they were in the same regiment, but it is certain they were commanded by the same brigadier. Maroto held the rank of Brevet Lieut.-Colonel; and Espartero, who was their captain, was indebted to him for promotion to the *grade* of *Commandante de Batallon*, in recompense for one of those acts of headlong bravery for which he is still distinguished.

ment shall earnestly recommend to the cortes the concession or modification of the *fueros* of the Basque provinces. The second recognises the grades and decorations of officers of all ranks in the army of Maroto, with the option of serving in the army of the queen, or of retiring to their homes. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth relate to the distribution and classification of the officers who may choose to serve in the Christino army; and they explain the arrangements to be made for those who may wish to retire on leave or otherwise. The seventh promises the same advantages and conditions to the Navarrese and Alavese divisions that may present themselves, in the same manner as those of Castile, Guipuscoa, and Biscay. The eighth places at the disposal of Espartero the parks of artillery, depôts of arms, and stores of all kinds which remain in the hands of Maroto. The ninth declares that all the prisoners belonging to those divisions that have as yet surrendered, who may wish to follow the example thus set them, shall be immediately set at liberty, and shall participate in the same advantages; but if they persevere in holding out, they shall remain, as before, prisoners of war. The tenth engages Espartero to recommend to the government that a regular provision be made for the widows and orphans of those who were killed whilst serving in any of the divisions comprised in the present treaty.

Maroto, as it has been stated, wished to soften his defection, by insisting on two additional articles, which, whilst their import may have been a matter of indifference to the Basques, to whom their *fueros* were the principal object, would in the other provinces have excited new troubles. These were, the marriage of the Queen Isabella with the Prince of the Asturias, and the establishment of the *Estatuto Real*, in place of the constitution of 1837. The solemn decree of proscription, voted in 1833, by the seventy-two members of the *Estamento de Proceres*, in virtue of which Don Carlos and his family not only are excluded, for ever, from the throne, but are prevented from returning to any part of the Spanish dominions, could not be so easily set aside by the negotiating generals, or acceded to by the representatives of the English government, without violating the principles on which they profess to act; and it would be an attempt little short of madness to introduce, in preference to the liberal provisions of the constitution, a plan of administration in which the legislature would consist of two estates, — one of *proceres*, or nobles, selected amongst the grandees, the other of *procuradores*, or deputies, to be chosen by persons only who possess a clear and unembarrassed yearly income of 12,000 reals (120*l.* sterling), where the monarch alone would have the right of the initiative, and the two chambers merely that of petition.

The most important article of the present treaty, then, is that in which the recognition of the *fueros* is promised. The government will therefore be bound to permit the inhabitants of the Basque provinces to govern themselves, as they have done from time immemorial, by their own municipal institutions; and to confirm those exemptions and rights which the crown of Castile had always recognised, — subject only to such modifications and changes, corresponding to the present state of Spain, as may be mutually agreed on.

The right of any portion of an empire united under one head, and affected by the same interests, to claim privileges distinct from and superior to those of the others, may be called in question by those who think that the obligations of the governed and governing are reciprocal. It should be remembered, however, that the self-government claimed by the Basques is confined to their own municipal institutions; and that where an exemption

from duties on imported merchandise is insisted on, the advantage of sending it for consumption into the interior of the kingdom is equally denied them. In this respect, then, the benefits resulting from such exemptions are merely imaginary; and they are certainly less detrimental to the remaining portion of the empire, vast in comparison with the privileged districts, than to the speculators who would be so unprofitably enterprising as to engage in such a species of commerce under these restrictions. This has been felt by the several sea ports along the Cantabrian coast; and frequent remonstrances have been made, particularly by the trading classes in San Sebastian, to the provincial deputation of Guipuscoa, in which the injury done to their commerce is clearly proved, and the right insisted on that each town, or *alcadia*, enjoying its own distinct *fuero*, adapted to its local wants, and unconnected with that of any other, has a perfect title, through its *ayuntamiento*, or corporation, to modify, enlarge, or change, as it may deem fit, its own particular code, without interfering with, or being subject to, the general *fueros* of the province represented by the provincial deputation; and that, consequently, with regard to the custom-house regulations, any measures of advantage to the commerce of San Sebastian may be considered without the obligation of reference to the said deputation.

One of the most important privileges claimed by the Basques is that of being allowed to protect themselves from foreign invasion. They have built their own fortifications, constructed their own arsenals, and manned their own army and navy. Their history is replete with proofs of their determined patriotism, and their success in repelling aggression, during the wars, in the middle ages, between the Spanish and French nations. Their connection with the crown of Castile was voluntary and free; and the fact of their forming an integral portion of the monarchy was never occasioned by conquest, as in the case of the other portions of the Castilian dominions. Their attachment to their ally has been marked, throughout a long series of centuries, by the purest honour and the most enduring fidelity. Their alliance, too, was formed on the express condition that their *fueros* should be for ever recognised — the monarch, Alonzo VIII., at the same time declaring that this connection was formed without compulsion of any kind, and entirely by their own free will.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to enter into a detailed history of the Basque provinces, or to explain minutely the nature of those fueros by which they have been governed during so lengthened a period. They are found to be singularly adapted to the nature, locality, and pursuits of each community. To the historian and philosopher it would be a task of pleasure to trace to their remote origin those laws by which a number of minute and independent republics, within the recesses of the Pyrenees, and along the shores of the Cantabrian ocean, have been so long administered; and they would be struck with the singularity of the fact, that, whilst contemporary nations of vast extent and power were ruled by despots, these small isolated districts enjoyed the benefit of free institutions, which, even in our days of enlightenment, might impart not useless lessons in local government. We do not mean to assert that the social condition of the Basque provinces may not be benefited by the improvements presented by our more modern forms of administration; and we are quite sure that the elasticity of their code would, without difficulty, adapt itself to the legislative improvements of an enlightened age.

However similar in their origin have been the Basque institutions, a striking difference may be observed in each. Navarre, as we have already

ment shall earnestly recommend to the cortes the concession or modification of the *fueros* of the Basque provinces. The second recognises the grades and decorations of officers of all ranks in the army of Maroto, with the option of serving in the army of the queen, or of retiring to their homes. The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth relate to the distribution and classification of the officers who may choose to serve in the Christino army; and they explain the arrangements to be made for those who may wish to retire on leave or otherwise. The seventh promises the same advantages and conditions to the Navarrese and Alavese divisions that may present themselves, in the same manner as those of Castile, Guipuscoa, and Biscay. The eighth places at the disposal of Espartero the parks of artillery, depôts of arms, and stores of all kinds which remain in the hands of Maroto. The ninth declares that all the prisoners belonging to those divisions that have as yet surrendered, who may wish to follow the example thus set them, shall be immediately set at liberty, and shall participate in the same advantages; but if they persevere in holding out, they shall remain, as before, prisoners of war. The tenth engages Espartero to recommend to the government that a regular provision be made for the widows and orphans of those who were killed whilst serving in any of the divisions comprised in the present treaty.

Maroto, as it has been stated, wished to soften his defection, by insisting on two additional articles, which, whilst their import may have been a matter of indifference to the Basques, to whom their *fueros* were the principal object, would in the other provinces have excited new troubles. These were, the marriage of the Queen Isabella with the Prince of the Asturias, and the establishment of the *Estatuto Real*, in place of the constitution of 1837. The solemn decree of proscription, voted in 1833, by the seventy-two members of the *Estamento de Proceres*, in virtue of which Don Carlos and his family not only are excluded, for ever, from the throne, but are prevented from returning to any part of the Spanish dominions, could not be so easily set aside by the negotiating generals, or acceded to by the representatives of the English government, without violating the principles on which they profess to act; and it would be an attempt little short of madness to introduce, in preference to the liberal provisions of the constitution, a plan of administration in which the legislature would consist of two estates, — one of *proceres*, or nobles, selected amongst the grandees, the other of *procuradores*, or deputies, to be chosen by persons only who possess a clear and unembarrassed yearly income of 12,000 reals (120*l.* sterling), where the monarch alone would have the right of the initiative, and the two chambers merely that of petition.

The most important article of the present treaty, then, is that in which the recognition of the *fueros* is promised. The government will therefore be bound to permit the inhabitants of the Basque provinces to govern themselves, as they have done from time immemorial, by their own municipal institutions; and to confirm those exemptions and rights which the crown of Castile had always recognised, — subject only to such modifications and changes, corresponding to the present state of Spain, as may be mutually agreed on.

The right of any portion of an empire united under one head, and affected by the same interests, to claim privileges distinct from and superior to those of the others, may be called in question by those who think that the obligations of the governed and governing are reciprocal. It should be remembered, however, that the self-government claimed by the Basques is confined to their own municipal institutions; and that where an exemption

from duties on imported merchandise is insisted on, the advantage of sending it for consumption into the interior of the kingdom is equally denied them. In this respect, then, the benefits resulting from such exemptions are merely imaginary; and they are certainly less detrimental to the remaining portion of the empire, vast in comparison with the privileged districts, than to the speculators who would be so unprofitably enterprising as to engage in such a species of commerce under these restrictions. This has been felt by the several sea ports along the Cantabrian coast; and frequent remonstrances have been made, particularly by the trading classes in San Sebastian, to the provincial deputation of Guipuscoa, in which the injury done to their commerce is clearly proved, and the right insisted on that each town, or *alcadia*, enjoying its own distinct *fuero*, adapted to its local wants, and unconnected with that of any other, has a perfect title, through its *ayuntamiento*, or corporation, to modify, enlarge, or change, as it may deem fit, its own particular code, without interfering with, or being subject to, the general *fueros* of the province represented by the provincial deputation; and that, consequently, with regard to the custom-house regulations, any measures of advantage to the commerce of San Sebastian may be considered without the obligation of reference to the said deputation.

One of the most important privileges claimed by the Basques is that of being allowed to protect themselves from foreign invasion. They have built their own fortifications, constructed their own arsenals, and manned their own army and navy. Their history is replete with proofs of their determined patriotism, and their success in repelling aggression, during the wars, in the middle ages, between the Spanish and French nations. Their connection with the crown of Castile was voluntary and free; and the fact of their forming an integral portion of the monarchy was never occasioned by conquest, as in the case of the other portions of the Castilian dominions. Their attachment to their ally has been marked, throughout a long series of centuries, by the purest honour and the most enduring fidelity. Their alliance, too, was formed on the express condition that their *fueros* should be for ever recognised — the monarch, Alonzo VIII., at the same time declaring that this connection was formed without compulsion of any kind, and entirely by their own free will.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to enter into a detailed history of the Basque provinces, or to explain minutely the nature of those fueros by which they have been governed during so lengthened a period. They are found to be singularly adapted to the nature, locality, and pursuits of each community. To the historian and philosopher it would be a task of pleasure to trace to their remote origin those laws by which a number of minute and independent republics, within the recesses of the Pyrenees, and along the shores of the Cantabrian ocean, have been so long administered; and they would be struck with the singularity of the fact, that, whilst contemporary nations of vast extent and power were ruled by despots, these small isolated districts enjoyed the benefit of free institutions, which, even in our days of enlightenment, might impart not useless lessons in local government. We do not mean to assert that the social condition of the Basque provinces may not be benefited by the improvements presented by our more modern forms of administration; and we are quite sure that the elasticity of their code would, without difficulty, adapt itself to the legislative improvements of an enlightened age.

However similar in their origin have been the Basque institutions, a striking difference may be observed in each. Navarre, as we have already

remarked, possesses a feudal organisation, in which the clergy have a large share. Biscay is a pure republic, where the whole population directly participates in the government. Guipuscoa is a species of aristocracy, where the chief power is concentrated in certain families; and Alava is a sort of elective monarchy, in which the executive is vested in the representative of the sovereign, who is named by the *junta*, which is itself elected by the people. The obvious policy of the Spanish government would be to leave the provinces to the enjoyment of their own privileges, until a better knowledge of a more enlarged representative system would convince the Basques of the superiority of that constitution by which the rest of Spain is governed. Experience will teach them to appreciate its benefits; and a constant intercourse with European civilisation, and European policy, will enable them to understand those institutions whose superior utility will supersede their own.

The cause of Don Carlos is at an end; but we are by no means therefore prepared to anticipate that the horrors of civil war will have entirely passed away, on the ratification of the treaty between Maroto and Espartero. The treaty itself will present no small difficulties in the way of an universal pacification. By the second article, the ranks and honours of the officers in the army of Maroto will be recognised by the queen's government; and in case these officers, or any of them, join the ranks of the Christino army, they will of course take precedence according to the dates of their respective appointments and promotions. The old captains of the Christino army, who have gone through all the hardships of this tedious war, will not be pleased to see men placed over them who never served but in rebellion, and whose only title to rank or dignity consists in having successfully outraged the laws to which they themselves were obedient, and in taking up, as traitors, arms against their lawful sovereign, to whom they preserved their allegiance, and in whose cause they had shed their blood. The cross of Saint Ferdinand will be torn in contempt from the breasts of those who see rebels decorated with the same honourable distinctions; and we should like to know the feelings of old *Santa Cruz*, a brigadier of fourteen years' standing, when receiving his orders on a field day from some Carlist general officer, who was employed in reading his breviary, or conducting his plough, or tending goats, whilst he was making the campaigns of the Americas!

If the government fulfil the fourth article of the treaty, which is doubtful, seeing what their past conduct has been, and are able to pay regularly the retiring allowances which Espartero has promised, what will be said, and felt, by those disabled and worn-out servants, who for years past have been in so miserable a condition, and who have been obliged to accept with gratitude the daily ration in lieu of half-pay? What will become of the widows and orphans of the numbers who have fallen in battle, and who for years past, also, have been obliged to beg alms on the highway? If the government *can* fulfil the obligations entered into, discontent and hatred will be excited in the bosoms of those who have remained faithful to the queen; and if they *cannot*, the violation of a most important article will make the whole treaty null and void, and will afford opportunities, of which due advantage will be taken, of renewed rebellion against those who have deceived them. These difficulties in the settlement of the Spanish question are not, we fear, the only ones which are likely to arise. Should the Navarrese still remain devoted, they can be capable of much and extensive mischief. Such a force, keeping up a *guerilla* war, and making frequent

incursions into the neighbouring provinces, can still give occupation to Espartero. We have remarked on the strong ideas of fidelity existing amongst the Navarrese: their habits of life and their character have imparted a ferocity which often breaks out into acts of cruelty to their enemies; and the feudal nature of their institutions may possibly make them still regard Don Carlos as a chieftain and head of a family, deserted by his clansmen, and abandoned by his children. Unhappily, too, the influence of the clergy has been always so overwhelming in Navarre, that they, who alone might have the power to soften and subdue this fierce spirit, will be the first to urge them on; and the weak intellect of Don Carlos is so guided by those who can never, for a moment, lay aside the hope of re-establishing the Inquisition, that we fear the effusion of blood will not be soon stayed.

Neither must we forget the fourteen thousand men of Cabrera, who still occupy the most important province in Spain. This remorseless and daring chieftain has, since the late events in the Basque provinces, issued a proclamation for a levy, *en masse*, of all between the ages of eighteen and fifty; and he is now employed in preparations to carry on the war with even still greater ferocity than before. Here, too, the name of religion is made use of to forward this unholy cause; and three bishops, who always follow his head-quarters, have fulminated excommunications against all who refuse or hesitate to take up arms. The army of Cabrera is generally composed of the outcasts of society — robbers and assassins; and, in many cases, it is officered by monks and priests, who, from the commission of some crime, or from their zeal for religion and love for the Inquisition, have thrown aside the breviary, and taken up the sword. Cabrera, who had been himself, previously to his taking up arms for Don Carlos, *sacristan* in a convent in Aragon, is popular amongst his soldiers; and his personal influence is consequently very great.

Besides those large bodies, which are still on the footing of a regular force, we must not neglect to notice the predatory bands which have long infested the country, under pretence of fighting for the Pretender, but whose principal object is to plunder all parties; and the old Curate of *Villaviedo*, *Merino*, will not cease to ravage the large extent of country between Burgos and Madrid. The terrible excesses, too, which have already commenced, and which will be continued by those portions of the disbanded battalions of Biscay and Guipuscoa that have not consented to bear arms for the queen, will contribute to keep the country in a state of turbulence and bloodshed.

Notwithstanding, however, the trials to which she may yet be exposed, Carlism is annihilated for ever in Spain. The problem is solved, whether absolutism or constitutional principles shall be established in the fairest countries of the continent of Europe. The arrival of the Pretender in the French territory, and his abandonment of the portion of the Navarrese army that still remained faithful, have completed that which the defection of Maroto began,—the total ruin of his cause. Where now are the earnest protestations, so often repeated, and so solemnly announced some months since, before the high altar and the golden statue of Saint Ignacius in the magnificent church of Aspeitia,—of his resolution to enter Madrid as a crowned king, or to die in a well-fought battle field? Where are the assurances, so often given to his faithful and beloved Navarrese, that even in case of failure he should never become a fugitive, and that the battle which should put an end to his hopes should also terminate his existence? This desertion, and his base and cowardly recklessness as to the fate of those whose fidelity, whilst he remained

amongst them, was unshaken, must deprive him of the sympathy even of those equally despotic, but more courageous tyrants, who have hitherto aided him, and must now render the submission or dispersion of the remaining battalions of Navarre, *as a regular force*, a task of comparative facility.

The complete pacification of Guipuscoa has produced its effects already. Three hundred refugees from Tolosa and its environs, artizans and shopkeepers, who have been, since the commencement of the war, residing at San Sebastian in poverty and wretchedness, have all returned to their homes and resumed their ancient occupations. Bergaca, Guetaria, Motrico, and the other towns of the sea coast and the interior, are once more crowded with inhabitants. Confidence restored, harmony renewed, and enmities reconciled, now gladden the valleys of the "noble and loyal provincio."* In San Sebastian provisions, which had been nearly at famine price, have been diminished more than one half, and commerce is already resuming its former activity. The joy of all classes amounts to delirium; and balls, bull-fights, and illuminations have occupied the time since the auspicious treaty of Bergara. Crowds of emigrants are returning from France; and the principal towns are now presenting an aspect of peace and happiness, which, we trust, will rapidly extend to the other parts of Spain over which the destroying angel may have passed.

SONNET.

AN AUTUMN STORM.

THE Northern Wind hath blown his bugle-blast,
And troops of clouds come hurrying on the fields
Of the blue sky, and wide their banners cast,
And lift above the earth their massive shields.
Now, all unordered, all unmarshalled, they
Make preparation for the dire affray.
Their weapons are the sleet, the rain, the hail —
Concealed behind those parapets of mist:
Lo! now their keen-edged fury doth assail
The guarding atmosphere, and o'er the land —
Save when its breast is cased in rocky mail —
Pours devastation, at thy stern command,
Oh Northern Wind! nor will the war desist,
Till thou art conquered by some hostile gale.

PARK BENJAMIN.

New York.

---

* "*Muy noble y muy leal provincio*" — the title bestowed on *Guipuscoa* by Don Alonzo VIII., and which forms the motto of her escutcheon.

THE CHURCH AND THE ARMY;

A RECENT DISCUSSION.

(*A Nobleman of the Army receives the rebuke of a Bishop.*)

BISHOP. — WITH solemn grief and very mournful thought,
Deep throes of spirit and a righteous fear,
Prompted by Heaven and by my duty's charge,
I claim, my lord, your most attentive ear;
And trust my words, with salutary force,
May sink, deep-settling, in your lordship's soul.

NOBLE. — Since from the body of the Bench, my lord,
Your words proceed, I shall with due regard
Receive the message; nor forget the measure
Of such respect as at fit times may claim
A hierach of divine nobility.

BISHOP. — When from exalted birth and station bright,
Broad lands and influence in this lower world,
Such as your lordship holds in tenure here,
An overt act of serious consequence
Confronts the face of law — that temporal power,
Being duly merged among the flock of Christ,
Must yet succumb before the pastoral crook,
More humbly, as the height wherefrom it shone
Exceeds the common fall.

NOBLE. — Grave lord, proceed:
With reverence profound I wait the charge.

BISHOP. — It hath been known — I speak with deepest sorrow,
With unfeigned horror speak — that heretofore
Have men of lofty rank at sundry times —
Forgetting reverence for the word of law,
Both human and divine, forgetting God
And his most holy and especial Church,
With all its ministrants — unduly given
A ready sense to sanguinary thoughts,
And, by the passionate promptings madly urged,
Cast a free rein unto their desperate will.
Hence, in the catalogue of modern crimes,
Manslaughtering duels stain the fields of peace;
And e'en our nobles, as your lordship wots,
Have met with fierce and fratricidal hands
In peril of their lives.

NOBLE. — It is most true.

BISHOP. — Should we not rather claim your lordship's hands
For justice, charity, and to uphold
The established altar and the country's throne?
Should you not rather feel this human life,
Not as your own, but solely dedicate
To Christian duties and your lordship's God?

NOBLE. — Stand I alone within this deep reproof,
Most reverend lord and father of our church?
Methinks the charge were of a greater breadth
Than thus to fill, and with dismay o'erwhelm,
My single scutcheon?

BISHOP. — O, wide-sinning world!
Too oft thy graves by homicides are oped,
And blood affronts thy sanctuary of rest.
But in such cases, where the offenders bore
That birth and station which command our care,
The Church, with high and holy office crown'd,
Hath risen in rebuke. Forthwith the knees
Of those who thus were bent with heavy sin,
And by the weight of our authority,
Have sought Heaven's pardon through its natural porch,
And gain'd their readmission to the Church;
Whose bosom else had never more received
Their crime-polluted souls. But when such prayers,
And humble penitence in proper form,
Had duly been pour'd forth, they were received
And reinstated in our fullest love.
So may your lordship profit by my words,
And this admonishment its end effect;
Nor thou, a Christian senator and peer,
The odium bear of duel and device,
To take Heaven's law within thy mortal hands.

NOBLE. — My lord! Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop!
That I, in personal conflict, have opposed
Myself to one who call'd me to account,
At peril of both lives, I readily,
And without shame, albeit with due respect,
Acknowledge to your lordship's reverence.
With all becoming gratitude of heart,
And such contrition and humility
As may become a soldier and a peer,
I bow before your most paternal care,
And trust my readmission to the fold
Of your especial church. That I have fail'd,
High station and religious principles
To substitute for the worldly code of honour,
Is true no less; yet do I frankly deem
Myself not strictly subject, by this act,
To fall within the pale like errant sheep,
With leg entangled in the pastoral crook,
And thus laid prone, and brought home to the fold.
It is most true, Right Reverend Father in God,
That this my hand, which hath offended thus
In small particular, would for the general weal —
I mean our rights, your altar, and the throne, —
Be better exercised. But in the code
Of honour, your high reverence should perceive
The world's opinion still rides paramount:
And though the duel nought whatever proves,

With those whose courage was oft proved before,
But leaves the truth at stake just where it was,
Still, must your lordship's all-perceiving mind
See clearly that the law of honour holds,
Like a petrific primogenital tree,
Its influence unshaken. Furthermore,
The army stands amidst the social scheme
With glory bright, and hath the Church's prayers;
Whereby upheld, encouraged, and urged on,
Its valorous deeds have fed the glorious wars,
And round the altar throng'd in times of fear.
At all due seasons, and in public seats,
The army bows its crest, nor ever fails
At wassail boards to toast the Establish'd Church.
Right Reverend Father, these are serious truths,
Nor doth the army and its sworded peers
Ask more return than such amount of prayers
As your best-judging wisdoms may accord;
With steady and consolidating aid,
When brawling politics our rights assault,
And mobs brew tempest in our atmosphere.
I am a soldier — have gone forth to war
With blessings on my head, and have return'd
With bloody laurels, and more blessings, crown'd.
Therefore, Right Reverend Father in God, Lord Bishop,
Look to our mutual bond! Till that the Church,
The solemn mission of eternal peace
And universal brotherhood of love
Shall bring to fix'd maturity, and thus
Put down all need of armies in the world
(Long have your lordships labour'd at this task,
With what success our annals shall unfold),
And from men's minds eradicate the seeds
Of personal quarrel and the sense of shame,
In shunning death for the bare honour's sake;
You shall in vain rebuke the nobleman —
The oft-bless'd leader of a battle's van —
Who may see fit to risk his life to prove
Something, or nothing, as the case may hap,
And hold him guiltless who brings down his man.
It is your business to preach peace on earth;
It is my business to go forth and fight.
A mutual work, and mutual high reward
Each for the other duly thus provides;
And better 't were, my lord, we ne'er forgot
To do our duties in that state of life
To which a bounteous Providence hath call'd us,
Than risk by bickerings to attract the eyes
Of vulgar nature, lest the ignorant thought
Dawn on man's mind that no necessity
Exist on earth for either thee or me.

R. H. H.

POLITICAL STUDIES ON THE FOREIGN STATESMEN OF OUR TIME.

No. I. — M. Thiers.

I.

Some one expressed his astonishment — in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, if we mistake not — in giving an account of the oration on M. Rœderer, spoken at the Academy by M. Mignet on the 27th December, 1837, that the orator had not recollected the saying of Madame de Stael, as keen as it was true,—"M. Rœderer is ever in a hurry to offer assistance to the victor." This gentleman forgot that M. Mignet is the intimate friend of M. Thiers; that M. Thiers, a member of the Academy, was probably among the audience; and that, at those words, all eyes would instinctively have been turned on him. M. Mignet was doubtless thinking on M. Thiers whilst pronouncing his oration, just as we thought, when — maugre the officious suppressions of the orator—we called to mind the *citizen* Rœderer, *before* the empire, rising, in August, 1791, in the National Assembly, to oppose the article of the Constitution that placed the king in the same rank as the representatives of the nation; — the *Monsieur* Rœderer, *during* the empire, declaring on the subject of the apprehensions objected to the institution of the Legion of Honour, that privilege was no longer to be feared, and that inequality was for ever destroyed; — and the *Comte* Rœderer, a few days *after*, complacently adding to his name the aristocratic qualification — which means nothing, God be thanked, but which at least affixes the pretence of privilege.

II.

Before — during — after: these are what embarrass us in our estimates of the men of the day; these almost drive us to despair as judges, biographers, and reviewers, whenever we try to set before us any one of those forms that attract the regards of the present easy-natured generation. The statesman was anciently a high intelligence, serving *one* grand principle, — an idea reflecting itself, incarnating itself in a long series of acts, — an all-entire life consecrated to the realisation of some conception, national or European, good or bad. These were good times. Now, things have changed; the times are hard for the portrait painter. Each sitting undoes the sketch of the preceding; the kaleidoscope has turned, and the same elements harmonise themselves into a different figure. Adieu to unity, to presiding principle or conception. The statesman is triple; he is a being of succession, and not of concentration. He bewilders us, deceives us, mystifies us; he escapes us like Proteus, by suddenly changing his form. That which we thought to be the goal of his career was but a point of departure. We think to seize him in the gross: — alas! we have but one facet of the polygon; and to-morrow the wind from without will have breathed on this multisided being, and another facet will present itself to our astonished eyes. *Before, during, and after*,—these are the "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" of periodical writers. Of what man are you speaking, please you? Is it him of 1829, or of 1832, or of 1839? Is it of the General Sebastiani of 1809, writing to General Venegas, "that his duty was blind and unlimited obedience to power, and to his august master Napoleon, the greatest of heroes and the most powerful of monarchs?"— or the General Sebastiani of 1814 and 1815, following

up with all activity the ruin of the august master who had taken the liberty of deducting from his pay the value of certain cannons that he had been the means of losing? Is it of the M. Guizot of 1814, writing the *exposé* of the motives of the Montesquiou law against the liberty of the press? — or the M. Guizot of Villèle's time, who wrote such fine things on the independence of public functionaries, and was rubbing shoulders with the republicans in the committee of the society *Aide-loi?* — or rather of the M. Guizot of *after* 1831, who dismissed his friend, the Professor Dubois, for having dared to put in practice his precepts, and for supporting in the tribune an opinion contrary to his? When these interrogatories meet us — and about whom will they not henceforward meet us? — we shall be tempted to break our palette and pencils. In truth, 'tis pity. There is no further — how shall we call it? *Philosophy of history* is not yet current among us — there is no further possibility of historical criticism. The most acute are lost at it. Look rather at "Blackwood" of March, 1838.

It was, in that month, the turn of M. Thiers to pass under the Caudine yoke that "Blackwood" has erected, as is known, for the notables of Europe. The executioner — the writer we will say — who was charged with the business got through it as well as he was able, as to the biographical part, and the considerations on the "History of the Revolution," by translating from one end to the other — though quoting it but twice only — a very well-done piece of M. Loéve Veimar's, inserted in one of the numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Why did he not stop there? The translator was bent on doing more: he determined to play the author in his turn, and pass a judgment after his own fashion on the man whom M. Loéve Veimar had estimated according to liberal views. In this task he was lost. In the contemplation of this undecided, changeful, and mocking figure, amid so many unforeseen, sudden, and multiplied evolutions, from the *Droite* to the *Gauche*, from the opposition benches to those of power, from the alliance with England to that with Russia, sufficient for the characteristics of ten individuals, and which are all represented by one, — his brain was seized with vertigo — his ideas became bewildered — his faculties failed at the proof. France, journalism, the revolution of 1830 — he mixed, confounded, and identified all. The Tory anathema, which he intended to hurl direct at the head of the ex-minister, was spattered over thirty millions of men. Innocent and guilty, he lumped them all; and the result was an awful splash, floating in which, a luminous exposition of the character of M. Thiers, were propositions nearly as follow: — Education exists not in France, and the children there are little demons; a journalist never ought to reason; immorality, produced or connived at, is the end of all periodical reasoning; the *auberges* in France are in general execrably supplied, &c. &c. Beyond all, M. Thiers is a revolutionist. Is not every immorality expressed by that word?

O sublime contemporary! Yes, we are ready to admit it: the beds and dinners of a French *auberge* are bad enough, especially when the traveller, from inclination or necessity, has a turn for economy. But is that a reason why M. Thiers should squander the secret service money, and give his father-in-law, M. Dosne, an average annual income of two hundred thousand francs? Yes, education might be better in France, as every where else; only it happens — mark, how singular! — that the little education they give to children precisely at Aix, the native place of M. Thiers, is, or has hitherto been, Carlist. Ought it not to have produced something better? The mania for ratiocination, think you, drives journalism to rebellion and to immorality? But, oh, most moral of contemporaries! was not Carrel a journalist? Did he not labour on the *National* side by side with M. Thiers?

Was he not a more acute and powerful reasoner than he? How happens it that not one of his enemies has dared to lay on his tomb an accusation of immorality? Carrel is dead — dead in the breach — dead in the most forward ranks of opposition, the most hostile and the most fearful to power — dead a republican; yet, friends and enemies hastened to confess it, he died pure: his adversary's ball found him as in the first days of his political life — innocent of all baseness, of all immorality, of every degrading and low appetite for power or wealth. The masculine virtues of his youth, far from growing unsteady or losing their lustre, were strengthened by the struggle; the progress of ideas, visible in his latter years, only ripened and fortified them. If of these two intelligences, who began their career fighting the same battles,—who had, in appearance at least, the same point of departure,—the one remained firm, the other is fallen, might it not be — differences of character apart — that the one instinctively fought, even although not clearly recognised by himself, under the standard of a creed; whilst the other fought, in the very moments even when he perhaps passed an illusion on himself, only at the beck of passion and interest? Might it not be, we say it boldly, that Carrel was already, at the bottom of his soul, a *revolutionist*, whilst M. Thiers was simply but a *reactionist?*

There is in what we have just said something which appears to us to deserve the pains of an explanation. This word *revolutionist* seems to us to be still so vaguely defined, so generally misunderstood, and this vagueness, this misunderstanding appears to us to involve so much confusion — to produce so many erroneous points of view in the elaboration of political doctrines, that we are convinced of the necessity of endeavouring, as far as in us lies, to rectify the commonly received notions. And we have here to deal, in our opinion, with notions that are not limited in their action to a purely speculative sphere, but that influence the political region far more than is supposed. They are agitating among the masses; day by day they are implanting their results in the heart of the people, and these results are distrust and discouragement. We see an entire generation — for, the truth must be told, it is not to M. Thiers alone, but to a crowd of intelligences that the formula *before, during, and after* has a fatally successful application — we see a generation of men ardent and mighty for the struggle, but lately boiling over with eloquence and patriotism, who set themselves before us as apostles of the movement — who spoke to us "grand swelling" words, glory, honour, progress, liberty — whom we accepted and long followed as chiefs, and who suddenly, at the very moment when we have gained for them the victory, desert us, reproach us with our demands, repulse us to the lowest rung of the ladder, and are occupied solely with the division of the spoils of the conquered, and the fruits of the triumph. We see men who for fifteen years have been growing great under the shade of the revolutionary flag, who have prostrated themselves before it a thousand times, in the name of enthusiasm and virtue, and now envelope it in turpitudes worse than those they combatted, set it up to the highest bidder to satiate their selfish lusts, and nail it to the door of their embassies and their cabinets as an ensign of jobbing and prostitution. Whom are we henceforward to believe, or whom to trust? When the people, in France or elsewhere, murmur at these things, fold their arms, and reply by sullen inaction to those who summon them to the holy battles of right and liberty, who can condemn them, or be astonished? And who is there amongst us that has not murmured in his heart similar complaints, — who has not yielded for a few instants at least to the discouragement produced by deception, — who has not at some time surprised himself saying, For whom do we combat? and, What results shall

we obtain by our long efforts, by our sacrifices? It is a sad history the history of Europe since 1830, a fine text for Mephistophiles to gloss on; and the gloss has not been wanting. The scholar has left the conference, his head bewildered and his heart seared. Shut your doors and your windows, ye youthful spirits, chastely ignorant of the orgies of the old world in her debauch: there is a breath of immorality and scepticism without that benumbs strong feeling, and withers the flower in the bud.

Is there, however, nothing to be done? Are we to leave the empire of the world to Mephistophiles without a struggle? Have we to oppose the spirit of doubt, the effects of which are everywhere felt, nought but blunted weapons, edgeless and pointless? What if there be in all this a vast error of intelligence to expiate? What if we ourselves are in some degree guilty of this state that makes us unbelieving and inactive, and have all required of these men more than their nature and the nature of their doctrines was able to yield us? Ought we to accept the fact without endeavouring to explain it? And if there be a great instruction to draw from that long deception that has followed 1830 in France, can we in conscience neglect it, and be content with the theory of bad taverns and imps of children? It matters little at the bottom, that M. Thiers, or any other individual of his stamp, amuses himself by mystifying his public, after having contributed his part to its exaltation: in a few years there will be no mention of him and his tricks of government, any more than of M. Jules Janin, his literary pendant. But if from his lamentable history we can extract an essence capable of stifling other Thierses in the cradle, ought we not eagerly to embrace the occasion? And shall we not play M. Thiers himself a very amusing trick if we seek a moral in his own history?

Wherefore, gentle reader, coming after so many others, we are resigned to speak of M. Adolphe Thiers; born at Aix, in Provence; sprung, as Blackwood says, with that aristocratic *morgue* that becomes him so well, from nobody *; his age, now forty-two; stature short; an expression of the lip à la Voltaire; a merry companion, if ever there were one; eating almost as much as the Princesse de Lieven; drinking after a fashion, to make the evenings of Grandvaux historical orgies; consuming an immense quantity of "*helas! pourquoi faut-il,*" &c. in his study, and an equal quantity of candles in his office†; thoroughly versed, he himself says, *in the arrangement of figures*, others say in adding them together; master of a *château*, of brilliant equipages, and of property to match, having sacrificed the rest in the revolution of July; once already president of the council of ministers, and looking to be so again; chief, meantime, of the *tiers parti*, and the orator of the opposition on all matters, the budget excepted, — all for having invented transdélimitation, promoted what the world has agreed to call the *Quadruple Alliance*, and proclaimed — yes, proclaimed, — under the government of Louis Philippe, the grand maxim, *The king reigns, and does not govern.*

III.

One man alone has understood me, according to M. Heine, said the philosopher Hegel on his death-bed; *and neither yet have I been thoroughly under-*

* "M. Thiers, on his coming into the world, was not cradled on the knees of a duchess." This is the expression of M. Cormenin, a republican, and, of course, an ill-bred man; but, most exquisite Tory, is it not more gentle, more delicate than thine?

† M. Thiers is the most imprudent, the most inconsiderate of politicians. Ask even the clerks in the foreign department, and they will tell you what a want of order there was in his office. For example, — M. Thiers, during his short ministry, used *three times the number of wax tapers* used by all his predecessors together: this waste ran through all," &c. So said Louis Philippe.

stood by even that one. The *tiers parti*, when on its death-bed, will have the advantage of being able to say as much.

Tiers parti has no meaning. It is in despair of reason, in the acknowledged impossibility of exalting any sentiment whatever into a formula, that it terms itself the *tiers parti* — that is to say, neither the one nor the other; in other words — since out of it there is no passing in the France of the present day — a *juste-milieu* within a *juste-milieu;* a something between both, composed out of the excess of the one side and the defects of the other; or rather, an anonymous letter addressed to power to advertise it that its first false step will be profited by to effect a change of places — *doctrinaires* without doctrine, individuals and no ideas, forms, but no soul and life in common. Some one, we now forget whom, fancied he had made a discovery that of late the essential difference between the *doctrinaire* party and the *tiers parti* was exactly that subsisting between a *because* and an *although*;* but this important formula has often failed us in the application. We know but one man who would have been equal to the solution of the entire profundity of this problem, and he has been dead some centuries. Him, we mean, who, in the Middle Ages, wrote a volume to decide "*Utrum chimera bombinans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones.*" But, with all diffidence, and solely by way of approximation, we may venture to offer the following notion :— *Theoretically*, the *tiers parti* is a *quasi*-synonym of the *quasi* party of *quasi* legitimacy; *practically*, it is the party of those who not being in power seek to win it by parliamentary means. M. Thiers is at this moment — we warrant not the moment after — the chosen man, the hope, the strength, the incarnation of the *tiers parti.*

We owe it to historical truth to add to these hints, that at this moment also, politicians exist who believe that the advent to power in France of the *tiers parti* would be an important and very fortunate circumstance for England.

IV.

In sober truth, and pleasantry apart, there has not been, there never will be, whilst Louis Philippe reigns, but one system for power. It may be amusing, by a species of intellectual gymnastics, to trace divisions and subdivisions, by elevating to the rank of parties mere *shades*, which, in general, are but the expression or result, not of convictions, but of individual interests, and which, consequently, have only a temporary existence; but, whatever may be said, there is only one single conception that sums up the history of powers in France since 1837 — the *doctrinaire*, neo-legitimist conception of the *bourgeoise* monarchy. Casimir Perier was the first who boldly reduced it to a formula as respects politics, by proclaiming that 1830 was not a *revolutionary* fact, but a fact of *resistance*, — a mere episode of the Restoration,—an insurrection of the nation, having no other aim than to defend against the usurpations of a retrograde power that which was in existence before the *ordonnances;* that is to say, the Charter, public order, legitimacy as far as possible, the treaties of 1814 and 1815, and the peace. M. Guizot completed it, in a *social* respect, by adding to it his principle of the middle classes, or, in other terms, the organisation of a *bourgeoise* aristocracy; and the formula thus developed has hovered on high over all the successive administrations, has influenced all the ministers of France, M. Lafitte perhaps excepted. The 13th March, 11th October, 22d February, &c., are simply dates indicating a change of men, by no means of system.

* "The king reigns, *because* Bourbon; the king reigns, *although* Bourbon." — *Axioms of Modern Political Science.*

Not only has the *tiers parti* never seriously sought to unshackle itself of this formula, but it has been perhaps the most submissive, the most devoted of all the other *shades* to its application; the *doctrine*, the pure doctrine, may boast of a few rare inklings of independence, or at least a certain habitual stiffness that has the appearance of it. M. Thiers may now choose boldly to proclaim himself *the issue of July* — the journals of the coterie may complaisantly repeat the phrase which means any thing or every thing, according to the sense in which the *July* is understood, and simpletons may be caught with it. Those who look not to words, but to things, and who have watched M. Thiers throughout the transactions of his political career, know well that the member of the Chamber of Deputies infers nothing as to the minister, and they appreciate at their just value the sallies of an ill-tempered man, who wants a portfolio, and alliances to effect its recovery: the day after, he will break them. They call to mind the doctrine he has often professed,—"that in judging of public affairs every thing depends on the point of view at which we find ourselves, and *the place we occupy*." They call to mind his proverbial facility at contracting and dissolving alliances and engagements, the truly stoical imperturbability with which he contradicts himself whensoever it may be convenient, his stupendous indifference to the judgments of public opinion, and the well-known words that depict at one stroke his character as a statesman — "A note binds us to nothing: if we change our determination, and choose to dissolve the chamber a little later, we will issue another note."* They call to mind also that there is not a single act of the Doctrinaire cabinet hostile to liberty and the revolution of July in which M. Thiers has not been plunged;— his share in the laws of September — the blow aimed at trial by jury, opposed by his colleagues Broglie and Guizot, and carried by his stubbornness — his persecutions, his arbitrary dismissals — his seven hours' speech in favour of the hereditary peerage — and the whole series of his marked adhesion to the system which he now appears to attack, and which his ancient colleagues have at least the courage to support.

We are of those who carry a memory, and we smile at the parliamentary outbreaks of M. Thiers. With us, whatever he may say, the *tiers parti*, and its present incarnation M. Thiers, is a branch, nothing but a branch, of the great *doctrinaire* trunk. These branches may diverge, they may encroach one on the other; there may be an unequal absorption of the moisture that supports the vitality of the whole, but this is a mere temporary derangement. The neo-legitimist triad is one and indivisible in its essence. When its time shall come, its existence will cease at a single stroke, but it will not be dissolved ere then in the persons composing it; we know a shrine at which they will always be in union. At the shrine of the budget is periodically accomplished the great mystery of fusion. The insubordination of M. Thiers goes not so far as that — reverence to the

* It was in 1833, when he opposed with all his powers the dissolution of the chamber proposed by his colleagues, and obtained the insertion in the "Moniteur" of the note proclaiming his success, that these words were uttered.

It is curious to recollect here the precautions taken by M. Thiers on this occasion to make sure of a seat in the chamber, should a dissolution become unavoidable, which Aix would very probably not have again conferred on him. By a careful study of electoral statistics he had unravelled the mystery of the election of a certain deputy for the Comtat d'Avignon. A majority of creditors it was who had determined the selection of this man, head over ears in debt, and whose affairs were hopeless. These worthy people had put him on the list of deputies to prevent his disappearance, and to have him always under their thumb. This gentleman of the south M. Thiers immediately resolved to displace, should matters require it. To do this he had only to take on himself the discharge of his liabilities. This instance of foresight made some noise at the time, having been let out by M. Thiers himself, who, as we shall by and by see, is any thing but prudent. It was noticed, if our memory deceive us not, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

golden bough! The Spanish question may indeed find him dissentient; but the secret service money is sure of his white ball, whatever fingers are to have the handling of it.

Looking then at M. Thiers as the third person, proceeding directly from the first, and indirectly from the second, what is the function he discharges in the neo-legitimist trinitarian hierarchy?

He is the material and practical expression of the triad itself — the triad, as it were, in the *flesh;* Messieurs Royer Collard, Broglie, and Guizot constitute the *spirit.* They are the *idea*, the *theory*, the synthesis; he is the form, the symbol, the image, the sensible translation, the palpable realization. Theirs are the premises, the *major* and the *minor;* his the consequence, the *ergo*, bluntly but logically applied. They propound, he deduces; they enunciate, he proves, — himself the example. Such is his mission in the world. To find the *idea* and the *practice*, the *flesh* and the *spirit*, reunited, fused together, identified in one sublime unity, we must ascend to the first, to the veritable chief, — to the *auguste pensée*, as they say in France.

This, some day, we will do. We will endeavour to plunge into the depths of the sacred cave, and to seize, as far as in us lies, on the length and breadth of the monarchico-citizen *conception*, that since the universal peace disdains nothing, down even to the pettiest appanage; and we will take for our motto the pretty phrases uttered by M. Thiers — at the time of the Antwerp affair, we think — from the same tribune that had already resounded with the other axiom, *The king reigns, and does not govern:*—"All governmental perception resides in the brain of the king; nothing has been done but by that perception since the establishment of the monarchy of July." At present we have enough to do with M. Thiers himself.

To represent the *spirit* of the system in its latest practical results and in its material applications, such, we have said, is the mission in the world of M. Thiers. He is thoroughly indeed the creation of the *doctrinaire* system, though he has not elaborated its theory; that care has naturally devolved on heads far stronger and far more philosophically organised than his, and, in this respect, his part is entirely subaltern: he is but a numerator in that series of fractions whose common denominator is neo-legitimacy. But under that mission which we attribute to him, he acquires some importance; he becomes in his turn the denominator in a series of fractions whose numerators vary from the figure representing a councillor of state to that of the *feuilletoniste*, writing under the inspiration of the famous Janinist motto, "Nothing prospers like success," — from that man who coolly exposed to the highest bidder the bolts and the scourge of his *Nemesis*, to the poor devil who found means to annoy and extort from M. Thiers himself, and whose story we shall tell further on. Far superior to that race of *issue of the revolution of July*, who compel their mother to undergo the Cæsarean operation, he is the summary of them all; he constitutes in himself alone a veritable *microcosm*. Between the real and practical microcosm of M. Thiers, and the ideal philosophic microcosm of the high doctrine, there is, moreover, analogy, connection, perfect filiation. Only, whilst the metaphysicians of the school go and chat on the Brocksberg, he amuses himself in the Kitchen of the Wizard. And where is the harm? And wherefore do those very persons who bow with respect before the former, declaim a crusade against the latter? M. Cousin established, as the fundamental dogma of all philosophy, the sovereignty of *me;* by what capricious intolerance would you forbid M. Thiers to transplant this sovereignty of *me* into matters of state? The sovereignty of *fact* is the legitimate consequence of

philosophical principle, and results, as a last analysis, from all the historical works of the school, M. Guizot's course of history not excepted; wherefore then should it be forbidden to M. Thiers to pursue the application of the principle in politics, and to recognise, as the only sovereignty, that of existing fact, — that is to say, that of *power?* Is it not M. Cousin, who, from his theory of *me*, the knowledge of which is all philosophy, arrived in 1828, or 1829,—doubtless legitimately, for who can suspect so great a metaphysician of aught illogical? — at the conclusion, that the ideal in politics was the charter of Louis XVIII., the ideal in creed the *religion of the state*, such as it was. Has not M. Guizot written, "Power is strangely abused when it takes a position without the camp of the victors; it is then its own betrayer, and is false to its own nature; it forsakes those who desire and ought to possess the empire, to go to those who can do no more than call on the name of liberty?" Is not this fine — is it not profound? But then wherefore launch an anathema against M. Thiers, because, seeing that power is sacred solely because it is power, he tries for it at any price, and, when he has it, tries to retain it at any price? Wherefore accuse him of ingratitude or bad faith, because he is in a hurry to desert his friends the moment they are no longer *victors*, and because he bears in mind "that it is folly to separate oneself from force when it has assumed the character of necessity?" * Since when has logic become a crime with you?

For ourselves, we here conscientiously declare it, and to the most entire absolution of M. Thiers, we are profoundly grateful to him. We have learnt, in the observation of his career, to estimate the theoretical value of a school whose seductions were too powerful for the first years of our youth.

We must confess, moreover, that M. Thiers is too happy, too brilliant, too much of an artist in his Protean career, for us long to preserve rancour towards him, or pass a severe judgment on his political drolleries. When bent on power, the man is sublime. See him with a downcast, and what might be called innocent air, hovering around the avenues that lead to the cabinet; scenting out mischances; presaging successes; exhibiting as quick as thought some symptom of coolness towards those who are falling, and in some unaccountable way, with the same rapidity and the same ease, finding himself the partisan, the ancient friend of those who are rising; flattering, for advancement, every bias, every caprice, every the most opposite tend-

* These also are the words of M. Guizot.

It must not be inferred from these quotations that there is any intention of placing M. Guizot and M. Thiers in the same rank. We appreciate perfectly all the distance between them in the threefold regard of character, capacity, and convictions — which last we would always treat with respect, even when they appear to us completely erroneous. But we deem it essential to point out how every erroneous conviction in philosophy and history leads to loose and immoral consequences in political reality. We fancy we perceive a very considerable tendency in the present day to acquit the *doctrinaire* theorists of all the pernicious consequences of their doctrines, which the good instincts of their personal character have prevented them from deducing, but which are not less the results of the system they preach. Such a tendency, though at bottom it be but a homage rendered to intelligence, is in our opinion dangerous, and we desire to guard our readers against it.

Let us be permitted also here to insist on a principle too generally misunderstood, though it flows essentially from the unity of the human being and his faculties. It is, that every system of politics derives, in the last analysis, whether we are sensible of it or not, from a system of philosophy; it is, that ideas precede facts and generate them; it is, that in politics, as in every thing else, there must be harmony between theory and practice; it is, that we can never attain to the composition or destruction of a system of practice, but by establishing or overturning the theory, the creed, that serves as its basis. With us, France since 1830 — we might, indeed, say Europe — is an especial existing proof of what we are advancing. It is but the sequence of an error of principle that she is where we now see her: it is only, too, by the elaboration of a principle, and not by futile questions of forms and details, that she can resume a progression now and thenceforwards arrested. In this light, a work which should exhibit the necessary affinity existing between the *Doctrinaire* or Eclectic schools of philosophy, of history, and of politics, might not be without its use. These matters should, in our judgment, always go hand in hand in the study of the present in regard to the future.

ency,—Soult, Gérard, Molé, Guizot, all the world; then, his aim attained, undermining, upsetting in turn, Guizot, Molé, Soult, and Gérard; making the most of unlooked-for triumphs; bearing reverses philosophically; never despairing; changing, falling, rising from the Interior to Commerce and Public Works; then to the head of both, then to the Foreign Office, and then to the Presidency — having a horror of nothing but resignation; defending himself bravely; offering to agree with every body, and to make an alliance with every principle; never yielding but in extremities, and never quitting a ministry without having, to use the words of M. Capefigue, "manœuvred in ten different *coteries* to assure himself another portfolio; presenting himself as every body's implement, the nimblest of consciences, the most complying of souls:" all this gaily, off-handed, and adroitly, with full confidence in himself and his good star, even so far as to be willing to draw lots with M. d'Argout for situations.* It is pleasant, in following the strange course of all these evolutions, to see him change opinion, shape his pace, his plans, his speeches, in exact accordance with the spirit of the power above him, or the position of the moment; talking war, force, revolutionary energy, Napoleon reminiscences, under Lafitte; peace, the tranquillity of Europe, the treaties of 1814 and 1815, the danger of attacking them, recollections of 1793, and terror as inseparable from every war that might be undertaken, under Perier: to see him incline towards the alliance with England, or with Russia, according to the good or bad temper of M. Talleyrand; then, suddenly recovering, with exquisite *apropos*, his independence of 1828–9, see him, in the bosom of the council, oppose unceasingly the ideas of a minister already tottering; finish the official life of Marshal Soult by a reproach of ingratitude for the opposition he offered to the choice of Decazes for the government of Algiers, and that of Marshal Gérard by the most active resistance to his measure of the amnesty. Persons are astonished at the influence acquired by M. Thiers; they affect not to understand his presidentship of the council. The presidentship! he well deserved it. For four years, from 1832 to 1836, this man manœuvred in a fashion to deserve a crown; for four years he hoarded his secret, cloaking his powers, keeping himself down in order not to alarm, resigning himself to every inferior post — from the preparation of speeches which others were to deliver in the Chamber, down to the petty concerns of the household at the château, flattering, caressing, immortalising † *his excellent king;* submitting, without wearying of the pursuit of power, to the contemptuous protection of Casimir Perier ‡, to the stiff and exacting superiority of M. Guizot, the very military harshness of Marshal Soult §, the somewhat haughty virtue of M. de Broglie, and the nothingness of Marshal Mortier. Liking not the principles, and, partly from his own personal antipathies, partly from those

* A fact. It was the ministership of the interior that it was thus proposed to draw lots for, in October 1832, in the time of the Soult cabinet. The king opposed this mode of election. There was a kind of compromise between the two votaries of fortune, in pursuance of which M. Thiers — it was his first appointment — became minister of the interior; but with no other departments than the police, the telegraph, and the secret service: he gave up all the rest to M. d'Argout, though he bore only the title of minister of commerce and public works.—Vide *M. Thiers, par Loève Veimar.*

† Witness the activity he displayed in 1833, at the time of the arrival of the King of the Belgians, that poetry and painting should transmit to posterity the remembrance of Louis Philippe bleeding the courier Verner. Alas! gratitude is not a royal virtue: — "*It is impossible,*" says the phlebotomist monarch now, "*that there can be consideration in a power in which M. Thiers is found to be an associate.*"

‡ "*That an organ of government!*" — in no under tone said M. Perier to M. Mauguin, in the Chamber, speaking of M. Thiers — "*M. Mauguin is joking with us.*"

§ The untranslatable epithet is well known (*ministre foutriquet*) that Marshal Soult, in a fit of ill-humour, applied to the *petite* and restless figure of M. Thiers.

of M. Talleyrand, liking still less *the men* of the Doctrine, he yet accepts them, becomes one of them, and bows his head under the yoke of the presidentship of M. de Broglie, the most distasteful to him of them all; he proposes to himself for a model in the tribune *the noble frankness of his honourable colleague* *; he gives to the party gage after gage; he draws panegyrics from the "Journal des Debats;" the Doctrinaires were then strong; and with all this, under that instinctive foreboding of a possible mishap which has never yet failed him, M. Thiers was at the same moment working at another point with M. Talleyrand; then, when the possibility was realised, when in 1836 the question of the conversion of the *rentes* provoked the crisis, it was marvellous to see him, proud of his double labour, thenceforth sure of the victory, and aspiring to that presidentship so long coveted, chuckling over the wreck; for the first and only time in his life becoming an ardent lover of resignations; hurrying, dragging on his colleagues; insisting that all the resignations should be given in immediately; stoutly engaging himself never to return unless with all his colleagues, and instantly proceeding to negotiate the formation of a new cabinet.—Vide *Capefigue, Le Ministére de M. Thiers.* Paris, 1836.

This took place in the month of February; and on the 22d of the same month M. Thiers was minister for foreign affairs, and president of the council.

Once again, then, did he not deserve it? And when political fortune attends a character such as we have been pourtraying — when it falls to an individuality, that, again to use the words of M. Capefigue, *is broken with difficulty, because always resigned to bend* — when it is achieved by one of those instruments, that, to borrow an image from M. Cormenin (for to M. Thiers it appertains to harmonise, as far as he is concerned, the sentiments of the republican and the *juste-milieu* writer), "that yield till both ends meet, and then straighten like an arrow, such is their suppleness" — has political fortune, we say, especially in our times, wherewith to astonish us?

After this, and notwithstanding the inference that appears to be authorised by the very expressions we have been driven to make use of, we must declare to our readers, that they will be much deceived if they fancy that M. Thiers is swayed by *the love of power.* He is not, and would to God that he were!

The love of power solely for power, for the unintelligible satisfaction of exercising a certain dominion over one's fellows, without aim and without principle, can only exist in narrow minds and vulgar souls: it is then something deplorable and immoral, and the more base and degrading in a ratio to the vanity that it is destined to pamper. But in souls loftily set, and in intelligences really productive, it is rare, perhaps even impossible, that the love of power is not allied to a system of belief, — to a doctrine, to an idea sought to be realised, to be installed among society. Thus conceived, it may be a holy thing, if the soul that bears it be sufficiently tempered to have nothing to fear from the delusions of pride or individualism, and if the idea whose triumph is intended be useful and true; if it be not, the love of power is still something deplorable and immoral, but not degrading, and though immediately pernicious, not useless in its extended results. It ends by enlightening men on the defects of the idea to which it was subservient: at least a false system dies with it, and the reaction sooner

* "Permit me, gentlemen," — and we quote these words because they also define the sense in which M. Thiers understands the liberty of the press — "permit me to imitate the example of lofty frankness afforded us by my honourable colleague, M. de Broglie; permit me to say, that as regards the *prince* and the *constitution*" [what may we not include in these two spheres?] "our aim is not to cramp discussion, — our aim is entirely to *suppress* it."

ency,—Soult, Gérard, Molé, Guizot, all the world; then, his aim attained, undermining, upsetting in turn, Guizot, Molé, Soult, and Gérard; making the most of unlooked-for triumphs; bearing reverses philosophically; never despairing; changing, falling, rising from the Interior to Commerce and Public Works; then to the head of both, then to the Foreign Office, and then to the Presidency — having a horror of nothing but resignation; defending himself bravely; offering to agree with every body, and to make an alliance with every principle; never yielding but in extremities, and never quitting a ministry without having, to use the words of M. Capefigue, "manœuvred in ten different *coteries* to assure himself another portfolio; presenting himself as every body's implement, the nimblest of consciences, the most complying of souls:" all this gaily, off-handed, and adroitly, with full confidence in himself and his good star, even so far as to be willing to draw lots with M. d'Argout for situations.* It is pleasant, in following the strange course of all these evolutions, to see him change opinion, shape his pace, his plans, his speeches, in exact accordance with the spirit of the power above him, or the position of the moment; talking war, force, revolutionary energy, Napoleon reminiscences, under Lafitte; peace, the tranquillity of Europe, the treaties of 1814 and 1815, the danger of attacking them, recollections of 1793, and terror as inseparable from every war that might be undertaken, under Perier: to see him incline towards the alliance with England, or with Russia, according to the good or bad temper of M. Talleyrand; then, suddenly recovering, with exquisite *apropos*, his independence of 1828–9, see him, in the bosom of the council, oppose unceasingly the ideas of a minister already tottering; finish the official life of Marshal Soult by a reproach of ingratitude for the opposition he offered to the choice of Decazes for the government of Algiers, and that of Marshal Gérard by the most active resistance to his measure of the amnesty. Persons are astonished at the influence acquired by M. Thiers; they affect not to understand his presidentship of the council. The presidentship! he well deserved it. For four years, from 1832 to 1836, this man manœuvred in a fashion to deserve a crown; for four years he hoarded his secret, cloaking his powers, keeping himself down in order not to alarm, resigning himself to every inferior post — from the preparation of speeches which others were to deliver in the Chamber, down to the petty concerns of the household at the château, flattering, caressing, immortalising † *his excellent king*; submitting, without wearying of the pursuit of power, to the contemptuous protection of Casimir Perier ‡, to the stiff and exacting superiority of M. Guizot, the very military harshness of Marshal Soult §, the somewhat haughty virtue of M. de Broglie, and the nothingness of Marshal Mortier. Liking not the principles, and, partly from his own personal antipathies, partly from those

* A fact. It was the ministership of the interior that it was thus proposed to draw lots for, in October 1832, in the time of the Soult cabinet. The king opposed this mode of election. There was a kind of compromise between the two votaries of fortune, in pursuance of which M. Thiers — it was his first appointment — became minister of the interior; but with no other departments than the police, the telegraph, and the secret service: he gave up all the rest to M. d'Argout, though he bore only the title of minister of commerce and public works.—Vide *M. Thiers, par Loève Veimar.*

† Witness the activity he displayed in 1833, at the time of the arrival of the King of the Belgians, that poetry and painting should transmit to posterity the remembrance of Louis Philippe bleeding the courier Verner. Alas! gratitude is not a royal virtue: — "*It is impossible,*" says the phlebotomist monarch now, "*that there can be consideration in a power in which M. Thiers is found to be an associate.*"

‡ "*That an organ of government!*" — in no under tone said M. Perier to M. Mauguin, in the Chamber, speaking of M. Thiers — "*M. Mauguin is joking with us.*"

§ The untranslatable epithet is well known (*ministre foutriquet*) that Marshal Soult, in a fit of ill-humour, applied to the *petite* and restless figure of M. Thiers.

of M. Talleyrand, liking still less *the men* of the Doctrine, he yet accepts them, becomes one of them, and bows his head under the yoke of the presidentship of M. de Broglie, the most distasteful to him of them all; he proposes to himself for a model in the tribune *the noble frankness of his honourable colleague* *; he gives to the party gage after gage; he draws panegyrics from the "Journal des Debats;" the Doctrinaires were then strong; and with all this, under that instinctive foreboding of a possible mishap which has never yet failed him, M. Thiers was at the same moment working at another point with M. Talleyrand; then, when the possibility was realised, when in 1836 the question of the conversion of the *rentes* provoked the crisis, it was marvellous to see him, proud of his double labour, thenceforth sure of the victory, and aspiring to that presidentship so long coveted, chuckling over the wreck; for the first and only time in his life becoming an ardent lover of resignations; hurrying, dragging on his colleagues; insisting that all the resignations should be given in immediately; stoutly engaging himself never to return unless with all his colleagues, and instantly proceeding to negotiate the formation of a new cabinet.—Vide *Capefigue, Le Ministére de M. Thiers.* Paris, 1836.

This took place in the month of February; and on the 22d of the same month M. Thiers was minister for foreign affairs, and president of the council.

Once again, then, did he not deserve it? And when political fortune attends a character such as we have been pourtraying — when it falls to an individuality, that, again to use the words of M. Capefigue, *is broken with difficulty, because always resigned to bend* — when it is achieved by one of those instruments, that, to borrow an image from M. Cormenin (for to M. Thiers it appertains to harmonise, as far as he is concerned, the sentiments of the republican and the *juste-milieu* writer), "that yield till both ends meet, and then straighten like an arrow, such is their suppleness" — has political fortune, we say, especially in our times, wherewith to astonish us?

After this, and notwithstanding the inference that appears to be authorised by the very expressions we have been driven to make use of, we must declare to our readers, that they will be much deceived if they fancy that M. Thiers is swayed by *the love of power.* He is not, and would to God that he were!

The love of power solely for power, for the unintelligible satisfaction of exercising a certain dominion over one's fellows, without aim and without principle, can only exist in narrow minds and vulgar souls: it is then something deplorable and immoral, and the more base and degrading in a ratio to the vanity that it is destined to pamper. But in souls loftily set, and in intelligences really productive, it is rare, perhaps even impossible, that the love of power is not allied to a system of belief, — to a doctrine, to an idea sought to be realised, to be installed among society. Thus conceived, it may be a holy thing, if the soul that bears it be sufficiently tempered to have nothing to fear from the delusions of pride or individualism, and if the idea whose triumph is intended be useful and true; if it be not, the love of power is still something deplorable and immoral, but not degrading, and though immediately pernicious, not useless in its extended results. It ends by enlightening men on the defects of the idea to which it was subservient: at least a false system dies with it, and the reaction sooner

* "Permit me, gentlemen," — and we quote these words because they also define the sense in which M. Thiers understands the liberty of the press — "permit me to imitate the example of lofty frankness afforded us by my honourable colleague, M. de Broglie; permit me to say, that as regards the *prince* and the *constitution*" [what may we not include in these two spheres?] "our aim is not to cramp discussion, — our aim is entirely to *suppress* it."

or later brought about in men's minds is always noble and efficacious. M. Thiers is a man of too much talent and perception to be able to satisfy himself with the first kind; he is too sceptical, indifferent, and unsteady for us to award him the second.

We find in the "Journal des Debats"—for good things are sometimes to be found *even there* — a tolerably just estimate of the characteristics that distinguish *men of intrigue* from *men of government.* "Men of government (Feb. 4. 1837) have a certain and determinate aim, towards which they are incessantly tending: the aim of men of intrigue advances or recedes in accordance with the demands and conveniences of their ambition. The men of government have a will, which is accused, it is true, of not knowing how to bend — which is reproached with being intractable; but this very inflexibility is their strength — it ensures them the future. The men of intrigue have no will but that which is their slave; if it be useful to them to be lorded over, they become marvellously supple, and bend with a matchless docility to the will they set above them. Men of government have principles, a system; they have a flag which they acknowledge, which they are sworn to, — which leads them during the combat, which they follow in defeat, which they still respect after the victory. Men of intrigue have no flag; they adopt all the principles that favour them; they adore all the maxims that protect them; they follow all the standards that bear no inflexible motto, and that require no faithful oaths. Lastly, men of government have a regular and disciplined army, that has its chiefs, its organisation, that knows its destination, — an army intelligent and devoted. Men of intrigue wage a partisan war, with indocile allies, whose passions they have to controul, — as diversified as their ranks are confused, as unreasonable as they are unjust. The men of government compelled to quit power know how to wait: men of intrigue fallen from power are as impatient to regain it as they are impotent to rally themselves — they have need of alliances, and they are obliged to obey the law of their auxiliaries — they capitulate with all opinions, — with every discontent, with all passions whose alliance may raise their fortunes." As may be seen, the journalist has entirely left aside the morality of the question: his man of government may have a false principle, an erroneous aim, as likely as a good one; but it is certain that the love of power may often give birth to such a man, and it is equally certain that there is no necessity for the inscription of a name under the second portrait to identify it as the portrait of M. Thiers.

No; M. Thiers loves not power; his love is for its consequences and inseparable accessories. M. Guizot *can* love power; M. Thiers cannot. He loves the comforts, the resources, the blessings of power; beyond these too, the activity that it demands,—the intrigue to which, as times go, its pursuit opens the field, and perhaps also in some degree the strife that creates or maintains it. These excepted, M. Thiers loves nothing. He has not, he never had, he never will have a system or creed of his own. If, like it or not, he enlists, as we have said, in the great Doctrinaire phalanx, it is not from conviction,—it is because the France of the day that thirsts for power, or the fruits of power, *official* France, as it is called, is necessarily Doctrinaire. If his career be not, in a certain light, useless, it is because it refutes and discredits a system that is not his own, that he has not elaborated, that he has but accepted without believing in it. As for himself, he has nothing to prove, nothing to refute; no principle, for he is ready to take them all one after the other; no system or plan, for he seeks preferment by working out another's,—to-day that of the *tiers parti*, yesterday that of the pure doctrine, to-morrow perhaps that of the republic, that is

to say, of the president of the republic. He belongs to all and to every thing, according to time, place, and circumstance,—to *French* ideas, to Bonapartist maxims — "the Mediterranean is a French lake," and such like, when he perceived the English sympathies of the minister Polignac, whom it was necessary to oust; to *English* ideas, when M. de Talleyrand, a great favourer of the Anglo-French alliance prior to the retirement of Earl Grey, showed him a portfolio in the distance; to Russo-Austrian ideas, when M. de Talleyrand took it in his head to marry the daughter of the Duchesse de Dino to an Esterhazy, when the Duchesse de Dino herself, and the Princesse de Lieven opened to him the road to the ministry in 1836. M. Thiers is a grateful man.* Besides, what matter changes there, where at bottom they can be but nominal; there, where they imply no *action*, there, where the reality, governed from on high by an immutable will, is bound to an indecision and an inaction perfectly systematic? M. Thiers comprehended this from the first, and took his course accordingly. To devote himself to the *realization* of a plan, of an idea, must have appeared to him as the dream of a simpleton, and he became the man of prospectuses: a brilliant, vast, and imposing prospectus from his hands, is a guarantee to France for its non-fulfilment — in this art he excels. "Before two years (said he in 1833), we shall be stronger and more powerful than Napoleon, and that without war." This said, he thinks no more of it, and two years after France was busy with laws of intimidation. Immediately after the death of Ferdinand, he sends his friend, M. Mignet, into Spain to offer money and men; if, some days after, ambassadors in the sulks, the invisibility of M. Pozzo di Borgo, and a few words from Rothschild, compel the transmission of orders directly opposed to the first, what matters it to him? A little after, he attaches his name to the treaties of the 22d of April and the 18th of August, 1834, but refuses the fulfilment of this famous quadruple alliance when the English cabinet resolves on demanding it of him.† Thus too, in 1833, he announced that France would soon be furrowed into canals, roads, and railways; all that was wanting was a trifling credit of 500,000 francs, applicable to extensive investigations into the subject,—then *we should see*. We did indeed see him three years later, in 1836, ascend the tribune to declare that the immense foreign undertakings were not worth much, and that France would have done better by abstaining from similar enterprises. A great philosopher is M. Thiers — quietist, optimist, aware of the nullity of ideas, and laughing in his sleeve at those who take their application as serious; governing by words, and giving himself no trouble about

* Only, the way of manifesting it that he chooses is sometimes singular. One example from a thousand must suffice, for it is not with the private life of M. Thiers that we have to do. The conduct he observed after 1830 to M. Lafitte, the man to whom he is indebted for the beginnings of his good fortune, is current enough. It is known that M. Lafitte, no longer in the ministry, became a stranger to him, and that two years passed over almost without his seeing him. At the close of 1833, at the time of his marriage with Madlle. Dosne, he unexpectedly presented himself at his residence. Lafitte was then nearly ruined. His *hôtel* was that very day covered with placards, anouncing — "*L'adjudication definitive de l'hôtel de M. Jacques Lafitte, sis à Paris, rue Lafitte, No.* 19.; *aura lieu sur une seule publication*," &c. However he went up. "To prove to you," said he, on his entrance, "how I have preserved the remembrance of your kindness, I come to pray you to sign my marriage-contract." "*It is*," M. Lafitte is said to have replied, "*the only service that I can render you at this moment.*" And he affixed his signature.

Was there not a touch of Talleyrand in this? Is not the signature of M. Lafitte to his marriage-contract a fine refutation of all that men can write on the ingratitude of M. Thiers?

† It was in 1836, in the month of March, when he was made president of the council, that, being pressed by our government to occupy Passages and Fontarabia, he replied by a note of refusal that accumulated every possible argument against *intervention*. We know that he has since pretended to explain his conduct, and has maintained that it was on the condition of co-operation that he, in 1836, repudiated the proposed intervention. The affirmation of M. Molé, that there was not a word of this condition in the documents found by him in the ministerial portfolio, has always remained unanswered.

the value that others may attach to them. The "take whatever measures you please," with which he answered the embarrassment of M. Montalivet, in 1836, when he left him the empty chest of the ministry of the interior, influences his theory of politics equally with his theory of oratory. Good Heavens! is it then so difficult to take measures? Is it difficult — M. Capefigue thus defines his manner of conceiving power — is it difficult to account to a society, and to amuse oneself with the power of moral ideas, when a man has the police, the army, and the administration? Is it difficult to answer to a chamber — not, it must be confessed, the most forward or the most susceptible of chambers possible — when a man possesses the science of words, hardihood of assertion, prompt epigrams, quick repartee, and historical anecdote, all at his fingers' ends? M. Thiers possesses all these in an eminent degree; he is sensible of it, and is skilled in using them to the greatest advantage. He astonishes, he dazzles, he sways, he carries you away; it little matters to him by what means, all are good if they are successful. His famous statistics of the army of Prussia, and of the interior organisation of the administration of France, are well known. There was not a word of truth in it, but it was not till the day after that this could be proved; the triumph and majority of the day was sufficient for him. He is an improvisatore, not a poet. Do not fancy that he attaches to his speeches any great importance,— he makes them as he does his préfets *, to serve the purpose of the moment, at the urging of the man or the circumstance that happens that day to be predominant; never does he look to the future. Thus a collection of his speeches or writings, *before*, *during*, and *after*, might well be entitled *Le Pour et Le Contre;* somewhat of every thing is in them. His eloquence has more tinsel than gold,— it will not stand the test of the closet. One thing alone has the power of drawing from him true bursts of oratory — this is the *drapeau blanc*, Carlism. Whenever it appears before him, he grows animated, becomes impassioned, and gets furious in the pursuit; throws himself on it breast to breast; he brands it on the forehead, and thus marked hurls it back to the abyss from whence it should rise no more. His eyes glisten beneath his spectacles; his little form seems to swell; his voice, usually shrill, nasal, and monotonous, grows into a shout, as it were the cry of conscience. It is the shout of 1789, — the shout of the mighty revolution that he depicted and adored in his youth. On all these occasions M. Thiers is transfigured, — Walpole disappears beneath Danton. Still it is but the enthusiasm of an artist, a literary outburst,— harmless, and without consequences. Evil tongues assert that he is eloquent against Carlism, only because from that party, — a malice-bearing party, if ever one there were,— he has decidedly nothing more to hope. The Jew Deutz has thrown a gulf between them.†

* "My dear Thiers," — he was minister of the interior when Talleyrand wrote him this note — "I *very particularly* recommend to you M. ——, whom *I do not know*. I desire that you make a préfet of him. He has been sent to me by a lady of my acquaintance in whom I am exceedingly interested," &c.

† "Who rendered the revolution inevitable, unless it were the Royalists? Who brought about the dismissal of Turgot and Neckar? Who excited commotions among the people on the 14th of July by their guilty intrigues? Who, on the 5th of October, caused the population of Paris to pour out to Versailles, to give way to acts of tumult, and to form the project of carrying off the king? Who caused the death of the unfortunate Favras? Who counselled the unlucky journey to Varennes? Who resisted the pressing letters of Louis XVI.? Who drove him to compromise himself by refusing to sanction the law against the emigrants? Who dictated the fatal Brunswick manifesto? Who provoked the assault of the 10th of August? What were the Frenchmen who found themselves with the Prussians in the camp of La Lune in 1792; and who, in 1814, were with the Russians before Montmartres firing on the National Guards of France? Who massacred, who stopped the *diligences*, in La Vendée? Who was it filled the Rhone with carcasses in 1795? Who was it that cut the throats of our soldiers during the siege of Kehl, showed the points on which the enemy should fire, and loaded the French with abuse? Who was it that hired assassins

Loves he power then, this man? No, he loves the eldest daughter of power — wealth. M. Guizot, as was well said by M. Cormenin, has the pride of power, — M. Thiers its sensualism.

V.

"My dear friend, a grand futurity of money is preparing for us." Thus wrote M. Thiers a year after July to one of his friends at Marseilles.* This phrase says every thing; his whole conduct is perfectly explained by it. His retirement to the shades of Montmorency, to the house of M. Alexis Dumesnil, on the first of the days of July, when the danger and the responsibility had begun — when the moment was come for bearing a solemn testimony to the principles his pen had till then maintained — when a whole people, whom he had done his part to drive to that terrible necessity for action, rose as one man — when the youthful Farcy, his *collaborateur* of old, his friend perhaps, died in the ranks of the operatives — when, as says M. Loéve Veimar, the aged Benjamin Constant showed himself; — his hasty return, the combat ended, to go to Neuilly among the first to offer the crown — his proclamation of the 30th, a *chef-d'œuvre* † of impudent political jugglery, which assumed as established a matter that had scarcely been touched on, a proclamation prepared by the same hand that, in the "National" of the same date, had just penned the following avowal, extorted by facts, "In a word, it is the people that has done all in the three days; this people, excluded from the electoral colleges, and condemned to political Helotism, by

during the Consulate, and blew up the streets of Paris? And, in 1815, who massacred in the south? Who assassinated Brune? Who shot Labédoyere, Ney, Mouton Duvernet? Who has troubled France for twenty years, hindered the peaceable establishment of her institutions, sought first to destroy the Charter,—then, when to destroy it appeared impossible, to evade it? Those who call themselves Royalists!"

This was not spoken, but written, by M. Thiers, under the Polignac ministry. We could not resist the pleasure of quoting, from M. Loéve Veimar, this eloquent apostrophe, which may furnish a good specimen of the kind of oratory that Carlist royalism inspires in M. Thiers, and which has, moreover, a sort of historical interest. The sitting of January 12. 1838 (discussion on the address), was one of those that should have been seen to catch M. Thiers in his happiest inspirations of eloquence.

* This imprudent letter gave rise to an amusing incident, that made some noise at the time at Marseilles (where we then were), and which deserves to be related. By some complication of mishaps M. Thiers's letter never reached its address. It fell into the hands of a young man who called himself a republican, but who really had no political creed whatever,—a person somewhat of the poor devil order, of vulgar features, below the middle height, and, in short, a kind of double of M. Thiers himself. This individual saw the advantage to which the circumstance might be turned. He wrote to M. Thiers, informing him that he was the holder of his letter, and that he should leave it at the office of a patriotic journal, unless he would undertake to provide him a place at Paris with a certain salary, which he named; in this case, the writer would himself hasten to restore the dangerous MS. to his hands. The matter was serious. M. Thiers was not yet able to brave public opinion, and the publication of his letter might alone have annihilated all chance of his election to the Chamber. He wrote an urgent letter to the préfet of the department, M. Thomas, a resident at Marseilles. The préfet ordered the man before him, and demanded the surrender of the letter: he threatened him with the full rigour of the laws directed against those who violate the secrecy of letters, or obtain unlawful possession of them; but the young man had foreseen every thing: he, too, was disposed to carry on the contest as one who fights *pro aris et focis*, for his fortune. The letter, he coolly said, was placed in safe hands, and the moment of his arrest would be that of the dreaded publication. The préfet demanded fresh instructions. A few days after, the lucky culprit set out for Paris to deliver the letter and be installed in his place.

† It was M. Thiers who prepared the proclamation of the 30th; and his manner, his power of assertion, and the secret of his *effects*, are to be found in it entire. "Charles X. can no more enter Paris: he has caused the blood of the people to flow. The republic would expose us to frightful divisions; it would embroil us with Europe. . . . . The Duc d'Orleans is a prince devoted to the cause of the revolution. . . . . The Duc d'Orleans has never fought against us. The Duc d'Orleans was at Jemappes. The Duc d'Orleans is a citizen-king. The Duc d'Orleans has borne the tri-colours under fire. The Duc d'Orleans alone can bear them there again: we wish for no others. The Duc d'Orleans has declared himself. He accepts the Charter, such as we have always understood and desired it. He will hold his crown from the French people," &c.

the too cautious timidity of our institutions, has shown itself potential and sublime; the people it is who conquered, and for them should be the results of the struggle;" — his active practices under the supreme direction of M. de Talleyrand, and conjointly with Messieurs Mignet, Broglie, Louis, Sebastiani, &c., to *make safe* the citizen royalty — then his abandonment of his friends, of his past principles — his fury against the journalism that made him what he is, against the associations to which he had given his name before 1830 — his activity in putting in operation that system of demoralisation that has worked so much evil in France, and that springs from a source above him — all that we have said, all that we could add,— even his tenderness for the prohibitive system in chambers where the prohibitive interests predominate, — all is of a piece, and has nothing that can astonish us, coming from a man who, in the movement of a nation fighting for liberty and right three such days as those of July, can see no other future than a futurity of money for himself and those resembling him. This man values neither *men* nor *ideas*.

And when we think that for these eight years France has been in this case — that after so many sacrifices, and so much blood spilt, after the Constituent Assembly and the Convention, a demoralising race bears like a nightmare on her noble bosom, and withers her faculties of nationality and progression — when we think that the carcasses of some millions of men, martyrs to a holy cause, have effected no more than to make a stepping-stone for intrigue and venality; and then on the thrice fatal discouragement that seizes on worthy souls at beholding this spectacle, — on the scepticism that by degrees inoculates the most exalted minds, — on the inaction that becomes the common law, — on the immense influence that the example furnished by France exercises too powerfully on other nations, — on the interested sophistry that avails itself of every miscarriage to discredit the men of progression in the eyes of the people, and to isolate them, leaving the masses without leaders, unquiet and suffering; — thinking on these things, we feel ourselves overtaken by deep bitterness of spirit; we feel the necessity of separating, holding up to scorn, the cause of political immorality from that of political error; we better appreciate all the virtuous indignation, the concentrated grief, and avenging justice of that eloquent apostrophe that M. Cormenin puts in the mouth of the revolution of July, and which our readers will allow us to quote entire: —

"I had nothing to expect from those who followed fallen royalty to Ghent, and who always paraded the doctrines of the Restoration with an audacity as frank as it was unblushing. But you, the men of July, — you whom I drew from your obscurity, — you whom I took by the hand, and whom I carried, step by step, to the summit of power, — what have you made of my honour? Why am I become the laughing-stock of Europe? Why, when the indignant nations bend their looks on their oppressors, am I no more present to their hopes — nay, not even to their recollection? Why does my name no more tremble on their lips when they murmur sacred words of liberty? Have I shed my purest blood only to expiate the triumph of my principle by the bitter mockery of its consequences? Independence, liberty, country, honour, virtue, you have weighed them all in golden scales. You have infused your base cowardice into those assemblies of legislators who of old, to the sublime accents of the *Marseillaise*, poured our fourteen armies on the enemy, — among those tradesmen from whom sprang the heroes of our mighty wars,—among those ill-used operatives who will not have learned to know you till after you have ruined and undone them. You have been to the extremity of Europe to intreat a kingling to be graciously pleased to accept the money of our artisans and our labourers; and I have seen you pass the seas, tribute in hand, to beg at the knees of flouting America the pardon of General Jackson and oblivion for our victories. Continue to degrade your establishment. Muffle it round with glistening tinsel of police and stock-jobbing. Play the gentleman of the wardrobe with your petty princes. Play the Louis XIV.'s marquises, with hobnailed shoes and pothouse oaths. Play the heroes and conquerers, with the marabouts of Mahomet and the soldiers of the Pope, whilst the lance of an Austrian pandour shall strike you motionless with fright. Smile to

see petty Gotha, that begetter of children (a prince is a pleasant calling), trample under his horses' feet the majesty of the sovereign people. Have every where, and above every thing, the dread of every thing. Muster your principles under the care of your beadles. Suspend over our heads the latent and gloomy terror of your confiscations and your banishments beyond sea. Violate the sanctity and the modesty of our hearths. Calculate at the cost price on your downy sofas what may be the worth of a suborner of charters, or of a hireling pensioner; but in mercy to the virtue of the people, in mercy parade not before it the spectacle of your apostasies and the corruption of your examples.

"Go! the love of liberty which, under your impure breath, withers and sickens in its soul, must surely be reanimated when it shall be time; and whatever you may do to stupify this noble people, there will yet remain enough of intelligence to comprehend all the ill you have done it, and justice enough to punish you!"

THE MUSICIAN AT NORWICH.

THE NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Norwich, Sept. 15.

I NEED scarcely tell you, my dear * * *, that a festival season diffuses a general smile over at least forty miles of country. You, who illustrate the celebrated maxim of the poet, "To enjoy is to obey," and make festivity a part of your habit, and even of your religion, which it dignifies by a freedom from selfishness, and a hearty satisfaction in the enjoyments of others, rarely witnessed in social intercourse, will easily understand the effect produced upon life, or rather *vegetation*, in the provinces by the establishment of some common centre of pleasure. The benevolent man finds a "soul of goodness" in this estuary of feeling. From the green villages of aboriginal Essex, whose old grey church towers and quiet glebes work their way into the heart, despite the unpicturesque reputation of the county, to the stately Norwich itself, there is not a place where one is not all the better served for love of the festival. Coachmen, landladies, chambermaids, are inspired by an unusual desire of pleasing. Faces enter coffee rooms, that in the intensity of their brownness and aspect of rude health, are problems to the valetudinarian, and breakfasting and dining are without end. The magnates of the town entertain the more distinguished performers, and save them tavern charges. Spohr is feasting on the beeves of the mayor, and, as I hear, playing the guest and the violin in the most amiable and graceful manner possible.

But I have other things to tell. You have heard of the devil in paradise, and know, that though Michael Angelo, Burns, and some others, have tried to show the respectable side of Auld Nicky Ben, that he has the odious character of a "spoil-sport." Alas! that the "aspect malign" on a crowd of people gathered together to enjoy themselves innocently should not be a mere fiction; nay, more, that it should be the regular attendant on pleasure, and, indeed, its shadow. I have been used to attacks on musical festivals by atrabilious Methodists; I know the sin of being happy; I am aware that we shall all ..... in fact, I have heard Mawworm preach; but used as I have been to the expression of this vulgar sectarian feeling by the lower tribes of Dissenters, I never imagined till this present Sunday morning that it could be admitted into a cathedral pulpit, and find utterance in a building that owed every thing to the arts, and whose "embowed roof" is more up-

held by the imagination of mankind than even by the mighty pillars of the architect. Yes, a clergyman of the true Exeter Hall stamp thought fit in his sermon to fulminate a diatribe against the most interesting portion of the festival — to animadvert upon the orthodoxy of Professor Taylor's English version of Spohr's new oratorio — "Calvary," part of the words of which he quoted — words put into the mouths of the unbelievers; and finally proceeded to conjure his hearers that if they would not give their souls in exchange for a morning's pleasure — such was his charitable inference — they would mark their sense of the impropriety committed by staying away from "Calvary" on Thursday. This oratorio you know is precisely the greatest attraction of the festival. Now picture to yourself the choir of the cathedral, and see in the gallery opposite to this flaming divine, the great composer himself with a deaf *English* ear fortunately, but with a face and deportment so mild, so humble, so saddened with the humanity of years, that even its aspect reads a lesson to the heart: compare the two, and decide in which resides the *spirit* of that religion on which the true Christian is modelled. It is a hard thing that a celebrated composer who has undertaken the journey to England, out of love to the art and private friendship, especially to Professor Taylor, who has done every thing to make his works popular in England, should find a gratuitous and laborious attempt made to rob him of all the honours of the reception which is his due, and to affront him with an empty room on that morning when he should be reaping an ovation. As for the reverend gentleman's argument, he would find, were he to print it, that not only poets, painters, and musicians, but even the writers of the Bible themselves come into *his* category of blasphemers. Spohr is therefore still very respectably associated. There is an old Greek proverb, "Bad the crow, bad the egg;" and certainly it is a satisfaction to state, that the egg laid by this clerical crow proved so extremely bad, that the congregation, at least its musical part, revolted at it with *one nose*. Enough, however, of this repulsive subject.

Norwich Cathedral, among its other interesting antiquities, possesses one so highly interesting to musicians, that I cannot pass it over; — this is the painted monument of Thomas Inglott, the first Protestant organist of the cathedral, who is said to have been superior to every one in his voluntaries, and to most in his descant. There seems to have been a very nice desire to avoid a lie in this funeral eulogy, which gives it a value even beyond its quaintness. There, on his bier, the old monkish musician reposes; and there let him repose long centuries to come. Dr. Croft once restored the painting at his own expense; and the Rev. Mr. Elwin, a distinguished amateur of the art, has since rescued it from the perils of whitewash, which not long ago had overwhelmed it. Honour to the good taste of both! Musicians are passionate lovers of antiquities, and have not been backward in contributing from their own private purses to the support of the sentiment they cherish. The venerable Dr. Childe, with princely munificence, devoted the arrears of a long unpaid salary to the paving of the choir of the Royal Chapel at Windsor. The Doctor told the churchmen he would new pave the choir if they would pay him his salary; they paid him, and he commenced paving, not with "good intentions," as the pious Mr. Baxter hath it, but with solid marble.

I cannot describe to you the charm with which the cathedral close of Norwich affects the imagination. You enter it by a fine old Gothic arched gateway, of that exquisite grey colour that time paints ancient buildings; you have then before you the "smooth-shaven green," with the cathedral in one corner, and on the opposite side, the houses of the church dignitaries of

a deep-red brick, with latticed windows and trellised flowering shrubs against them, opening on lovely gardens and grass plots, charming retirements that seem the haunts of lettered ease and tasteful leisure. I never see one of these attractive clerical residences without being seized with a kind of poetical envy. What libraries, what pictures, what accommodation for friends, what charming women, what music, what excellent wine must they contain! O, it is worth something to get a sunny view of life, by merely gazing at such sights in a cathedral close. I was disposed for an older and more strictly ecclesiastical style of music than I found in the cathedral, as I afterwards frankly told Mr. Buck, the organist, on having the pleasure to make the acquaintance of that gentleman. I would willingly have heard something of Purcell, or Croft, or Gibbons; but the music here is in the trammels of a more modern and popular school, concerning the propriety of which it is not necessary to enlarge in this place. The choir is good, the boys sing well, and the unaccompanied parts of the service were frequently beautifully performed. If there be a sympathy in the arts and stained windows, and Gothic architecture have a language, it is certainly found in the cathedral responses. The litany utters the true supplicatory pathetic voice of the cathedral. The ascent of one tone by the reader, and the response by the choir in harmony, especially when they leave off on the dominant, of the minor of the key: in such simple effects lies the true eloquence of music. Spohr, as I afterwards discovered, was exceedingly gratified by the responses. The various manner in which the chaunt at the communion service was performed — sometimes by the voices alone, and sometimes accompanied — gave him much pleasure. Important alterations have been made in the organ within a few years by Bishop; the foundation of the instrument is by old Smith, but the new part, including some very good pedal pipes, is by the modern builder. The talent of Dr. Beckwith, formerly organist, whose remembrance is still cherished here with the highest regard, is described, both by Professor Taylor, Mr. Buck, and other competent judges, as being quite remarkable, especially in extempore fugue. But pleasant as it is to linger in cathedrals, I must not suffer collateral circumstances to distract me from the main business of the time.

Monday, Sept. 16.

This morning the first rehearsal took place in St. Andrew's Hall, the beautiful relique of a Benedictine monastery, and, as I really believe, one of the finest rooms for sound in Europe. Here painting, together with architecture, lends her softening and elevating influences to music: I must not trust myself to speak of chivalric remains (not on account of the recent umbrella tournament at Lord Eglintoun's, but because to treat of these matters there will be no getting to the music); therefore, I despatch Sir Thomas Erpingham, once for all, with many, many thanks for the beautiful gate erected by him in penance for thumping a naughty friar to death; said friar having been too free with my lady, "dreaming of love," &c., as Colman the younger, who hath versified the tale, informs us. Besides pictures of the Norfolk worthies, (I trust that the vera effigies of the grave author of the "Treatise on Urn-burial," whose style, to me, is always like a solemn voluntary on the diapasons, is among them) — beside these pictures, the Hall possesses an excellent organ, well adapted to the purpose of filling up harmonies, and furnished with a set of pedal pipes to F. F. F. of an admirable quality which do the highest credit to the mechanical science of their amateur builder, the Rev. Mr. Elwin. I will venture to back the reverend gentleman in this department against even John Gray of the New Road. Mr. Elwin

contends for thick pedal pipes as eliciting the effect of the true phonic principle, and he has certainly in this work given a practical demonstration that he is correct. Liberality in every respect must be the chief thing; out of niggardliness can come nothing but poverty; but give, and it shall be given to you a hundred fold. That is a sentiment which, if engraved in an organ-builder's workshop, would be better than a seven years' apprenticeship.

Professor Taylor displayed much judgment in that important part of the conductor's business, the management of the rehearsal; — it was not the desultory work that it generally is, in which time is wasted upon nothing, to the annoyance of the musicians, and the non-improvement of the music. By a proper economy of time, and by great firmness, promptness, and a gentlemanlike demeanour on the part of the conductor, pieces were thoroughly, satisfactorily, and pleasantly rehearsed, and the band dismissed earlier too than on some occasions when not half the music is gone through. Satisfaction reigns in every face, and Goodwin (the copyist), who in festival time has generally *a hell of a life*, lifts up his eyes, and blesses — not General Wade — but Professor Taylor.

I wish you could have heard the thundering peal of applause — the perfect storm with which all the musicians, the universal band, down to the choir boys — hailed Spohr. The reception given him must have sunk deeply into the heart of that great and good man, and it actually drew tears from the eyes of Madame Spohr. I shall speak more at length in due time of the oratorio of "Calvary," which formed the principal subject of the morning's rehearsal, and was directed by the composer himself in the most delightful and characteristic manner. Previously to the trial of this work I had the great pleasure to be introduced to Spohr; and having informed him that I had visited Germany, and ten years before had had the felicity to sit next to him in the theatre at Cassel, he made me again sit by him, and took me into his confidence. He inquired whether I had heard any opera at Cassel; but finding that I had only witnessed a drama taken from the French, he informed me that I had not then heard their excellent band. It is this band that he has always in view when he composes; it is used to his style, and renders his ideas in perfection. But he has no such solo singers as he finds in England. He is in particular delighted with Hobbs, as is also a young Polish violin player, his pupil; and Hobbs certainly deserves great praise, not only for his very beautiful voice, but for his musician-like good style. The ladies Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, and Miss Hawes, sung their trios, &c., with enchanting purity. Part-singing was never executed with more truth and beauty of tone. In addition to these, Balfe, Phillips, and Francis, lend their aid to the oratorio, and you may conceive how well the parts are filled. The most difficult and ungrateful solo in "Calvary" falls to the share of Professor Taylor, and we are sure of every satisfaction in the performance but that of a great audience.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.

This morning Spohr rehearsed a new Violin Concerto in A, as I believe, not yet printed, entitled "Sonst und Jetzt:" the design of which is to represent the old and new styles. The composition, if I dare trust my memory, consists of two movements connected — the first in A minor, written in a large and rather solemn style; the second, a rondo in the major, a little *a la Paganini*, having a military drum to mark the rhythmus at the opening of every bar of the theme. The greatest curiosity prevailed to hear what Spohr would accomplish as a player, the notion being very

general that he has given up violin playing. And, in fact, with respect to *public* performances generally, such is actually the case. But a musician and his instrument, especially when that instrument is the violin, which a man holds to his bosom like a wife, are not so soon parted.

The playing of Spohr at the rehearsal was much finer than it was at the performance. The custom of dining in Germany at one o'clock, leaves a performer ready for arduous duty in the evening; but however temperate one may be at the late dinners in England, there is something in our hours of refection unfavourable to brilliant excellence in the concerto at an evening concert. Spohr played so divinely in the morning, that he raised expectations of his evening's performance that were not altogether fulfilled. I take the rehearsal to represent his true powers; for it is to be considered that in the morning he played at ease, knowing that any mistake which happened in the orchestra could be instantly corrected, while, in the evening, any error which might occur in accompanying this new and difficult composition must be slurred over. Want of an entire confidence in his orchestra — with whom, however, in the main he was highly pleased — might in some degree detract from his full powers. The *début* of his concerto with trombones, horns, &c., in slow chords, was extremely fine. His first solo exhibited a tone, less remarkable for extraordinary volume and power than for sweetness. In that respect he is like Paganini. The sweetness of his tone is wonderful — you hear not the slightest scratch or scrape, such as the best fiddles now and then commit — all is *oiled*. His portamento is like that of a great singer: it is delightful to hear him swell and diminish a long note. He puts a soul into phrases of melody rarely heard, but his style is simple and large, and his ornaments are rare. His bowing has none of the piquancy of that of the modern French school, but it is various, and brings out the passages with effect. His shake is rather slow. The surprising purity of his intonation in arpeggios, passages of difficult modulation and enharmonic changes, was highly appreciated. With respect to his violin, I was informed by an amateur learned in such matters, with technical and even ludicrous brevity, that he played "on a Strad with a new belly."

A festival makes one acquainted, if not with strange bedfellows, with strange dinner companions. To-day I had the honour to meet Spohr and Madame Spohr at dinner, in private society. I shall endeavour, for the satisfaction of those who are unacquainted with this great musician, to give a slight sketch of him.

His figure, which is cast in a great mould, is redeemed from clumsiness by a native dignity of bearing, wholly free from affectation or assumption. His large face, when you get near it, is really very handsome. It reminded me of one of the old gods in the Elgin marbles, and I could not help somehow connecting it with Keats's "Hyperion." Eyes small, and rather deep set; high cheek bones, with the cheeks the reverse of full; a nose perfectly well formed; and a mouth that, at the corners, reveals traces of the emotion experienced in a rather arduous professional life, give the principal character to a countenance whose expression, on the whole, is that of entire calmness and benignity. I should say that a complete suit of black, relieved on occasions of ceremony by the cross of some order hanging from the breast, together with a plain brown wig, have their effect on the already reverend exterior of Spohr. His manner is perfectly simple, frank, and affectionate. Having the good fortune to know many members of his chapel, as well as private friends of his in London, we soon fell into the most agreeable track of conversation. He gave me a succinct history of his artist career.

Born at Brunswick, and educated in the *Hof-capell*, he was, at twenty

years old, established at Gotha as Kapell-meister; afterwards he had the same situation at Vienna, in the *Theater an der Wien*, where Beethoven became his most intimate acquaintance; he then travelled in Italy and to England, and since that time has been established at Cassel. At this last place his duties are numerous and arduous, and leave of absence for a sufficient time to make effective journeys is with difficulty obtained. He would have been glad, he informed me, if it were possible, to remain half a year in London. He possesses an absorbing but quiet enthusiasm for music, and a perfect indifference to professional gains. This is the reason why he has ceased to give concerts, and to play the violin publicly when he travels. He has, he told me, given up *practising* the violin; what he now possesses of execution is merely the remains of his early acquirement: when he has composed any thing he plays to show how it should go, and this is now his principal use of the instrument. When I reminded him of the fortune made by Hummel through solo playing, he said he was a different man: Hummel was known to be fond of money. He speaks most handsomely of the rising talent for composition in Germany, and did not omit to notice with applause the pleasing things composed by Sterndale Bennett. I found him a man ready to do justice to every branch of composition, perfectly liberal in his estimate of artists, and with a lively sympathy for all sorts of excellence. Madame Spohr, his amiable lady, is a good musician, and the second wife of the composer. She is considerably younger than her husband, and appears to possess many virtues. The most pleasing aspect of this lady to my mind was the deep interest which she evidently took in all the business of the festival, particularly that in which Spohr was concerned.

The first concert was as follows: —

PART I.

SINFONIA, No. I. — *Haydn.*

"God save the Queen." — Verses by the principal singers, and chorus.

QUINTET — Madame Stockhausen, Miss Hawes, Mr. Francis, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. "Blow, gentle gales." (The Slave.) — *Bishop.*

SONG — Mr. H. Phillips, "The Shepherd's Invocation to Orpheus." Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Lindley. — *Barnett.*

CAVATINA — Signora Placci, "A s'estino." Corno Obligato, Signor Puzzi. (Donna Caritea.) — *Mercadante.*

DUET — Madame Stockhausen and Mr. Hobbs, "Fairest Maiden." (Jessonda.) — *Spohr.*

ARIA — Mr. Balfe, "Madamina." (Il Don Giovanni.) — *Mozart.*

CONCERTO VIOLIN — Dr. Spohr. — *Spohr.*

RECIT. ED ARIA — Signoria Persiani, "Non mi dir." (Il Don Giovanni.) — *Mozart.*

FANTASIA — Grand Piano Forte, Madame de Belleville Oury. — *Thalberg.*

THE MUSIC IN MACBETH. — *Matthew Locke*, 1671.

The Solos by Miss Birch, Master Coward, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Francis, Mr. Balfe, and Mr. H. Phillips.

PART II.

OVERTURE — "Prometheus." — *Beethoven.*

SONG — Miss Birch, "Rose softly blooming." (Azor and Zemira.) — *Spohr.*

ARIA — Signor Tamburini, "A rispettarmi apprenda." — *Carafa.*

TRIO — Signora Persiana, Madame Stockhausen, and Signora Placci, "Vorrei parlar." (Falstaff.) — *Balfe.*

QUARTETTO E CORO — Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, "Nettuno s'onori." (Idomeneo.) — *Mozart.*

NEW GERMAN BALLAD — Madame Stockhausen (the words by Matthison), with Harp accompaniment.

DUETTO — Signor Tamburini and Mr. Balfe, "Un segreto d'importanza." (La Cerentola.) — *Rossini.*

REIT. E CAVATINA — Signo Persiani, "Come per me sereno." (La Sonnambula.) — *Bellini.*

TRIO AND CHORUS — "The Chough and Crow." (Guy Mannering.) — *Bishop.*

The Solos by Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, and Mr. H. Phillips.

The effect of the beautiful Gothic hall, when lighted up, was startling in the extreme. The gay dresses and dazzling fairness of the complexions of the ladies,— this last, something I assure you quite peculiar in its kind —

> "Beauty truly blent, whose red and white
> Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,"

surpassing any thing of the kind I ever witnessed. One could not desire a more genial atmosphere for the audition of symphonies, particularly their more tender and *adagiesque* morsels. Such a variety of charming claims to admiration was presented, that it was impossible to be in love with any one lady for more than a quarter of an hour; and as impossible to remain without some votive offering to the ideal of beauty for a quarter of a minute.

Methinks I hear you exclaim, "Out, hyperbolical fiend! Talkest thou of nothing but ladies?" To be sober, therefore: — Haydn's capital old symphony, though finely played, did not make much impression. It was curious to observe the progress made by the audience in the appreciation of instrumental music. The second night the symphony was better listened to, and the third positively enjoyed. Several pieces of no very great interest to the connoisseur succeeded the symphony. I was rather unfavourably placed to hear Spohr: the impression in the room was, that he was agitated in the performance; and I must confess that the playing was, on the whole, inferior to that heard in the morning. It was, however, not only without "botches or flaws," but would have been perfectly excellent, had he not before raised too high a standard of himself. Persiani sang the aria "Non mi dir" with much judgment. Her immense command of high notes permitted her to sing it in the original key of F, which is now rarely done. It is seldom that a modern Italian singer who possesses, like Persiani, a ready invention, does not commit some trespass on good taste in the execution of this class of music. Persiani was not only entirely free from the defect of redundance, but commanded, through a general sense of her desert, a universal encore. A daughter of poor Placci (once a buffo of merit at the Italian Opera) has appeared here successfully. Her personal resemblance to her father is striking; she also has considerable vocal talent which he never had. Her voice is a contralto, and she manages it with the skill of an experienced singer. Madame De Belleville Oury, who appeared at this festival as a pianist, is a young lady originally of Munich, who was married by Mr. Oury during his late sojourn on the Continent. Her performance of Thalberg's fantasia in G minor made no effect. The absence of some of the *arpeggios* in the right hand, which accompany the air in the left, was much to be regretted. Madame Oury appears to have no charm of touch, and to be generally deficient in expression. The chorus, in D major, from "Idomeneo," in the second part, was very delightfully performed; and the selection of this classical movement does much honour to the taste of the conductor.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.

The first morning performance consisted of the following interesting selection: —

PART I.

A SELECTION OF SACRED MUSIC.

"Jubilate," composed by Henry Purcell, for St. Cecilia's Day, 1692.

SOLO — Mr. Young, and Chorus — "O be joyful in the Lord."

DUET — "Be ye sure" — Mr. Francis and Mr. Hobbs.

CHORUS — "O go your Way into his Gates."

DUET — Mr. Young and Mr. H. Phillips — "For the Lord is gracious."

CHORUS — "Glory be to the Father."

ARIA — Signora Placci, " Amplius lava me," — *Ciampi.*
FULL ANTHEM — " We have heard with our Ears."— *Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina.*
SCENA — Signor Tamburini, " Torbido mar che freme." (La Passione.) *Paiesiello.*
CHORAL ANTHEM — " Have mercy, Lord." — *Beethoven.*
SCENA — Madame Stockhausen, " Here amidst these cool Recesses." (The Seasons.) — *Haydn.*

MOTETT FROM HAYDN'S MASS, No. 2.
CHORUS — " Give unto Jehovah."
SOLO — Miss Birch, " O be joyful in Jehovah."
SOLO — Mr. Balfe, " O Lord, rebuke me not."
SOLO — Miss M. B. Hawes, " Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," and Chorus.

PART II.
Handel's Oratorio, " ISRAEL IN EGYPT."

Purcell's Jubilate is a massive and glorious work. Being an entire novelty it was heard by the connoisseurs with high enthusiasm, resulting from a mixture of musical and national feeling. The Doric grandeur with which the choral part of the text is handled — every progression in the bass being planted on some fundamental harmony with the firmness of a giant foot — rendered evident the school of forcible expression in which Handel studied and profited. The chorus " O go your Way," and the " Glory be to the Father," with its close canonic points, are perfectly delightful. This ought, thanks to Professor Taylor, to be a standard work at festivals. The solos were sung in the best cathedral style by Messrs. Hobbs, Francis, Young, and Phillips. Signora Placci sung a charming aria by Ciampi, which we understand to be one of the first fruits of the Gresham Library. It is a composition to make acquaintance with. The arranged anthem from Palestrina, though a fine work, was sung too much out of tune to be fully enjoyed. Such an organ as they have in the hall does well to fill up, but not to accompany — the counter tenors, not getting the support they require, soon become flat. Spohr does not approve, any more than other foreign musicians, of men singing the contralto parts; the sooner we abolish this custom the earlier we shall signalise our good sense. The rest of the selection of the first part was highly classical and beautifully performed.

The same praise must be bestowed on " Israel in Egypt," with a slight allowance for the more scientific choruses, like " The People shall hear," in which difficult modulation is conspicuous. I have never yet found, at provincial festivals, that a due distinction between minor and major is made in the slow chords at the conclusion of choruses. One hears continually the two kinds of thirds going together; this calls for particular attention on the part of the chorus-master.

Professor Taylor brought forward a very interesting version of " Israel in Egypt," the monotony of a long-continued choral harmony in this oratorio having long called for such labour. The songs selected are some of the finest and the gravest of the opera songs of Handel, adapted to words which naturally belong to the position assigned them in the work. A song in E minor, performed by Miss Hawes (I forget the opera from which it is taken), appeared to me one of the finest things I ever heard. Songs of a very interesting and varied character were also sung by Francis and Hobbs. There is no doubt but that since the modification of " Israel in Egypt " has become one of the necessities of the time, an adaptation of it like the present is best calculated to satisfy the demands of all classes of hearers. In the last chorus of the first part, the treble chorus, with unpardonable carelessness, read quavers for crotchets, and rendered a new commencement necessary. This was the solitary blot upon an excellent performance; but I confess candidly, that a new beginning is always more desirable than

that a chorus should be pushed on through all its mistakes from the anxiety of a conductor to cover them.

The hall was again crowded at the second evening concert, of which I subjoin the programme:—

PART I.

SINFONIA in E flat. — *Mozart.*

SONG — Mr. Hobbs, "The Mansion of Peace." — *Webbe.*

GLEE — Madame Stockhausen, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, "From Oberon in Fairy Land." — *R. J. Stevens, Gres. Prof. Mus.*

SONG — Miss B. Hawes, "I'll speak of thee." — *M. B. Hawes.*

TRIO — Signora Persiani, Signor Tamburini, and Mr. Balfe, "O Nume benefico" (La Gazza Ladra). — *Rossini.*

FANTASIA CORNO — Signor Puzzi. — *Puzzi.*

SONG — Mr. Balfe, "My Bark is bounding near." — *M. W. Balfe.*

TRIO — Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, and Miss M. B. Hawes, "Night's ling'ring Shades" (Azor and Zemira).— *Spohr.*

BALETTO — "Maidens fair of Mantua's City." — *Gastoldi.*

RECIT. ED AIR — Signora Persiani "Dove sono" (Le Nozze di Figaro). — *Mozart.*

SONG — Mr. Hobbs and Chorus, "Come if ye dare" (King Arthur). — *Purcell.*

PART II.

OVERTURE — "Oberon." — *C. M. Von Weber.*

ARIA — Signora Persiani, "Prendi per me" (L'Elizire d'Amore). — *Donizetti.*

DUETTO — Signora Placci and Mr. Balfe, "Senza tanti complimenti" (Il Borgomaestro di Sardaam). — *Donizetti.*

ARIA — Signor Tamburini, "Avviso ai fanciulli." — *Balfe.*

CONCERTANTE VIOLIN — Dr. Spohr and Mr. Blagrove — *Spohr.*

SONG — Madame Stockhausen, "Let me wander" (L'Allegro). — *Handel.*

SONG — Mr. H. Phillips, "Mad Tom." — *Purcell.*

SESTETTO — Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, Signora Placci, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Balfe, and Signor Tamburini, "Sola Sola" (Il Don Giovanni). — *Mozart.*

RECITATIF ED AIR — Miss Birch, "Noble Seigneurs" (Les Huguenots). — *Mayerbeer.*

CHORUS — "Hail to our Monarch her People's Defender" (Der Freischutz). — *C. M. Von Weber.*

I shall not detain you with many remarks on this concert. Fair eyes glistened with pleasure at the sweet ballad of Webbe, sung by Mr. Hobbs. It was a perfect performance. To this Miss Hawes's song, "I'll speak of thee," formed a striking contrast. This *shoppy* nonsense in the conjugating love style — for instance: First person singular, I'll speak of thee; second person ditto, thou'lt speak of me; with the usual romantic rhymes of "moonlight sea," &c., is totally unworthy of a person of Miss Hawes's talent. With her perception of what is good and classical, she must be endowed with no slight powers of face to be able to go through such *humbugeous* stuff, in which there is no one particle of genuine feeling or sentiment. Balfe was afflicted with a sullen rheum, and began his "Bark" with a portentous snuffle, as if there were no overture to his nose. His first efforts to get out a tone were unsuccessful, but he succeeded better at last. The trio of Spohr was deliciously sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, and Miss Hawes. The concertante for two violins, performed by Spohr and Mr. Blagrove, was executed by its author and the late Mori nineteen years ago. Age has not detracted from the charm of this composition, the effects of which are peculiar and beautiful. Blagrove played his solos in the best style he could assume; but though he has rather more force than Spohr, he has an equal smoothness of tone and polish of style to attain. The passages, with the exception of one, were executed beautifully together. The master and pupil were well associated. Spohr told me that nearly all the violin players on the Continent had been his pupils. Even Molique of Stutgard, the celebrated artist and composer, was his scholar during a fortnight. Such is the estimation in which the patri-

arch of the violin is held. If one would learn to make the instrument speak, he certainly is the best teacher of that eloquent art.

Thursday, Sept. 19.

This morning was big with the fate of "Calvary;" and to that fate, if unfortunate, hung the eternal disgrace of Norwich. Many speculations were afloat as to the extent of parsonic influence; and the benevolent patrons of the Festival trembled lest the genius of Spohr should be affronted by an empty room. But good sense and good feeling triumphed; and long before the opening of the doors of the hall the matter was decided. Of the vast concourse present, the major part certainly consisted of persons who had ridden from all parts of the surrounding country, and whose eager interest in the new Oratorio spread the contagion of enthusiasm throughout the assembly. Nor did this interest abate during the progress of the work; on the contrary, expectation was fully gratified, and a complete triumph achieved.

Having witnessed many errors in the rehearsal of this difficult composition, which could hardly be expected to be made quite correct in a second trial, it was not without some apprehension that I saw Spohr assume his office as conductor. The great attention paid to the composer by the band and chorus, however, operated wonderfully, and the passages which had over and over created stoppages and new trials at the rehearsal were now executed with smoothness. Spohr's conducting is delightful; at once prodigiously firm in the time, and illustrative by its motions of the effect intended. You see in him a man who well knows what he designed, and who is as familiar with the details of his work as with it entire. At rehearsal, if any instrument wanted a note, he sung it; no matter what the harmony was. His voice, by the way, is very agreeable.

The overture to "Calvary" consists in a pathetic fughetta in C minor $\frac{8}{4}$. During this fugue, before the changes of time, the band is kept almost always *sotto voce*, and here the expressive style of a great master in stringed instrument writing was obvious. Such immortal sighs were uttered by the orchestra, as I have not heard since an opera of Gluck's delighted my ears at Berlin. The passages exemplified what the poet has expressed in that fine verse —

"The music yearning, like a god in pain."

The brass instruments are used with majestic effect in the very original conclusion of this overture. The first chorus, "Gentle night, O descend!" in A flat, $\frac{3}{4}$, with solos by Miss Birch and Balfe, was full of sweetness. After some declamation by Hobbs, followed a recitative and *Aria agitato*, by H. Phillips, "Woe, horror, grief, despair," in A minor. This is wonderful music, but of an excessive difficulty, the modulation being often remote, and the accompaniments so independent as to lend the singer no assistance in attacking his note. The band wanted a little more *aplomb* in the time, but Phillips acquitted himself in a masterly way. Next came a pleasing solo in A $\frac{6}{8}$, sung by Madame Stockhausen, and accompanied by the chorus, "Though all thy friends prove faithless." The lady's voice is still of celestial purity, and the high A with which she concluded this piece was one of the most exquisite notes possible. Hobbs followed with an aria parlante, in F sharp minor, which he sung with much feeling. His style throughout the oratorio demanded high praise. The expressive aria cantabile, "Tears of sorrow," with its accompaniments after Gluck's manner, fell to the share of Balfe; who, though always a musician, wants that smooth and polished

style that so highly recommends Phillips in songs of this character. The chorus "Thou alone art our refuge," a fugue on a bass subject, proved an excellent specimen of the master in that style. After a recitative, affectingingly declaimed by Hobbs, followed a bass solo in B minor, $\frac{3}{2}$, "Father of our chosen nation," by Professor Taylor; in which, though the music is extremely difficult in the time, the rhythm, and the modulation, he acquitted himself with much success. The wandering harmonies of the violins *con sordini*, with the chorus of men's voices in unison interspersed, give an elevated character to this grand and dramatic scene. The fall of the octave in the chorus parts has all the solemnity of the Ghost scene in the finale to Don Giovanni. A quartett, unaccompanied, "Thou Lord art our refuge," sung by Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Hobbs, and Phillips, was performed with a purity and smoothness, such as I think the composer never heard before. A truly demoniacal phrensy reigns in the chorus "Shame! shame! Would they the deceiver save?" Its originality of style, and the energy of the accompaniments, place it in the first rank of expressive choral music. The last chorus of the first part, "Upon us be his blood," in A minor, $\frac{6}{8}$, is the piece the least recommended by novelty. Here are again heard some of the modulations of "The Last Judgment."

The second part of "Calvary" is introduced by a beautiful symphony in F sharp minor, that recalls the instrumental style of Beethoven in "Fidelio." It is impossible for music to be more earnest. An affecting chorus, in plain counterpoint, and in the same key, "O, look not down thou glorious sun!" succeeds. We are now in the thick of the subject treated by Handel in the second part of the "Messiah." A chorus of Jews, "King of Israel, help thyself!" in G minor, $\frac{3}{4}$, is highly original and dramatic. The vigour of the exclamations, and the energy of the orchestra, paint the scene in an extraordinary manner. After this follows an exquisite recitative, "O Mary, what dying love!" This is the finest recitative in the work, and Hobbs delivered it with a high appreciation of its beauty. A recitative and air by Madame Stockhausen (the Mary Magdalen of the original), in A flat $\frac{9}{8}$, with violin, violoncello, harp, and corno obligato, though elegant and expressive, does not greatly quit the track of Spohr's peculiarities.

A friend whispered to me — "That character of Mary seems to me the divinest thing — how she clung to him to the last — for it is a love story you know," and his eyes filled with tears — "did you ever see the three Marys by Correggio?" It was a rapid and eloquent commentary, and beautifully in keeping with what we had heard. A trio E in $\frac{2}{4}$, by the three women, "Jesus, heavenly Master," was exqusitely sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, and Miss Hawes. This is a perfect production — Spohr has never written any thing more beautiful. Another accompanied recitative by Hobbs, remarkable for its expressive instrumentation, leads to a chorus in the form of a round in D flat. This new model of chorus was very successful. To the end we have now a succession of beauties. A mild and pathetic quartett and chorus in E, "His earthly race is run," the solos by Misses Birch and Hawes, and Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips; a terrific storm chorus in C minor, which subsides into a simple choral phrase, sung by Francis, "He was the Christ," and repeated in chorus; and then after another recitative a soft closing chorus in $\frac{12}{4}$ time, "Beloved Lord, thine eyes we close," wind up the whole. The last chorus has an entirely new structure, and flows on with so soft and beautiful a motion that one would wish it to last for ever.

I assure you, my dear friend, that I believe the *divinus afflatus* to be discoverable in a production, which is poured forth more warm from the

heart than any thing that modern times have produced. It is a work that cannot be heard without tears. The subject is treated with the same earnestness and conviction that produced the master-works of the old painters. A greater simplicity and breadth of style prevails in the handling of the choruses than we have been accustomed to from Spohr, and there are fewer of his mannered closes. You may imagine how the work has profited by this. I must also praise the uncommon clearness, and force with which the sacred narrative is followed, and the succession of admirable pictures, which lead to the consummation. I must deprecate any final judgment on Spohr, formed apart from his orchestra. It is from an admirable colouring that his works derive their chief variety and interest.

The singers and band were highly excited and animated to unusual excellence by the presence of the Maestro, and the oratorio ended in a reverential silence. Many would gladly have heard no more music that morning; but the Rex tremendæ, the Recordare, the Sanctus, and Benedictus, &c. of the Requiem, together with some movements from Mozart's Litany, and a choral of Sebastian Bach might still follow without violating the sanctity of the feeling already raised. More exquisite part-singing than that by Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Hobbs and Phillips, in the Recordare, was never heard. The good taste of filling up the morning's music by the oratorio of the "Redemption" is unquestionable; and it is the merest justice to Professor Taylor to observe that in *laying out* his concerts he has displayed the acutest foresight, and the most correct judgment. There has been nothing offensive — no clashing of heterogeneous styles, and the result of every morning's music has been a certain unity of impression with which we rarely leave the concert room.

The bill of the third evening concert ran thus: —

PART I.

SINFONIA IN D. — *Beethoven.*
SONG — Miss M. B. Hawes, "The Mermaid's Cave." — *C. Horn.*
CAVATINA — Signor Tamburini, "Lieti voci." (Zaira.) — *Mercadante.*
DUETTO — Signora Persiani and Signora Placci, "Lasciami non t'ascolto." (Tancredi.) *Rossini.*
SONG — Mr. H. Phillips, "The best of all good Company." — *Phillips.*
RECIT. ED ARIA — Miss Birch, "Non più di fiori." Corno di bassetto obligato, Mr. Willman. (La clemenza di Tito.) — *Mozart.*
QUARTETTO E CORO — Madame Stockhausen, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Balfe, "Alziam gl' evviva." (Euryanthè.) — *C. M. Von Weber.*
SONG — Mr. Hobbs, "I attempt from Love's Sickness to fly." (The Indian Queen.) — *Purcell.*
DUETTO — Signora Placci and Signor Tamburini, "Bell 'imago." (Semiramide.) — *Rossini.*
CAVATINA — Signora Persiani, "Porgi amor." (Le Nozze di Figaro.) — *Rossini.*
DESCRIPTIVE FANTASIA — Grand Piano Forte, Madame de Belleville Oury, with CHORUS — The Solos by Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Young, Mr. Francis, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips. — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

OVERTURE — "Faust." — *Spohr.*
SCENA — Madame Stockhausen, "Si lo sento." (Faust.) — *Spohr.*
SCENA — Signora Persiani and Signor Tamburini, "O guardate che figura." — (La Prova.) *Guglielmi.*
CONCERTO VIOLONCELLO — Mr. Lindley. — *Lindley.*
SONG — Mr. Balfe, "A Home in the Heart." — *Balfe.*
SCENA — Signora Persiani, "Ah non credea mirarti." (La Sonnambula.) — *Bellini.*
GLEE AND CHORUS — Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Young, Mr. Francis, and Mr. H. Phillips, "Fill me, Boy." — *T. Cooke.*
DUETTO — Madame Stockhausen and Mr. H. Phillips, "Dunque io sono." (Il Barbiere di Siviglia.) — *Rossini.*
MARCH AND CHORUS — "All hail our Queen Victoria." — *Mozart.*

You will see by this bill that though some compromise between the classical and the popular was unavoidably made at the evening concerts, good music was never neglected. The graceful quartett and chorus from Euryanthe was highly enjoyed and rapturously encored. Persiani reposed on the simple passion of the music in Porgi amor. This intelligent woman made her musicianship highly admired during the festival. Madame Ourv was again unfortunate in her Descriptive Fantasia. The force employed by her was any thing but grateful to the ear, and the pieces selected have neither developed in her any high degree of mechanical excellence, or of musical feeling. Spohr made his overture to Faust, which for a long series of years has been huddled off at the Philharmonic, completely understood by the orchestra. The fughetta in the middle was now perfectly rendered, and the difficulties of its time vanquished. I ought to mention that the newest works of Spohr are a violin concerto and an historical symphony. The first movement of this last, he told me, is in the style of Bach and Handel — for which he was obliged to make especial studies; the Adagio is in Mozart's manner, the Scherzo in that of Beethoven, and the finale is of the present date. This is a work that the amateurs may look forward to with interest. Persiani and Tamburini were "in excellent fooling" in O Guardate. Both of them showed immense comic resources, and their imitations of each other produced explosions of laughter.

Friday Morning, Sept. 20.

The music of the festival closed this morning with the "Messiah;" the solos by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Birch, and Miss Hawes; and Messrs. Hobbs, Young, Francis, Balfe, and Phillips. The finest solo singing in this performance was by Hobbs in "Comfort ye," and "Thy rebuke;" by Miss Hawes in "He was despised;" and by Phillips, in "The people that walked." Miss Birch, who is a very nice, improvable girl, with a splendid voice, is to be commended to a purer taste in her closes: one ill-chosen note destroys the character of Handel. The cadences of the singers were, on the whole, remarkably modest, thanks to the advice of Professor Taylor, and to the independence of Mozart's accompaniments. Balfe wants both the voice and the style necessary to this music. An unfortunate confusion of parts happened with respect to one of his songs, which rendered a new commencement necessary; in other respects, the oratorio was admirably performed.

On the whole, though I have heard much music in England and on the Continent, I must reckon the Norwich Festival among the greatest musical treats that I ever experienced. I attribute this pleasure chiefly to the judicious management of Professor Taylor, who has performed his arduous duties with inflexible nerve and courage. No one can fully understand what that gentleman deserves, not only at the hands of his fellow citizens, but from the friends of music at large, who does not know what he has undergone; first, in arranging and preparing a vast deal of new and elaborate music; then, in bringing over Spohr to add to the weight of the responsibilities of the festival; and, lastly, in carrying out his design through strenuous opposition, and in the midst of the harassing fears of friends, and the undisguised malice of enemies. Indeed, to extract music out of such a tumult of opinion — to make everything go satisfactorily and well, could only be accomplished by a man of indomitable nerves, and the coolest head; willing to sacrifice all personal considerations to the object of the time. Such has been Professor Taylor, who we sincerely believe has here given an impulse to music which will not subside at Norwich.

A truce now with this long gossip upon music, for which the hurry of the time must excuse me in the pages of the *Monthly Chronicle*. In essaying to give a complete and rapid history of my impressions, I must not omit the Fancy Ball. The English do not excel in these amusements; either they drink no champagne, or the wine does not conquer their intense consciousness and *mauvaise honte*. They put on dresses, and indue none of their life and spirit; and thus their exhibitions of *character* become nothing but elaborate tom-foolery: they are so many walking clothes-horses. Then in their quadrilling and waltzing, what a horrid *noli me tangere* system prevails! The partner gets not the favour of a look, and may consider the first joint of the two middle fingers as a boon of high consideration from the lady. Dancing, which is the pantomime of love, is here conducted on the principle of repulsion; indeed, it is to be feared that girls who thus comport themselves in the ball-room, must be great rakes at heart. Innocence is generally more confiding. I entered the Hall with a friend, long before it began to fill with beautiful women, when a Roman senator, who was hiding behind a pillar, slunk off, as if much ashamed of his thin legs, and cowered down into the smallest possible space on a settee. It would be tedious to notice the attempts at character; the best of the whole was a Jew clothesman, whose threadbare hat was inimitable and most expressive. The view from the gallery about twelve o'clock, when the Hall began to be crowded, was very sparkling and animated.

It was about this time, in quitting the dancers, when the glare of light, the throng of people, sounds of waltzing, and a general hubbub made the scene at its highest, that I passed through a Gothic chapel that serves at these times as a sort of anteroom to the Hall. I can hardly describe the romantic effect on the imagination produced by suddenly entering this ancient building, dimly lighted, and in which the stillness of death reigned; where some few attendants alone sat mute and immovable, wrapped in their cloaks. It was like a dream of chivalry, or a scene out of some old romance suddenly realised.

We have had races, too, at Norwich, of the most animated description: the performances regularly ending in showers of rain, we have had to run for it most devoutly. We have dashed down Post Office Street, and scudded along the market place to the admiration of half the girls in Norwich. Every thing tended to keep up the animation of the time, and to make us "tear our pleasures" with the greater eagerness during this fierce but balmy week of existence.

I have left Norwich, half persuading the Rev. Mr. Elwin to write the life of Malibran, and publish some drawings of hers which he showed me, that display amazing natural spirit and genius. I am persuaded that an entirely new aspect of the genius of that extraordinary woman is yet to be made known, in the expressive, though wild talent of her pencil. On Saturday morning, Spohr and Professor Taylor proceeded to London outside the coach, and encountered one of the roughest days for cold and wet that can be imagined. The relative position of the two was, however, in some respects enviable. Spohr came over here expecting nothing beyond his bare expenses. The committee, with gentlemanly feeling, and not to be outdone in generosity, sent him back with 150*l*. Such a spirit, in the intercourse with a man of genius, does honour to the national character, and makes one proud of being an Englishman.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE WINTER THEATRES.

Mr. Macready has bequeathed to his successors in Covent Garden a task which can be accomplished with success only by great talents and great resources. Two seasons of an elaborate experiment for the restoration of the legitimate drama with all the advantages of modern art, must be followed by some grand efforts of a high order, both in conception and execution, or no hopes of satisfying the natural demands of the public can be entertained. It was always a matter of extraordinary difficulty to manage our overgrown patent theatres: — it is now more difficult than ever. The popular taste has been instructed to a certain extent; the light has been let in upon the magic cavern, and people will not be content to explore it hereafter in the dark. The obvious consequence, as all experience points out, of every acquisition made to our intellectual luxuries is a craving for more, and for still loftier and purer enjoyments. It is in the very nature of improvement to advance.

But we are far from thinking that it will be necessary to the successful issue of Madame Vestris's undertaking that she should advance in the same direction; nor do we think that the system developed by Mr. Macready could have been much longer sustained with advantage to himself or the drama. Other tracks must have been beaten up; or the audiences, accustomed to the most profuse and gorgeous pageants that our stage has ever witnessed, must have ultimately risen in their desires to such a height of extravagance as to render the satisfaction of their expectations incompatible with the obvious interests of the theatre: under any circumstances, other means must have been cultivated. The attractions of scenic splendour, however chaste and fascinating, are the soonest exhausted; and a long succession of entertainments, in which we are accustomed to look for the most costly embellishments and the most striking pictorial effects, have the inevitable tendency of generating anticipations which the wealthiest manager would find it impossible to realize. This is merely the pecuniary side of the question; but it presents other aspects which are still more deserving of consideration.

It is much to be regretted that every attempt to discuss this subject simply in reference to the interests of the national drama, and independently of all personal suggestions, should be made to appear like an act of ingratitude to Mr. Macready; just as if the real merits of his management — which are of a kind to entitle him to the most honourable panegyrics — could not be fully and most gratefully acknowledged without at the same time admitting every part of his system to be faultless. We very much doubt whether the most sincere, as they are certainly the most judicious, admirers of Mr. Macready's managerial labours, are not to be found amongst those who have discovered in his revivals an inclination to give an ascendancy to artistical effects over the poetry and passion of the drama; yet any critic who should venture frankly to assert so much would run the risk of being charged with want of sympathy in the great object to which Mr. Macready so assiduously devoted his experience and his skill, it being assumed that the modes and forms in which the plays of Shakspeare were reproduced, and not the reproduction of those plays, constituted, in truth, the paramount claim put forward by Mr. Macready to the support of the public. We do not hesitate, notwithstanding, to deny the correctness of this assumption. We maintain that the revival of a select few of Shakspeare's plays — the careful restor-

ation of parts hitherto sacrificed to a coarse and vulgar taste — and the rejection of all those incongruous patches of character and dialogue which had from time to time been foisted into the acting editions, was a work of much higher and nobler aim than all the triumphs which the most consummate art could reap from the grandeur of scenic decorations. When Mr. Macready is applauded for the manner in which he *got up* Shakspeare, it almost seems as if the poet were forgotten in the enthusiasm with which honours are showered upon the riches of the wardrobe, and the beauty of the attitudinal pictures which the accurate genius of the manager conjured upon the stage; but surely we may be allowed to discriminate between the statue and its draperies without derogating a particle from the applause which is due to him who has given us both.

That these revivals have contributed largely to refine the tone of our audiences, and to renew the zest for legitimate representations, is the abiding glory of Mr. Macready's arduous and hazardous experiment. Every individual who had a true faith in the power and influence of our elder drama anticipated this result. It never could have been doubted that Shakspeare in his original shape would have been welcome to all play-goers, and that the success of such a trial would have been in proportion to the pains bestowed upon the cast and study of the plays. In these reproductions, therefore, that which was chiefly sought by those who entered earnestly into their spirit, was to see the passionate pith of their marvellous scenes drawn out; the entire force of their deep truth exhibited in eloquent action; and their just proportions, their profound traits of life, and the consecutive progress of their manifold combinations restored in all their vital lineaments to the stage. To execute this comprehensive project in a becoming and appropriate spirit, it was essential to render the representation as perfect in all its parts as existing means would admit; and, keeping in view the imperative necessity of subduing all other effects so that they should be subsidiary to the development of the drama itself, to shed over it such graces of embellishment as would throw into the clearest and most striking relief the fine humanities with which the creations of Shakspeare abound. Now, without descending into details, there can be no great difference of opinion about this fact, that while Mr. Macready's restorations were distinguished by a most careful observance of the text, and a minute attention to all the points essential to the due release of the dialogue from the captivity in which it had long been held, they were, at the same time, so magnificent, regarded as mere spectacles, that the admiration of the audience was for the most part diverted from the intense moral interest of the scene to the gorgeous machinery through which it was articulated. The eyes of the multitude are more easily fascinated than their feelings; and when the senses are thus pre-occupied and engrossed, it is impracticable to turn one's thoughts and imagination steadily towards the sublimer action which is humbly wending its course through a labyrinth of stars and beams. The effect of this artificial world of splendours is to obscure and overcome nature. It is wholly irreconcileable with the aim of tragedy to load it with scenery, which, distracting and confusing the spectator, and carrying him away into a mist of disturbing suggestions, can produce no other result than that of leaving behind a dreamy and indistinct impression of the mighty passions and emotions which labour darkly under the burst of dazzling lights and colours. It is true that the accessories were in pure taste — that there were no gaudy devices or fantastic illuminations; but it is not the less true that the soul of these plays was quite as much bewildered by the scenery and the costume as if they had both been of the most meretricious description. It is nothing to the

purpose that the embellishments of a play are correct, if they be so numerous and so captivating as to become an object of greater attraction than the play itself: and this was precisely the case in Mr. Macready's revivals. Night after night people went to see the triumphal procession in "Coriolanus," and the pictorial illustrations of "Henry V.;" and if the real opinions of the audiences could be ascertained, they would resolve themselves into this, that Shakspeare had never before been — not so well acted, but so prodigally and sumptuously exhibited. To the honour of having brought out Shakspeare more grandly than ever he was brought out before, Mr. Macready is fully entitled; but we must at the same time hazard a doubt whether this is the way in which Shakspeare is most likely to be truly estimated, — whether this is the way which is most likely to bring the public into a familiar contemplation of those subtle channels of observation in which the mind of the poet worked, — and whether, in the end, the cultivation of such artistical expedients would not be likely to produce new and anomalous shapes of dramatic poetry, in which Character and Passion would be seen only in glimpses moving through a net-work of stage effects.

It is, perhaps, on the whole, therefore, not so much a matter to be deplored as it may appear on the surface, that the progress of this expensive pageantry should suffer a slight interruption, and that time should be given for the public to pause over its lingering influence before it had taken still more costly forms. It must be evident that to work out these extensive designs long preparation and considerable means would be requisite; and that this very process of occupation and expenditure, and the kind of demand it would produce on the part of the public, would gradually extinguish contemporary dramatic literature. We are afraid it must be allowed that this has been already felt; and that the management of Mr. Macready, whatever may be claimed for it in other respects, cannot be said to have held out much encouragement to the cultivation of dramatic poetry. That the power exists to produce new works of the highest class, will scarcely be questioned by those readers who are acquainted with the fine productions that have of late years been consigned to oblivion in the warehouses of the publishers; but how that power has been overlooked, or suffered to employ itself in more grateful labours in other departments, is sufficiently proved by the paucity of novelties in those theatres where alone such pieces could be adequately presented. The legitimate province of the stage is to afford a medium for dramatic genius, which, denied that outlet, must decline and perish. Were the stage to be dedicated exclusively to the apotheoses of its past glories, there would be an end for ever to the further development of a national drama, which would thus be petrified in the very temple erected for its encouragement.

A great field — wider than that occupied by Mr. Macready, and still more conducive to the progressive and extending influence of the stage — lies before the new lessees of the Winter Houses. This field has never, in our time, been either liberally or judiciously cultivated. A few authors, forced into spurious popularity by a system of persevering favouritism, have generally blocked up the avenues to the green room; so that the first difficulty which a fresh candidate for the perilous honour of a hearing had to encounter — the difficulty of getting his play read — was, in nine cases out of ten, insurmountable. The stock playwrights held possession of the management by the exercise of a certain diplomatic tact in the adaptation of their productions to the actors and the scene-shifters; and the pieces which were thus manufactured with an eye to the immediate capabilities of the house, however contemptible in design, and flimsy in treatment, were in-

variably preferred to all other dramas, however profound and elevated, in which these local and mechanical points were not duly consulted. It is high time that the doors of the national theatres should be thrown open, and that the patents which ensure to them a monopoly in the performance of the legitimate drama should cease to represent a monopoly of illegitimate dramatists. If the new lessees resolve to act upon this principle — to produce new works of merit, from whatever quarter they may be derived — and to be guided in the selection by intrinsic excellence alone, they may calculate upon results alike gratifying to the public and beneficial to themselves. Nor would this course be incompatible with a constant effort to keep the old drama fresh in the affections of the people. Under the brilliant management of Garrick there was a more rapid succession of novelties than the theatre has at any time since produced; and yet there is no period in the records of the stage which presents such a triumphant series of revivals. Garrick not only inspired a taste for the noblest forms of dramatic poetry, but imparted a vigorous impulse to its advance.

It is understood that Covent Garden is to be chiefly devoted to comedy. We should almost despair of such a speculation in any other hands than those of Madame Vestris. The age of comedy seems to have gone out with the Lewises, the Emerys, the Jordans, the Ellistons, and the Faucets; and rich as we are in materials, the want of actors to give them effect in representation has long rendered the public indifferent to their production. But the taste for high comedy is dormant, not extinct; and great expectations are excited as to what Madame Vestris may be able to accomplish in Covent Garden from what she has already done with restricted means in the Olympic. Her exquisite skill in the art of dressing the stage, so essential to the life and illusions of comedy — her rigid attention to all the minor details of the scene — the ability with which she brings the habits and conventions of society to bear on a multitude of slight points, each and all contributing to an *ensemble* perfect of its kind, justify the most flattering anticipations that may be formed of her project. The spirit with which she crowded upon her miniature stage in Wych Street a group of distinguished artists — the penetration she exhibited in bringing to light talent that had not previously achieved distinction — and the judgment with which she trained and distributed her corps, afford guarantees that if she fail it will not be from a deficiency of those qualities which are indispensable to success. In Mr. Charles Mathews a line of characters that has for many years been a desideratum on the stage is not unlikely to find a competent representative. He is the only actor of the day who can aspire to fill those mercurial and graceful parts which so frequently occur in the lively comedies of Hoadley, Farquhar, and the elder Colman. With an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, he moves in an atmosphere of perpetual vivacity, and contrives, apparently without effort or fatigue, to communicate to his audience the same tone of exhilaration which seems to animate himself.

The library of modern comedy is abundantly fruitful of resources for the stage; and the researches of the manager might be extended with advantage even to a more remote age. We have some curiosity to ascertain how one of Etherege's plays would act in our time — those versatile and witty productions which so faithfully mirrored the frivolous refinements of the society they depicted as to acquire the familiar appellation of "conversation pieces." In these productions the sparkling fancy of the writer — exhibited in the brilliant repartee of the dialogue, and the incessant flutter of the characters — is paramount over all other qualities. They would make a large demand on the sprightliness of the performers; they would require to be represented

in a high flow of enjoyment; they should be accurately toned and costumed; and all the accessories ought to be chosen and adapted with the most critical precision. But thus filled, embodied, and illustrated, we suspect they would be found to operate like champagne on the audience. Etherege may be said to have been the inventor of what is called genteel comedy. He evidently had no notion of the vast capabilities of the region he had thus, as it were, accidentally discovered, but which he wanted perseverance to explore. He had no philosophical or permanent purpose in view, and merely amused himself with these light and transient pictures of manners and eccentricities: he was not a dramatist, but one who delighted in dramatizing. There is hardly any attempt in his plays to trace a character through a history of emotions;—you get a flickering gleam of nature here and there, apart from the artifices of fashion, but it is no sooner seen than it is lost in the flurry and trifling of the crowd of figures that come in at the very height of a most enviable frivolity. All Etherege aimed at was to seize externals, and to exhibit them vividly in brisk and reckless masquerade. The satire is never deep, but always true to its mark — sharp, pungent, and glittering. He shot the follies of the court with needles which were sure to strike and pierce, but wanted weight to penetrate. They indicated, however, the prevailing foibles of that superficial age, and the spectators supplied the rest. Some of his pieces have been denounced for their immorality, but the criticism was labour in vain. It would have been more useful and sagacious to point out their incongruities and absurdities. Whenever he ventured upon a plot involving much action, he became entangled in the most extravagant and unlikely predicaments. It is only where the plot was a mere pretext for dialogue — a thin filament barely strong enough to sustain an embroidery of wit — that Etherege reached the height of his genius. Whether one of these aërial plays — these evanescent fire-fly entertainments — would become attractive in this mechanical era, is perhaps questionable; but it would cost nothing, and would be worth the trial. A genuine comedy of the days of Charles II. would at all events be a novelty such as none of our play-goers have ever witnessed; and if it were acted with delicacy, — if all its shifting varieties were distinctly tinted, and the whole were exhibited in a congenial atmosphere of perfume, we do not think its reception would be very doubtful.

Then there are Steele's comedies — Steele, who was so severe upon the vices of Etherege that we have a right to look to him for something of a better and sounder order. We confess to some misgivings, notwithstanding, about Steele. His wit is not to be gainsayed, nor his knowledge of human nature, nor his mastery of the dramatic art. But Steele had too much of the constitution of a critic not to betray it even where it was most out of place. The tendency to raise questions for discussion, to detect frailties and errors, and dislodge prejudices, is always breaking out in his writings, — it lurks even in the pleasantest and sunniest places; and hence his comedies, instead of giving us life exactly as it is, have a sort of admonitory tone in them, as if they were written to delineate life as it ought to be. The consequence of all this is a certain uneasiness that never allows us to fall into a state of complete enjoyment. When he is carrying us into scenes enlivened by the most agreeable excitements, he is constantly stopping us on the way to remind us of the shortness of life, or the vanities of fashion; and thus we are never permitted to indulge fairly in the banquet of mirth he spreads so provokingly before us.

Cibber has left us some pieces that might also be advantageously revived, lopped and adroitly adapted to our advanced age; and, if the strength of

the company at Covent Garden admitted such a bold attempt, a few of Shirley's plays — which stand in the hues and lineaments of humanity, between the muses of tragedy and comedy — would be highly relished by the public. Shirley was the last of the great race that cast such a lustre upon the reigns of Elizabeth and James; and justice has never been done to his merits in the theatre. His works sunk into oblivion immediately after his death, and continued a dead letter, even to the reading world, until they were restored to print by the joint labours of Gifford and Dyce; yet there are few amongst the elder dramatists whose plays would be more likely to succeed on the stage. They possess the most felicitous elements of action, which constitute, perhaps, their highest merits. The plots — which in almost every instance were invented by the poet, and therefore yielded the more flexibly to his purpose — are remarkable for the ingenuity and fullness of the incidents; and although there is not much profundity exhibited in the development of individual character, the general impression is vivid and natural. Taking into consideration the age in which Shirley wrote, his productions are singularly free from licentiousness in design or expression. He is rarely prurient, but sometimes coarse and sensuous. But as there is very little in the texture of his plays which would require excision, the excesses into which he occasionally runs might easily be got rid of without injuring the interest of the subject.

If an effort were made to rescue Shadwell from the obscurity to which the withering and ungenerous satire of Dryden condemned him, and out of which his name has never been lifted, it would be worthy of the functions assigned to a great national theatre. Some of Shadwell's pieces are exceedingly meritorious — as gay as the songs of larks, and not destitute of truth and wisdom. He had the happy art of making his pictures popularly effective, and at the same time infusing into them the lasting colours of nature, that will be intelligible long after the fleeting habits they pourtray shall have become a dim tradition.

In the province of Minor Comedy, including the productions of Foote and Garrick, our treasures are richer than the whole dramatic literature of Europe can boast. The petite comedies of France are admirable of their kind, and much more numerous than ours; but their quality is more fragile, and their interest of a more temporary nature. They occupy the moment like a burst of rockets, and are forgotten; while our farces contain touches of life, and little pictures of humour, that might be transplanted with propriety into the most elevated walks of comedy. We allude — not to the farces that are night after night presented to our audiences, but to the pieces that are buried in the volumes of the theatrical library. Many of these exquisite bits of enamel have been laid aside from the sheer inability of the actors to instil into them the genuine gusto they demand. Others have been shelved out of a mistaken notion that the portraits they contain are antiquated; and thus the truthfulness that is in them, and their perennial wit, have been superannuated by a monstrous compound verdict of incapacity and ignorance. We hope to see some at least of these pieces revived by Madame Vestris. If she have the inclination, we believe she will have the power, to confer by such judicious restorations a new pleasure upon the town. In these suggestions we have simply desired to point out a few veins of the hidden ore; but those whose province it is to search farther cannot be at a loss in tracing out still more precious deposits, if they only take the right direction.

The programme of Drury Lane has not yet transpired; nor has it, we believe, been ascertained into what channels the enterprise of the lessee is

likely to be drawn. Every thing of course will depend on the company he is able to collect; and, from what we have heard, the prestige is favourable. At all events the stage will no longer be turned into a menagerie; and we may calculate on escaping, for one season at least, from unmeaning tinsel, riotous masks, and buffoonery. Mr. Hammond is well qualified for the undertaking by his experience and his talents; and the example which has been already given by Mr. Macready — an example which, in its final results, has abundantly vindicated the public from the suspicion of indifference to the legitimate drama — holds out a cheering encouragement for the maintenance of the dignity of art. Our audiences are now prepared to appreciate and reward excellence; and we are satisfied that managers in future will find it the wisest policy, as it is assuredly the most creditable, to abandon altogether the mummeries and expedients that have so long disgraced the boards, and dedicate their resources exclusively to the production of none but works of the first order of merit. The intelligence of the multitude is educated up to this point, and cannot return to the tricks of the showman.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

In a recent paper on the writings of George Sand, we touched generally on the grand attributes of her genius, and endeavoured to show that criticism in this country had hitherto either wholly neglected her, or, which is still worse, treated her with the most rank injustice. That it is not possible to pronounce finally upon the works of such a master mind, without entering elaborately into their details, and exhibiting their ultimate tendency through a philosophical and comprehensive estimate of their general spirit, is, perhaps, one of the most prominent reasons why George Sand has been tried and condemned in this country by a false test that not only fell short of her majestic powers, but was in all other respects wholly inapplicable to them. We do not measure the winds as we measure the waters; and no man can sound the depths of metaphysics by the illumination of Della Cruscan sensibilities: we must rise to the height of the subject if we would survey it on all sides, for we may be assured the subject will not sink down to our level. The fault is not in George Sand, if she be not truly understood; but in the want of sympathy and capacity in those who understand her falsely. Not to understand her at all is certainly less censurable than to understand her wrongly. Her publications are not all adapted to this country, or perhaps to this age. They are addressed, not to the conventions of a particular society and a particular time, but to mankind and posterity. Her triumphs will be in the future, when a long interval of experience shall have developed the wisdom of her writings, and long contemplation shall have rendered men familiar with their shape and expression. Then whatever is doubtful and vague will be readily separated from the clear and true, and the sound ore will be treasured at its real value.

Her last work is in the dramatic form; and as it is the first time she has thrown her invention into that track, we will give a few specimens of it, closely and plainly translated. It is entitled, "Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre[1],"

[1] *Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre.* Par George Sand. Paris. 1839.

and has been only recently published in Paris. The subject of this drama is a profound and beautiful allegory of the soul, in which the author exhibits the gradation of our nature from its lowest appetites to its loftiest intellectual development, and conducts us gradually through the agency of a most spiritualised succession of scenes to the final reunion of the soul with the divine nature, from which it was divorced on earth. The framework of the plot is simple and effective. Helene, an orphan of great beauty and accomplishments, is the ward of Albertus, a philosopher. She is possessed of a certain wonderful lyre, of antique workmanship, and this lyre is inhabited by her father's spirit. Mephistopheles tries to obtain possession of it, but it cannot be taken except by the purest hands; and although he brings a poet, a maestro, and a critic to seize it, they are all foiled, and each, after his own fashion, runs mad. This part of the allegory is exceedingly curious, and full of a sort of wit in which the writer has rarely before indulged. Such is the beauty of Helene, that all Albertus's pupils fall in love with her, and Albertus himself is unconsciously in love with her too. Mephistopheles takes advantage of all these circumstances, and weaves his meshes round the philosopher and his ward. The following passage tells the story of the lyre, and exquisitely developes the character of Albertus.

ALBERTUS *and* WILHELM.

Albertus. — Wilhelm! hold, look at this lyre. Do you know what it is?

Wilhelm. — It is the famous lyre of ivory invented and constructed by the celebrated manufacturer Adelsfreit, the worthy ancestor of Helene Meinbaker. He finished it, they say, on the very day of his death, about one hundred years ago; and the good Meinbaker preserved it as a relic, without permitting his own daughter even to breathe upon it. It is a precious instrument, master, whose equal is nowhere to be met with. The ornaments are in such exquisite taste, and the figures of ivory which surround it are of such admirable workmanship, that amateurs have offered immense sums for it. But though a ruined man, Meinbaker would rather have died of hunger than have parted with this incomparable instrument.

Albertus. — Nevertheless, this incomparable instrument is mute. It is a work of patience and an object of art, which serves no purpose, and from which it is impossible now to draw any sound. Its strings are relaxed or rusted, and the most skilful artist fails to make them speak.

Wilhelm. — And what would you infer, my master?

Albertus. — This, that the soul is a lyre whose every chord should vibrate, sometimes together, sometimes one by one, according to the rules of harmony and melody; but that, if we leave to rust or to neglect these chords at once so delicate yet powerful, in vain we would preserve with care the exterior beauty of the instrument; in vain the gold and ivory of the lyre remain pure and brilliant; — the voice of heaven inhabits it no longer, and this body without a soul is but useless furniture.

Wilhelm. — This might apply to you as well as to me, dear master. You have played too much upon the golden strings of the lyre, and whilst you have confined yourself with your favourite theme, the strings of brass are broken. For me, it will be the reverse. I break most willingly the celestial strings which you have touched, to revel, with enthusiastic impetuosity, amongst the passionate chords which you too much despise.

Albertus. — And we are both unskilful, blind, incompetent. We should know how to play with both hands, and on all modes.

Wilhelm (*without listening*). — Master Albertus, you have such influence over the mind of Helene! Will you take upon yourself the renewal of my suit, that she may accept me for her husband?

Albertus. — My child, I will employ my whole heart and power for you, for I am persuaded she could not make a better choice.

Wilhelm. — Bless you! and may Heaven crown your efforts! Good night, my good master. Forgive my being so poor a philosopher. Forget the ungrateful disciple who abandons you; but remember the devoted friend who remains for ever faithful to you.

Albertus (*alone*). — Oh, sublime philosophy! 'tis thus that they desert thine altars! With what readiness they abandon thee for the first passion which seizes on the senses! Thy empire is then null, and thy ascendency a mockery. Alas! what is then the weakness of the chains with which thou bindest us, when, after years of immolation, after the half of a life consecrated to heroic perseverance, we yet feel with so much bitterness the horrors of solitude, and the anguish of ennui! . . . . . .

Sovereign Spirit! Source of all light and all perfection! Thou whom I have wished to know — to feel, and see more nearly than other men have done; thou who knowest that I have immolated all, and myself above the rest, to purify myself and approach more nearly to thee! — since thou alone knowest the greatness of my sacrifices, and the immensity of my sufferings, why is it that thou aidest me not more efficaciously in my hours of misery? Why is it that, a prey to a slow agony, I consume within, like a lamp whose light throws out a brighter ray at the moment when the oil is just exhausted? Why is it that, instead of the sage, the stoic, whose serenity all admire and envy, I am really the most uncertain, the most wasted, the most miserable of men? (*He approaches the balcony.*)

Eternal Principle, Soul of the universe! oh, Great Spirit! oh, God! thou who shinest in this firmament sublime, and who livest in the infinite of those suns and sparkling worlds! — thou knowest that it was not the love of vainglory, nor the pride of futile knowledge, which has led me on in this path of renunciation of all worldly things. Thou knowest that if I desired to raise myself above other men by virtue, it was not to esteem myself above them, but to approach nearer to thee, Source of all light and all perfection. I have preferred the delights of the soul to the enjoyments of perishable matter; and thou knowest, oh Thou who readest all hearts, how sincere and pure has been my own! Why then the mortal faintness that now seizes me? Why the cruel doubts that end me? Is the road to knowledge, then, so rough that the farther we advance, the more we meet with obstacles and perils? Why, when I have passed with honour the half of my career, and victoriously struggled against the most stormy years of youth, — why, in my riper age, am I exposed to temptations that are increasingly terrible? Shall I regret now, when too late, that which I despised when I might have possessed it? Is the heart of man so constituted that pride alone can sustain it in its power? They say that philosophers are proud: if it should be true; if I have regarded as an acceptable offering to the Divinity privations which he rejects, or which he views with pity as proofs of our weakness, and of our blindness; if I have lived without profit and without merit; if I have suffered in vain! — my God! such lengthened sufferings — struggles so poignant — nights so desolate — days so long and so heavy! No, it is impossible. God would not be good, God would not be just, did He take no account of so much labour. If I have been in error, — if I have made a bad use of my power, the fault lies in the imperfection of my nature, in the weakness of my intelligence: and the excellence of my intentions should absolve me. . . . Absolve me! Am I then a devotee, a mystic, to believe that the Divinity welcomes to his bosom alone the ignorant and poor of spirit? Am I a monk, to place my faith in a blind master, the friend of idleness and degradation? No! the Divinity I serve is that of Pythagoras and Plato, as well as Jesus! It sufficeth not to be humble and charitable to render Him propitious; it is necessary to be also great, to cultivate the high faculties of intelligence as well as the mild instincts of the heart, in order to commune with that Infinite Power which is perfection itself—which preserves by its goodness, but which reigns by its justice. . . . . It is by thy example, oh, boundless Perfection! that man should make himself just; and there is no justice without knowledge. If thou hast not this knowledge, oh, my miserable soul! — if thy toils and thy efforts have only led thee on in error; if thou art not in the path which should serve as a highway for other souls, — thou art accursed, and thou hast only to seek refuge in the mercy of God, which pardons criminals, and raises the abject. Abject! criminal! — I, whose virtue affrighted gentle hearts, and made the envious despair! . . . Proud! proud! It seems to me that from the height of the stars a piercing voice exclaims, "Thou art but a proud one!"

The first appearance of Mephistopheles immediately after Albertus terminates his soliloquy is striking, and assists in discovering still farther the plan of the work.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *springing from the Lamp as it is extinguished* — ALBERTUS *asleep.*

Mephistopheles. — What a melancholy and insipid employment is that of watching a philosopher! Truly I am become as dim and as obscure as the flame of that lamp through which I amused myself in shadowing across his paper the outline of Helene and her lovers. These logicians are suspicious animals. One works like a spider about their cold brains to entangle them in the net-work of dialectics; but they turn restive, and take the devil in his own snares. They employ their cavilling against the master who taught it to them. This one employs demonstrative reason to attain faith, and that which has lost others saves him from my talons. Mystical pedant! thou givest me more trouble than Master Faust, thy grandfather. Thou must have in thy veins some drops of the blood of the tender Margaret, for thou mixest the desire of knowledge with a heart. But truly we know not what humanity may come to! Now we have philosophers who want at the same time to know and to feel. If we allow man to do this, he will quickly escape us. Hollo! my masters, believe and be absurd, we consent to that; but do not strive to believe and to be wise. That will never be as long as the devil shall hold the lease of this pitiful farm which you are pleased to call your world.

We must proceed differently with these dear philosophers than with Dr. Faust. He

wanted neither violent instincts nor pompous egotism; and at the moment of being enfranchised by death, the fool, losing patience, and regretting that he had not used his life to better purpose, I was forced to make him young again, and launch him in the storm. His cold intelligence would have led him straight to the truth had I not healed his passions in time, and lighted within him a flame which devoured Madam Conscience in a twinkling. But with this one it is to be feared that his passions will turn to the profit of faith. He has more conscience than the other; pride has so little hold upon him — vanity none. He has so kept down lust, that he is capable of conceiving the angelic voluptuousness of saving himself with his Margaret, instead of taking her to perdition with him. It is then with thine heart that I have business, my dear philosopher: when I shall have destroyed that, thy brain will work my pleasure. Let us see, and torture a little this heart, which chooses to be sympathetic; and instead of making it young again, let us bury it under the icicles of premature old age. We must begin by degrading Helene, or brutifying her, by marrying her to a blockhead; but the idiots will still find means of poetising her domestic virtues. The best would be to debase her by consigning her to those young apprentice philosophers who infest the house from morning till night. In seeing her polluted, this fine thinker will take a horror to youth, beauty, ignorance. All that touches upon the romantic will to him seem criminal; he will become a thorough pedant, and there I shall have him .... Let us go and find the girl. I have some capital evil spirits whom I shall promenade over her forehead whilst she sleeps .... But there is one obstacle between her and me which I must destroy. I reckoned upon her, to corrupt the philosopher by enthusiasm. If I proceed by contraries, I ought to annihilate the talisman which would kindle the flames of the heart. Hollo! spirits and fairies! hither, my brave crooked sprites! Take the lyre — break it in pieces with your talons — reduce it to cinders with your breath. Quick! quick!

Chorus of Infernal Spirits. — Quick! quick! Let us break the lyre! A spirit rebellious to the decrees of hell inhabits its mysterious bosom. A spell retains him captive. Let us break his prison, that he may return to his master, and converse no more with men. Quick! quick! Let us break the lyre!

Spirit, who wast formerly our brother, and who now flatterest thyself in the hope of being reinstated by expiation, and replaced amongst the ranks of the celestial powers, thou must leave thy present abode. May thy master take thee in hand, and chastise thee! Thou shalt not purge thy fault in working for the salvation of mankind. Quick! quick! Let us break the lyre!

The Voice of the Lyre. — Back, cries of hell! You have no power against me. A hand that is pure can alone deliver me. Accursed! It is in vain that thou excitest thy legions against me with thy hoarse voice. One single note of heaven overpowers all the roarings of hell. Back, and silence!

Mephistopheles. — What do I see? My legions in terror take to flight; and this power enchained is stronger than I in my liberty!

Chorus of Celestial Spirits. — God permits thee only to excite to evil: thou canst accomplish nought thyself. Thou canst not remove a straw in the universe; thou sheddest thy poison in human hearts, but art not able to destroy an insect. Thy seed is sterile if man's malice brings it not to life; and man has power to nourish either an angel or a demon within his bosom. [ALBERTUS *awakes.*

From amidst a great variety of exquisite passages, take the following fragment of a conversation between Albertus and one of his pupils. In order to estimate truly the grandeur of this production it ought to be read thoroughly; all that we can do is to show it in gleams, such as the following: —

Hanz.—The beautiful is infinite; it is the ladder of faith which reaches to the clouds of heaven; each step that you ascend reveals a splendour still more glorious at the summit. Those who are near the foot have only a confused idea of that which is clearly distinguished by those above them; but what these see the others understand not, and refuse to believe. It is true, that there are various modes of climbing this sacred stair; some grapple slowly and painfully with hands and feet, — others have wings, and lightly mount aloft.

Albertus. — You are always metaphorical. You would say that you artists are the doves, and we logicians beasts of burden. Well, if human nature is composed of vulgar beings, and if poets, by a divine intuition, can penetrate the councils of God, let them reveal them unto us; but first of all let them make themselves intelligible.

Hanz.—They tell it to you by all the tongues of art and poetry; but the more they tell, the less you understand, because you obstinately close your ears. They have heard, and they remember still, the songs of angels, which they would willingly translate for you; but their expression still retains something exalted, which to you appears mysterious, because your organisation refuses to go beyond the bounds of demonstrative reason. Well, then, modify this imperfect organisation by serious attention to the works of art; by the study of

the arts; and, above all, by a lofty and entire adherence to the development and to the triumphs of the arts and of poetry. Philosophy will gain by it; for, I repeat, she is as much the daughter as the mother of poetry; and if you had never seen the masterpieces of ancient statuary, you would never so well have understood Plato.

Albertus. — It is because these are in truth chef-d'œuvres. No one contests it: the beautiful is then appreciable by all.

Hanz. — You have seen them without comprehending them; but as their perfection has been consecrated by the admiration of past ages, you have not set yourself upon your guard against the natural instinct which would have revealed to you also this perfection. Nevertheless, there exists in ages the least fruitful of genius men who are worthy of succeeding Phidias: the world disowned and stifled them. It was because men are content to glance upon the works of Phidias without believing it is needful to study them. Surely, master, the distributors of rewards and distinctions, created by princes, are by nature and by education enemies of the beautiful. The duty of the logician should be to search after the beautiful, to discover it, to proclaim it, and to crown it. In passing it aside with indifference, you do as great an injury to man as if you left to perish a monument of science. All men have a thirst for the beautiful; their souls must either drink of this source of life or perish. The organisation of men is different; some aspire to the ideal by the mind, others by the heart, others by the senses. If you would wish the human organisation to be perfect, and that arriving at a precise equilibrium it should conceive the ideal at once by the mind, the heart, and the senses, you must extinguish none of those faculties; for do not hope to bring all men to the truth by the same means. Where ideal beauty can only be manifested through the senses, you may give, as a preservative against licentiousness, the sacred nudity of the Venus de Milo. See the error of you moralists, who turn away with fear from this material beauty as from an immodest object likely to trouble the senses. If you could enter into the spirit of the art, you would know that the beautiful is chaste, because it is divine. The imagination wanders from the earth, and ascends to heaven in contemplating the production of a divine inspiration. This production is the ideal.

In another dialogue the enthusiasm of Hanz breaks out again, and is checked by the sober wisdom of philosophy.

Hanz. — Well, master, I would almost say there is a madness of which it were a misfortune to be cured. The exaltation of a poetic brain is, perhaps, to be preferred to the calm of frigid judgment. Do you not think that Helene was happy when her eyes, animated by fever, seemed to contemplate the wonders of the invisible world? Oh, yes! she was even more lovely with her look of inspiration, and the strange smile that played around her half-opened mouth, than she is now with her downcast eye and chastened melancholy! She has become more sad, or, at least, more serious, as she has felt her heart beat more slowly.

The body may make an effort to resume its material life, but the spirit loves not to descend from the throne it has built in the skies to lose itself here below midst dark and painful struggles. Master, what do you think? Do you not believe that Helene, in recovering her physical health feels her soul chilled, and sinking into pitiable languor? Do you think that she regrets not her ecstasies, her dreams, her dances with Titania at the rising of the moon, and her concerts with the king of the gnomes at the setting of the stars? Who amongst us would not give up half of his rude vulgar health in exchange for the gilded visions of poetry?

Albertus. — Hanz, you do not speak my sentiments. Are you a poet, or a follower of wisdom? If you are a poet, make verses, and quit my school. If you are my disciple, do not mislead the minds of your brethren by your romantic paradoxes. All these inspirations of fever, all these delirious metaphors, constitute a state of purely physical malady, during which the brain of man can produce nothing true, nothing useful, and, consequently, nothing beautiful. I comprehend and I respect poetry; but I admit it only as a perspicuous and brilliant form designed to soften the austere truths of science, of morals, of faith,—in a word, of philosophy. Every artist who proposes not to himself some noble end, some social aim, fails in his work. What signifies to me that he should pass his life in contemplating the wing of a butterfly or the petal of a rose? I would prefer the smallest discovery useful to mankind, or even the most simple aspiration towards the happiness of humanity. According to your theory, the insane are inspired Sibyls, ready to reveal their celestial mysteries. It is possible that, under the influence of a strange exaltation, they may have a more extended sense to feel the exterior beauty of things; but, if they cannot find a language sufficiently intelligible to associate us in their enthusiasm, this concentration of mind in one single thought can only be a state dangerous to themselves, and useless to others.

In the following passages, Helene is under the influence of the mighty spirit which opens to her the secrets of the world, and shows to her pure

and exalted nature the grovelling character of earthly ambition, and its train of miseries and wrongs. As we cannot give much space to our extracts, we have adopted the alternative of taking only fragments of the scene.

Spirit of the Lyre. — Is not this a magical picture? Behold the greatness and power of man! Admire his riches, so dearly bought, and the wonders of his indefatigable industry! Behold those majestic temples erecting their proud heads like giants amidst the innumerable masses of elegant or modest dwellings crouching at their feet! . . . . . Listen and rejoice; for this earth is magnificent, and this race ingenious and powerful.

* * * * * * * *

Helene (playing on the Lyre). — Oh, Spirit! where hast thou conducted me? Why hast thou enchained me to this place, to see and hear that which fills my eyes with tears and my heart with bitterness? I see before me only an immeasurable abyss of despair, and I only hear the groans of a misery without remedy and without end. The world is a sea of blood, an ocean of tears!

* * * * * * * *

I see palaces, armies, fêtes, a lavish expenditure, a noisy glee, — in effect I see and hear gold gushing forth upon the tables and in the coffers. 'Tis the tears of the poor, the sweat of the labourer, the blood of the soldier, which flows o'er those tables, and which they inclose in those coffers! Each of those pieces of money should be stamped with the effigy of a man of the people; for there is not one of those pieces of metal which has not cost the health, the honour, or the life of a man of the people!

* * * * * * * *

I see majestic assemblies, and I hear what they discuss. Some talk of relieving the misery of the people, and all reply that the people are too rich, too happy, too powerful; and I hear the immense mass of hypocrites who slowly rise, and say, with serious air, "Let them perish!" And I see the powerful of the earth, who perfume their hands, and say, with a smile upon their lips, "Let them perish!"

* * * * * * * *

Spirit of the Lyre. — Daughter of man, why dost thou thus despair? Hast thou forgotten Providence? Does he not permit these things to bring man, by hard experience and slow expiation, to the knowledge of truth, and to the love of justice? Behold, there are already pious men, and hearts really pure. The crime of the one, does it not bring out the virtue of the others? The iniquity of tyrants, does it not develope the patience or the boldness of the oppressed? See! what sublime devotion, what noble efforts, what apostolic resignation! See the hands firm and patient which arm themselves for deliverance; whilst, to encourage them, the captives stifle their groans behind the grating of their prisons! See! those friends embrace! Dost thou understand the last grasp of him who accompanies the other to the scaffold? dost thou understand the parting look of him who, smiling, lays his head beneath the axe?

Helene. — I see virgins whom they profane, infants whom they strangle! I see old men whom they suspend on the gibbet! I see a woman whom courtiers drag to the bed of a prince, and who expires with shame and grief within his arms! I see the husband of this woman, who receives gold and honours to keep silence, and who kisses the hand of the prince! I see a young girl whipped by soldiers on the public place for having sung "No, our country is not lost!" and who lost her reason! I see children separated from their mothers, isolated from their families, and whom they wish to teach to curse the name of their father, and to renounce the heroism of their blood! I see heroes proscribed — patriots with a price upon their heads! I see young martyrs, whom they drag from their prisons because they expire too slowly, and whom they banish to the ices of the pole, lest their last sigh should pierce their dungeon walls, and reach the ears of their brethren! I see peasants whose flesh is torn with iron hooks, because they neglected to trim their beard, and to wear the livery of the conqueror! I see a nation whom they wish to raze from the face of the globe, as though she had never existed. They take away her chiefs, her patriots, her priests, her institutions, her wealth, her costume, and even her name, that she may perish; and the whole world looks on, and says "Let her perish!"

Even from the slightest fragments of the allegory something thoughtful and of a deep and wide signification is extracted. The allegory of the artist who made the lyre, and whose soul dwelt in it, is thus drawn out: —

Mephistopheles. — Have you never heard from Master Meinbaker, the father of your Helene, and the direct descendant of the famous Adelsfreit, that this magician, the day of his death, having put the last finish to the lyre, took so violent a love for his *chef-d'œuvre*, that he prayed to Mons. the Most High, the pope of the stars.

Albertus. — What follies are you recounting to me? Meinbaker had his head full of

fairy tales. He maintained that Adelsfreit prayed the Almighty to put his soul into his lyre; and God, to punish him for having thus trifled with his celestial inheritance, condemned him to live enclosed within the instrument, till some hand pure from all sin should deliver him.

Mephistopheles. — And the same instant that he pronounced this rash desire he suddenly expired.

Albertus. — His mind had been astray some time, and he destroyed himself.

Mephistopheles. — All this contains a charming allegory!

Albertus. — What?

Mephistopheles. — That the scholar, like the artist, belongs to posterity. The moment that the love of art, or of science, becomes an egotistical enjoyment, the man who sacrifices the benefit of others to his own pleasure is punished even in his own works. They remain hidden, forgotten, useless for ages; his glory is lost in the clouds with which superstition environs it; and having disdained to reveal himself to his contemporaries, he is doomed to be brought from the dust by some ordinary mind, who profits by his discoveries, and usurps his renown.

From these passages the reader may glean a slight notion of the character of the work, which is full of brilliant and wise things; and which, in the shape of prose, is a most charming specimen of dramatic poetry. In our rapid outlines of current literature, we must be content with brief sketches, even of such productions as "Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre;" but the extracts we have given will serve better than even a longer analysis to show the tone and character of the work.

The second part of the "Mabinogion[2]," translated by Lady Charlotte Guest, sustains, even with additional claims upon all true lovers of antique romance, the interest of the former part. In our notice of that publication we entered at some length upon the character of these literary remains of a remote age and peculiar people, and the affinities discoverable in them to the poetical relics of other countries: we also explained the nature of Lady Charlotte Guest's labours, and the munificence with which she has rescued these curious fragments from obscurity. As mere specimens of art, these books are amongst the most beautiful and costly productions of the press. The typography is exquisitely clear, and worked with exceeding care; and the facsimiles of old MSS. in various libraries are executed on tinted paper, with remarkable accuracy and skill. That such volumes should proceed from the principality of Wales, where printing is not understood to be cultivated to so great a height of refinement, is highly creditable to Mr. Rees, to whose superintendence we are indebted for the elegance with which they are brought out. The part before us contains the conclusion of the legend of Le Chevalier au Lion, followed by a body of notes, in which the author abundantly illustrates all the historical and picturesque points of the poem by explanations and references that greatly enhance its interest. The story of Peredur ab Efrawe (we quote the original title) concludes the number; and in this instance, as in the former, we have the text and the translation. Peredur is a more elaborate and marvellous narrative than its predecessor, and contains the wonderful adventures of the son of a certain earl of the north on his journey to the court of King Arthur, his exploits at the Castle of Wonders, and a variety of strange matters concerning knights, sorceresses, and other creations of the times of chivalry and superstition. We cannot venture to thread the maze of this involved history, but we can assure the reader that it is full of most entertaining enchantments and dramatic escapades. The simplicity with which it is related — the quiet air of almost scriptural gravity with which the most extraordinary events are dwarfed into a few pithy words — and the fertility of invention displayed in the rapid succession of startling circumstances, nearly every one of which is

[2] *The Mabinogion.* Part II. Containing "Peredur, the Son of Evrawe." London: Longman & Co. 1839.

susceptible of some occult moral commentary, cannot fail to delight those to whom such narratives present materials of entertainment. Very frequently there occur some passages of great tenderness, indicated rather than expressed in single touches. The resolution formed by the "scheming and thoughtful mother" of Peredur to abandon the inhabited places, and dwell in the desert with her only son, after her husband and her six sons had been slain in wars, tournaments, and combats, is not destitute of pathos, although it is hardly visible in the treatment. But it is clear that this "thoughtful" mother devised this plan for the sake of bringing up her last son, then an infant, in total ignorance of the world generally, and of that knighthood in especial which had already desolated her house. The plot, however, does not succeed. The blood of Peredur is not to be so kept down; and he no sooner falls in with a company of knights than his genius breaks out, and he takes to horse, after taking some wise advice from his "scheming" mother, and sets out on his travels. The whole of this is given with the requisite spirit; and the translation must be commended alike for its fidelity and its power.

The desperate state of the drama in this country does not wholly deter some experimentalists from venturing upon the publication of plays, the only vent open to living dramatic poets. The stage is literally closed upon them. No man, with the genius to conceive and execute a great work for representation, could submit to the humiliations and perplexities he must undergo before he can succeed in obtaining a hearing. The labour of getting a play performed is infinitely greater than the labour of constructing it. A poet may write a play with pleasure, but he cannot get it acted without enduring a much larger measure of pain. The popularity of established authors, instead of influencing the public taste to the further encouragement of dramatic literature, seems to have the effect of repressing its development. The only writers who have any chance of succeeding (not before, but behind the curtain) are those who have succeeded already. The sole question which our managers believe themselves required to consider is, not the merit of a new drama, but the authorship. The matter is determined by the fashion of the workmanship, as we purchase boots from Hoby, or fowling-pieces from Manton. The label is the grand test and guarantee of excellence. There is no admission of young blood and fresh spirit into the theatre, which is ruled by a life-oligarchy; and until the oligarchs who are in shall have died out, and left vacancies for new candidates, there is no hope of reviving either a just or a general appreciation for this lofty and ennobling class of Poetry.

The remaining alternative is to print and publish. Here the prospect is, if possible, less cheering. Unless a play has received the *imprimatur* of an audience, it falls still-born from the press. We have no notion of buying a drama for the sake of its intrinsic qualities. We are tempted wholly by extrinsic circumstances — by the excitement it has occasioned in the acting — by the region of perfume in which the author moves — by the eclât of a name. It must, in short, come recommended to us by some accidental charm, over and above its merits, whatever they may be, before we will take the trouble of looking at it. Thus we invert the natural order of things, and sentence to oblivion, because they have not been represented, all those pieces (and they are generally of the very highest order) which were never intended for representation. In France and Germany there are no such hinderances to the cultivation of the dramatic forms of poetry. The applause of an audience is not necessary to ensure a perusal in the closet. The distinction is better understood, and the judgment of the reading public is more refined and cultivated. The drama by George Sand, which we have

just noticed, "Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre[3]," has, in an incredibly short period, without the aid of lamps, scenes, music, or *claquers*, penetrated into every part of Europe. Such an event would be a marvel in England. We might as reasonably speculate upon one of Cuyp's skies in Bishopsgate Within.

Nevertheless, there are two or three dramas before us, which have been cast upon the dark and stagnant waters by writers whose courage deserves a better recompence than it is likely to receive. Walter Savage Landor publishes two pieces—"Andrea of Hungary," and "Giovanni of Naples[4];" and somewhat maliciously announces that the profits of the sale are destined for Grace Darling. It is lucky for Grace that she has had some more substantial testimonies of approbation than she is likely to derive from the circulation of these plays; but it may be doubted whether, amongst all the tributes that have been paid to her, she can refer to one of which she ought to be so proud. Neither of these pieces is adapted for representation, nor do they seem to have been written with a view to the stage. The subject is illustrative of a striking passage in the history of Naples, and the treatment is remarkable rather for incidental beauties than for continuous power. The dialogues occasionally present some captivating snatches of poetry — some exquisite pictures of Italian scenery, costume, and character; and in the delineation of the tenderer emotions, some most touching and spiritual creations. The portraiture of Giovanni is noble, gentle, and heroic. The Fra Rupert is the complete incarnation of a subtle, unforgiving, and ambitious priesthood; and the figures he draws round him to tempt them into his toils are discriminated with the bold and unerring hand of a master. The interest of these dramas does not consist in the intensity or variety of the action, which is single and obvious: it is in the depth of the colouring, the truthfulness of the passions, and the elevation of the sentiments that the fascination lies.

"Catiline," by Mr. Reade[5], gives us a new dramatic version of a subject which Ben Jonson is supposed to have exhausted. For the purposes of the theatre, however, Mr. Reade's play is more skilfully constructed. The narrative is distributed through the scenes with considerable tact, and a variety of striking effects are produced which could scarcely fail to be successful on the stage. The characters are forcibly drawn; nor has the author fallen into the common error of suffering the false Roman sternness of the schools to extinguish the humanities in his *personæ*. Whatever was great in the Romans was great only so far as it was reconcileable with nature and circumstances. To describe them as demi-gods, beyond the reach of human sympathies, is to deprive them of the grandest of their attributes — the conquest of self. They were Titans in fortitude if you will — but they were still men. History is carefully followed in this play; and the art with which the story is conducted enhances the poetry by which it is illustrated.

One of the most remarkable publications of the day is the "Life of the Countess of Huntingdon[6]," which has just appeared. It is written from

[3] *Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre* has been already pirated in Brussels, where the traveller may procure a very pretty copy of it for two francs and a half. This system of piracy is now carried on to a greater extent than ever by a company which assumes the title of Société Typographique Belge; and all the popular and important works in French and English literature — including even such productions as Hallam's Middle Ages — may be had in Brussels for something less than a third of the original prices.

[4] *Andrea of Hungary*, and *Giovanni of Naples*. By Walter Savage Landor. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

[5] *Catiline; or the Roman Conspiracy*. An Historical Drama, in Five Acts. By John Edmund Reade, Esq., Author of "Italy," &c. London: Saunders & Otley. 1839.

[6] *The Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon*. By a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings. Two vols. London: W. E. Painter. 1839.

materials collected by a member of the families of Shirley and Hastings, and presents on the whole one of the most curious and eminently instructive narratives that has ever been laid before the public. That a woman of high rank and princely fortune should have devoted herself to the task of diffusing Christianity through the country, of establishing missions, and constructing elaborate and costly machinery for the effectuation of her object, is not in itself a very extraordinary fact; but that she should have carried out this design with such complete success,—should have exhibited so much acute judgment and practical knowledge of human nature in its progress,—and that she should have addressed herself with such singular skill to that part of the character of the men with whom she corresponded and treated, which in almost all instances proved to be the most vulnerable, is a fact perhaps without any parallel in the history of the Gospel. All other women who distinguished themselves in the dissemination of religious doctrines, were enthusiasts alone. Lady Huntingdon superadded to the highest enthusiasm great purity of intention and clearness of mind: she saw not merely what was to be done, but the best way to do it; and she applied herself with such energy and discretion to the gigantic undertakings in which she engaged, that where others must have failed amidst sneers and ridicule, she succeeded amidst the wonder and admiration even of her opponents. All this was to be attributed to the mental strength of her character — to the firmness of her resolution — and, above all, to the serenity and perseverance of her temper. She was, perhaps, the only religious enthusiast of her own or any other age who reckoned amongst her intimate associations some of the most licentious of her contemporaries. Possibly the atheist was abashed in the presence of so much real virtue; possibly he was staggered in his dark faith; and she may have thus hoped to reclaim him by free and unsuspicious intercourse. That she who laboured in common with Wesley and Whitefield should also have been the friend of Bolingbroke, is an evidence alike of her moral supremacy and her good sense; yet it is not to be denied that there are strange things in her life — things which worldly people will be disposed to treat with scepticism, and into the spirit of which nobody can enter except those who are "re-born," like the Countess herself. One character that stands out prominently from the canvass is exceedingly beautiful; but some of the accessories are grotesque, and full of painful distortions. The little anecdotes of the grace that fell in certain quarters; the odd mixture of the earth and the heavens that now and then comes in where one is least prepared for such curious unions of the social and the spiritual; the strange instances of punishment and conversion; the agonies of sin and the hyperbolical bliss of godliness; and the language of the conventicle which is scattered prodigally, and perhaps ostentatiously, through the volumes, — have the effect of taking away something from the quiet power of the principal figure. But it must be borne in mind that these were the elements upon which, and through which, the Countess of Huntingdon worked; that her life, without these embellishments, would be the vase without the flowers; and that, whatever effect such passionate and flighty images may have upon the reader who is unaccustomed to this species of inspired diction, Lady Huntingdon could not have dispensed with them and have achieved her ends. The biography is rich in materials of personal interest, apart from all sectarian considerations; and may be justly regarded, in every point of view in which it can be taken, as a very original and remarkable work.

THE MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

MARTIN LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION.

"Os homini sublime dedit cœlumque tueri."

The Protestant Reformation was unquestionably one of the greatest revolutions that ever occurred in the world; for it did not treat of overturning one throne for the purpose of erecting another, — of substituting the dominion of one for the dominion of a class, or the dominion of a class for that of one; but its object was to proclaim the inherent equality of all men in the sight of God, notwithstanding the inequality of the essential and primordial gifts or faculties which they may have received from Nature; and, as a consequence of this, its fundamental doctrine, a new organisation of temporal society founded upon an equality of social rights. Nor is this contest yet decided, since even now the struggle, both in the laical and priestly world, is but the vibration of that mighty convulsion of which the French Revolution itself was a bastard offspring; and it is at the basis of all that divides society, whose destinies will, in the event of the triumph of one principle, be developed in the path of liberty and equality, — in that of the other in the direction of privilege and authority. The Reformation is thus a double phenomenon social and religious. Luther, on his advent, found the elements of that movement which was to agitate the world within, around, and beneath the society then existing. He did not, as has been said, create them, — he only availed himself of their previous existence; for the soil of intelligence resembles the terrestrial soil, which bears no fruit unless it has first been sown with seed. The Samson of the Reformation who wound his arms around the pillars of the temple in order to overturn it, was not so superior in his knowledge of the Divine Word, nor in his intuition of it so much beyond all those Catholic geniuses who had drunk of the living waters from which Terutllian, Cyprian, Lactantius, Jerome, and Augustin had drawn their stores of imagery and poetry, that his mission should be transformed into an apostleship, and his work compared to a revelation. We see in his dispute with authority that the Augustine monk was but a man, and a man not devoid of the weakness and misery of our nature. We see the champions of the Reformation, to whom Luther had once decreed crowns on earth and in heaven, anathematising each other and appealing to the feet of the supreme Judge — Luther to demand account of Munzer of all the souls whom he had intoxicated with his poisons, and Munzer to cast in his teeth the blood of the Anabaptists; Karlsbadt to accuse Luther of having perverted the Divine Word, and Luther to mock at the visions of the Archdeacon; Œcolampadius to explain to Luther the sense of the words of the Last Supper, and Luther to anathematise the interpretation of Œcolampadius; Zuinglius to reproach Luther with having, in defiance of the Scripture, made man a slave and a child of darkness,

powerless of himself to choose the path of light; and Luther to thank God for the stroke of the sword which mortally wounded Zuinglius at Kappel.

The mission of the Catholic church was accomplished in Europe when Paganism was destroyed; and the doctrine of antiquity, which Aristotle parades with a kind of pride, in the first book of his "Politics," — that there are two natures in man, a slave nature and a free nature, constituting an inherent and radical inequality of different men in the eyes of God, and consequently sanctioning their inequality with regard to each other, and the whole system of Pagan society built thereupon, had been overturned by the doctrines of Christianity, when woman had been liberated and the Gentile admitted into an equality of rights. Christian unity, in other words a bond of common sympathies, then united a vaster portion of the human race, and made a step in advance towards a more harmonious development of the world. As the Roman jurists had completed, on the small scale of a few privileged citizens, the most complete code of rights and duties which freemen had yet reasoned and organised, in like manner Catholicism had taken one step in advance by enlarging the horizon; but in her work of emancipation in the middle ages, having always had to encounter with the weapons of moral supremacy feudal power, or the element of barbarism, it had become necessary for her to seek for auxiliaries in the supreme rank. When the empire of the East departed from her, she allied herself to the chief of a new dynasty — to a Pepin, a Charlemagne, or to the emperors of Germany, who gave her their treasures, their soldiers, or their arms, and thus established the temporal empire of the Papacy. The church thus became a queen, and had her crown of gold, her palaces, and her ambassadors. Her kingdom necessarily became a kingdom of this world; for, deprived of the attributes of human royalty, what would have become of society, the moral world, and Christianity? Without going very far back, what, for example, would have been the fate of the human intellect, if, in the time of Luther, Leo X. had had nothing to protect it but the garb of the apostle when Luther cried aloud to the people to allow the Turks, who threatened Germany, to come freely, under pain of eternal damnation? We know not, for example, what would have saved humanity from slavery, into which an ambitious emperor might sooner or later have cast it, if faith had deserted Charlemagne, and the fear of an all-powerful Judge had deserted Frederick II. Who shall say that the Christian world would not have returned to Paganism and slavery? The theology of the middle ages, however, ended with the fifteenth century. The separation of the contemplative or religious life from the real or sinful life, the condemnation of the present world, sentenced with man on account of original sin, had reigned supreme for ten centuries, — the reign of grace, and the power of the church therefrom, were the fixed tenets of its Christianity.

With Luther commenced a new phasis — his era marks the beginning of philosophy. By conquering the rights of conscience which are referable solely to God as the author of the moral law, which all rational beings are equally bound to love and obey, and by enfranchising man from all spiritual dependence upon or controul over his fellow-man, he made the equality of all men in the presence of their fellow-man an admitted right. God has given us a power of action which no one has the right to restrict or infringe. But here arises a great and celebrated question, the arena in which for ages the destinies of nations have been disputed, — Within what circle shall this liberty be developed? Who shall trace a boundary to man's passions? evidently Justice. But who shall define Justice? Who shall be sufficiently

wise to unveil its origin? Who shall be sufficiently great not to degrade it in its application? If human virtue and intellect have hitherto always failed, and no society has yet been perfectly organised, it is not, acccording to Luther, that "*living judicial arbiter*," as O'Connell calls him, the Pope of Rome, who is to solve the problem; for there is no absolute type upon earth, and all that humanity can do is to make successive approximations towards one.

Luther had fancied that the shadow of the Vatican ought to have extended itself like a mantle over all human nature. The poor German monk had expected a miracle from the Papacy. When, therefore, he travelled into Italy and saw the reality, humanity appeared to him poor, contemptible, and degraded, deprived of its ancient and noble instincts, astray from the paths of God. In the capital of the world all his illusions of joy and hope had crowded upon him, and he saluted with every term of admiration and respect that sacred Rome "thrice sanctified by the blood of her martyrs." He had scarcely passed through the *Porta del Popolo* ere his dreams vanished.

The young student, in fact, only knew mankind from books. He knew the ancient Romans, whose soil he trod, — their mythology, their gods, their heroes, and a few other things, which both friars and laics had learned at school; but modern Rome, the Rome of the Popes, was to him a sealed book.

His thoughts did not wander to the days when the German emperor came with his innumerable soldiers to extinguish the very name of the ancient city, and was arrested in his steps at that very gate by fear of the spiritual sword which a pontiff held in his aged hands. He saw not the shades of Philip Augustus of France and of John of England stand trembling before the patriarch. The past was dead for Luther; he knew not what Rome had done for humanity; he was ignorant of the titles to admiration and gratitude of many of the occupiers of the chair of St. Peter. He had left a country threatened by the Turk, and he knew not that if the Koran was not the gospel of the North that it was owing to the Pope that its triumph had been stayed. He had seen brutal force reigning in Germany, and its barons placing their iron gauntlet upon every intellect rebelling against their will, and he never suspected that intellect would have had no earthly protector if the papacy had not vanquished physical force by forcing it to succumb to the laws of morality.

Imagine a raw Scotch Dissenting minister fleeing from poverty and cutaneous complaints, or an Irish priest, the child of privation, rigid and austere, devoted to a b eeding cross from his youth, placed in the midst of London for the first time, in view of the Bishops' luxury, and you have an idea of poor Martin, who had journeyed 400 leagues on foot, eating black bread on his way, transported all of a sudden into the midst of a city of wonders, voluptuousness, music, and paganism, — "*pulverem strepitumque Romæ.*" He who had never before been accustomed to any noise save that of the little fountain in his convent, — to any amusement, save the sound of his flute: how vastly he must have been astonished and scandalised! He had dreamt of an austere religion, whose brow was cinctured with griefs, sleeping on the rock, resting itself beneath the sky of heaven, clothed like the apostles, journeying across roads of stones, staff in hand, and gospel under arm. He beheld cardinals in their litters, on horseback, or in carriages, blazing with jewels, their heads shaded from the rays of the sun by canopies formed of the peacock's plumes, and marking their passage by clouds of dust that often obscured the view of the *cortege* which on their knees demanded their benediction. His imagination carried him back to those days of Christianity

when the chief of the apostles, a pilgrim like himself, had nothing but a staff to support him. He, a poor scholar, brought up so hardly, who in his infancy had often no pillow but the cold floor, passed before palaces of marble, columns of alabaster, gigantic obelisks of granite, gushing fountains, — exquisite villas, embellished with gardens, flowers, cascades, and grottoes. Did he wish to pray? — he entered a church which seemed to him an actual world, where diamonds sparkled upon the altar, gold upon the walls, marble on the pillars, mosaics in the chapel, in place of one of those rustic temples of his own country, ornamented by a handful of flowers deposited on a Sunday on its altar by some pious hand. Was he thirsty? — instead of one of those springs which run along their wooden troughs at Wittenberg, he had fountains of white marble larger than a German house. Was he tired? — he found on his road, in place of a modest bench of wood, a seat of antique alabaster recently disinterred. Did he look for a holy image? — he encountered nothing but pagan fancies, Olympic divinities, — Apollo, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, — upon which the hands of a thousand sculptors were at work. There were the gods of Demosthenes and Praxiteles — the feasts and pomps of Delos — the motion of the Forum — the foolishness of the Pagans; but of that foolishness of the Cross of which St. Paul speaks he saw no remembrance, no representation. And because Rome was not made after his own image he was ready to condemn it. Of the marvels which Rome displayed in the time of Julius II. he saw nothing. No ray of the crown of Raphael or Michael Angelo dazzled his looks; he remained cold and mute before all the treasures of painting and sculpture assembled in her churches, and his ear was shut to the strains of Dante which the people sang in his path. The name of Rome, and his recollections of it, were often in his mouth in after years; but all that struck him most — next to the licentiousness of some priests, the triumphal pomp of the pontiff, and the naked shoulders of the Roman ladies — was the extent of the city, which "equalled the distance from Wittenberg to Polersberg." Luther, indeed, was a man of facts and figures, not a poetical soul. Thus he declared that Saint Jerome's salvation appeared to him so uncertain, "that he would not for 10,000 guilders take the risk and stand in his place before our Lord God*, in the next world." He entered Rome like a pilgrim, he left her like a Coriolanus.

> "Vivere qui sancte vultis, discedite Roma;
> Omnia hic licent; non licet esse probum."

The fault with all these minds lies in themselves, not in the objects. Their minds require time to expand, and take in the vast whole, which wounds their pride at first by the sense of their own littleness.

Leo X. was to Luther an ass or an Antichrist. How different is the impression made upon another great man by the same sight! Erasmus was ravished with the sight of Italy. The classical scholar, nurtured with the muses, was in his native element at Rome. We figure to ourselves the Dutch philosopher, snatched all at once from his foggy skies, his old books, and the narrow streets of his native town, transported into an atmosphere brilliant with sun and light, and entering, for the first time, a palace of gold and marble — traversing vast halls sparkling with mosaics, arabesques, paintings, and sculptures, vast museums which could scarce contain all the masterpieces which the earth gave forth every day — wandering under ceilings decorated by the hands of Raphael and Julio Romano — mingling with

* "*Ich wollt nicht* 10,000 *gulden nehmen und in der gefahr stehen fur unsern Herrn Gott, da Sanct Hieronymus inne stehet.*" — Table Talk, in fol. 413.

cardinals whose robes shone with jewels — in the midst of those artists marching along surrounded by their pages! Imagine him placed face to face before the handsome figure of Leo X., the object of the love and homage of all who surrounded him — of Ariosto, come to thank him for his excommunication directed against the pirates of his poem — of Celio Calcagnini, who taught, long before Copernicus, the rotation of the earth (*Quod cœlum stet, terra autem moveatur*) — of the Dominicans from the New World, to thank him for having, in the name of the Gospel and of nature, anathematised the shameful traffic in slaves — of Castiglioni, the courtier, who has so well depicted the comic side of his court, of whom Charles V., on hearing of his death, said, "*Yo os digo que es muerto uno de los mejores caballeros del mundo!* — of Raphael — Raphael the great lord, greater than Chigi himself — before whom the guards of the pontifical palace made their obeisance, and who always went surrounded by his troop of pages in all the flower of youth and beauty! Imagine Erasmus placed amid all this court, where poetry, history, painting, sculpture, eloquence, music, theology, and all the liberal arts had their representatives.

We figure to ourselves two men so similarly situated for the first time, and admire the effect of letters and elegant studies, which caused Erasmus, the child of the muses, to be at his ease in the same circumstances which confounded Luther, from his inability to comprehend them. We perceive, in short, how the taste for classical literature made a gentleman out of a Dutchman, and the want of it made a Mucklewrath out of a great genius. We can judge also whether Erasmus or Luther were right in their views of the pontifical court; and if Leo and his cardinals were the true Antichrist, — Leo, who even at table could not suffer the time to pass away "in the luxury of gold and silver, and the miracles of exquisite genius, but with his guests and bystanders discoursed blandly and courteously as of wont, not on vain and light subjects, but on God, nature, sanctity, right, life, morals, the deeds of other men, and other things which of his consummate erudition and perspicacity of genius were deemed worthy" — "*Sed cum convivis et circumstantibus lepidè comiterque habitis sermonibus non de inani, levique materia sed de Deo, naturâ, sacris, jure, legibus, vitâ moribus, aliorum gestis, cæterisque rebus, quæ summæ eruditionis ac perspicacis ingenii dignæ visæ fuerint;*" — if this account of the subjects of Leo's habitual discourse be correct, it gives us a high opinion of his intellect. They resemble the favourite topics of Napoleon's table talk, as reported by Monge, Berthollet, Denon, and the scavans, when on board the man-of-war which conveyed him to Egypt. Leo's mind loved to dwell upon the grand and the beautiful. "I have always loved both learned men and letters," writes he to the King of England, Henry VIII., on recommending Erasmus to him: "this love is born with me, and age has only increased it; because I have always seen that those who cultivate letters are the ornament and glory of the Christian church." Such were the flower of the Catholic geniuses.

But these scholars and grammarians, — lights of the Greek and Latin languages, — depositaries of a civilisation that was spent and worn out, added nothing to the elements of social life, by which the sympathies of Luther were vividly excited. Living in a past that was dead, their thoughts were more fixed upon reviving an idol of their imaginations, the civilisation of antiquity, than of comprehending the living reality, and of adding any novelty to the synthesis of the new life Christian and philosophical. Their world was a world of extinct ideas vainly sought to be resuscitated, — their life a life of castes, where the great element of the people, or laical class, was counted as nothing before the sacerdotal or devout class. The revolutionary genius

of Luther saw and comprehended (which is the greatest merit and proof of genius) the *relative* worth of this species of knowledge, and knew exactly what it would count for when the vast problems which he brought into discussion came to be agitated in the field of life. "Brother Martin has a fine genius" — "*Frate Martino ha un buon ingegno*," — said Leo of Luther; and truly it may be said, when we reflect on the strength of mind which was necessary to attack a power so vast, so time-honoured, and so traditional, which had fixed its foundations for ages in the very roots of the human intellect, that a Titanic energy, a new Enceladus, was required to dethrone the Omnipotent Fate so long reigning in the name of Immobility. In reality, neither the idolatries of superstition nor the absurdities of theology would have enabled Luther to have overturned it, had not physical oppression first aroused opposition. When the material interests were awakened, reason followed; but she did not precede: the truths of geometry, as has been well said, would not be admitted, if the interests of mankind were concerned against them. The organisation of that great corporation, the Church, has in all ages too been considered as inimical to the welfare of society; and the objections which Hume has brought against it in his Essays have not ceased to be reproduced in every country.

When this tremendous engine of oppression is taken into consideration, truly might Luther sing, on reflecting on his triumph over it in that noble Hymn which Heine has well designated as the Marseillaise of the Reformation —

"Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

In his war against Erasmus and the scholars, well might he say, *Cedite Graii!*

From contemplating the powers and principles, spiritual and temporal, that were arrayed on the side of Catholicism, let us turn to the instruments whose mission it was to shake to its foundation the rock against whose base the Lollards, the Wickliffites, the Vaudois, the Albigenses, the Hussites, and so many other human surges had for ages broken in vain. Foremost of all these, not so much from the vastness of his learning as of his human sympathies — not so much from the amiability and refinement as from the indomitable moral courage, the manly vigour, the energetic reason, and the shaping mind, — all the qualities that constitute the heroic soul, — which the poet Lucretius has so nobly described in Epicurus, the "chaser of spectres," the sage of his idolatry, who slew the monster Superstition, and restored to man the dignity of his nature, — stands Luther.

"Humana ante oculos fede quom vita jaceret
In terris obpressa gravi sub Religione;
Quæ caput a cœli regionibus obtendebat,
Horribili super adspectu mortalibus instans;
Primum Graius homo mortaleis tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusque obsistere contra;
Quem neque fana Deûm, nec fulmina, nec minitanti
Murmure conpressit cœlum; sed eo magis acrem
Inritât animi virtutem, effringere ut arta
Naturæ primus portarum claustra cupiret.
Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi;
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque:
Unde refert nobis victor, quid possit oriri,
Quid nequeat: finita potestas denique quoique
Quânam sit ratione, atque alte terminus hærens.
Quâ re Religio, pedibus subjecta, vicissim
Obteritur: nos exæquat victoria cælo."

Like Themistocles, who could not play the lute, but could make a small town a great state, Luther could not, like Erasmus, write a thesis in the Latin of Cicero; but, in his own German, he could electrify the multitude by the greatest mastery over his language of any man of his day. The barbarisms of their Psalter were not such an agony to his refined ear as to make him pray for the Pope's bull of remission of the task of reading it in church, as Cardinal Bembo did of Leo; but he listened, fearless and unawed, to the bull of excommunication which frightened monarchs, and hurled, in his turn, his excommunication against the grand excommunicator. For the first time for two thousand years his voice

"Could point to Heaven and lead the way;"

and summon his fellow-man to look towards his native skies, in the consciousness of his nature, and of the lofty destinies which Providence has in store for all those who are worthy of them. In the expressive language of Scripture, "he touched the mountains and they smoked!"

The portraits of the great men of that day, *nulli ævo perituri*, have been drawn by the hands of many masters. Albert Durer and Lucas Kranach have worthily depicted their outward forms; of their minds, a few characteristics may be gathered from the archives of the past. An infancy of tribulation passed in poverty as a singing boy, educated upon charity — a youth of study, maceration, and conventual misery — a manhood of agitation, and a death of universal fame, — such was Luther's career. His glory, as Napoleon said of the French Republic, when recognised by the Austrian legate, "is like the sun in heaven. Woe to those who cannot see it!"

"Nature," says a contemporary writer, in a sketch worthy of Bossuet, "had sufficiently favoured him both in body and mind; for, for a man born in Germany, a nation ordinarily heavy and stupid, he had a spirit prompt and active — a happy memory — much facility in expressing himself — and was eloquent and skilful in his own tongue beyond any other man of his age. When he was in the pulpit, transported with ardour and passion, he knew easily how to impart life to all he said, and, like a torrent, to carry along with him the minds of his audience,— a charm which is not natural to the people of the North, a massive race, who deliver their lectures and sermons without action, nailed to their chairs, their hands fastened before them as if they had been motionless statues. He was, moreover, indefatigable in all sorts of labour, which with him served for repose; always at his books, with his pen in his hand, if he was not in the arms of his nun, who was to him a heavy burden, and a grievous impediment to his studies. A man of great courage, and bold in undertaking and executing whatever his hatred or his passion instigated. In his ordinary intercourse familiar and affable, but knowing, notwithstanding, how to reassume his dignity, even in presence of the greatest, whenever he acted the prophet. He was a man of much reading, having made tolerable use of the best books during the fourteen years he passed in the cloister; so that there was not a sophist who did not give way before him if he dared wait his attack, either in philosophy or in theology. But all these great qualities were spoiled and outweighed by great and grievous faults; for he was for the most part gross, haughty, insolent, and insupportable. He had his tongue generally tempered in wine, and evil-speaking for ever in his mouth; as little regulated in his morals and manners as constant and fixed in his doctrine, which he changed and changed as long as he lived, almost as many times as the sun recommenced his course; the mortal and capital enemy of all subjection, austerity, and penance which softened the wrath of God." Luther knew the secret

of the gifts which God had granted him. His language agreed admirably with the fascination of his external form; sometimes floating in a prophetical disorder, or feeling the intoxication, according to Erasmus's expression, of his audience: sometimes availing himself of the allegory; sometimes natural as the parable or lyrical as the ode; the eagle in his daring flight, or the dove in her snowy plumage, according to Menzel. The Catholics themselves were seduced by his oratory and attributed it to the influence of evil angels. (*In ejus oculis nescio quid dæmoniacum relucere solitum.* Prateolus, 272.) Born in the era of the Gracchi, he would have carried with him the senate and the people; in the time of the Crusades he would have wrought the miracles of St. Bernard; in the Constitutional Assembly he would have been greater than Mirabeau. In courage he was superior, perhaps, to all; whether we consider his journey to the Diet of Worms, or his second return to Wittenberg to put down the Anabaptists, where, deprived of his priestly dress, he threw aside his pilgrim's staff to mount on horseback, and assume the cuirass of iron, the great sword, the casque, the spurs, and the boots of the man-at-arms of the sixteenth century,— such as the painter, Lucas Kranach, has represented him making his entry into that city.

The particulars of his domestic life are not less exactly recorded. His friend, Lucas Kranach, has painted him in his preacher's robe with large sleeves, open at the breast and showing a black vest, with a little collar of white linen at the throat. This was his usual garb. The Elector, previously to his assuming it, sent him a piece of Prussian cloth, with a note to this effect, — "To make yourself a preacher's robe, a monk's dress, or a Spanish cloak;" for Luther was, for a time, undecided which to adopt. His lodgings in his convent consisted of three rooms,— a bed room, a room for study, which served him as a room for receiving visitors, and a dining room. In these he received the envoy of the King Ferdinand, who came to Wittenberg to ascertain the truth of the report that Luther had a numerous guard of armed men with him. He found him alone amidst his books, and did not even perceive the legion of demons which the Anabaptists placed at his service, nor the devil himself, at whose head Luther had thrown his inkstand, although he might have perceived upon the walls of the room the evidence of the Reformer's vision. The walls of his bedchamber were written over with sentences in charcoal, extracted from the Scriptures; as, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum*, which he had even embroidered on the sleeves of his domestics' dresses; or lines from the profane poets, Homer especially, as, "He who watches over the destinies of a people or a country ought no longer to sleep all night." His closet for work, plastered with stucco of milky whiteness, was ornamented with portraits in oil of his dearly beloved disciple Melancthon, and of the Elector Frederick, by the hand of Lucas Kranach, and with some caricatures against the Pope, the subjects of which he had himself furnished in the course of his table talk to some wandering artist, who had afterwards carried them to Nuremberg, the great manufactory whence issued vast numbers of engravings on wood. From the frames of these caricatures hung pasteboard slips with ascetic sentences in German. Lastly, the eye was filled with a clumsy shelving of wood, on which stood or lay a few volumes, forming what he called his library. The Bible, like the divine word in his mind, occupied the place of honour, — the Bible, in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; the Psalms by Melancthon; the New Testament by Erasmus; and, side by side with these, the writings of Eck; the theses on the Indulgences; the bulls of Leo X.; the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*; various works of John Huss, Virgil, Columella, and some ascetical books printed at Mayence, of which presents had been made

him. Coloured glass, soldered together with lead, let in the light of all shades on his table, which has been carefully preserved, and resembles a sort of desk, in the middle of which is a crucifix of ivory, which is its best ornament. This crucifix, the work of some Nuremberg artist, has an admirable expression. His dog usually lay at his feet whilst writing or composing, and of which he used to say, when laughing at the theologians who boasted of having seen many books, "My dog has also seen many books, more, perhaps, than Faber, who is all fathers, fathers, fathers, — councils, councils, councils." Near the door of his house was a turning machine, which he had got from Nuremberg, in order to gain his livelihood by his hands if ever the word of God failed to support him. We must not also forget that in place of those pipes which one sees now-a-days in the room of every German student, there hung a flute and a guitar on the wall of his room, on both of which instruments he played. Luther was devotedly fond of music, the language of angels in Heaven and of the ancient prophets on earth. Next to theology, it held the second place in his estimation. "Who loves not music," said he, "cannot be loved by Luther." He was charitable to excess; and often borrowed from his parishioners when he had nothing of his own to give; and at times was unable to meet his obligations when they fell due; on which occasions his practice used to be to give in pledge some of the silver goblets, the gift of the elector, which stood on his mantelpiece.

Another portrait yet remains to be drawn, — that of the morning star of the Reformation; borrowing all his light, it is true, from the Saxon sun, and who, without Luther, would have been extinguished in the deepest night, but from the conquest of whose soul, so meek and amiable, which no man could reproach with having abjured his faith for carnal interests or for pride, the Protestant cause gained more than from the action of a thousand other men who had received from heaven the faculties which move the moral world, — we speak of Philip Melancthon. Summoned to Wittenberg as a professor of Greek at the age of twenty-two, at the recommendation of two of the greatest scholars of the age, Reuchlin and Capnion, he astonished the inhabitants, who had heard of his great fame, with his appearance. "Fancy," says one of his contemporaries, "a slender youth, who kept his eyes fixed on the ground, with a beardless chin, a pale complexion, and a voice so weak as to be scarcely heard, — fancy this youth, so thin and shy, buried within the ample robe of a professor, with its enormous hanging sleeves; a scholar who, at the side of Luther, appeared to be scarcely fifteen years of age, and who, in walking, scarcely reached to the shoulder of the doctor; but a real giant in learning and linguistical science, — a poor little body, which enclosed unspeakable treasures of wisdom and erudition."

At Wittenberg he pronounced his opening discourse, — he was fluent and eloquent. Luther, who listened, interrupted him frequently with murmurs of approbation. Melancthon announced himself a reformer, — he desired to reform the scholastic learning, the form of teaching, and the traditions of the past. From that day a secret sympathy attracted towards each other these two souls, so well suited to understand each other, — a friendship which was to end only with the tomb. At the conclusion of his infancy, his imagination all fresh and odorous with Greek and Latin, this youth, so tender and dreaming, inclined by nature towards mysticism, was easily gained. The language of the schools could not please him; that of Christ, so allegorical, effusive, and impressed with melancholy, was much more fitted to charm him, and Luther happily availed himself of it at once. If we picture to ourselves a handsome youth of twenty-two years of age, with the

flowing locks of a seraph, a bashful air, and an unalterable sweetness of temper, enhancing a lively piety by acquirements of knowledge and science difficult to be found, even in that era, among the oldest scholars, we must own that Luther had reason to congratulate himself upon counting him among his disciples. No one was better adapted than Melancthon to extend the reign of the new Gospel. Catholics and Protestants both agreed in saying that on seeing him they were almost conquered to the cause of the Reformation.

The vast hall of the university was soon insufficient to hold all the audience who pressed to hear the master, — counts, barons, marquises, princes, and other dignitaries. Melancthon explained, one after another, the comedies of Aristophanes, the orations of Demosthenes, Hesiod, Homer, Theocritus, Thucydides, and Apollonius. He was proud of his title of professor. "The life of a professor," said he to Sturm, "is not as brilliant as that of a courtier, but how much more useful is it, — how much more worthily does it serve humanity! Oh, holy profession! which teaches how to know the nature of God, the duties of man, and the wonders of intellect!" After their first interview, which lasted some hours, Melancthon, seduced and fascinated, belonged to Luther for the rest of his days, body and soul. The progress of Melancthon in the path of Luther was so rapid that Luther could soon flatter himself that even death would not interrupt the work he had commenced. "Though I die," said he, "yet my work will not perish; for my dear Philip will resume it, and with God's help, will know how to terminate it gloriously." "I was born," says he, in another of his letters, "to struggle with the devil; thus my writings are full of wrath and tempest. My lot is to make rocks and blocks roll away, to rase the briars and the thorns, to fill the quagmires, and to cut out the paths; but Philip has another nature; he marches in meek silence, he builds, he plants, he waters, he sows in peace and joy of heart." (*Reformation's Almanach.*) How well their own words describe them! It is best to let these men speak themselves. Let us now listen to the dearly-beloved disciple touching his master.

In 1540 Melancthon departed for Hagenau. He fell sick at Weimar. Before leaving Wittenberg he had consulted the stars: the stars had remained silent; but he had had a dream, and dreamt that he was to die on the road. He thereupon made his will: Luther was not forgotten in it. "I thank the worthy Doctor Martin Luther," says he, "for having taught me the evangelical doctrine. I thank him above all for all the proofs of love with which he has not ceased to overwhelm me to this day. I desire that all mine may honour him as a father, for no one knows better than I with what heroical courage, what strength of soul, with what wonderful virtues, God has endowed him. May they all love, honour, and believe in him with all their heart, as I have always done." This is a characteristic passage in the will of Melancthon; there is also one in the will of Luther. "Lastly, I request," says that document, "that if I have not employed in this testament the forms of law, that the world may acknowledge here the hand of a man sufficiently known in heaven, in earth, and in hell, and to whom more faith and credence is due than to any notary. If God has deigned to trust in me, poor creature that I am, soiled with the dregs of my sins, — if he has vouchsafed to me to announce the Gospel of his dear Son, — if he has blessed me in my fidelity, — if, thanks to me, many souls have embraced this Gospel, and have esteemed me their apostle in spite of the excommunications of popes, emperors, kings, princes, and monks, and the wrath of the devil, they may well believe in my testimony in these dis-

positions of so little importance; above all, when my signature is known. I hope that it will be enough that one can say, this is the hand of Luther, the notary of God, and the witness of his Gospel."

The passage in which he speaks of his renown with such pardonable pride recalls to mind the words of Napoleon in his last will, when bequeathing to his son his personal effects. "*Comme lui traçant les souvenirs d'un père dont l'univers l'entrêtiendra.*"

To the eternal disgrace of the Protestant princes of Germany, his wife, whom he had anxiously recommended to their care in memory of himself, was permitted by them, despite the unceasing appeals of the faithful and affectionate Melancthon, to lack the necessaries of life a few years after her husband's death. Flying from Wittenberg to avoid the plague, she was thrown with her children into a marsh, from the cold and effects of which she died, and was buried at Torgau, with a public appeal to the charity of its inhabitants affixed by its pastor to the door of its cathedral. She had been forced, previously to her death, to part with her marriage-ring for bread.

Two effects were produced upon society by Luther and the Reformation, the one material and the other spiritual. If there be a law of Continuity and Progress in the spiritual as well as in the visible world, according to Leibnitz and Pascal, it must result that Protestantism was but the necessary manifestation of anterior causes. What was the task allotted by Providence to the Reformers; what judgment are we to pronounce upon their existence; why have they been; why have they ceased to be; and what is the philosophical idea which we ought to form after having studied their history?

In reality, the questions which agitated the religious world in the sixteenth century were, under different names, those which have occupied the human mind since the beginning of the world. The search after Happiness, or the Sovereign Good, the problem first stated by Socrates and the Greeks, is not less existing at the basis of all those disputes about free will, grace, election, and predestination, which divided the Christian community, and which so many empty minds regard as vain and frivolous, than it is at the present day in liberty, equality, and the rights of the people. It has been so in all ages; and, in proportion as the solution to it was more or less shallow or defective in creating within us a living force which should be to man a rule and guide of conduct, and render him superior to the action of the surrounding world upon him, the human race has improved. Cicero has truly said, that they who are not agreed on the sovereign good are at variance on all the fundamental points of philosophy. "*Qui de summo bono dissentit, de tota philosophiæ ratione disputat.*" (*De Fin. Boni et Mali*, c. 5.) Those, therefore, who reproach dissentients from Catholicism with endeavouring to find in the words of Jesus nothing but the philosophy of the Greeks and Romans, do wrong. It is one of the glories of Christianity that it is founded on the eternal and unchanging instincts of the mind. For what was the great duel between the Church and the Reformers, according to Catholics, but the duel between Faith and Reason; or, translated into the language of antiquity, between Idealism and Materialism? The human mind, like Luther's drunken peasant on horseback, is no sooner set right on one side than it falls on the other: and, in different eras of the world and of society, it seems as if idealism and materialism succeeded each other alternately. In the days of Luther, the ideal or contemplative life had taken possession of human society, by virtue of exaggerated asceticism; and the life purely devout was universally regarded as the type of human perfection. The reaction of a more Epicurean philosophy brought with it juster notions of our

nature and position in the world. The reign of grace was the doctrine maintained by the Catholics; or, in other words, the free will of man, and the efficacy of his good deeds in this world in respect to his salvation in the next. Luther, on the contrary, boldly denied the free will of man, making him wholly dependent on God. Singular to say, this doctrine which, at first sight, would seem to degrade man into the tool of fatalism, had the very opposite effect, and was found, by making man solely dependent upon the will of God, wonderfully to favour the development of liberty, and to enfranchise him from all power, spiritual or temporal, in this world. By virtue of this doctrine, the man who was a worm in the eyes of his Creator was the equal of the pope or the emperor, from whose power he was the more emancipated the more he was dependent upon a King not of this world. Plato, the greatest master of philosophy in antiquity, had created a phasis in the spiritual world which the great fathers and doctors of Catholicism, the Anthonies, the Bernards, the Cyprians, the Jeromes, the Augustins, the Benedicts, the Tertullians, and the Chrysostoms, had revived in the middle ages, with omissions which, as we shall hereafter see, greatly modified the essentials of his creed.

To the question — What is our condition in this life, and how ought we to conduct ourselves with respect to the good and the bad which we meet in it? —

Plato answers, — Endeavour to resemble God as much as lies in your power,— ὅμοιος Θεῷ κατὰ τὸ δυνατόν.

We may look upon this maxim in two lights — either like the mariner, who follows his path by the stars, and contemplates the heavens, to direct himself; or, like the astronomer, who looks only to the heavens, and never dreams of the earth. We may seek the beautiful in the world; through the world, and by means of the world, extract it from the world and render it back to the world. We may also consider its object alone, which is God, or the Infinite Beauty, and believe that we may place ourselves immediately in connection with it, independently of the world, and pray for it so passionately that every thing may disappear before that ecstatic flight.

Plato had said, "Endeavour to resemble God *as far as that is in your power*." The churchmen cut off this restrictive condition, which preserved nature and life. They desired, like the Stoics, a salvation, prompt, rapid, and instantaneous; they said to the world, like Seneca's sage, *Non placet; liceat eo reverti unde venio* — "It pleases me not — let me return whence I came."

Catholic Christianity and Platonism, in this point, differed profoundly from each other. They differed also on another point; which deviation is a consequence of the first. Plato had said, — "We have two means of ascending to God, reason and love." The Catholics, separating themselves from the world, were obliged to neglect free will, and recognised only grace. It is the doctrine of St. Paul and of St. Augustin; and whatever effort may be made to preserve free will, it is the true doctrine of Christianity.

Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Epicurus, and the two great doctors of Christianity, St. Paul and St. Augustin, are then, in brief, the successive terms of the development of the question. Socrates commences in our western world philosophical antiquity, which St. Augustin terminates by opening the religion of the Middle Ages. This sublime dialogue has lasted ten centuries, and nevertheless we may thus sum it up in a few words: —

Socrates. "Let the sophists cease, — let the wise cease to glorify themselves, and to pile together foolish hypotheses to explain the world, — let artists learn that Art, without a scope, is childishness, if not poison. The only knowledge worthy of man, which will give to science

and art a true destination, is the knowledge of the Good and the Best, and that knowledge can only be got by the study of ourselves, — Γνῶθι σεαυτόν."

Plato. "From the study of ourselves it results that man is a force originally free, but, at present, united to matter which appears to be co-eternal with God. We strive to return to our source by the natural effect of life, which is an aspiration, a love continual and without end: but we can only truly return thither by attaching ourselves to the rays of divine beauty perceptible by us. It is, then, towards God that science, and art, and all human life ought to tend. O Greeks, you are children! I have travelled among those who have given you all that you know, and this is what your masters have taught me."

Zeno. "If, as Plato says, man be originally a free force, why should he not emancipate himself at once, and reassume his true nature, by separating himself rationally from the world?"

Epicurus. "You are dreamers — I am the first of sages. Do you not see that you are under the yoke of Nature, who has created you in one of her infinite combinations? Then, all wisdom consists in obeying Nature in her inevitable prescriptions, and in placing yourself beyond the reach of her blows, as one would do with a fierce animal if he wished to make use of it."

Saint Paul. "I feel myself both free and a slave at the same time. I am carnal — sold unto sin. I do not the good that I love, but the evil that I hate. Wretch that I am! — Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? It will be the grace of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Pelagius. "At least let us remain free in something; and if we ought to strive solely towards God, at least let it be by virtue of a force which is within us, by virtue of our liberty and our own proper merit."

Saint Augustin. "No! Sin has invaded all things, and left us nothing. The love which saves us is not from ourselves: of ourselves we have no trace — no vestige of it. It is given to us by God, when he pleases, and how he pleases; — we are free in nothing. O, my God! thou commandest that I should love thee. Give me what thou commandest, and command me what thou willest." (*Confessions.*)

Luther. "The Christian baptized cannot lose the kingdom of heaven, with whatsoever sins he may be stained, provided he believes; for faith takes away the sins of the world. Free will! a chimera — nonsense! It is necessity that drives and rules us. Man can only work iniquity: I have proved it. The Pope is heretical, schismatic, and idolatrous. Avaunt, Satan!" (*Opera, passim.*)

The echo of this controversy, continued from age to age, gave birth to the religion of the middle ages, and then to reform. Contempt of this world, — a life devout, dedicated to a vain aspiration after an ideal type of perfection founded upon an incomplete notion of man's nature, as if he had been a being solely made for veneration, had so far gained the ascendency, that the superiority of the church, and of the men of purely contemplative life, had deeply fixed it roots in the minds of the people, who bore on their shoulders all that heavy pantheon of saints on earth and in heaven. To such a degree had contempt of the world influenced the Catholic mind, that it was universally believed the end of the world was at hand; and society lived in this world as if it had been a purgatory or passage to another, inalterable, incorruptible, and definitive. That world, however, has not yet come; and, after centuries of waiting, it has followed that we no longer believe either in Paradise or in Eden, in the old sense; for the action of the external world on man causing the succession of his thoughts, a state wherein the things around him were always the same, would be one of immobility to the world, and of moral death to man, leaving no room for his choice or his virtues, his vices or his personality. "Man," says Pascal, "is neither a beast nor an angel." Luther comprehended this truth well; but unable to deny expressly that the end of man's duty was to imitate an ideal type of perfection which the books of so many saints and fathers had for ages inculcated, he sought indirectly to bring back man to nature and the world, by boldly attacking the doctrine of grace, and by making man dependent for every faculty upon God, to destroy the merit of his special gifts and virtues, by reason of which the devout class were thought to have an inherent superiority, and a right to lord it, over the laical or common

class. The Church of Rome, also, while asserting the doctrine of grace and the free will of man; by referring his equality solely to heaven, but retaining his inequality on earth, was more favourable to despotism than the Protestant doctrine, which at first sight would seem to inculcate a fatality pregnant with it, and drove the world to dispense with the church's symbols and power upon earth.

It was inevitable that Catholic idealism had to suffer a modification of materialism—that faith had to yield a few steps to reason. Luther arose to overturn all that lofty hierarchy in earth and in heaven. The vindication of man's individual conscience, as the supreme judge of truth for himself, enlightened by a direct ray from heaven itself, dethroned the pope on earth; the denial of man's free will swept away the merit of the saints and other militia of the skies. To them Luther said, as Figaro says in summing up the merits of the man of privilege in the play, "he has taken the trouble to be born." As for their devout practices, their penances, their celibacy, their mortifications, their spiritual perfections, his sole answer was, "the merit of these gifts is due to God alone."

The poets and metaphysicians of modern days have not, as Dante and the Christians did with the Pagans of antiquity, placed their deluded progenitors in the pains of purgatory, but only in the agonies of hope deceived. The German poet, Jean Paul Richter, has written a sort of vision or allegory, like Shelley's "Triumph of Life," which we may appropriately term a triumph of death, wherein he fancies the dead to have awoke, and cried in vain for the realisation of that Paradise and New Jerusalem upon which they had built their hopes. More properly it may be regarded as a vivid expression of the soul's abhorrence of the idea of annihilation. We have formerly amused ourselves with versifying in terza rima a work which, from its Dantesque view, is admirably adapted to a poetical form. Bayle has somewhere said, that atheism itself should not place us beyond the dread of eternal suffering. This dream seems a commentary upon his words.*

* Methought I slept within a churchyard old,
Beneath a baleful yew one eventide,

Where to the silence of his region cold
Death had long gathered man's ephemeral race;
And on my sleep a frightful dream was rolled.

As I lay dreaming in that charnel place
The steeple clock, with downward rolling wheel,
And iron tongue, Time's slow and heavy pace

Tolled forth, and I awoke at that dread peal,
Then vainly looked aloft in the night heaven
For sunlight: — but eclipse did quite conceal

Its glory with the moon: all graves were riven,
And charnel doors were swung by hands unseen,
And o'er the walls were flitting shadows driven,

Though no corporeal forms did intervene.
And others upwards stretch'd in the pale air,
And none lay sleeping now but babes serene.

The cope of heaven in folds immense did weat
A grey and sultry mist — a giant shade
Was drawing down like vapour closer there.

Above I heard a distant fall, as made
By some great avalanche; whilst in earth's womb
A boundless earthquake's steps did retrograde

Afar, and then anon would near entomb
The wavering pile, which up and down would rock,
From Dissonances, which did fight for room

We have seen works in which Christian poets have lamented the destruction of that Pagan mythology which had invested the earth with so many

---

In anarchy's interminable shock,
And vainly sought to mix in unison.
At times a glimmer hover'd near that clock,

And under it the molten lead did run.
The net of mist and tottering earth then led
My steps towards a hideous skeleton,

Which near the temple-door as I did tread,
Methought I passed, with glittering basilisks,
Brooding within a poison-bush their bed.

Through unknown circles next, upon whose discs,
Gone worlds were graven, passed I; and each shade
Stood round the altar trembling at their risks.

Not heart, but breast did beat, so much dismayed
All seemed.— One dead man only, who had been
Just buried there, in quiet still was laid;

And on his smiling countenance was seen
A happy dream: but when the living came
He smiled no longer, but did change his mien,

And lifted up his eyelids, but no flame
Within their sockets burned; and high his hands
He folded, as to pray had been his aim.

But lo! each arm first lengthens and expands
Into the night, and then dissolves away;
And next the folded fingers thin, like sands

ithin an ebbing hour-glass, dim and grey,
all down; and there, on the church dome on high
Eternity's great dial did display

No number; — as its index drearily
A finger black as night did point thereon,
And the dead sought to see the time thereby.

A noble Form sank from aloft anon,
With looks of speechless sorrow; and all cried,
"Is there no Paradise?" He answered, "None!"

The shadows of the dead, then shuddering, sighed;
Each shuddered, but not with the breast alone;
And one by one, to pieces smitten, died.

Then, said that messenger, "Through worlds has flown
My towering wing, and each bright galaxy
Through sun, and star, and heaven's empyreal zone,

But there is none; and through the boundless sea,
Far as its shadow Being casts, I sank,
And downward gazed in the immensity.

Father! I cried, where art thou? still the Blank
Was dumb. But everlasting Desolation
Howled in its guideless track, and Ether drank

Tears trickling from the Rainbow of Creation,
Without a parent Sun, that gleaming hung
Above the Abyss — the dark Gulph of Negation

When for the Eye Divine I upwards flung
These orbs of light, the immeasurable world
Glared black, nor spoke its inorganic tongue;

And Chaos in Eternity was hurled,
Eating and ruminating it. Cry out,
Ye Shadows, soon into oblivion whirled.

of the bright hues of fancy and peopled it with so many forms of grandeur and beauty. The theological poet of our era has placed in the mouths of

---

Cry on, ye Dissonances, — He is not!"
The ghastly shadows flitted like the white
Vapour by frost, in the frore air begot.

And all was void. Then came, O fearful sight!
The children dead, who in the churchyard lay,
Into the temple, through the dismal night,

And cast themselves in piteous array
Before the high Form and sweet Glory, — cried,
"No father have we then to be our stay!"

And he with streaming eyes to one replied,
"We all are orphans, — I and thou, alas!"
Then shrieked the Dissonances far and wide,

Louder and louder — and the shuddering mass
Of ghosts departed — temple children fell —
The sun, too, sank into the earth — nor was

The universe a moment more to dwell,
But passed with its immensity before
The noble Form at that tremendous yell.

Then tried he from the summit to explore
The universe, with thousand suns inlaid,
And sparkling as a mine, which Indians bore

In far Golconda's diamond-chequered shade.
And, as he saw the grinding press of poles,
The torch-dance which celestial wildfires made,

How world on world shook off its glimmering souls,
As water bubbles on the Sea of Death,
Cast swimming lights upon its rocky shoals,

He looked towards the void with sighing breath,
And cried, "Necessity, cold frantic Chance!
O say what sight is this lies here beneath?

When will ye crush, in your eternal dance,
This universe and me; and each bright star,
One after one, extinguish in the expanse,

When, charioteered by hurricanes, your car,
That sparkling dew of heavenly lights rides o'er
In its fell course of ages secular?

How must each breast its solitude deplore
In this wide grave of all. I am alone!
O Father, Father, have I then no more

Thy bosom infinite to rest upon?
Ah! if each soul doth its own life create,
Why can it not moreover be its own

Destroyer too? Lives there beside me yet
A man? Unhappy one, your little life
Is but the sigh that Chance doth animate.

A mirror casts its rays upon the strife
Of atoms, and the cloudy phantoms rise.
Look down on yon abyss, where clouds are rife

With motion, and the ashy mists suffice
To reek up worlds from yonder death-like sea;
The Future now is mounting to your eyes;

The Present like a falling mist you see.
Sweet earth! that once was thine, knowest thou? Look down."
Here filled his eye with tears. "Alas!" cried he,

the dead his lament for the departure of those visions which the discoveries of Galileo had for ever dissipated. We would prefer to sing with our own Wordsworth —

——— Paradise and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields, like those of old,
Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be
A memory only of departed things,
Or a mere image of what never was?
For the discerning Intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe,
In love and holy passion shall find these
A simple product of the common day.

And now adieu to the theology of the Middle Ages! adieu to its monastic visions, to its raptures of pious love, and its excesses of ascetic devotion! Adieu to its mystics, who believed that the Divinity welcomed to his bosom alone the ignorant and poor of spirit, — to its friars, who fixed their faith in a blind master, the friend of idleness and degradation, — and to its doctors, who interpreting rather sentimentally than metaphysically, "Blessed are the simple in mind!" elevated nullity and idiotism above the high faculties of Intelligence. Adieu to its spiritual life and its code of holiness altogether incompatible with the necessities of the real world; and adieu, finally, to its temporal or mundane life, delivered over both in the past and future to the fatal empire of fact, to the dominion of Satan,—to a world proclaimed by Superstition beyond the pale of justice, stricken with irremediable sin!—a fallen society sustained by the supernatural intervention of Providence which by its hand organised and dispensed all ranks and enjoyments! With Luther commenced a return to Nature and Life. The Deity we adore is that of Pythagoras

---

"Once was I there, and felt the thorny crown;
Yet had I still my Father infinite,
Within whose breast my sorrows I could drown,

And in death's bitterness could yet delight.
Ah! happy mortals! still in him ye trust;
E'en now perhaps your sun is sinking bright.

And midst bright tears and blossoms kneel the just;
And, with joy-streaming eyes, the Omnipotent
Invoke, and know not they, alas! are dust.

Ah, when the sorrow-laden in content
Rests from his galling load, and hopes for morn,
A fairer morn of virtue, his lament

Will rise once, to see no light adorn
The everlasting chaos, nor a hand
To heal his woe, but midnight still forlorn.

Mortal beside me, if thou livest, stand
Aloft and pray, or He is lost for ever."
And as I rose, I saw the serpent-band

Of giant-like Eternity dissever,
And round about the All of worlds aye toil,
Therewith innumerable wings to weave her,

Sweeping the crashing worlds in the turmoil,
Within the walls of that low burying-ground:
And all grew fearful from the dread recoil,

Void, dark, and dismal: then the thundering sound
Of Time's last hour was, by the shivering stroke
Of an immeasurable hammer wound,
The universe to shatter. — I awoke!

and Plato as well as of Jesus: for there is no justice without knowledge. The reprobation of nature, and the complete substitution of a different life, which they called virtue, was the basis of the system of the church. Luther's theology did not in any manner lead to that overthrow of the world into which the Stoics in antiquity and the churchmen in the Middle Ages precipitated themselves. His doctrine was always in his eyes a sort of introduction to practical life. Admitting that the Christian perfection was the type towards which all our efforts ought incessantly to aspire, he was yet sensible that, with the weakness of human nature, to desire to attain to it immediately was little better than folly and suicide. For these reasons Luther appears to us the greatest master of sociality who has appeared in modern times. The Reformation was also indirectly the cause of all that multitude of improvements which the human mind has discovered in the properties of matter,— in a word, the parent of physical philosophy; for it is evident, that if the life which we have in common with the animals had not found a reasonable and religious justification by means of Luther's doctrines, the human mind would have plunged farther and farther into that purely contemplative path in which Catholicism marched with such ardour, and which even now-a-days rears its head anew in the numbers of converts and spiritual bodies new to British society. If *utility* had not been shown to be *moral* by Luther, it would not have existed. Luther was the man who sanctified our devotion to the laws of nature. He said to proud Idealism, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" Catholicism, by means of contempt of this world, had liberated woman, enfranchised the slave, and equalised the Gentile all over the earth; Protestantism, by its sentiments of sociality, has made nations of thirty millions of inhabitants live in a sort of equality, whilst the nations of antiquity and the Middle Ages knew only the *regime* of castes: and when its doctrines shall have received their full application on earth as well as in heaven, privilege and hierarchy will be known no more; nor that series of inequalities, or decreasing chain of rights, of which the first term is the supreme authority of one or of some, and the last the more or less profound slavery of the rest.

The antipathy which the generality of readers feel for theology, that queen of sciences as say the schoolmen, is truly surprising. It is evident that they dislike it and mock at it, or only look upon it as an idle tale to dream about. Of what then does this theology treat? Precisely of that which is the constant object of one and all of us, viz. the grand question of destiny. Its end is to know something of man's future destinies,—of his reasons of action in this world,—of God, of duty, of the future,—and of the laws of that invisible world in the bosom of which we "live, move, and have our being." Most men catechise themselves upon these points sooner or later. Theology has for its matter the object of all study, which, in the elegant language of Sir James Mackintosh, is "to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness, the highest beauty, and of that Supreme and Eternal Mind which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love or delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims for their own sake only, the mind of man is raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them." (Discourse on Ethical Philosophy, *Encyclo. Britan.*) Where is the man who has traversed life and never debated these things with God, with himself, or with other men? Who is he who has never reached forth his head on the brink of that abyss to listen to the vague sounds that issue from it — to view the confused lights that play through its depths?

The loftiest and the meanest of intellects, alike instinctively feeling the

existence of a law governing their spiritual existence, can never be at rest until they learn what it is; for they feel that so long as they are ignorant of it, they wage a senseless war against nature. No being can violate with impunity the law of its own being without being brought back to it by suffering. But this law of our being, though apparent to the sage, is not so to the mass of mankind, who apply to authority for relief, from the same principle of human nature that they go for the cure of an inscrutable disease to a quack. Fontenelle has truly said of almost all men,—"Incapable of discernment and choice; urged by a blind impetuosity; attracted by objects which they only see through a thousand clouds; led on one by another without knowing whither they go, they compose a confused and tumultuous crowd, which seems to have no other design than that of agitating incessantly. If, amidst all this disorder, some favourable accidents render a few of them happy for some moments, good and well: but it is very certain that they can neither prevent nor moderate the shock of all that can render them miserable—they are absolutely at the mercy of chance."

If this be a true description of mankind's worldly condition in their march towards a future state, it is no wonder they hate theology, or whatever gives a serious or philosophical account of it; they must necessarily be led to take upon the credit of the church their rule of life and happiness. The prayers that are murmured from the depths of churches, the poets that sing the popular superstitions, relate at botton the problems that torment philosophy. What faith is so complete, what scepticism so absolute, that have not their moments of doubt and solicitude?

So far it is so much the worse for the men who merely, because theology has termed herself a science, view it with hatred or disgust. Truth is bought at the price of labour, and philosophy renders back tenfold to weak and mocking spirits all the contempt they profess for her. It is not on account of the metaphysical jargon of the sixteenth century, and the lore of the schools, which popes and emperors, fathers, doctors, jurists, and councils, paraded in their disputes on orthodoxy and heresy, election and grace, free will and predestination, the efficacy or inefficacy of good works, &c., that the historian who would desire to form a just estimate of the part played in the providentail scheme by the Reformers would shut his eye to the real questions agitating at the basis of these disputes. Theologians, like all men who devote themselves to one special pursuit, not only lose sight of every thing else, but end by even forgetting the true end of their own reflections and researches. "In fact," says a contemporary, "whether we consider man in himself, and under the relation of his moral liberty and destiny as an individual, or whether we consider mankind under their social and political relations, we are struck with an incontestible and primordial fact, to wit, the inequality of the gifts which they have received from God. What a difference between a Newton and a peasant, between a Napoleon and the meanest of his drummers! For a long time, mankind, from this inequality, have only been led to infer inequality itself." Woe to the weak, woe to inferior natures, woe to the vanquished of all kinds! Such was the law of the world during a period almost incalculable. The world of humanity savoured almost entirely of the world physical and brutal, from which it toilfully emerged, and which had served it as swaddling-clothes. Antiquity itself parades with a sort of pride this law of inequality, which appeared to it the law divine *par excellence:* and ancient legislations are merely the religious confirmation of an invariable distribution made by the Deity among the various species of mankind.

It is three thousand years since Buddhism arose to overturn the castes of India, and three hundred since the Reformation began to propagate a similar

revolution in our West. "All men are predestined," said Luther; in other words, all men are equal, in spite of the inequality of the gifts which they have received from God. The reign of grace was the dogma maintained by the Catholics, — a future world where the weak shall be freed from the bondage of the strong, and from the chains of the physical world. But as this future world could not but appear for fifteen hundred years a mysterious prophecy, the realisation of which could only be hoped for in the end of time, as it was then said, it happened that a great portion of the world abandoned active life for the contemplative, and, struck with the prophecy, lived upon the earth without regarding the earth, and in a continual expectation of the future life. Thus a separation was made between the real world and the world purely spiritual; and hence two different lives — the vulgar or laical life, and the devotee life. So deeply had this opinion fixed its roots in the human mind, that religion consisted essentially in believing the real world as absolutely nothing, and in sacrificing it to the mystical world of prophecy. Hence the despotism of the church. Luther appeared and elevated the world of reality to a level with the world of grace and intellect. He taught that man had a body as well as a soul — and that his abode was earth as much as his destiny was heaven. By denying the virtuality of mental gifts as a ground of merit or superiority in the eyes of God, Luther denied, by implication, the legitimacy of an earthly superiority of one man over another in consequence of those natural inequalities. Superior knowledge and superior faculties bestow no right to subjugate inferior natures, according to him. The strict application of his doctrines would lead to a new organisation of society, in which the relative rights of the individual and of the association would be otherwise defined than they are at present; inferences which it is not our place to discuss here, but the instinct of which, in one instance at least, is clearly seen at work in the agitation against the new poor laws.

A time will come when, from the height of another philosophy, Catholicism and Protestantism will have to be judged.

Jesus, in that prayer which so many generations during so many ages have repeated after him, said — "Lord, Eternal Father of things, grant that the harmony which reigns in heaven may reign also upon earth!" Now what is the harmony that reigns in the heavens? The stars lean upon each other, and from their mutual action results the celestial harmony. We have had until now war upon the earth; we have had, not the equilibrium resulting from a mutual action — a mutual influence similar to that of the stars, but war. Men have been at war with men, families with families, nations with nations; and, in the same manner, minds have been at war with minds, schools with schools: and, amidst all these wars, an incessant war, the result of all others, the war of what is called Protestantism against what is called Papacy.

But can we never then change this war into peace by the conquest of the truth that spirits are necessary to each other, that they rest like the stars one upon another, and that thence ought to result harmony and not war?

Now if spirits are necessary to each other, they have always been so. And if in the past the liberty and fraternity of spirits did not exist — if they were neither recognised in right nor established in fact; — if they do not even exist at the present day — if the human race be still divided into tyrants and slaves, it must infallibly be that there is war.

This gives us at once the reason of the war that has existed and still exists among spirits, and of the harmony that some day ought to replace it.

War existed. Jesus came, who preached the doctrine of fraternity — the

doctrine of communion — the doctrine which unites together in God all men as members of the same body: — *Unum corpus et unus spiritus: unus Deus et pater omnium, qui est super omnes et per omnia et in omnibus nobis.* (Ephes.) This is the doctrine of St. Paul, the great interpreter of Jesus. It is the doctrine of all the fathers of Christianity. It is the doctrine included in those words of the Gospel, "Ye are all brethren," which have no sense except in raising them to the collective idea of humanity, and to the idea of the universal life.

It is time that the republic of minds should be established; that is to say, that the unity of the human mind should be felt across time and space. Ideas of monarchy and individuality have too long reigned. Thought has been represented as a domain which belonged to one man, and which could only belong to one. It is rather like the air which belongs to all; like a river which passes through your field because it has passed before through a multitude of others. The one principle has introduced or suffered the absurd distinction between Cæsar and the Church, and has ended finally in the Papacy and Monarchy; the other goes to establish the religious Democracy of the future.

Tantæ molis erat HUMANAM *condere gentem.*

THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

TRANSLATED FROM FAUST. — BY JOHN EDMUND READE.

SCENE — *Hartz Forest.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dost thou not wish a broomstick to bestride?
Far from our mark are we! scarce come half way:
I wish I had the stoutest ram to ride!

FAUSTUS.

While I feel strong upon my legs, the stay
Of this good thorn suffices my support.
For what avails it making the road short! —
To creep along the labyrinth of the vales,
And climb, at last, where pathway fails,
The rocky precipices' walls,
From which the ever-plunging fountain falls,
Makes the true spice which seasons paths like these.
Spring waves among the budding trees;
The very pines already feel its breath,—
Should it not also warm us into youth?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I perceive nought of it in very truth!
My body is all wintry, and beneath
I would have frost and snow for ever strewn.
But see, how mournfully doth rise
Through mists th' imperfect disk that magnifies,
The blank red orb of yon belated moon!

And glows so dimly, that each step we take
We run against a rock or prickly brake!
I 'll call a Jack o' Lantern here — presuming
Your leave! I see one merrily there fuming! —
What, ho! — may we request you here, my friend!
Why dost thou blaze away there for no end?
Be kind, and light us upward!

JACK O' LANTERN.

From the due
And perfect reverence I feel for you,
I trust I shall restrain my volatile nature;
'T is our propensity, our common feature,
To go a crooked course!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come — guide us then!
He thinks in this to ape the ways of men.
Straighter move forward in the Devil's name!
Or I will blow out thy false flickering flame.

JACK O' LANTERN.

You are of quality from the house I see,
And I will introduce you willingly.
But pray reflect! The mountain is to-day
Witch-mad — and spells and sorceries all entice:
So when a Jack o' Lantern guides the way,
You really must not be so over nice!

FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES (*in alternate Song*).

We have entered, then, it seems,
In the magic realm of dreams;
All is now enchantment here.
Guide us well, thou phantom friend!
That our journey soon may end,
And the desert wastes appear.
But see how rushing come, and fly,
Trees behind trees whirling by!
The living crags and mountains how,
As we shoot them past, they bow
Their giant foreheads! — how they blow,
Snarling, snorting, as we go!
Over stone and turf o'erthrown,
Stream and brooklet rush along.
Say, from whence those sounds unknown?
Is 't the magic choir of song?
Do I hear the graceful lay
By the soul of passion wove, —
Voices of that heavenly day
Which we hope for, which we love,
While, like traditions heard of old,
The echo back to us is faintly roll'd?
Tu whit, tu whoo! hark, how the crew
Of owl, chough, plover, round us flew!

Through the night do they awake?
Is 't a salamander there
I see — long-limb'd, long-paunch'd, and spare —
Coiling in the brake?
See the moving roots! their lithe
Bands, like coiling serpents, writhe,
To the rock and sand-hills clinging —
Their strange, long-stretching feelers flinging,
To entrap us, to affright:
And round the live trunk's swelling veins,
The polypus, myriad-footed, strains
To hold the wanderer's flight.
The thousand-coloured mice beneath,
Trooping, variegate the heath:
While o'er the entangled crowd the glow-worms fly,
Thick swarming, like a glimmering canopy!
But say, whither do we tend?
Where shall be our journey's end?
The world of life seems spinning round us!
Trees, and nodding rocks that bound us,
What gibbering gestures do they make,
As we pass them, and o'ertake!
And the lantern-spirits now
Their multitudes increase, and how
Their phantom flames are magnified!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp stronger here this corner by my side!
Here, from this central point, one sees below
How Mammon lights his mountain up! Look down ——

FAUSTUS.

How marvellously through the grounds doth glow
Hues such as dye Aurora's morning gates:
A melancholy splendour, whose faint crown
To yon profoundest chasms penetrates.
Here clouds the smoke, there rushes forth the steam;
And here a glowing fire of vapour shines, —
Now, to the finest lessening thread refines;
Now, bursts a fountain of volcanic fire!
Blasting all round it — a devouring stream —
Here shoots its thousand arteries o'er the waste;
Now in yon corner, massing and compress'd,
Dividing, ere it doth again expire.
Sparks glittering and flashing o'er us,
Like golden sands, far scatter'd, fall;
See, starring to its height before us,
How gloriously shines the rocky wall!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not Sir Mammon well illuminate
His palace for the festival to-night?
To have beheld it thou art fortunate:
The riotous guests already come in sight.

FAUSTUS.

How the winds howl and rage along the air!
With what fierce blows they strike my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Beware! —
Seize fast this old rock's ribs, lest if thou warrest
'Gainst the first wrath of this their thunder fit,
They hurl thee into yonder bottomless pit!
The mists thicken the night: —
Hark! — what a mighty crashing in the forest!
The scared owls flee forth in affright:
Hear! — how they creak and split the dark-green trees,
The pillars of the forest palaces!
The sighs, the deep-heav'd breathing of the boughs,
The mighty groans that issue from the trunk —
The yawning root that agony avows!
In one wild havoc sunk —
Borne unresisting down to earth, they all
Mix in one vast and intertangled fall;
While, through the ruins of the caverned mountain,
The fierce airs hiss and howl!
Dost thou not hear — how far, how near —
Voices — that drown the fountain,
Or the wolf 's hoarser growl? —
Yes — the mountain's sides along,
Streams the maniac magic song!

Witches' Chorus.

Up to the Brocken the witches are flocking,
The stubble is yellow, the corn is sown:
Above presiding, the witch-crowd guiding,
Great Urien sits on his throne.

Voices above.

Old Mother Baubo cometh alone,
Bestriding a farrowed sow:

Chorus.

Honour to her to whom due is the honour!
Mother Baubo comes first, and mounted too!
A stout swine with the mother upon her;
See how she's followed by all the crew.

Voice.

Which way camest thou?

Voice.

O'er the grey Ilsenstein.
In the owl's nest I peeped as I hurried past;
How glittered her eye in the grey moonshine
As she stared at me aghast!

Voice.

Oh, go to hell then! — what rid'st thou so fast?

Voice.

It is she my limbs who flayed, —
See the gashes she hath made!

Witches in Chorus.

The road is wide, the way is long:
Were ever abroad such a riotous throng?
The fork's prong pricks, the broom-stick scratches, —
The child is choked, and the mother snatches —
Her blows in the din unheard!

Sorcerers' half-chorus.

We creep as the snail creeps on to its shell,
When we troop, as now, to the palace of hell:
The women always before us run,
Taking a thousand steps to our one.

Other half-chorus.

There's less of truth in that than jest:
Since, when to rival ye we do our best,
Man with a single bound can gain
What we a thousand took to attain.

Voices above.

Come on — come on from the Felsensee

Voices from beneath.

How gladly beneath would we join with ye:
For ever we 're washed without a stain,
But ever in vain — ever in vain!

Chorus of both.

The wind is hushed, the faint stars fly:
The moon her face hides willingly.
In revelry round the magic choirs
Flash forth like the sparks of a thousand fires.

Voices below.

Stay! oh stay!

Voices from above.

From the caves below,
From the clefts who calls us as we go?

Voices from beneath.

Take us — take us with ye! — wait:
Thrice a hundred years we've striven
To reach yon top, and gain our heaven,
And cannot — let us with you mate.

Chorus of both.

The broom-stick carries ye to-day, —
The fork, the staff, the he-goat may:
If of yourselves ye rise not, ye
Are lost to all eternity!

Half-Witch, below.

How long I have been tripping after! — are
The rest gone on before us far?
I have no peace at home, and fear
I come in vain to seek it here.

Chorus of Witches.

Anointed, the witches all things dare: —
A rag is a sail that mounts the air!
A trough is a bark that cleaves its way! —
He shall fly no more who flies not to-day.

Chorus of both.

And when we meet old Brocken's crown,
How the witch-crowd then go plunging down!
And covering, far and wide, beneath
Hide with their swarms the living heath!

[*They descend.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What pressing, pushing, rushing, clattering, —
What whizzing, twirling, pulling, chattering, —
What lighting, burning, sparkling, warming, —
A true witch element round us storming!
Where art thou? —

FAUSTUS (*in the distance*).

Here!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What! forced away already?
Place for young Poland here! sweet rabble, place!
Order, here! — I must keep my house more steady.
Here, Doctor, hold! — now spring and clear the space.
Let us escape their riotous revelry,
It is too mad even for the like of me.
Look! how that marvellous thing attracts us near
By its strange lustre, shining there so clear.
Come — come! in with me through the bushes here.

FAUSTUS.

Thou Spirit of Contradiction! well, lead on.
Yet, after all, right sensibly 'twas done:
On the Walpurgis night o'er Brocken's waste
One comes to play the hermit to one's taste.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Only behold what variegated flames!
There are a lively club met of pied dames.
We shall not be alone here, though we strove.

FAUSTUS.

I would far rather be up there above!
Lo, yonder whirlpool of smoke rising! — where
The wild crowd rush impetuously on
To the red fire where sits the Evil One! —
Full many a riddle must be solved there!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many a one more closely rivetted.
Let the great world rejoice, — we will, instead,
Keep house ourselves in quietness. 'T is a known
Established rule, that, 'midst the great world thrown,
One creates smaller worlds within our own.
Young witches naked as when born I see,
And older ones cloaked up more sensibly.
Be friendly! stay here for my sake:
'T is no great task, and ample space within.
Hark! how those instruments their twanging make!
But one gets used to it — this cursed din!
Come — for it cannot now be otherwise:
I forward pass, and lead thee in,
And bind thee yet with closer ties.
What say'st thou, friend? no paltry kingdom this!
Look! thou see'st not the end of the abyss.
They dance, they chat, they cook, they drink, they play:
Where wilt thou find a better than this — say?

FAUSTUS.

Dost thou reveal thyself to gain admission
As sorcerer, or devil turned precision?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, I must often go *incognito:*
But men on gala-days their orders show.
A garter's not sufficient designation:
The horse-hoof here gains honourable station.
Dost see that snake? [He enters from without:
His groping face already makes me out.
I could not here disguise ensure,
Even if I set about with the intent.
Come on — from fire to fire! I represent
The officer recruiting; thou a wooer.
[*Speaking to some who sit over glimmering coals.*]
Old gentlemen! why sit you poking thus?
We praised you when we found you there with us,
With youth and revelry around you thrown, —
It is enough at home to be alone.

A General.

Let those in nations put their faith who choose!
For though one toils one's heart out for their use,
As with the women, so the common herd —
Youth, youth is all in all — alone preferred.

A Parvenu.

'T is true we were not dullards in our places,
And often played the devil with two faces:
But all is changed now — evil and the good;
We could not cling to either if we would.

A Minister.

How every thing on earth seems going wrong!
My praises for the good old times belong:
Truly when we were first — the all in all,
That was the golden age's interval.

An Author.

How universally the crowd devours
All works alike, of high or lesser powers!
And writings for the rising world professed
Never before so impudently pressed!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who, all at once, appears very old*).

The world was waxing old even in *my* prime;
Ay, since I climbed the Brocken the last time:
As flows my barrel muddily away,
So also speeds the world in its decay.

A Rag-vending Witch.

Do not pass by so quickly, gentlemen!
Such bargains you may not meet again.
Only examine carefully my wares,—
All, various sorts, not found at common fairs:
No — for the world has nothing it can show
Like my shop, which you carelessly pass so:
Nothing which has not mortal evil wrought.
No dagger here which dealt not bloody death!
No cup from which into the healthful man
The burning, wasting poison hath not ran!
No gem that hath not woman's virtue bought!
No sword that hath not broken plighted faith,—
That hath not stabbed behind the mortal foe!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good aunt! our times thou dost not rightly know:
The done is past — the past is done! —
Get novelties in hand, or none:
'Tis novelties to tempt us thou must show.

FAUSTUS.

If I forget not my own nature, I
Should say that is a fair I see on high.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Upward the whirlpool of life struggles still!
Thinking to push, thou'rt pushed against thy will.

FAUSTUS.

Who is she there?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Regard her to the life!
For she is Lilith!

FAUSTUS.

Who?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis Adam's wife.
Do thou beware of her beautiful hair,
And that gem so brightly glittering there!
The youth she doth entangle, he
Shall never — never again be free!

FAUSTUS.

Yonder sit two — the old one and the young;
Away to the right they already have sprung!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such as they wish for no peace to-night!
They dance! — come along — let us both invite!

FAUSTUS (*dancing*).

Once I had a beautiful dream!
I saw an apple-tree: two sweet
And beauteous ones shone there with reddening gleam:
They tempted me to climb and eat.

The Beautiful One.

You long still for those apples! — they
Are here — fresh plucked from Paradise.
How overjoyed am I to say
My garden holds as lovely to entice!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*dancing*).

Once I had a dream more mad!

The Old Witch.

My thanks, I beg! — one would not stand aloof
When wooed by the Knight of the Horse's-hoof.

Broctophantomist.

Accursed creatures! — Why yourselves expose?
Have I not proved as clear as a church steeple
A spirit stands not upon common toes,
Yet there ye dance like ordinary people!

The Beautiful One.

What *does* he want at our ball, teazing us?

FAUSTUS.

Oh, he is always thus;
And everywhere the same:
While others dance, he loves to blame;
Judging each step, although the very best.
When we dance forward, then he 's most annoyed;
If you would only circling twirl,
As he in his old mill-dam's whirl,
Then he'd applaud us both with zest,
And if we asked his judgment be o'erjoyed.

Broctophantomist.

What! still there? ho! — consummate impertinence!
Begone — we have explained in full;
The devil's revellers do not need a rule:
How long this error, in despite of sense,
Is still uncleared — a most unheard-of case!

The Beautiful One.

How he does go on teazing! only hear,
As if he could be angry with us here!

Broctophantomist.

I tell it to you, spirits! to your face:

[*They dance on.*]

I see that nothing answers here to-day:
Yet I will still bear with you, and essay
Each step I take, in journeying or revels,
To conquer both the poets and the devils.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Him in a puddle presently you'll find;
That is the mood he takes for consolation:
And when the leeches fix on him behind,
He starts up — cured of spiritualization!

[*To Faust, who has seceded from the dance.*]

Why leavest thou yon fair girl so suddenly,
Who, dancing, sang to thee so lovingly?

FAUSTUS.

Why, in the midst of it, and while she sang,
A red mouse from her mouth out-leaping sprang.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That is all right, my friend; for here
One must not show oneself too particular.
That the mouse was not red — let that suffice:
Who, in a shepherd's fête like this, is nice?

FAUSTUS.

Then saw I———

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What?

FAUSTUS.

Mephisto! see'st thou there,
Standing afar, alone, that child so fair?
How slowly now she glides off from that spot,
And, as her feet were bound, moves languidly!
Strange though it be, she doth appear to me
Like my own Margaret, the unforgot!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let her alone, or ill will come to thee.
'Tis lifeless, and an imaged sorcery!
An idol — to confront it is not wise:
It benumbs mortal blood those stony eyes;
And would stone thee, that petrifying stare! —
Medusa's story thou hast heard — beware!

FAUSTUS.

They are a corpse's eyes, that hollow void —
Eyes that no fond and loving hand hath closed!
That is the lovely form that I enjoyed —
That is the bosom where I once reposed!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All witchcraft, fool! thou still so easily moved! —
To every one she seems like his beloved.

FAUSTUS.

What thrilling joy I feel, what fond regret!
I cannot break from her — our eyes have met.
How strangely does one single red line deck,
Yea, and adorn, her fair and lovely neck! —
Like a knife's edge, the finest, nor more wide!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I see it too: she can herself unhead,
And carry it beneath her arm instead!
Since, the two, Perseus helped her to divide.
What! hast thou still this longing, this desire
For error? — come up to this ground — 'tis higher,
And pleasant as the Pratu* here. I see,
If I am not myself bewitched, nor err,
I should pronounce this were a theatre.
Friend, what is that?

Scene Shifter.

We open instantly;
'Tis a new piece — the seventh: it is our rule
To give that number always in the full.
This one is by a Dilettante made,
And by the Dilettanti also played.
Excuse me, gentlemen! in leaving you:
To raise the drop-scene is my special cue.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

When on the Blocksberg we shall meet — 'tis just
I give that part, so well filled, to your trust.

---

* The grand promenade at Vienna.

POLITICAL STUDIES OF THE FOREIGN STATESMEN OF OUR TIME.

No. I. — M. Thiers.

SECOND PART.

VI.

For new measures new men: to every revolution a general, positive, and organic principle; and believers in that principle, free from all antecedent engagements, sprung from the breath of the Revolution itself, owning no influence save that. Such is the corollary of the preceding spectacle: these are the two necessaries for every lasting revolutionary movement, hitherto perceived but by few of the people, misunderstood by France, and the two which her intelligent and well-meaning patriots have now to teach her. The evil done her by the men of whom M. Cormenin is speaking the people in France already understood, when in 1831 they hooted and *charivaried* M. Thiers at Marseilles, he being then in the south of France preparing for the elections; whilst at the same city, notwithstanding Carlism was the predominant element, Carrel was welcomed a little later with testimonies of admiration and respect. But what the people did not understand — what, perhaps, they understand not even now — is, that by these men they were in part expiating their own faults; that at the bottom of all this was a great political error; that from the beginning they themselves had substituted faith in the men for the adoration of the principle; and that the combatants of July, not themselves well understanding what they had done, and what character they were called on to fill, threw their glorious Revolution, with an almost unpardonable carelessness, into the hands of men who had fought under the banner of the ancient principle, — whose education, theories, and tendencies, do what they would, were united by one link or other to the traditions of the Restoration,— and who, left behind a thousand rood by a revolution in which the people, *having effected all*, had a right to *all the results of the contest*, would necessarily seek to cause it to retrograde, in order to bring it down to their level and their guidance. This, we say, was a great political error, the *practical* bearing of which is incalculable, and to which sad experience ought ere this to have done justice, but which we still see periodically reproduced at almost every effort made by the people towards better things. A revolution is a programme: why then confide the care of its filling up, of its application, and of the deduction of its consequences, precisely to those men who have not only lived under an antecedent programme, but who have submitted to its influence, imbibed its spirit, and accepted its principal bases? Yet this is what the people generally do,— what France did do in 1830.

Either the Revolution of 1830 was in right and in aim, as in fact, only a kind of triumphant *emeute*,—a mere act of resistance, as Perier defined it, without any bearing on the future; and in this case, the immorality excepted, which it is ever righteous to stigmatise, recrimination is uncalled for; what is is well; the first fault is on their side who have sought to outstep its bounds, and make it yield them more than was in its power: or either, as we thought, and as entire Europe thought, governments and people, it was called by the instinct of the masses to set an idea in the world,— to cause the

social institution to advance one step,—to bring into play an element till then excluded from the organisation of the country; and in this case, the accomplishment of these matters ought not to have been left to the men of the fifteen years' opposition, — for to them, at least, Perrier's definition applied exactly.

The fifteen years' opposition had no principle; and the very name of *opposition*, self-conferred, and which posterity will confirm to it, says enough on this point; thence it was that it had the means of successively uniting in its bosom men of tendencies entirely distinct, nay, sometimes opposite, — Guizot, Foy, Perier, Constant, Manuel, Lafayette, and Lafitte; thence, also, it was potent to pull down — impotent to build up. The fifteen years' opposition had no principle; it possessed only reaction, — a noble and useful reaction doubtless, but more than that is required when men desire to go forward, and not to turn in a circle. It was radically wanting in all power of the initiative, and knew nought but negation. It had at bottom more of hatred than love, more of fear than hope, more of repugnance towards attempts at retrograding than of zeal towards progression. This last word was suspected from its very first appearance; they were all alarmed at it, as if from the fear of being compelled to formula something; and Benjamin Constant, their leader in all things, attempted its expulsion from the nomenclature of politics in an article he inserted in the "Revue Encyclopedique." A little later, and this was somewhat modified: they felt the necessity of fraternising with the young ideas that were making their way in the world. The final period of the struggle was approaching; and as though to pay a forced homage to the law of things, they perceived that to overturn a dynasty the name of a principle at least was necessary. They adopted it, and this was the epoch of the famous lectures of Messieurs Villemain, Cousin, and Guizot. Unhappily, they had no more than the name: we now know it; the *substance* was not in them. Progression was a vague expression, taken rather by way of countersign than of motto. In what did it consist? What could they make of it? What was to be its next formula of application, political and social? Of this they knew nothing; nothing they wished to know. Moreover, it was to the extra-parliamentary subdivision that they left the working of the word; the great mass of the parliamentary opposition had it not even in their thoughts: great principles were not their business; their *forte* was detail. They carried on a partisan war, annoying, skirmishing with, and tiring out the enemy. Their thoughts were not at all employed on what they should put in the enemy's place, when once they had driven him out. They advanced to a revolution unawares, and blindfold. Having neither any real plan nor position of their own, they accepted that given them by the enemy; they left him master of the choice of ground, and the choice was the *Charter* and *Legitimacy*, and they accepted both, though they believed in neither. They fought in their name, they invoked them on every occasion, contenting themselves with following the steps of the government in its minutest acts, and of assailing it in its too frequent deviations. As they themselves said after the victory, they were playing a comedy; and they found it so good, they clung to it so closely, that when Manuel, not the most forward but the most sincere of them all, once permitted himself to let out the secret, they punished him — Thiers at their head — by no re-election.

We know to what this famous secret was reduced: it was a profound hatred vowed against the Bourbon dynasty; and with a certain number of them, amongst whom Manuel himself must be reckoned, to one of the branches of that dynasty. This was not the secret of the people; something

more was wanting at the bottom in the masses, and in that youth who were accustoming themselves to death in the persons of Bories and Pommier. But who amongst the renowned of the epoch then thought — Berenger the poet excepted — of the people? Who made that so simple reflection, that after Richelieu and the Constituent Assembly, after the organisation of *villes* and *communes*, then of royalty, then of the *bourgeoise*, by the revolution of 1789, there was no longer room in a revolution but for the organisation of the people, of the whole power of the nation?

None thought on this, and it was a fatal omission. It was also — it is time to say it, notwithstanding the brilliant colours in which this fifteen years' opposition still decks itself to our eyes — it was a very mischievous system of tactics that presided over the contest. Little by little it substituted a war of names for a war of things; it falsified the direction and the point of sight of the national spirit; it degraded the important suit that had been going on in France since 1789 into a paltry and trivial question of form; it confined the soul of the Revolution in the slender and consumptive breast of the charter of Louis XVIII.; and by concentrating the combat of ideas around this scrap of paper, exalted into the ark of the covenant,—by hurling this word *charter* at the head of the people and the government as a universal *apropos*,—by habituating the former, who sought a far different thing, to take it as their rallying cry in the combat, it prepared the way much more than is supposed for the mystification of July, for the monarchy of the 7th August: it did more; — by this sour, uncertain, and in some sort hypocritical manner of combating, it introduced a kind of jesuitical spirit into the essentially frank and honest course of principle; it made progression a sort of guerilla *tirailleur* by depriving it of all that it naturally has imposing, solemn, and religious; it threw over political France an upper stratum of demoralisation on which Louis Philippe has since worked; it implanted the spirit of diplomacy in the heart of the popular party. Now diplomacy may be valuable to governments; but it has been, is, and ever will be, according to our individual way of thinking, excessively pernicious to the people. Error and class-interests may well diplomatise; right and truth cannot, without losing their strength and their sanctity.

The fifteen years' opposition was then eminently reactionary; taken in the mass, and correctly speaking, it was not *revolutionary*. With us, this word has no value, but as far as it represents a man or a party believing in the existence of an element unrepresented in the organisation of society, though ripe for being so, and striving to give this element life, activity, development, emancipation, and the rights of citizenship. It implies then a *positive* principle of organisation, whilst the parties purely reactionary look only to destroy,—have no other potency but to expel from the city an element decayed, diseased, useless, or pernicious. We have no need to add, that in France, as elsewhere, and more than elsewhere, this neglected element that demands to be admitted to act and to be functionary in the social body, is, *at this day*, in our opinion, the element of the people, the generality, the NATION, as opposed to the system that concentrates the exclusive exercise of sovereignty in any particular minority, in a patrician or middle-class caste, based on hereditary privilege or on the possession of wealth. But, whatever may be thought of our opinion, and of the extent to be given to the principle, we say, — and we refer our readers to history for the verification of that which, from the limits imposed on us, we can but here enunciate, — that a principle is indispensable to every party that assumes to be revolutionary; and that if it have none, as soon as victory shall have done away with the necessity of union, it will sink into vacuum and decomposition;

and then, at the close of a series of deceived hopes, two courses will present themselves, — a misanthropic isolation, a despairing and sceptical death; or a relapse into individualism, and a life egotistical and immoral. Benjamin Constant, aged and austere as he was, in his latter days leaned towards the first; M. Thiers, young and fickle, gaily took the second.

Like the opposition, of which he was one of the members most distinguished for activity, talent, and acuteness, M. Thiers was without a principle. Why then did persons persist in expecting from him in 1830 the firm, honest, and progressive course belonging only to those men who have a principle? A bold combatant, —full of the traditions of the empire,— loving bustle, life, and agitation,— plebeian and poor, but conscious of intelligence and address,— impelled also by circumstances, he threw himself into a contest which he found to be vigorously waged, on the side of the only party that could reckon on victory,— of the only party, too, that could make his fortune. He brought to it suppleness, ardour, sometimes eloquence, a certain youthful aspiration of national pride, and a peculiar and almost inexplicable rancour, which has never yet abandoned him*, against those Bourbons who, without strength of their own, had, by the aid of foreign bayonets, once more planted their white flag on the soil of France. Why would men recognise in all this the elements of a statesman? By what fatality were they bent on looking for guarantees in his talent, without adding an inquiry into his morality? And how could they pretend to discover a conscientious apostle of a popular revolution in a man in whom nought bespoke a comprehension of, and love for, the people; but, far from that, whose most brilliant works, had they taken the trouble to study them, would have revealed a distrust — a marked disdain for them?

This leads us to say a few words on his "History of the Revolution," a work on which is based two thirds of his reputation as a politician and a revolutionist†, and which, even after the progress made in later years in the science of history, and after the important publications of Messieurs Buchez and Roux on the Revolution, the world continues to admire, to reprint, and to translate; and of which, however, we believe, a not very profound examination would suffice exactly to foretel the part M. Thiers would play, once launched in public business.

We are far from denying the eminent qualities that distinguish the performance of M. Thiers; but they are but literary qualities; and though they are requisite in every writer who undertakes a similar task, they must yet be looked on as only secondary. The historian's is a severe and grave department, and it sufficeth not to bring to it the talent of the artist. The responsibility of historians is great; their works are a nation's institutes; and it is from their pages that statesmen are formed, and the systems that make power a scourge or a blessing to the people. No test, therefore, can be too severe with regard to them. In the present day, and therefore are we urgent, we read quickly and think not. Hardly do we give ourselves the time to remark talent, much less to appreciate the moral; and yet the moral is everything, the capacity alone nothing; it is not even the sign of a

* To such a degree that being about, in 1837, to hire from Madame du Cayla the chateau of St. Ouen, the cradle, as is known, of the Charter, he entered into a long dispute (which put a stop to the negotiation, we believe) with the lady proprietress, who, faithful to her ancient patron, insisted that M. Thiers should permit a full-length portrait of Louis XVIII., hanging in one of the apartments of the chateau, to retain its position. M. Thiers, consistent to his *juste milieu* habits, proposed to conciliate his antipathies and his acquired interest by covering it with a curtain.

† As a writer, some articles inserted in the *Globe*, a very insignificant journey to the Pyrenees and the South of France in 1823, a pamphlet on the system of law, which we have not seen, and some miserable political pamphlets, make up all we have of his; the History and his *collaboration* in the *Constitutionnel* and the *Globe* excepted.

moral: and this it is, be it said, *en passant*, that condemns the *doctrinaire* system supported by M. Guizot and his pupils.

That which is true of all history must be eminently so of that which relates to an event the most important, the most fruitful of consequences, the most complicated in its elements, and perhaps as yet the least understood of our modern times. If the Revolution of 1789 be not a grand manifestation of the human mind in the political and social system — if it be not the triumph of the great principles of Christianity, *liberty*, *equality*, *brotherhood*, applied to the civil world — if it be not united, either as a grand abstract, or as a new programme, to all the antecedent acts constituting the tradition of humanity; — then is it nothing: it is a tumult of the giants, wonderful and terrific in its effects, but stained with too much blood and dirt for us to bow down before it and reverence it. But if it be what we have just before said, then is it from an especial point of view, far more elevated than that from which we scan the ordinary events of the world, that we must place ourselves to *judge* its deeds; and from this point of view there will be a striking and redeeming character in our estimate of those deeds that we should but hold up to reprobation, were we limited to their contemplation as isolated and in their immediate material effects, — a redeeming change in our estimate, be it understood, as past, and without any reference to the future: the future will not have the same necessities.

This character of an event resulting from the scheme of humanity, — of a providential event, if we may so express ourselves, — doubtless exists in the French Revolution, and takes it source from the very bowels of the nation. In fact, during the progress of the event, the nation was often in advance of power — the inspiration, the initiative arose from below. The recognition of this made the strength and the might of the mountain; and that which made the strength and the grandeur of the Revolution was the having presented to the world the spectacle of a great idea incarnate in a great people. Every historian who sits down to his work without a consciousness of the two extremes of the series, the action and the agent — the European mission of the French Revolution, and the people, the armed missionary, — will belie his part, and will furnish to his readers an altogether incomplete view of the event. But on a subject such as the French Revolution every incomplete view cannot fail of being mischievous. There will happen to the youthful minds who may form the audience of this vast spectacle of strife and of terror, of energy exalted to frenzy, of force carried even to the scaffold, who may not possess a belief in the creed we have indicated, that which happened to the Revolution itself: they will end by falling, seized with vertigo, at the feet of this consuming energy, without asking themselves why; they will end by paying divine honours, for its might alone, to that force which is no longer sacred than when employed in the service of sacred ideas. Thus did the Revolution become absorbed in an emperor.

In that way sins Thiers's history: thence also do we hold it dangerous to the great portion of his readers.

Without consciousness of the law that directs and explains the historical events, with a marked disdain for the people, with dispositions such as those we have pointed to, M. Thiers, with the vicissitudes of the Revolution spread before him, could come to but one goal — the adoration of power. This he has done. He explains nothing, — for the simple reason, that nothing has he explained to himself. He sees in the Revolution only a great fact — a material and gigantic fact, accomplished under and against immense obstacles: that he admires. With right he meddles but little; with him right is in the fact itself; let it but triumph, and that with him is sufficient for its

legitimacy. Glory to the conqueror! Woe to the conquered! Never do we surprise the writer excited, panting, swelling, at the manifestation of one of those great truths that give to the French Revolution that monumental character that must ever remain. If he admires the decree by which the Convention offers the aid of France to every people that desired to regain liberty, it is not because there is in it an instinctive revelation, a presentiment — which it must be admitted the Revolution did not realize — of that great dogma of the future, the association and the solidification of the people: no; it is that there is in it a vast manifestation of strength and audacity. If he permits himself a burst of true enthusiasm, it is on the state of things at the close of the year 1797, — "when the taking of Mantua liberated Italy; when France, at the summit of power, was mistress of all the soil that extends from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, from the sea to the Alps; when Holland and Spain united their fleets to hers; when, according to the expression of Mallet-Dupau, the half of Europe was at the feet of the Directory; when (this refers to the interior) a government composed of *bourgeois*, our equals, ruled the republic with moderation." And yet at this very epoch corruption was already in the republic, — she was seated in the cabinet with Barras, — she was bringing the germs of the Restoration with the clubs of Clichy, — she was rapidly preparing the footing for a *bourgeois* aristocracy, swayed by military ascendency: at this epoch unblushing lies were enacted against the great principles proclaimed as respected the people; — the combat was no longer carried on for the liberty of nations, but for the glory and the power of one nation; and patriotism was in the camp, because everywhere else it was defaced. But what matters that, — what matters right to the historian who, in speaking of the changes which the Directory made in the Cisalpine constitution by a simple ambassador (Trouvè) commissioned from Paris, thus writes, — "Moreover, the mode employed was of slight importance. It would have been absurd in France, who had created these new republics, and who maintained their existence by her support, not to have profited by her power to establish the order that she deemed best." And can we be astonished when this writer, the idolater of all that is power and success, after having re-exalted the mountain, throws himself on his knees before the 18th Fructidor, the 18th Brumaire, — before the consulship, before the emperor? In all these cases they are not ideas that he re-exalts, but victories. To re-exalt ideas the historian must have a principle, a presiding rule, a criterion for morality; and M. Thiers has it not. "It was a war (he says, speaking of the pillage of the wardrobe and the appropriations committed by the *commune* of Paris) — a war made on the ancient society, and *every war* is stained by murder and pillage." Of such passages there are hundreds. Neither has he, failing a moral criterion, a philosophical one wherewith to unravel causes and show the reason of events. To the passages cited by Loève Veimar in support of the proposition we are advancing, — and which may be seen faithfully extracted in "Blackwood," — we might add a crowd of others not less significant; but we shall content ourselves with producing one that M. Loève Veimar has neglected, and which wonderfully sums up the whole of M. Thiers's historical philosophy. "Thus (says he, speaking of the time of the Dumouriez ministry) — thus, by a kind of fatality, the supposed intentions of the Château excited the distrust and the fury of the people, and the howlings of the people augmented the disquiets and the imprudences of the Château. Thus despair reigned without and within. But why, we ask ourselves, did not a frank explanation put an end to so many ills? Why did not the Château perceive the fears of the people? Why did not the people perceive the disquiets of the

Château? But why are men men? . . . . At this last question we must pause, submit and resign ourselves to human nature, and pursue our sad recital." Oh, M. Thiers! have you nothing better than this to teach us? Verily, in these *epiphonemata* there is a simplicity bordering on fatuity, coming as they do, be it observed, one page after the account of a conversation in which the queen said to Dumouriez, "*You ought to be aware that neither the king nor myself can suffer all these novelties, nor the constitution. I frankly declare this to you: make up your mind.*"

We have just said that M. Loève Veimar has, before us, passed an analogous judgment on the "History of the Revolution:" and we entreat our readers to add this analysis to the little we have said. We wished to place them on their guard against the eminently materialist tendency of the historian, who could find in the Revolution of 1789 only materials wherewith to erect a monument to FORCE, and to dedicate it to Victory. But what M. Loève Veimar has passed in silence, what we regret not to be able now here to develop, is the profound contempt for the people that pervades the pages of M. Thiers, — the fury with which, in the midst of his habits of systematic justification, he reserves all his anger for what he several times calls in the course of his work the *vile populace*, the *barbarians** burrowing at the root of society, and we know not what more, — the spirit that is revealed in passages like the following: — "Doubtless we behold with disgust (speaking of the fêtes of the goddess Reason) these reckless and unmeaning scenes, in which a people changed its worship without comprehending either the old or the new. But when has the people meaning? When is it capable of comprehending the dogmas that are given it to believe? What do the people usually look for? Great meetings, that may satisfy its cravings for being assembled, — symbolical spectacles, that incessantly recall a power superior to its own, — and lastly, festivals, that render homage to men who have approached nearest to the good, the beautiful, the great, — in one word, temples, ceremonies, and saints. Here there were temples,

* The phrase took, and calls to mind the declarations of M. Guizot, and the famous cry of alarm of the *Journal des Debats* — "*The barbarians are at the gates*" — applied to the operatives. It is in speaking of the ill treatment that Bailly suffered on the day of his death that M. Thiers hits on the appellation of *barbarians*: it is preceded by these lines, — "The vile populace has not changed since the time that Tacitus beheld it applauding the crimes of the emperors. Always sudden in its movements, sometimes it rears the altar of patriotism, sometimes it erects scaffolds; and is a beautiful and noble spectacle only when, drawn up in arms, it is hurled on the ranks of the enemy. Let not despotism impute its crimes to liberty, for, under despotism, it was always equally guilty as under the republic," &c. We might say a great deal on this passage, on the theatrical circumstances added by M. Thiers to the historical reality of the execution of Bailly, and on this generous burst against *the vile populace* compared to the silence that he observes as regards power, — as if these cruelties were not the echo of those of power; as if the men who sent Bailly to death were not in any case as guilty as the men of the people, who, after his arrest, believing him a traitor to the country, insulted him on his way to the scaffold; lastly, as if a year of proscriptions, coolly issued by *power*, must not have demoralised the masses below. But all this would lead us too far; and we just now prefer quoting a passage from the excellent and conscientious "History of the Revolution," by Messrs. Buchez and Roux, vol. xxxi.: — "The greatest of all the revolutionary excesses witnessed by the capital was, doubtless, the massacre of the prisons. Well, by a singular chance, the names and professions of all those who consented to be the instruments of this butchery have been preserved; and we find that they all belong to what was then called *la petite bourgeoisie* — they are master shoemakers, master tailors, people in trade. . . . . The atrocious circumstances that accompanied Bailly's death form perhaps a fact of this kind, the cause of which is the most grossly evident. His death was a reprisal taken by men who had to reproach their former mayor with having assailed, under the very wing of the law, their wives, their relatives, their children, their friends. They who insulted him in his last moments were the very petitioners of the Champ de Mars who had been fired upon by Bailly's order. One of the subscribers to the petition, Richard, from the section of the Invalides, made himself remarkable amongst the most furious, as we learn from the minutes of the sitting of the Jacobins of the 26th of December. The historian who designs to draw from this event a moral lesson, ought without doubt to brand those who thus avenged themselves; but he ought also to condemn the proved criminality that provoked a vengeance so frightful. The lesson is for power."— P. 135.

Reason, Marat, and Lepelletier. It was assembled, — it paid its adorations to a mysterious power, — it celebrated two men. All its wants were satisfied, and it yielded to them no otherwise than it always does yield." We may be wrong; but such passages, thoroughly considered, appear to us so significant, so full of matter, that our efforts are vain to understand how men who had read the "History of the Revolution," could see in M. Thiers an apostle of progression and liberty, and could fancy that he had in him the stuff for a statesman, a legislator, and administrator of the concerns of a people.

There are, however, amongst us, as we said at the commencement of the article, some profound politicians, who think that the accession of M. Thiers to power would be a very propitious event for England. We bow our wretched head in the most profound humility before a sagacity so mysterious and lofty.

VII.

We have attempted, as far as in us lies, to illustrate by the example of M. Thiers an essential distinction, and yet one almost always forgotten, between the men properly called *revolutionists*, and the men who are simply *reactionists*, and who have usurped, especially in later years, the former designation, and have thrown on it discredit and distrust. This we urge, and shall continue to urge; for even though we might, through a lofty disdain, submit to be unjustly charged with the faults of those who do not belong to us, we are at least bound to endeavour that the people may be spared the sad consequences of the error they commit when without inquiry they confide the future to men, competent indeed to lead them in the struggle, but without love for them, without faith in them, — from a thirst for renown, for power, or for wealth. For if it be the law of the providence of humanity that it is to accomplish laboriously and painfully its conquests in the path of progression assigned to it, the more grievous it is that by an ill choice of those called to take the lead it is seen continually compelled to retrace a road already gone over.

The *revolutionist* — he at least whom *we* call by that name — has a creed: the *reactionist* has none; he has instincts, passions, often generous in their origin, but easily corrupted whenever they meet with disappointments or the seductions of power, — whenever years come to cool the enthusiasm that kept them up to the height of disinterestedness. The *revolutionist* is he to whom observation has shown the existence of a grave social grievance or immorality — to whom intelligence has shown a remedy — to whom the cry of a conscience enlightened by a religious conception of the human mission here below has shown the inexorable, the untiring duty of devoting himself to the extirpation of the evil, to the application of the remedy: the *reactionist* is he whom a sentiment of rebellion against injustice innate in minds gifted with any power, very often its own suffering and the irritation of not finding its place in the existing social order, impels to a search for support in the equally suffering majority. The first then will pursue his forward march, whatever may be his individual position, so long as the social evil endures; ten to one but the second will cease from the struggle as soon as injustice shall cease in regard to himself, — as soon as the overthrow of the power attacked shall have satisfied his self-love, and softened the sentiment of reaction that animates him. The *revolutionist* may be deceived as to the remedy to be applied; he may anticipate too much from the future, and substitute his individual intuitions for the common sense of the masses; but then at least he will not produce grave disorders in the bosom of society: without echo to a conception

superior to the time, he will perish in the struggle almost alone; whilst the *reactionist*, contented with inciting to action all the passions of war and activity that are fermenting in the bosom of the youth and the suffering multitude, leaving unsettled the solution of the problem, and thence permitting to each the hope of seeing his own adopted, will always find a powerful response to his appeal. The aim of the one is always to found, of the other to destroy. The first is the man of progression, the second the man of opposition. The former then argues from a law, the latter only from a fact; and whilst the first seeks to enthrone universal reason, the latter ends, in the last analysis, but in the consecration of force. With the *revolutionist* every question resolves itself into a question of principle; he takes up his position decidedly, proceeds in a straight line, neglects what are called tactics, renounces many elements of success, trusts to the power of truth, commits a thousand petty errors, but redeems them by the proclamation of some general maxims sooner or later useful: with the *reactionist* details are every thing; in them he excels; he represents the analysis of decomposition in its highest expression; in his hands every question becomes a question of men; he is thoroughly master of all the secrets of a petty war. His eloquence is lively, supple, and brilliant; that of the *revolutionist* is often dry and monotonous, but always logical, and inexorable if an opportunity be once given it: it may for a long time fail in its effect; but if it but once attain it, it is for ever; whilst the victories of the *reactionist* may be splendid without being durable. The man of revolutions prefers to invoke duty, the man of reaction invokes right. A strong religious tendency influences the acts of the first, even when by a contradiction of intelligence he will not recognise it himself; the second is irreligious and materialist even when he is speaking of God: with him the present ever tops the future; material interest takes precedence of moral progression. The men of the first class, accustomed as they are to count sacrifices as little, labour less for the generation that lives around them than for generations to come; the triumph of the ideas that they cast on the world is more slow, but assured and decisive: the men of the second class often win victories for their contemporaries; but their children will enjoy none of the fruits. The former are the great prophets of mankind; the others are but the agitators, and bitter disappointments await the people that commit their future to their care.

And yet in these the people still confide; and such is still their blindness as amply to justify the urgency of our warning. Within this year the parliamentary agitation that, under the name of a *coalition*, overthrew the Molé ministry in the beginning of 1839, has shown us France ready to forget the past that we have just depicted,—hailing the possible return to power of M. Thiers as a day of triumph for her liberty. In this wretched bickering of men disputing for power too recent for it to be necessary that we should carry our readers over the narrative, we have seen M. Thiers abridge as it were the tactics of his whole life. We have seen him in bold and violent reaction against all the irrevocable acts of a ministry he aimed at supplanting, and jesuitically trimming on all those that still unsettled might fall to his own decision; we have seen him, highly and puritanically susceptible as to the past, avoiding any declaration as to the future, and insinuating to the power that alone disposes of portfolios that, once a minister, he would renounce the defence of Belgium, electoral reform, the conversion of the *rentes*, Spanish intervention: and yet a whole excited country looks up to him for salvation!

VIII.

There are still many things to be said touching M. Thiers — his life prior to 1830 — his introduction to Manuel, Lafitte, and a little later to Talleyrand — the forgotten kindness of the former, the accepted counsels of the latter — his share in the *Constitutionnel* — his connection with poor Sautelet — his labours on the *National;* but in truth we have had enough of him, and we rather prefer recommending the curious to the sketch by M. Loève Veimar, — the more so that our design has been completed.

Blackwood — that is to say, M. Loève Veimar — has quoted the curious passage of M. Thiers on Mirabeau, that applies so well to his own life. By adding to it, to quote in our turn, the passage in which M. Mignet, the intimate friend of M. Thiers, draws the portrait of Dumouriez, in his "History of the Revolution," we shall get a nearly complete outline of the man we have been exhibiting to our readers.

"Ere the Revolution began, he had lived in intrigue; and he too often bethought himself of it at a period when petty means should have been employed only to aid great ones, and not to supplant them. The first part of his political life was passed in seeking by whom he might rise, and the second in looking by whom he might retain his station. A courtier before 1789, a Constitutionalist under the first Assembly, a Girondist under the second, a Jacobin under the Republic, he was eminently a man of circumstances. But his character was enterprising; he possessed an indefatigable activity, a prompt *coup-d'œil* . . . . . an impetuosity of action, and an extraordinary confidence in success; and he was besides . . . . . quick, keen, bold; an apt partisan . . . . . full of expedients; astonishingly ready, and knowing how to submit to circumstances in order to alter them. He was adventurous, fickle, and highly inconsistent in thought and action, on account of his continual life of activity and intrigue. But the grand defect in Dumouriez was the absence of all political conviction . . . . . After having been the servant of parties, he thought he could conquer them all by intrigue."

God be thanked, England may have Guizots—perhaps has them already; but — at least we hope so—she cannot have Thierses.

One word here on M. Thiers's system of political economy. "Nations have an irresistible tendency for making industrial conquests over each other. To attain them they prohibit or raise the price, by means of a tariff, of certain foreign products, so as to give their own citizens an advantage in their production. This is a universal instinct. Custom-house duties (that is to say, prohibitions and restrictions) are an instrument that no nation ever could or can do without." (Exposè of the Reasons for the *Projet de Loi de Dovanes* of 3d February, 1833.) . . . . . "The object of the government is to conciliate the liberty claimed by commerce with the protection demanded by the manufacturing interest." (Speech of 1833 before the Meeting of the Delegates of Agriculture, Commerce, &c.) The entire theory of the minister of commerce rests on these two bases, reminding us of Mr. M'Culloch's "as much as to say, that he proposes to himself to marry good sense with folly." (Edinburgh Review, 1833.) Besides, Switzerland does very well without prohibitions and restrictions: Prussia does without them: Flanders did without them in the 14th and 15th century, and prospered. In France the extensive and beautiful manufacture of shawls, the trade in paper-hangings, cabinet-work, that in fashions and articles of *galanterie*, in optical instruments, bronzes, and porcelains, &c., all do without and flourish the more.

The woollen trade prospered in France by a free interchange with Spain, but declined from the day that a protecting duty was applied. Above all, the duty on foreign iron has been of service only to the proprietors of forests (of whom, let it not be forgotten, Louis Philippe is one); that is to say, to men who carry on a branch of industry the easiest, the idlest. On these facts and many others our readers should consult an excellent essay, "*Sur la Reforme Commerciale, par M. Stephane Flachat*, 1833." In France there was an unanimous outcry against the minister's exposè. Five hundred and eight Bordeaux houses signed a protest against it. Havre also protested. The Commission of the Chamber of Deputies did not adhere to it.

"No one is now ignorant that France has been outrun for some years in her fabrics of silk and cotton stuffs by various countries (Switzerland, Prussia, Saxony), who have never in these branches been protected by any duty, others by very light ones; — that notwithstanding all the impediments thrown in the way of transit, very considerable quantities of silk and cotton goods daily arrive from those countries at Havre, there to be shipped for various parts beyond sea, where they have to compete with French and English merchandise of the same kind; — that Belgium, who when she formed part of France was protected in the manufacture of cottons by the prohibitive system, soon after she passed under Dutch rule sustained in this fabric the competition of English manufactures under very moderate duties; and now that she is separated from Holland, and has lost the advantages that she derived from her privileged connection with the Dutch colonies, she still pursues this branch of industry with no less success." (Havre Commission.) "The *projet de loi* of M. Thiers, a negation of all principles and all systems, in place of setting all the interests of matter at liberty, hands them over to the most absolute arbitrary power by exalting the blindest empiricism into a system of public economy." (Commerce of Bordeaux.)

THE IDEAL.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"How much is lost, when neither heart nor eye
Rose-wing'd Desire nor fabling Hope deceives;
When boyhood, with quick throb, hath ceas'd to spy
The dubious apple in the yellow leaves;
When, springing from the turf, where youth repos'd,
We find but deserts in the far-sought shore;
When the huge book of faery-land lies clos'd,
And its strong brazen clasps will yield no more." — *Spenser.*

THOU, — and wilt THOU for ever leave me,
False as yon blush of eastern skies?
And didst thou smile but to deceive me,
With all thy tender phantasies?
Will nought detain, nought overcome thee,
O, golden season of life's glee?
In vain; — thy waves are sweeping from me
Into eternity's dark sea.

The sun-smiles, the fresh blooms have perish'd,
That bright around my morn-tide shone ;
And all within this heart most cherish'd, —
Life's sweet IDEAL, — all is gone !
The faery visions, the gay creatures,
To which my trusting soul gave birth, —
Stern reason dims their angel features,
And Heaven is lost in clouds of Earth.

As erst, with fiercest, tenderest anguish,
Pygmalion clasp'd the senseless stone,
And taught the death-cold breast to languish
With blood, pulse, transports, as his own :
Thus I, around my heart's dear treasure —
Round Nature — twin'd my wooing arms,
Till, giving back the throb of pleasure,
She glow'd, alive in all her charms.

Then, then with mutual instinct burning,
The dumb caught rapture from my tongue,
And kiss with sweetest kiss returning,
Responsive to her minstrel rung :
With falls more musical the fountain —
With brighter hues flower — tree — were rife
The soul-less breath'd from lake and mountain,
And all was echo of my life.

My bark, with wider sails unmooring,
Stretch'd boldly forth o'er depths unknown,
With eager prow Life's coast exploring,
Her realms of thought, sight, feeling, tone.
How vast the world there — how elysian
Its prospects — in dim distance seen !
How faded now ! on nearer vision,
How small ! and oh, that small how mean !

With soul by worldling care unblighted,
With brow unblanch'd by fear or shame,
Forth sprang, on wings of hope delighted,
The Youth into the lists of fame.
Far, far beyond Earth's cold dominion —
High, high as Light's exultant sphere ;
No realms too distant for his pinion,
No worlds too bright for his career !

How swift the car of rapture bore him !
No toils seem'd hard, no wishes vain ;
How light, how gladsome, flash'd before him
Imagination's sparkling train !

High Truth, in sunbright morion glancing,—
Young Glory, with his laurell'd sword,—
Fortune, on golden wheels advancing,—
And True-love with its sweet reward.

But ah! as ocean's breast unsteady,
These visions fade — these joys decay;
And, faithless, from my path already,
Friend after friend, they've dropp'd away.
False Fortune hails some happier master;
The thirst of lore survives my youth;
But Doubt's chill clouds are gathering faster
Around the sunny form of Truth.

I see the holy crown of Glory
Polluted on the vulgar brow;
And Love — ah! why so transitory?—
E'en Love's sweet flowers are withering now;
And dimmer all around — and dimmer
Fades on the sense Life's west'ring ray,
Till Hope herself scarce leaves a glimmer
To light the pilgrim on his way.

Of all the crowd that once were near me,
To court, soothe, flatter, shout, carouse,—
Who now is left? Who comes to cheer me,
And follow to my last dark house?
Thou, Friendship! gentlest nurse, that bearest
Balm for all wounds and woes around;
Who, patient, every burden sharest,
Mine earliest sought and earliest found.

And thou — with Friendship still uniting,—
Exorcist of the stormy soul,
Employment, *all* its powers exciting,
Though weakening *none* by thy controul;
Who grain on grain, with fond endeavour,
Add'st to Eternity's vast day;
Yet from Time's debt, unwearied ever,
Art striking weeks, months, years, away!

W. P.

FUEROS AND PRIVILEGES OF THE BASQUE PROVINCES.

THE *fueros*.*, rights, privileges, and ancient customs of the Basque provinces, have been at length recognised in the most formal manner, not only by the Spanish government, but by the cortes; and now, indeed, we may freely indulge the hope of seeing, before any lengthened period shall have elapsed, perfect tranquillity established throughout Spain. A right is still reserved on the part of the chamber to suggest, in accordance with the Basques themselves, whatever modifications may be necessary to reconcile those privileges with the improved state of legislation of the present day, as well as with the constitution by which the remaining portion of the empire is administered. We had, in our last Number, expressed a fear that impediments would have been thrown in the way, in order to cause as long a delay as possible in the settlement of this important question; and the difficulty experienced by ministers in procuring a sufficient number of deputies to entertain the subject verified our forebodings. We are not quite sure that these obstacles would have been so soon overcome, had not the discontented and impatient *urbanos*, as well as the other inhabitants of Bilbao of all classes and of all opinions, Christino as well as Carlist, manifested very unequivocal signs of unwillingness to have their endurance tampered with. The existence of several insurgent bands both in Navarre and Biscay, and the atrocities even still perpetrated by the Carlist chieftains, Tendido, Mozo, and Matias in the Borunda and the Carascal, and the ravages committed by Orquieto of Maneru in the Amescoas, have doubtless given a very significant hint that the present is not the moment to indulge in the favourite passion of intrigue, or to practise those tricks of diplomatic dishonesty and dissimulation, which usually distinguish Spanish officials of every class. The period was a most critical one. The contributions levied by Espartero since the treaty of Bergara, had excited discontent, and their collection had been effected with much difficulty. Hardships of this oppressive nature, which are generally inflicted on a newly conquered country, should have been, in the present case, softened in their rigour, and without delay, by the benefits which the government was pledged to impart, and which formed the conditions of the submission. The Basques demanded the complete recognition of their *fueros;* and the first symptoms of treachery, or hesitation, on the part of the government, to which they are now subject, would have been followed by an outbreak of vengeance, such as it would have been scarcely in the power of even the Duke of Victory to quell.

The discussion in the cortes on the privileges of the people of the north of Spain must afford material for curious and interesting speculation, and may well attract the attention of politicians. During the period of the struggle of legitimacy in Spain, frequent mention has been made of the *fueros* of the provinces; but we are not aware that the public, generally,

* The term *fuero* is applied either to the laws, rights, privileges, and immunities of the Basques, or to the code in which they are detailed and set forth. It means, literally, a law. It is generally supposed to be derived from the Latin word *forum;* but many good Castilian scholars deduce it from the Spanish word *fuera* — *without*, or *outside:* designating, thereby, the independence of the provinces, and the difference of their administration from that of the other constituent portions of the Spanish monarchy.

possess much information on the topic. Without entering very minutely into the history of these celebrated privileges, we shall content ourselves with giving a general idea of their nature and design, to such of our readers as may not have particularly interested themselves in the affairs of the Peninsula for the last six years.

The Romans found no where an enemy more difficult to subdue, nor subjects less disposed to submission, than the natives of Navarre. The same spirit of fierce independence which had impeded the advance of the eagles of the Eternal City on the northern bank of the Ebro, equally baffled that vast multitude which, in the fifth century, was spreading itself over the fairest countries of Europe; and when, after a hundred defeats, the Goths effected the doubtful conquest of the lowlands, the hardy and impatient Navarrese at once abandoned the plains, and retired within the recesses of their high valleys. In these fastnesses they were found at the period of the Mussulman conquest, and their position preserved them from the scourge of this second invasion. The crescent, however, was planted on the abandoned territory; the plains about Saragossa, Tudela, and Huesca fell into the hands of the conqueror; and the dominion of the unbeliever was soon extended over that tract of country which lies between the Ebro and the high Pyrenees, as far as the river Ega.

One of those accidents, trifling in themselves, but by which the destinies of empires are not unfrequently swayed, occurred to establish two independent states in the north and east of Spain. The death of a venerable hermit at San Juan de la Peña, in the year 735, brought a vast assemblage from all the high valleys in the French as well as Spanish Pyrenees. His successor, whose eloquence and sanctity are declared in the ancient chronicles of Logroño to have been superhuman, addressed the multitude, after the celebration of the obsequies of the departed saint, and drew a fearful, though doubtless exaggerated picture, of the sufferings of their Christian brethren, who were groaning under the yoke of the infidel in the low country. The hearts of the simple, but devoted, barbarians were melted; and, pity giving way to wrath, the slumbering fierceness of their spirit was soon aroused. A crusade was organised against the children of the Prophet. The lords of the thirty-four valleys united themselves with the rude chivalry of France; and the knights of Bigorra, of Bearn, and of French Navarre became the chosen leaders of the expedition. The time and place of meeting were fixed on; and, in the first engagement which ensued, Inigo Arista, at the head of 100 knights, and 3000 Gascons, then and afterwards esteemed the finest infantry in Europe, obtained a decisive victory over the Mussulmans at Arashuet. The symbol of Christian piety and triumph, which had effected so much for the politic Constantine, aided on this occasion also the worldly ambition of the Navarrese chieftain. The victory was sanctified by a miracle; and the appearance of a cross suspended above the tree, under the branches of which Arista was reposing, at once manifested the favour of the Deity, and assured to the general the highest reward that his conquering followers could bestow. He was proclaimed on the spot, king of the country lying about Jaca, and on which the miracle itself bestowed the appellation of Sobrarbe.

It will be supposed that those efforts, so successful in the commencement, did not stop here. The successors of Arista continued the work of conquest, gradually advancing their possessions along the banks of the Aragon, until the assistance rendered by the presence of Charlemagne enabled them to extend their territories even to the Ebro. In the ninth century,

the kingdom of Sobrarbe was divided into the earldom of Aragon *, and the kingdom of Navarre. The country to the south and east of Pampeluna was soon reconquered from the Moors; and, after the battles of Huesca, and Saragossa, in the commencement of the twelfth century, the result of which was the taking of Tudela, the princes of the newly-founded kingdom obtained possession, not only of the whole of the present Navarre, but also of Alava and Guipuzcoa.

From its earliest origin, the kingdom of Sobrarbe enjoyed privileges which were much celebrated, and which were extended by its kings to all their conquests. Though never reduced to writing, and only existing, like our own common laws of old, in the traditions of the people, those *fueros* were mutually and religiously observed both by the monarch and the people. The accession to the crown of Navarre of a French house, in the person of Thibault, Count of Champagne and Brie, became the occasion of the first misunderstanding as to these privileges. The dispute arising between the prince and the representatives of the nation, in the cortes of Estella, in 1235, as to the nature and extent of certain immunities, created the necessity for a regular compilation; and it was therefore agreed that the scattered laws of the country, heretofore handed down orally from father to son, should be embodied in one code, and that the authority of the Pope should decide on the contested points. This collection was accordingly made in 1236 by the *ricos hombres*, thirty deputies of towns, and ten of the clergy. It is still preserved in the chamber of finance at Pampeluna, and is known by the title of *los Cartularios del Rey Thibault.*

By the provisions of this code it was determined, that, in the relations between the prince and the people no law, nor any measure of importance, could be adopted without the participation and consent of the *ricos hombres*, the *infanzones*, or lords of manors, the deputies of towns, and the prelates. The laws on which the constitution of the realm was founded were preserved undiminished, until the period of the incorporation of the kingdom with the crown of Castile; and when the throne of Navarre was offered to Ferdinand the Catholic, it was bestowed under the condition, and accepted with the promise, on his part, not only of recognising, but of defending against all encroachments, the rights, privileges, and immunities of the nation. Ferdinand observed the contract religiously; nor did his successors ever manifest the slightest inclination to disregard the pledge thus given and exacted.

This form of constitutional government, originally established in the mountains of the north, may be said to belong to three distinct periods; namely, 1st, from the formation of the kingdom of Sobrarbe, to the period when the laws were collected in a written code; 2d, from that epoch, to

* Navarre has taken the principal part in the affairs of the north of Spain from a remote period. But for its identification with the crown of Castile, this part would have belonged to Aragon. The independence of Aragon was destroyed by the influence of Austria. The institutions of the Aragonese were extremely liberal; and nothing can be more beautiful than their oath of submission to the monarch. The grand judge pronounced, at the inauguration of the king, the following words in the name of the states: — "Nos que vâlemos tantot como vos, y que podemos mas que vos, os azemos nuestro Rey, y señor, con tal que guardeis nuestros fueros; si no, no." — *Ouvres Choisies de Mirabeau. Essai sur le Despotisme*, p. 65.

The absurd barbarity of the torture practised by all ancient Europe, and which, in spite of her excellent institutions, disgraced even England herself, was never permitted in Aragon. Their reasons for rejecting this mode of inquiry are noble, and worthy of being quoted. "L'inquisition condamne sans confronter l'accusateur et le coupable, sans écouter la défense; elle met les hommes libres à la torture; elle arrache l'aveu des accusés par un supplice qui précède la sentence; elle confisque les biens des coupables: tout cela est contraire aux lois Aragonaises, et détruit les libertés que nous avons reçues de nos pères: *nous ne voulons pas l'Inquisition!*"—*Littérature Française de M. Villemain*, tom. ii

the incorporation of Navarre with the Spanish dominions; and 3d, from its union with the Castilian monarchy to our own times.

It was during the period referred to first that the cortes were originally assembled. In the early session of this assembly, the formula of the royal oath was settled; by which, each prince, on his accession, was obliged to swear to preserve inviolate the *fuero de Sobrarbe*, as the ancient Navarrese constitution was named. The expulsion of the Moors from the plains, and the efforts incessantly made to reconquer the soil, had not allowed the monarch sufficient leisure to attend to the internal, and more pacific, measures of civil administration. The duty of perfecting the social organisation of the kingdom depended solely on the citizens (the *paisanos*) themselves; and the establishment of the government on the basis we have referred to above was owing to the patriotism and wisdom of the *ricos hombres*, in accordance with the clergy.

During the second epoch, the laws were reduced to writing, and the cortes were first regularly and formally established. The periods of their meeting were marked out; and the three branches of which they were, as a body, composed were determined. The form of the oath to be taken by the monarch was drawn up; by the terms of which, as we have already observed, he was forbidden to perform any act of importance, without the consent of the representatives of the people. The nature of these important measures was not left vague, or uncertain; and the same resolutions which dictated the oath defined the extent of its obligations. The acts which, without the accordance of the general council of the nation, became impossible to the prince, were the making war, concluding peace, entering into a treaty, and establishing imposts of any kind.—The third epoch brings us to the incorporation of Navarre with the crown of Castile — from the time of Ferdinand the Catholic to that of Ferdinand VII.

We have made some remarks elsewhere on the nature of the constitution of Navarre, and have noticed the construction of its government, and its division into three *estamentos*, or estates. The viceroy, who, as the representative of the monarch, has the command of the troops, is, in virtue of his office, governor of Pampeluna, and enjoys the right of presiding in the cortes and the grand council of Navarre. The deputation, or cortes, is composed of three estates, — the ecclesiastical, the military, and the representatives of the towns. This branch of the administration is assisted by a certain number of law advisers, who are selected, in equal numbers, from Castile and Navarre, for the purpose of explaining all matters that may be rendered difficult by legal technicalities, and who perform the functions of attorneys-general. They do not, however, possess the right of voting, or of being present at the discussions.

The cortes meet every year; but the elections are triennial. By a wise regulation, they are forbidden to entertain any new subject of debate, until all the *agravios*, or wrongs, under which the country has previously been suffering, are redressed. The viceroy, as representative of the crown, opens and closes the sessions of parliament, presides in it, but cannot interfere in the debates. The members alone enjoy the exclusive right of discussing the affairs of the kingdom; of regulating the taxes, and the custom-house duties; of prohibiting, or permitting, the import and export of merchandise; and, in fine, of deciding on all matters affecting the important interests of the nation. The decrees of the crown have no effect in Navarre without the consent of the cortes; and a solemn oath obliging him to regard this particular privilege is exacted from the viceroy, both for the king, and for himself personally. The grand council of Navarre, which in its nature

closely resembles the ancient French parliaments, forms the third branch of the government; and the fourth comprises the chamber of finance, to which must be rendered the accounts connected with the national expenditure, as well as the payment of all contributions for the purposes of the state.

With regard to the internal economy of the kingdom, justice is administered, in the first instance, by the alcaldes of the towns. An appeal may be made from the decisions of the local magistrates to the superior tribunal of Pampeluna, and, in the last instance, to the royal council of Navarre. No taxes can be imposed except by the authority, or permission, of the deputation; and there are no governors allowed to command, in any part of the kingdom, except at Pampeluna, and in the vicinity of certain mountain passes (*puertos*). The king of Spain receives no tribute whatever beyond a sum of 180,000 reals (1800*l.*).

The municipal institutions, though tending to the single object of the benefit and well-being of the community, are not uniform, but vary according to the nature of the different localities. Each municipality is composed of an alcalde and regidors; and, in some instances, these offices are held by an hereditary tenure, but they are for the most part elective. In addition to these corporations, each of the valleys, amounting to thirty-four in number, is administered by an alcalde, who is assisted by two deputies. There is, besides, attached to each locality a multitude of particular privileges, more or less important to the places interested, and to which the population is most ardently devoted.

The descendants of the ancient Cantabrians boast that they are amongst the few who offered a successful resistance to that engrossing spirit of conquest which so characterised the Romans; and the chronicles of the Biscayans, the Austurians, and the Guipuzcoans, abound with descriptions of the immense difficulties sustained by the Goths in their efforts to penetrate within the recesses of their mountains. In these respects the Biscayans claim a superiority even over the Navarrese. The hateful presence of the unbeliever never contaminated their Christian soil; and, if we may trust the chronicle of the holy Bishop Sebastian, Alphonso the Catholic had no necessity to impart the *fuero de poblacion* to Biscay, inasmuch as the Saracens had never conquered it. During the period of the Gothic rule, the principal authority was entrusted to a Duke of Cantabria, who was freely elected by the people, assembled together in the manner and in the order which we shall detail below. The last of these chiefs, Andrea de Gomez, rendered important services to the King Rodriguez of Navarre, when that monarch struggled for the recovery of his territories. The earldom of Biscay was founded by his son and successor, Eudes. In the commencement of the eleventh century, this earldom became united with the sovereignty of Navarre; and the succeeding age beheld the Count of Biscay become the feudatory of the King of Leon. In the year 1250, an attempt made on the part of Diego Lopez, the twelfth lord, to violate the *fuero* to which he had sworn fidelity, excited an insurrection; and the Biscayans, assembling together at Guernica, to the number of 14,000, abandoned, like the Romans of old, their homes, and retired as far as Liqueitio. The wife of the despotic count, a beautiful and accomplished lady, according to the chronicle we have already quoted, went out, alone and unattended, from the city of Bilbao, for the purpose of inducing the revolted multitude to return. She addressed the fierce mountaineers; she assured them of the sincere repentance of her lord; and, on his part, promised, for the future, the most constant and inviolable regard for their laws and privileges. Her eloquence and her loveliness prevailed. They threw aside the sword, became reconciled to their chief, and returned

to their homes. The fidelity and honour of their worthless ruler were not of long endurance: his oath was again violated, and they came to besiege him in the city of Bilbao; where, after a blockade of four months, the countess became again the minister of peace, and her husband took once more the oath of fidelity to the *fueros*. From this last event may be dated the origin of the meetings under the ancient oak at Guernica.

The *fueros* of the lordship of Biscay were first reduced to writing in 1373, by Don Juan, the nephew of Don Pedro the Cruel. The code, composed of thirty-seven laws, was presented to King John I., and was confirmed by him at Olmeda, in 1375. As a body of law it continued in force until 1452, when Don Gonzalo Mora, corregidor of Biscay, drew up a code of a still more complete and more general kind, and in which are contained all the *fueros*, privileges, liberties, usages, and ancient customs of the lordship. This new collection was approved of, and confirmed, by Charles V., and by it the province of Biscay is still governed.

The form of government, which prevails in Biscay, is essentially and purely republican in all its branches. The corregidor, the highest officer in the state, is named by the crown; but subject to the approval of the deputation, in whose assemblies he sits and votes. He must be a man of letters; well acquainted with the history of his province, and perfectly conversant with its laws and customs, from the most remote periods; and, above all, he must prove himself to be of pure Biscayan blood. He is assisted by three deputies, whose office is to adjudicate in civil and criminal affairs in some instances, and in matters of appeal in others.

The deputation is composed of two members, elected by the general junta, and the corregidor. The place where its deliberations are held, is Bilbao. Its principal duties are to administer the affairs of the commonwealth; to collect the taxes; to provide for the protection and defence of the country; to nominate the official servants of the government; and to form, of itself, a court of appeal from the decisions of the corregidor.

The *regimiento* is composed of the deputation, the corregidor, and six regidors, who are chosen in the same manner as the deputation itself. It meets once a year; and sometimes oftener, if the deputation judge it necessary. Its duties in the general management of affairs are various and extensive.

The general *junta* assembles every year on the summons of the corregidor, in virtue of a previous accordance between the deputation and the regimiento. It is composed of representatives, sent from the whole of the towns, who are chosen by electoral juntas; in which every man, without exception, who possesses a domicile, has the right to vote. The qualifications demanded are, to be of pure Biscayan blood; to have attained the majority determined by the law; and to possess, as already remarked, a domicile in the lordship. The deputies, thus freely elected, proceed on an appointed day to the ancient oak of Guernica. The deputation, seated on a bench beneath the branches of the tree, call, by public summons, on each *pueblo*, according to a distinctive ritual in existence from time immemorial. Each deputy submits his credentials, which are approved or rejected by the deputation. All the necessary forms being concluded, the general *junta* is constituted; and, after taking a solemn oath in the hermitage of Don Gonzalo Mora, at twenty paces from the tree, the deliberations are commenced in the hall of the archives adjoining, and are continued with open doors. The subject matter of debate is put from the chair in the Castilian, but the discussion is carried on in the Basque, tongue.

The general affairs of the lordship occupy the attention of the junta.

It decides on all matters connected with the administration for the next two years; and examines, with severity and strictness, the management of affairs during the anterior period. It nominates to public offices. For this purpose each *pueblo* is divided into two sections, the Onezimo and Gamboyno.* Three electors are drawn for each; and these, in turn, propose for the offices a certain number of candidates, whose election is determined by the ballot. A deputy, three regidors, a syndic, and a secretary are thus chosen by each section. These, taken collectively, form what is called the lordship (*señorio*) of Biscay; which is consequently composed of two deputies, six regidors, two syndics, and two secretaries, who are all elected for two years. There is no special fund set apart for the purposes of the government; but, in order to meet the public expenses, an impost, voted by the general junta, is levied on each house, of which a strict account must be rendered both as to the receipts and the disbursements. An *alcalde* is chosen by each town in the lordship to administer local affairs; and his jurisdiction in civil suits resembles, more or less, that of our courts of requests, and, in criminal matters, may be compared to that of our magistrates at quarter sessions. The deputies, or assistants, of the corregidor, alluded to above, adjudicate in civil as well as criminal actions; from their decision an appeal may be made to the provincial *junta;* and, in the last instance, to the judge royal of Biscay, whose court is established at Valladolid.

The principal privileges and immunities of the province are,—Freedom from paying any imposts but those due from the inhabitants to their own lordship, and which are fixed by themselves, and, additionally, whatever gratuitous contributions may be deemed necessary to meet the extraordinary emergencies of the state;—the enjoyment of the privileges of nobility in the Castilian dominions on merely proving a descent from pure Biscayan blood;—not to appear before any tribunal, either civil or criminal, without the limits of the lordship, except in the cases of appeal to be decided before the judge royal of Biscay;—to allow, within the province, no royal intendant or comptroller;—to permit no *estanco*, or royal monopoly, as in the rest of Spain;—to pay no duty on imported merchandise;—to have no royal administrations except that of the post-office;—to admit no Spanish troops within the territory;—to furnish no recruits for the royal army;—to defend, with their own means, and their own blood, their territory;—and to visit with summary punishment the agents of the king who may be convicted of extortion, or of any attempt to injure, or even to interfere with, the constitution of the lordship.

The proud recollections of the Biscayans, that they are exempt from the contamination of the Mussulman yoke, are shared by the Alavese; who carry their pretensions to a still higher point, and maintain that even the Goths tried, but never were able, to subdue them. Whatever may be the grounds on which this very justifiable vanity depends for support, and whatever may be the amount of credit attached to the traditions, and the chronicles, on which it is founded, it is at least certain that the standard of the Prophet was never planted on the soil of Alava. The expiatory edicts, by which the unclean touch of Moslemism became purified, were never applied to this province; and, as in the case of Biscay, the chronicle of the Bishop Rodriguez declares,

* The two factions of the houses of Oñaz and Gamboa disturbed by their disputes the tranquillity of the lordship. In order to reconcile their rival claims, it was at length agreed that *double* authorities should be appointed to each *alcadia* and town; and that, consequently, both families should have the privilege of being named to the offices. Though the parties have long ceased to exist, the usage is still retained; and for this reason it is that we find in Bilbao, &c. *two* deputies, *two alcaldes*, &c.—See *Memor. Justificativa*, p. 67.; *Histoire des Provinces Basques*, p. 521.

that Alphonso the Catholic had no necessity to impart the *fuero de repoblacion** to Alava. Notwithstanding these claims of exemption from almost universal conquest, it is more than probable that Vardalia, the modern Alava, formed a portion of the duchy of Cantabria, which has been alluded to above, and which became a grand fief of the Gothic kings; and that, at the period of the dismemberment of their vast empire, it was found, equally with a part of Navarre, tributary to Don Pedro, first king of Oviedo,—this prince in 739, having inherited, at the same time, the kingdom of Oviedo, and the duchy of Cantabria. The general features of the early history of this province do not very much differ from that of Biscay and Guipuzcoa. It became incorporated, about the year 1020, with the kingdom of Navarre. Miranda del Ebro and Vittoria were founded in the year 1181; and these cities, together with Guardia, and some other towns of the province, received the *fueros* of Logroño, which are amongst the earliest records of the legislation of this country. The establishment of certain associations, or, as they are called, *hermandades*, presents a novel feature in the history of Alava. Exposed, from its peculiar situation, during the space of nearly two hundred years, to the rival and vexatious pretensions of the kings of Castile and Navarre, its inhabitants were obliged, for their own protection, to organise these associations, according to the manner and the means most conformable to their habits and their local necessities. The first regular notice of the *hermandades* is in a privilege granted by Ferdinand IV. to the city of Vittoria. The *hermandades* of Alava were federatively united to those of Castile, and particular regulations were established for their preservation. In 1417, they became generally recognised; and Juan II. published an edict by which the *hermandades* of Alava became united to those of Vittoria, and placed under the protection of the same laws. This form of constitution was confirmed by Henrique IV. in 1458; and was recognised by Ferdinand the Catholic in 1488, and by Charles V. in 1537. Alava is divided into fifty-three *hermandades*, each of which has either one or two *alcaldes*, who are elected in the *junta* of the *hermandad*, on the first day of each year. On the 4th of May, and 18th of November, the *procuradores* of these associations assemble in general *juntas*, in which a deputy in chief is named for three years. This officer is the first dignitary in the province. He represents the authority of the king, and presides in the public assemblies, but has not the right to vote; and his powers cease during the sitting of the *juntas*, to which he is obliged to submit a detailed account of his administration. The *alcaldes* of *hermandades* possess jurisdiction in their respective localities, and are judges, in right of office, of the five cases of robbery, arson, murder, violation, and attempts against property. From their decision an appeal lies to the tribunal of the deputy in chief.

The principal magistrate is assisted by two secretaries,—one for justice, and the other for the civil administration—and a treasurer general; all of whom are named by the *junta*. A second deputy is elected; and he is assisted in his duties by a deputation, which is, itself, composed of six representatives of each of the six districts into which the *hermandades* are distributed, with whom he consults when necessary. This assistant and these deputies are, like the deputy-general, elected for three years by the *junta* during its last sitting.

* We may trace the former presence of the Mussulman yoke by these edicts of *repoblacion*. They were only applied to those localities which had submitted to the sway of the infidel. The *repoblacion* means the repeopling a town, the inhabitants of which had been Mussulmans. The invaders were expelled, and a new and Christian population was summoned from the mountains to occupy their place. In many cases, the option was given to the unbelievers to remain, on condition of submitting to baptism. "*Alphonso el Catolico no tuvo necessidad de dar a la Vizcaya los fueros de repoblacion, porque los Saracenos no la habian conquista.*"—*Las Cronicas del Santisimo Obispo Sebastian.*

The *alcaldes* are elected in the juntas of the *hermandades*, at which all the heads of families assist. In the general *junta*, fifteen electors are chosen for the public offices of the state, who are still further reduced to three in number by the operation of the ballot; and these are named to the proposed offices. The only authorities recognised by the province are, the deputy-general; his assistant; his two secretaries; the treasurer; two commissioners of police; and a company of gendarmes, named *celadores*.

The province of Alava possesses distinguished and valuable privileges. The *ayuntamiento*, or corporation, of Vittoria is composed of two *alcaldes*, two *regidors*, a *procurador-general*, two representatives of the people, and twelve deputies. This deputation serves for the city and *hermandad*, or county. A similar administration is provided for each *hermandad* in the province.

The elections are of two sorts. The *habilitados*,—those qualified by being members of noble families,—can only become candidates for the first five employments. The competitors for the other offices are taken from amongst those citizens who are heads of families, and who assist at elections. The five members of the *ayuntamiento*, who are selected from amongst the nobles, draw lots for their respective employments, which are distributed according to the following order — the first and second *alcalde*, the first and second *regidor*, and the *procurador-general*. The remaining twenty-four candidates draw lots, in like manner, for their respective places. The *ayuntamiento* being thus constituted, take the oaths in the cathedral of the city. When the *procurador* performs his part in the ceremonial, he grasps the handle of an ancient knife inserted in the wall by the high altar, and, swearing, prays that by its blade his throat may be severed, should he neglect or refuse to protect, with all his might and power, the *fueros* and privileges of his province. These privileges resemble, almost in every respect, those of Biscay.

Without entering into the remote history of Guipuzcoa, or attempting to decide between the rival claims of the ancient historians of the province,—one of whom, Pierre de Marca, a Frenchman, contends that a considerable portion of the province belonged to the bishopric of Bayonne, and that the remainder formed a part of that of Calahorra,—it may be sufficient to observe, that it participated generally in the destinies of Alava. From the period when it became a distinct power, we find it attached, until the eleventh century, to the kingdom of Leon. It subsequently entered into an alliance with the monarch of Navarre, which lasted during two hundred years; at the end of which period the ancient *fueros* of the province were collected in a written code, and confirmed by the monarch.

In the year 1200, Guipuzcoa became incorporated with the crown of Castile. This union is maintained, by almost all the historians of the Basque provinces, to have been entirely voluntary on the part of the provinces, and to have been effected on conditions dictated by the natives themselves. The best proof of the truth of this assertion, even if there were serious authority to contradict it, is to be found in the recognition of the voluntary nature of this gift, on the part of the monarchs of Spain, without excepting even those of the French dynasty. The *cedula*, or royal decree, of Ferdinand VI., promulgated in October 1752, declares, in its preamble, that the province was incorporated with the dominions of Alonzo VIII., in 1203, of its own free will, and under the guarantee of the recognition of its ancient *fueros*, privileges, and rights.*

* "Al tiempo que nos teniamos cercada la nuestra ciudad de Algeciras per el grand menestro en la goarda de la mar que nos vinisteis a servir con naos."—*Despacho espedido en Burgos à 23 de Mayo*

The devotedness of the Guipuzcoans to their new ally is illustrated in their archives by a thousand deeds of valour; and each succeeding monarch rendered his reign remarkable by the confirmation of its usages, and the grant of new privileges. The annals of the different princes who swayed the destinies of the Spanish monarchy, from Alphonso VIII. to Charles III., are replete with proofs of the loyal services of the Guipuzcoans, and are expressive of their gratitude. In a thousand instances the importance of the towns of the provinces, but more particularly San Sebastian, is insisted on, and the services to the crown acknowledged with grateful emphasis.* The superiority of San Sebastian is recognised by papal authority; and the pontiff Calixtus III., in his bull, dated at Rome in 1456, appoints that locality as the place of residence for the supreme judge of the ecclesiastical courts of the province, on account of its being the principal and most important town in Guipuzcoa.† The most convincing proof, however, of the interest taken in this fortress by the princes of Castile, is to be found in the edicts of Saint Ferdinand, in which that monarch seems to consider it as of equal value with the kingdom of Navarre.‡

The reputation of the Guipuzcoans as light infantry was not surpassed by any other nation, not even excepting the Gascons, who were esteemed the best in Europe. As seamen, they contributed, in common with the Biscayans, to maintain the pretensions to maritime sovereignty put forward by Spain; and in the action which took place in August, 1350, between the Spanish and English navies, the Guipuzcoan sailors destroyed the fleet of Edward III. of England, in consequence of which a most important commercial treaty, in favour of Spain, was wrung from that monarch.

The natives of this province have been in the enjoyment of their privileges from time immemorial; but they were, like those of Navarre, handed down by oral tradition, until the fourteenth century. The services rendered by them to the house of Castile, during the many and lengthened wars between the French and Spaniards, in the reigns of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., caused by their rival claims to the throne of Navarre, procured for them, not only the repeated confirmation of their ancient usages, but, an extension of new ones. The reconciliation of the rival factions of the houses of Oñaz and Gamboa, whose contentions had so much distracted the internal administration of Biscay, was followed by a general assembly, at San Sebastian, of the provincial deputies of Guipuzcoa. The most material point to which this congress directed itself was the reduction of the *fueros* to a tangible and legal form; and, in the year 1379, they were, for the first time, collected into a regular code, which, with the other transactions of the convention, were solemnly confirmed by Don Juan I. In consequence of pretensions advanced by certain powerful houses of the provincial community, it became necessary again to remodel the digest in the reign of Henrique IV. Don Gonzalo de Mora, whose patriotism and legislative talents had already effected so much for Biscay, collected anew the fueros

---

d 1345. "Declarando el Rey en la misma cédula que estos servicios no abian sido forzosos, y que para lo sucesivo, no sirviesen de ejemplar ni parasen perjuico."—*Apendice de la Mem. Justificativa*, p. 54.

* "Otro sí per cuanto la dicha villa de San Sebastian es] la mejor villa que nos habemos en el nuestro señorio Guipuzcoa, y que mas pertenece á nuestro servicio que este bien poblada," &c.—*Sentencia del Rey Enrique II., sobre la jurisdiccion y el puerto de Passages.*

† "Tanquam in loco insigniori ejusdem Provinciæ."

‡ In the *cedula* of Saint Ferdinand, appointing Gomez Bruton and Martin Ruiz de Abendaño to take command of the troops destined to proceed to the succour of San Sebastian, then besieged by an army of 15,000 Frenchmen, under the generalship of Charles of Bourbon, these words occur,—"*Que no importaba menos aquella que todo el reino de Navarra.*"

of Guipuzcoa; and published a code, in which those of the former digest, as well as the latest, were embodied. This recapitulation of legal rights, formed in 1457, and confirmed by every succeeding monarch, and particularly by Charles II. in 1696, became the rule of law by which Guipuzcoa is still governed.

The general *junta* of the province meets on the 2d of July in every third year. It is composed of representatives sent from each township, or *alcadia*, to the number of fifty-seven, who are elected by the principal proprietors assembled together in the public hall of each locality. The *junta* names four deputies in chief, who must be elected from the towns of San Sebastian, Tolosa, Aspeitia, and Ascoitia. This deputation holds its sittings during three years in each of these places; and the president for the time is the deputy of the town where the deputation meets. He is assisted in his office by four persons — an *adjunto*, two *capitularios*, and a secretary. Those authorities constitute the ordinary deputation. The *extraordinary deputation* is composed of four deputies, and four assistants, or *adjuntos*, similarly elected. The current business of the province is administered by the former; whilst the latter takes cognisance of all matters of an extraordinary nature, not anticipated, nor provided for, by the existing regulations. Their meetings take place twice in every year, in the months of December and July.

There are, besides, particular *juntas*, which assemble in eighteen principal towns designated by the constitution. Their jurisdiction extends over the *partidos*, or districts. A corporation, or *ayuntamiento*, exists in each locality, of a nature corresponding to its extent and importance in the province. Justice is administered by the principal *alcalde* in the first instance, in civil and criminal matters. The title of *alcalde mayor** is bestowed on eight of these magistrates, who possess a more extended jurisdiction. An appeal from their decision is made to the corregidor, or supreme judge of the province, who is named by the king, and who resides with the deputation. Amongst his various duties, the principal are, to preside at the *juntas*, to be present with the convention, and to audit, and approve of, the public accounts; — but he does not possess the right to vote.

The rights, privileges, and immunities of the Guipuzcoans are the same as those of the Biscayans; and by them, also, the presence of foreign, that is, of Spanish troops, is forbidden, except in the garrisons of Irun and San Sebastian.

Notwithstanding the watchful jealousy always evinced by the Basques for the protection of their privileges, a modification of the *fuero* relating to the importation of foreign merchandise has been, more than once, sought for by the principal mercantile men of Guipuzcoa. The mountainous character of this province, and the insufficiency of its soil to maintain its inhabitants, render the pursuits of commerce an object of paramount importance. During the period of the trade with South America, the poverty of its natural resources was abundantly supplied, and the town of San Sebastian, as well as the other seaports along the Cantabrian coast, participated in no small degree in the general advantages. The superabundant population found a market for enterprising industry, and the youth of this narrow

* The terms *alcalde*, and *alcayde*, or *alcade*, are frequently confounded, even by Spaniards. The former means a civil magistrate, or justice of the peace; whilst by the latter expression is usually designated the military commandant of a castle, or fortified place. The term *alcayde* is Moorish, whilst *alcalde* is Castilian. "Lorsque la conquête Mussulmane s'etendit sur l'Espagne, les Arabes n'eurent-ils autre chose à faire que d'établir un gouverneur et un cadi Mussulmans dans les villes qui se soumirent, en laissant un cadi chrétien, d'où vient le nom d'*alcade* en Espagne." — *Essai sur la Constitution des Provinces Basques.*

and sterile province sought wealth and fortune in the vastness of the New World. The separation of the colonies from the dominion of the mother-country put a stop to these advantages; and the evil consequences resulting from this event were no where felt with so much severity as in the Basque provinces. Guipuzcoa, in particular, had few or no resources to enable her to bear up against the evil. Attempts were made, previous to the decease of Ferdinand, by the trading classes, to effect a species of compromise, or rather to alter the particular *fuero* regarding the establishment of custom-houses along the French frontier. The portion of the community alluded to came into frequent, and, not rarely, angry, collision with the landed proprietors of the interior, by whom they were accused of evincing a readiness to sacrifice the independence of the entire province to the profit of a few. The contest was carried on for some time energetically; and it seemed to approach a crisis favourable to the mercantile interests (a memorial of a strong nature having been drawn up, and published in 1832), when the death of Ferdinand, and the breaking out of the civil war, put an end to all negotiations on the subject.

We are, as yet, unacquainted with the particulars of the modification contemplated by the Spanish government in the settlement of the question of the Basque privileges, or whether the intended changes will interfere with the municipal administration of the province; but, from our knowledge, the result of much experience, of the feelings of the leading members of the mercantile community, we are convinced of the necessity of an alteration of the *fuero* relating to commercial interests, by which the maritime towns of the province are regulated. Such a change, adapted to the wants and wishes of a large and influential portion of the inhabitants, would by no means derange the privileges of the interior, where no such necessities exist.

If the government, however, desire that tranquillity should succeed the scenes of bloodshed and anarchy which have been exhibited for so many years, they will only obtain this consummation by observing a frank and unequivocal line of conduct; and by interfering as little as possible with the municipal institutions which are so endeared to the Basques. In this manner they will avoid the danger of again alienating the yet unsettled allegiance of the provinces. The slightest symptoms of hesitation or dishonesty will not fail to awaken a contest even of a fiercer and more sanguinary nature than the one which has just terminated.

IRELAND — EMIGRATION, EMPLOYMENT.

M. Auguste de Beaumont, the companion of De Tocqueville in America, has lately published a work on the state and prospects of Ireland, which is by no means flattering to our character for wisdom and humanity, and which develops an extent of social misery in that country with the existence of which foreigners have been hitherto totally unacquainted.* If they credit his statements respecting us, the truth of which we fear cannot be questioned, they must regard with suspicion our pretensions to be hailed as the guardians of the rising liberties of nations, who keep our own free subjects in a

* Ireland, Social, Political, and Religious. By Gustave De Beaumont. Translated by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. Two Vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1839.

state far worse than that of any other people in the world — infinitely worse than that of the savage of the American desert, or the negro slave of the American plantation. With both these he compares the Irish peasant, and declares him unquestionably entitled to the pre-eminence in misery. His views of the past and present state of that kingdom are really surprising for the extraordinary acquaintance they exhibit with the history of a land of which few Englishmen know any thing, and with which he seems as familiar as one of its own children. We have not seen any work on the state of that part of the realm which can be compared with it in the accuracy of its historical retrospects, its admirable delineation of the relative positions of the various political and religious parties, and its seerlike analysis of the manifold evils under which that country suffers, and the measures which have been proposed for their removal. The misery of the peasantry he attributes to the cruelty of the landlords, and the general misery of the country to the existence of an anti-national church and aristocracy; the abolition of both of which he proposes with all imaginable *naïvetè*, merely so far as it might be effected by depriving both of the privileges which distinguish them from other parts of the community, and the former of the property which it has so long and so uselessly enjoyed. The principal remedy which he suggests for improving the state of the great mass of the population is, the abrogation of the law of entails and primogeniture, and the adoption of other measures tending to make the people landed proprietors. His views on this subject are just and rational, but we fear that they cannot receive the adoption of our legislators for some generations. As what he advances with regard to emigration — as a relief to Ireland — is both new to the public, and calculated to change the opinions hitherto formed on the speculations of political economists, we imagine that we shall "have done the state some service" if we shall be able to convince our readers of the correctness of his arguments.

After observing on the apparent feasibility of emigration to afford some relief to that wretched country — on the contrast between the notions of the moderns and of the ancients on the subject of population — on the prohibitions of our former governments against emigration — and on the means which the Irish poor have adopted for sustaining the greatest number of inhabitants on the smallest possible territory and the worst possible food; he says —

"It seems, at the first glance, that for a population which derives subsistence from the soil with so much difficulty, every diminution of number would be an immense benefit; still, if the question be investigated, it will be found that the emigration of four or five millions of Irishmen would not necessarily produce for the four or five remaining millions better or more certain means of subsistence. In fact, whence does it arise that the agricultural produce of Ireland does not appear sufficient for the support of the population? It is not because the country does not supply sufficient food for eight millions of men; everybody knows that this fertile country could easily support twenty-five millions of inhabitants. Why then does the third of that number live so wretchedly? Because, before asking from the land and its produce what is necessary for his subsistence, the Irishman must first take what is necessary to pay the rent to his landlord. This explains why, in a land capable of giving bread to twenty-five millions of persons, eight millions with difficulty find support from the cultivation of the worst kind of potatoes. If these eight millions of Irishmen wished to feed on corn, nothing could be more easy, for the land furnishes far more than their necessities require; but then they could not pay their rents to the lords of the soil. Now see how the Irish cultivator is obliged to act: he sows a part of his land in corn to sell the harvest, and he plants a small spot in potatoes, on the produce of which he lives. In the first case he hopes to derive from the land the best kind of harvest, with the price of which he will pay his rent; and, in the second, to obtain the more abundant produce capable of supplying his more imperious wants; and as the rent which the landlord requires from him is constantly raised, he constantly enlarges the space on which he raises the articles that he sells, whilst he as constantly narrows the space on which he produces the

potatoes that support him. Now suppose that the landlords of Ireland see nothing but what is natural and regular in this distress of the agricultural population; suppose it one of their familiar principles, that the tenant should derive no profit from the culture of the soil, but just so much as is absolutely necessary to his support; finally, suppose that this principle should be so rigorously applied by Irish landlords, that every more economical mode of life discovered by the tenants necessarily leads to the augmentation of their rents. In this hypothesis, which to everybody who knows Ireland is a sad reality, what would be the consequence of a diminution of population?

"The soil of Ireland having to feed a less number of inhabitants, would they hereafter be maintained in a better position? Not at all. For if, instead of continuing to eat potatoes, they began to feed on bread, the landlord would see in this change an increase of prosperity and a sign of fortune, which would at once induce him to raise the rent. In order to pay this larger sum, the poor tenant should at once revert to his former system; if he delayed, he would be soon ejected for non-payment of rent, and his miseries would begin again as before. Thus, after millions of Irishmen were removed from Ireland, the condition of the remaining population would not, perhaps, be at all changed, but would remain equally miserable. Hence we can understand why Ireland a century ago, with only a third of the present inhabitants, was just as indigent as she is now, and subject to the same causes of misery, independent of number."

In illustration of the correctness of these judicious observations, we shall glean a few facts from the history of that country. To those who have considered the reasonings of political economists, it must be obvious that the question whether an increase of population is injurious or otherwise to an empire, is one of those on which men may for ever theorise to no purpose, and on which a person gifted with a little ingenuity, and disencumbered of a heart, may to the end of time

"Confute, change hands, and still confute"

all adversaries, who would be content to speculate only on the future, entirely forgetful of the past. Facts are the only weapons which can bring the *feelosophers* from their stilts, and with these we shall ply them. The population of Ireland for the last two centuries and a half stands as follows, according to the most approved estimates which we have been able to discover: — At the close of the last war in the reign of Elizabeth the total of souls left did not exceed 700,000. They were estimated previous to 1641 at 1,466,000; in 1672 at 1,100,000; in 1695 at 1,034,102; in 1712 at 2,099,094; in 1726 at 2,309,106; in 1731 at 2,010,221; in 1754 at 2,372,634; in 1777 at 2,690,556; in 1788 at 4,040,000; in 1792 at 4,088,226; in 1805 at 5,395,456; in 1814 at 5,937,856; in 1821 at 6,801,827; in 1831 at 7,767,401. They are said to be now over 8,000,000.

If the doctrines of the political economists be right, Ireland must be at the present moment eight times more miserable than it was at the beginning of the last century; and as we trace back from this instant, we must find its happiness and its comforts increasing in a ratio inverse to the numbers of its population. This is the theory. What saith history? Of its state prior to the last century it is needless to say more, than that from the Restoration to the Revolution it was pronounced to be "the most improved and improving spot of ground in Europe." A change "came o'er the scene;" and, in the reign of Anne, Swift, in his "Maxims Controuled in Ireland," states, among other instances of misery, that "*half of the souls in that kingdom were then supported by begging and thieving, two thirds of whom would be able to earn their bread in any other country upon earth.*" In a work published in 1780 we find that from the reign of Anne to 1779 that country had been never free from scarcity — that in several years during that period thousands had died of famine, or of disorders occasioned by bad provisions — and that so great was the distress at one time, that they were obliged to pass an act of parliament to stop the distilleries. Up to 1762 a

great portion of the inhabitants lived on imported corn. In the year and six months ending the 29th of September, 1729, the imported corn amounted in value to 274,000*l.*; "an amazing sum," says the writer, "compared with the circumstances of the kingdom at that time." * During all the period that a population varying from one eighth to one third of the present numbers was thus living on imported corn or starving without it, the country was not visited by war, plague, or pestilence. From 1762 the importation of provisions ceased — the severity and frequency of famines gradually diminished — the country soon began to export: it now, with its eight millions, annually exports twice more provisions than would have been necessary for it while it was importing and starving. For the last fourteen years, during which its numbers have reached the most alarming state of "superabundance," fewer have died of hunger than in any similar space of time from the accession of Anne to the present moment; and the great mass of the people have been in every respect "better off" (to use a homely intelligible phrase) than at any former period since the close of the seventeenth century. They are still wretched, but less so than when they were one eighth of their present numbers. How then can any one, with these facts before him, pretend to say that draining off one million, two millions, or six millions, would improve the state of that kingdom, — unless he should be such an extravagant Malthusian as to deem the absence of human beings alone a sufficient indication of improvement?

This subject, from its extreme importance, deserves a little further consideration. Almost every one who prattles on Irish affairs seems so satisfied of the truth of the common notion as to the redundancy of the population, that we deem ourselves in duty bound to remove the "erroneous impression." Mr. Revans has already done much in his very clever little work towards demonstrating the fallacy of this "vulgar error." He shows that the population is much less dense in the agricultural counties of Ireland than in those of England, and consequently much less dense than the Irish soil, which is, in general, so much richer than that of England, could maintain, if it were cultivated on a right system. He compares the purely agricultural counties of Ireland with the purely agricultural counties of England, and the following is the result: — "Galway, the population of which is the most wretched in Ireland, contains as many acres to each individual as Berks, Bucks, Devon, Essex, Monmouth, Norfolk, Hampshire, and Suffolk; half an acre more to each individual than Bedford and Sussex; and an acre more to each individual than Hertford, Kent, and Wiltshire. Meath, which is a purely grazing county, contains three acres to each individual, while Herefordshire, also a grazing county, has only two acres to each individual; yet there is scarcely a more wretched peasantry in Ireland than that of Meath, and scarcely a better conditioned peasantry in England than that of Herefordshire. Kildare, the population of which is as wretched as that of any county in Leinster, has a larger proportion of land to its inhabitants than any county in England, with the exception of Dorset, Hereford, Lincoln, and Oxford. *In making these calculations I have deducted the unprofitable land.*" †

If, in addition to this, we consider that the population of Armagh, which is the densest in Ireland, is the most comfortable; that there can be no comparison as to the density of the respective populations in the manufacturing counties of England and in any counties of Ireland; that one fourth of the

* The Commercial Restraints of Ireland, considered in a Series of Letters to a Noble Lord. Written by the celebrated John Hely Hutchinson.

† Introduction, p. 3.

entire land in the latter is now lying waste, though easily reclaimable *; that two thirds of that which is said to be *cultivated*, lying in natural pasture, does not produce one fourth what it would if properly cultivated †; that the remainder in tillage does not produce half what it would under the modern improved system of agriculture; and that, notwithstanding, it can afford to export nearly two thirds of its entire produce ‡, — can we doubt for a moment its ability to support a much larger population than its present one?

But no one pretends to say that the population exceeds the means of supply, or that it is denser in proportion to the profitable land than that of this country; but that the number of labourers exceeds the means of employment, — so say the political economists and the Irish Poor Law Inquiry Commissioners. We feel a peculiar pleasure in tripping up the stilts of folks of this kind. Now the whole matter is very, very simple.

Ireland is an agricultural country, in which employment is to be had by the cultivation of the land, or not at all. When lands are in pasture, one man may be sufficient for a hundred or hundreds of acres, according to the sort of cattle and fences he has to attend to. When they are in tillage, there will be from ten to thirty men, or more, required for a hundred acres, according to the nature of the ground and the system of agriculture pursued. In the barony of Coshlea, in the county of Limerick, it appears from the report of the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners, "that the labourers employed cannot be far from one man to every seven statute acres ploughed, and one to every twenty-five or thirty acres in grass." § This is a larger proportion of men to the acres in grass than in more purely grazing counties, as Meath, &c. We may take thirty acres as the average to a man throughout Ireland. Hence it follows that if there be 200 acres of land this year in tillage, there will be more than twenty-eight men required to cultivate them; and if they be changed next year to pasture, there will not be seven men required; or if they should belong to one proprietor, one man may be sufficient for the 200 acres, and the remaining twenty-seven be cast off as "superabundant." There lies the whole art and mystery of the relations of labour and employment in Ireland. It is, no doubt, very simple, just what any one must see who knows any thing of the past and present state of that country, who makes use of his common sense, and is not a knave, fool, philosopher, or commissioner. If he belong to either of the two latter classes, he cannot of course dedignate himself, by condescending to notice any thing so vulgar and obvious; but must, like the learned alchymists of by-gone days, exhibit the profundity of his genius and scholarship by searching for some magic panacea hidden in the womb of — nonsense. Well, our theory is this; we shall state it again: — Let an Irish gentleman till his estates as he ought this year, and he has scarce labourers enough; let him graze on them the next year, and the empire is alarmed with tales of the superabundance of labourers above the means of employment. Let us test this on the touchstone of history.

When, in consequence of the destruction of the woollen manufactures of Ireland, the passing of the penal laws, and a variety of other circumstances

* Cultivated land in 1831, 14,603,000; waste 5,340,736, of which 5,000,000 were reclaimable.

† This is the general estimate of practical agriculturists. Mr. Blacker says, that in Armagh, the best cultivated county in Ireland, half the land remains "*nominally* in grazing, but in reality producing nothing."

‡ The entire agricultural produce of Ireland for 1831 was estimated at 36,000,000*l*. The importations of it to Liverpool alone in 1838 exceeded 10,000,000*l*. See Report of Select Committee on Agriculture, 1838.

§ Irish Poor Rep. App. F. p. 406.

which it is needless to recapitulate, as they must be remembered to the end of time by every lover of our glorious Protestant constitution, as imperishable monuments of the disinterested "wisdom" and tolerant "piety" of our ancestors, pasture became more profitable than tillage, the lands which had been under cultivation were converted to pasture, the labourers were thrown out of employment, and became "superabundant;" two thirds, in the reign of Anne, were reduced to begging and thieving; others were obliged to emigrate, and others to die of hunger. Tillage was then particularly discouraged, as by its affording food and employment to the Papists, it was considered, and very justly, calculated to retard the honour and glory of the Lord, and to promote popery and infidelity. Such were the reasons assigned by our pious ancestors, when, in 1736, in addition to all the preceding discouragements to tillage, they freed pasturages from tithe, for the purpose of making that on tillage more harassing to the wretches who attempted by its aid to eke out a subsistence.

Of this truly benevolent and godly system of legislation the emigration of those who could emigrate, the importation of corn for those who could buy it, and the destruction by famine of those who could not, were the necessary results. So things continued up to 1762, when other and pecuniary motives combining to induce the landed proprietors still more to change tillage to pasture, the people could bear their afflictions no longer, and the Whiteboys appeared for the first time. Their first act was to dig up twelve acres of fattening land in the county of Limerick, for the purpose of making the proprietor change it to tillage. It is remarkable that every agrarian insurrection which has taken place since, down to the last in Clare and Kilkenny, has been commenced in the same manner, and apparently with the same object; as if instinct taught these wretched people that tilling the land was their only means of procuring an honest subsistence. Honest subsistence we are disposed to call it, when we consider that they do not demand the ground for a trifling rent, but offer the highest sum that any one can reasonably require, being willing, throughout the south of Ireland, in almost every instance, to pay the enormous sum of 8*l.* or 10*l.* per acre. There were some laws passed in 1762 to encourage agriculture, which had the immediate effect of checking the importation of provisions, and laid the foundation for the present extensive cultivation. Still the evil was not completely removed, — tillage did not obtain a sufficient preponderance over pasture; and whenever the latter became more profitable, the peasantry were thrown out of employment, became "superabundant," and when driven to extremities rose in insurrection, and dug up the pastures. Hence, of late years, because tillage has been somewhat more profitable than pasture, there has been a greater degree of tranquillity than at any preceding period since 1762; and when we heard last spring of outbreaks in the counties of Limerick and Clare, what was the declared object of the poor famished wretches? — to compel the extensive graziers to break up some of their pastures. Their first act? — to dig up the pastures. In fact, the entire theory of Irish insurrections depends on the marketable relations of pasture and tillage; and any one, by studying the "Mark Lane Express," may foretel quiet or turbulence with as much certainty as a Herschel can calculate an eclipse. Let him who doubts our theory examine the history of each and every of those insurrections; and if he do not find us infallible, we will never again put pen to paper.

Here we would willingly examine the deductions drawn by the Irish Poor Law Inquiry Commissioners from the information gathered by their subordinate assistants, had not their clumsily elaborated crudities been so

utterly undeserving of attention, and been so justly cast aside as mere rubbish by the men who employed them, that it would be a very unworthy pass at arms to enter the lists with such recreants. We will therefore break a lance with the successful champion of this national tournament — Dr. Nicholls. He coincides to some degree in the emigration proposals of the commissioners, though he does not speak with the same confidence of the superabundance of labour. He more doubtingly observes, — "The Irish population *seems to be excessive as compared with the means of employment* which the country affords; and the effects of this excess would, I think, be much more felt, was it not for the opening which England presents for migration. Still, however, notwithstanding this relief, Ireland now exhibits all the CHARACTERISTICS *of a superabundant population; but to what extent can scarcely be determined, as a small excess will operate prejudicially on the whole mass.*" Though he is opposed to emigration as "*an ordinary resource*," because as "in general the most active and enterprising emigrate, leaving the more feeble and less robust and resolute at home," such "a continual drain of its best elements lowers the tone, and reduces the general vigour of the community;" yet he considers that when any considerable number of labourers remain in a workhouse, subject to its discipline, "it may be taken as a proof of their actual inability to provide for themselves, and of the consequent excess of labourers beyond the means of employment. Under such circumstances, emigration must be looked to as the best, if not the only present remedy." *

According to this theory, if the landlords were universally to eject all their tenantry, to convert all their lands to pasture, and not to leave an inhabitant to the square league, there would be still a *superabundant population;* i. e. *an "excess of labourers above the means of employment.*"

Such, then, John Bull, are the theories on which political economists and Poor Law Commissioners call upon you to open your breeches-pockets, and "shell out" 40,000,000*l.* of your hard earnings for the purpose of completing the measure of your iniquity, by expatriating from the loved land of their sires 2,000,000 of people who have never done you an injury, and to whom you have hitherto proved yourself the fellest tyrant that ever cursed a country.

For the last twenty-five years emigration and ejectment have been carried on to a greater extent than was ever before known, yet they have produced no amelioration in the condition of those who have been left behind; neither are the lands thus cleared of inhabitants better cultivated, or in any manner improved. As soon as the tenants are turned off, the extensive farmer, who takes the lands, sets some corn crop in such parts as are under cultivation, cuts it, and then leaving them entirely to the beneficence of nature, lets them *run out.*† Such things as scattering some grass seeds, top-dressing, draining, &c. are agricultural luxuries, in which they are seldom tempted to indulge. Thus, the land, instead of being improved, is reduced to a state much worse than its former one: the landlord does not receive higher rents by driving a body of honest industrious people to beggary or starvation; and the "land-shark" has his career frequently terminated by the hand of the assassin. M. De Beaumont tells us that it has been established by official inquiries, that the extensive voluntary emigration for years past has produced no sensible effect on the condition of the remaining population, or increased in the parishes and counties whence it was greatest the wages of the labourers by a single farthing, or their employment by a single day's work. Emigration, even according to the statement of its own advocates, to be of any effect,

* Rep. p. 32. † *Anglice*, Become pasture.

must be extended to millions; and those who wish to understand the cost and difficulty of removing two or more millions, we refer to De Beaumont's book.

As the *mania* for depopulating Ireland seems almost incurable, and small farms the objects of the greatest abhorrence to all our weakly-minded philosophers, we may perform a benefit to society by attracting attention to what was the consequence to the Roman empire of the very system which is now being carried into effect in Ireland on the philanthropic principles of the Malthusian political economy. The similarity, nay, the identity, of the courses pursued in ancient Italy and modern Ireland, will, on examination, appear really remarkable.

The great attention paid by the ancient Greeks and Romans to agriculture is well known to every tyro in classical literature. From the number of writers who devoted themselves to the subject, it would seem that treatises on husbandry were among the staple commodities of the ware-rooms of the bibliopolists of antiquity. Varro enumerates fifty-one Greek prose writers on agriculture; beside Hesiod, and Menecrates of Ephesus, poets; and Mago, the Carthaginian, whose twenty-eight books were translated by order of the Roman senate, for the use of the people.* Columella mentions fifty-six eminent Greek and Latin writers on the same subject, from Hesiod to his own day, or fifty-one from Hesiod to Virgil.† This number will appear very considerable when compared with the number of those who wrote on any one other subject during the same period. Among the earlier Romans, to declare a man a good husbandman seems to have been the acmé of eulogy,— *Et virum bonum, quem laudabant, ita laudabant. Bonum agricolam. Bonum colonum. Amplissime laudari existimabatur qui ita laudabatur.* As good husbandry was a source of praise; so, on the contrary, bad husbandry was a source of severe animadversion, to be noticed even by the censor, — *Agrum malè colere censorium probrum dicebatur.*‡ From this source the distinction in the honourable character of the privilege of citizenship arose:—" *Jam distinctio honosque civitatis non aliunde erat. Rusticæ tribus laudatissimæ eorum qui rura haberent. Urbanæ vero, in quas transferri ignominia esset, desidiæ probro.*" § Pliny and Columella enumerate at some length the honours bestowed in those early days on agricultural pursuits, and mention as the necessary result of it the excellent cultivation of the entire country, and the consequent plentiful and incredibly cheap supply of provisions ‖, flour being frequently sold for a farthing a bushel. Pliny states, on the authority of Marcus Varro, that at one period of the republic, A SINGLE FARTHING was the purchasing price of a bushel of flour, a flagon of wine, thirty pounds of dried figs, ten pounds of oil, and twelve pounds of meat ¶; and this, he observes, was supplied NOT from the immense farms of individuals who ejected their neighbours, — "NEC E LATIFUNDIIS SINGULORUM CONTINGEBAT ARCENTIUM VICINOS." ** All the Latin writers of the empire notice this abundance of the early days of the republic. Columella says, that in consequeuce of the *ancient* love of agriculture, the more primitive Sabines and Romans raised greater supplies of provisions amidst the fire and sword of hostile incursions, than were produced in after times, when a long continuous peace enabled

* De Re Rusticâ, ch. i. † De Re Rust. ch. i.

‡ M. Cato Priscus, de Re Rusticâ, Prœm.; Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xviii. c. 3.

§ Ibid.

‖ Ergo in moribus non modo sufficiebant fruges nulla provinciarum pascente Italiam, verum etiam annonæ vilitas incredibilis erat.— Id. c. 4.

¶ M. Varro auctor est cum L. Metellus in triumpho plurimos duxit elephantos assibus singulis farris modios fruisse, item vini congios, ficique sicco pondo xxx., olei pondo x., carnis xii.—Id. c. 4.

** Ibid.

husbandmen to pursue their avocations without danger or interruption. "Though," he says, "Italy supplied itself in the former period, she was obliged in the latter to import corn from the transmarine provinces, and wine from the Cyclades, Bætia, and Gaul." * It would be superfluous to accumulate evidence on a point which no one has the ignorant hardihood to question.

The necessity of limiting every individual to a possession of only a few acres seems to have been deeply impressed on the elder Romans. This is lauded by all the later writers as the principal source of the populousness and plenty of early times. The "*angustus agellus eximie cultus*" seems to them to have been the cause of all the *ancient* prosperity; and the "*latifundia arcentia vicinos*," the source of the ruin and wretchedness of THE EMPIRE.

"The ancients," says Pliny, "thought that moderation in the quantity of land should be particularly attended to, as they considered it better to *sow less* and to *till better;* of which opinion Virgil also seems to have been. And, to confess the truth, LARGE FARMS HAVE RUINED ITALY AND ALSO THE PROVINCES. Six lords possessed half Africa, when Nero slew them. Nor is C. Pompey to be deprived of this his own greatness of character, *that he never purchased the lands of a neighbour.*"†

Columella, in eulogising the earlier system, says that Virgil in his

> ——— *Laudato ingentia rura,*
> *Exiguum colito,*

only reduced to verse some ancient proverb. The "Μετρον αριστον" of one of the seven sages, he declares to have been designed to apply to those acquiring lands as to others. He contends that there can be no doubt that a large farm badly tilled produces less than a small one well cultivated. "Nec dubium quin minus reddat laxus ager non recte cultus quam Augustus eximie;" and thence concludes — "Ideoque post exactos regis Liciniana illa septena jugera, quæ plebis tribunus viritim diviserat, majores quæstus antiquis attulere, quam nunc nobis præbent amplissima *veterata.*" ‡ The moral inference which he deduces from the several instances of self-denial in the acquisition of land by the older Romans is so humane, so philanthropic, so truly Christian in its spirit, though coming from a Pagan, and so pertinent to the present position of the landed proprietary of Ireland, that we cannot refrain from giving it entire: —

"Therefore moderation is to observed in all things, and especially in acquiring land. For we must take only so much as we want — that *we may seem to purchase in order to enjoy, and not to be overburthened ourselves, and to wrest the means of enjoyment from others, after the manner of those very rich individuals, who possess what were formerly the lands of entire nations; which they are never able even to go around, but abandon to be trampled by cattle and*

* Isque mos dum servatus ex perseveratissimo colendorum agrorum studio veteres illi Sabini, Quirites, atavique Romani quanquam inter ferrum et ignes hosticis incursionibus vastatas fruges largius condidère quam nos: quibus diuturna permittente pace prolatare licuit rem rusticam. Itaque in hoc Latio et Saturnia terra ubi Dii cultus agrorum progeniem suam docuerunt ibi nunc ad hastam locamus ut nobis ex transmarinis provinciis advehatur frumentum nec fame laboremus, et vindemias condimus ex insulis Cycladibus ac regionibus Bæticis Gallicisque.—De Re Rustic. Præm.

† Modum agri in primis servandum antiqui putavere: quippe ita censebant satius esse minus serere et melius arare qua sententia et Virgilium fuisse video VERUMQUE CONFITENTIBUS LATIFUNDIA PERDIDERE ITALIAM: JAM VERO ET PROVINCIAS. Sex domini semissem Africæ possidebant cum interfecit eos princeps Nero: non fraudando magnitudine hac quoque sua Cn. Pompeio, qui nunquam agrum mercatus est conterminum.—Id. c. vii.

‡ Fallows. Just the very system we have shown to be pursued by the Irish farmer on expelling a body of cottiers.

devastated by wild beasts, or occupy with work-house slaves and citizens reduced by debt to bondage. The measure to every one should be his will and his ability; for it is not enough, as I have already said, to desire to possess, unless you can also cultivate." *

Prior to the expulsion of Tarquin, two acres was the amount assigned to each individual. After that event seven acres became the limit, and continued so for a considerable period. Even after the addition of a vast territory to the republic, the man was declared a dangerous citizen, who was not content with this measure. The admirers of Roman virtue cannot forget Curius Dentatus's refusal of the gift of fifty acres, as being "supra consularem triumphalemque fortunam." At length it was raised to fifty acres, then to 500, and at last every limit was removed.

We cannot take leave of Columella and Pliny without bringing under the notice of the reader the good sense and kindly feeling displayed by them, on the subject of the treatment of tenants and neighbours. Would to Heaven that the Irish landlords would learn the first principles of Christianity from these "benighted Pagans!" According to the Apostle of the Gentiles, *Charity is greater than Faith;* and if those gentlemen desire to learn the practical application of the former in their conduct towards their dependants, they would acquire it in a purer and more rational spirit from these Pagans, than from some of the very evangelical characters who forget it in their fanatical hate of imaginary errors in dogmatic theology.

"Love thy neighbour" is the first principle of Christianity. Let us hear Pliny and Cato. "In primis," says the former in his advice to the agriculturist, "*Catonis humanissimum utilissimumque* ID AGENDUM UT DILIGANT VICINI." †

With what accuracy of judgment does Columella trace out the conduct of the landlord to the tenant: — "Nor should the landlord be tenacious of his right in every particular to which he has bound the colonist; as in days of payment, or in exacting timber and other little matters, the attention to which is productive of more annoyance than cost to the husbandman. Nor should we insist on every thing which the law allows us; for the ancients regarded the excess of law as the excess of cruelty." ‡

What a contrast we find between the modern Christian "*clearers of estates,*" and the philanthropic Pagans! "Sed ipse nostra memoriâ veterem consularem virumque opulentissimum P. Volusium asseverantem audivi FELICISSIMUM FUNDUM ESSE, QUI COLONOS INDIGENAS HABERET ET TANQUAM IN PATERNA POSSESSIONE NATOS JAM INDE A CUNABULIS LONGA FAMILIARITATE RETINERET." §

But Malthusians may be disposed to say that the great plenty of early times in Italy was owing to the paucity of inhabitants. Happily on this also history contradicts their geometrically demonstrable truisms. The population was greater in the days of small farms and plenty, than in those of aristocratical luxury and popular indigence. According to Polybius, be-

* Modus ergo in omnibus rebus et in parandis agris habebitur. Tantum enim obtinendum est quanto est opus, ut emisse videamur QUO POTIREMUR non quo oneraremur ipsi: ATQUE ALIIS FRUENDUM ERIPEREMUS, more præpotentium, qui possident fines gentium quos ne circumire quoque valent, sed proculcandos pecudibus et vastandos feris derelinquunt, aut occupatos nexu civium et ergastulis tenent. Modus autem erat unicuique moderata voluntas, facultasque, neque enim satis est, ut jam prius dixi, possidere velle, si colere non possis. — Id. *Prædium ne cupide emas,* says Pliny, *antè,* c. vi.

† Chap. viii.

‡ "Sed nec dominus in unaquaque re cum colonum obligaverit, tenax esse sui juris debet: sicut in diebus pecuniarum: ut in lignis et cæteris parvis accessionibus exigendis: quarum cura majorem molestiam quam impensam rusticis affert: nec sane *vindicandum nobis quicquid licet.* Nam summum jus antiqui summam putabant crucem." — "Property has its duties as well as its rights."

§ Colum. c. vii.

tween the first and second Punic wars, the Romans on mustering all their own forces and those of their allies, to oppose a threatened invasion of the Gauls, found them to amount to 700,000 men able to bear arms. To this great number had they increased, notwithstanding the perpetual wars in which they were engaged; yet afterwards, in the most flourishing period of the empire, when the states of Italy had been free from invasion for centuries, and had enjoyed nearly half a century's continuous repose from civil discord and hostile incursions, they had diminished so much in numbers as that the levies could not be raised from this once populous country. When the Romans were confined to narrow limits in their empire, and each individual to a few acres, the state was able to send forth men to conquer the world; but when the empire became boundless, and individuals monopolised as much land as was previously sufficient for thousands, the empire became a solitude, and the wealthy and luxurious few, who had expelled from comfort and independence their poorer neighbours, became the prey of the hardy barbarians of the North. All the Roman writers agree in attributing the depopulated state of Italy under the empire to the system of the large farms or estates, called *Latifundia.* The wealthier Romans bought up, or were put in possession of, it matters not how, the farms of all their poorer neighbours. The "*superabundant*" labourers and petty proprietors were gradually removed. Extensive tracts were thus "CLEARED," and then "IMPROVED," by being converted into pleasure grounds, or pasture, or forest, or wastes for animals, *feræ naturæ*, or wretchedly and partially cultivated by the slaves of usury or war. The "*superabundant*" paupers were compelled to congregate in the towns.

The entire country was thus depopulated of those who alone could defend it from foreign foes — a hardy peasantry, who valued the blessings of home and freedom. The slaves, who replaced them, had not the inclination or the spirit to fight for their brutal taskmasters. The country by degrees became less and less populous. What was first tilled by a body of slaves was next converted into pasturage or forest, according as the selfish owners thought that either would be more profitable. We admit that these worthy predecessors of our modern Malthusians thereby effected the object which seems to be sought by the latter class of politicians: they — we mean the individual landholders — made or cleared much more by this system than the several former proprietors could have collectively saved from their farms. Thus the state might be said to have cleared more net actual profits by these lands than before, as the consumption by those cultivating or attending to them was so much diminished. But let us look at the result. When levies of Roman citizens could no longer be raised to defend the empire, barbarians were enlisted, and Rome was ruined.

The Roman poets are, as every body knows, full of deprecations against the practice of *clearing* estates — so are also the historians and philosophers. The elder Seneca inveighs against it, and says that in his day a single slave possessed tracts of country which in earlier times had been cultivated by entire nations. "*Arata quondam populis rura singulorum ergastulorum sunt: latiusque nunc villici quam olim reges imperant.*" * Pliny denounces this system of cultivating the lands by means of slaves or *other desperate wretches*, as the worst possible that could be adopted, — "*Coli rura ab ergastulis pessimum est, et quicquid agitur a desperantibus* †;" and observes, that the retired domestics of Nero had fishponds of greater extent than the two acres which had been formerly sufficient for each member of the republic. ‡ He draws a

* Ex Controversia V. lib. v. Ergastula may mean a *workhouse* of slaves.
† Natur. Hist. lib. xviii. c. 7. ‡ Id. c. 2.

most poetic contrast between the extraordinary fertility of Italy in earlier times and its barrenness in his day, which he attributes to its having been tilled by honourable citizens, and generals who had triumphed in those times, and by slaves in his day; "yet," he says, "we wonder that the lands are not as productive in the hands of slaves as they were in those of generals," — "*Sed nos miramur ergastulorum non eadem emolumenta esse quæ fuerint imperatorum.*" Tacitus describes the scarcity of provisions, and the general misery arising from this practice, as being so great that it touched even the heart of Tiberius, who frequently proposed to the senate to restore things to the ancient system.* The historian, contrasting the state of Italy, then dependent on foreign countries for the support of its inhabitants, and the abundance of earlier days, when, instead of importing provisions, it supplied its armies in the most distant provinces, says, "*At Hercule, olim ex Italia legionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus portabantur: nec infecunditate laboratur, sed Africam potius et Ægyptum exercemus, navibusque et casibus vita populi permissa est.*"† How applicable this is to the present state of Ireland! The "*præpotentes*" of the latter think only of improving Canada and Australia, and committing the unhappy people to the protection of fortune and emigration commissioners.

We shall close our notice of this inhuman and impolitic system by an extract from Sismondi's admirable History of the Fall of the Roman Empire.‡ This is so lucid a summary of the effects of the *latifundia*, or "*cleared estates*," on the power of that once invincible people, that we cannot but request particular attention to it. "But it was during this same period that peace and prosperity fostered the colossal growth of a few fortunes; of those *latifundia, or vast domains, which, according to Pliny the elder, were the destruction of Italy and the empire. A single proprietor gradually became possessed of provinces, which had furnished the republic with the occasion of decreeing more than one triumph to its generals.* While he amassed wealth so disproportionate to the wants of a single man, he CLEARED *all the country he got within his grasp of that numerous and respectable class of independent cultivators hitherto so happy in their mediocrity. Where thousands of free citizens had formerly been found ready to defend the soil they tilled with their own hands, nothing was to be seen but slaves. Even this miserable population rapidly diminished, because its labour was too expensive; and the proprietor found it answer better to turn his land into pasture.* The fertile fields of Italy ceased to supply food for their inhabitants. The provisioning of Rome depended on fleets, which brought corn from Sicily, from Egypt, and from Africa: from the capital to the uttermost provinces *depopulation followed in the train of overgrown wealth; and it was in the midst of this universal prosperity, before a single barbarian had crossed the frontiers of the empire, that the difficulty of recruiting the legions began to be felt.* In the war against the Quadi and Marcomanni, which was preceded by so long a peace, Marcus Aurelius was reduced to the necessity of enrolling the slaves and the robbers of Rome. The frontier provinces, those most exposed to the attacks of the barbarians, those which suffered the most from the presence and military vexations of the legions, did not suffer so much from the rapid decline of population and of the warlike virtues as the more wealthy provinces of the interior. The levies of troops were no longer made in Rome: they were raised almost exclusively in Northern Gaul and along the right bank of the Danube. This long Illyrian frontier, in particular, for more than two centuries preserved the reputation of furnishing more soldiers to the empire than all the

* Annal. lib. iii. c. 53-4.
† Annal. lib. xii. c. 43.
‡ In Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

rest of the provinces combined. *This border country had offered little temptation to the cupidity of Roman senators. They cared not to have their property in a province constantly harassed by the enemy. The land which the senators would not buy remained in the possession of its old proprietors: there consequently a population numerous, free, robust, and hardy, still maintained itself.* It long furnished the army with soldiers; it soon supplied it with chiefs." *

Thus we see the fatal effects of allowing a few individuals to engross all the property of a country, and of exterminating its population, or reducing them into two classes — of extensive and dominant proprietors, and poor and abject slaves. But lest our national vanity may induce us to imagine that we may experiment on what cost the Romans the empire of the world and their own independence, let us see what has been the conduct of our own governments with respect to this very practice.

In the reign of Hen. VII., pasture began to be regarded as more profitable than tillage — the landlords proceeded to CLEAR their estates, and to turn the lands which had been in tillage to pasture. The "superabundant" tenantry, thus thrown idle and pennyless on the surface of society, soon attracted by their misery and turbulence the attention of the legislature. Had these then adopted the silly notion that the population was superabundant merely because those, who *could, would* not give them employment, England would be now a desert, or the inheritance of some foreign and less Malthusian generation. They having to legislate for their own people, for their own friends and neighbours, in whose welfare they were sincerely interested, saw at once the cause of their misery and turbulence, and honestly proceeded to remove it. How? By compelling the landlords to rebuild the houses they had thrown down, to restore the tenants, and to reconvert the pasture to tillage. Mr. Lewis, the Poor Law Commissioner, has been witty on the *Whiteboy Code;* but were he to look into the "Statutes at Large," he would find that *Captain Rock* never so eloquently set forth the grievances arising from the grasping cupidity of "landsharks," as the several princes of the House of Tudor from Hen. VII. to Elizabeth.

The identity between the present proceedings in Ireland and those which these sovereigns so earnestly endeavoured to suppress is so remarkable, the very statement of the grievances — of the expulsion of the tenants from the lands where they and "their ancestours oute of tyme of mind were daylie occupied and lyved," of the avarice of the wealthy, who had "*inhanced the old ratis of the rentis of the possessions of this realme, or els brought it to such excessive fines that no poure man is able to medell with it*," — is so surprisingly applicable to Ireland, and so little notice has been hitherto paid to these statutes, that they must prove the most interesting political and legislative curiosities which it is possible for us to offer to our readers. "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange," that this country should have been in the same state three centuries since that Ireland is now and has been for the last century and a half, and that the Tudors and Captain Rock should have had precisely the same views of political economy.

The first statute on the subject of converting pasture to tillage was passed in the reign of Henry VII. The great extent to which the system of "*clearing estates*" had been then carried will be best understood from the preamble to this enactment: — "The king, our sovereign lord," &c. &c., "remembereth that, amonge all othre thinges, great inconvenences daily doth encrease by desolacion, and pulling down, and wilful waste of houses and townes within his realme, and *leyeng to pasture*

* Vol. i. p. 345.

londes which custumeably have been used in tylthe, wherby ydelness, grounde and beginning of all myschaefs, dayly doo encreace, for where IN SOME TOWNES TWO HUNDRED PERSONES WERE OCCUPIED, AND LIVED BY THEIR LAWFUL LABOURS, NOWE BE THERE OCCUPIED TWO OR THREE HERDEMEN, AND THE RESIDUE FALL IN YDELNES; the husbondrie, which is one of the greatest commodities of this realme, is gretly decaied, churches destroyed, the service of God withdrawen, the bodies there buried not praied for, the patrone and curates wronged, *the defence of this land ageyn owre ennemyes outwardes febled and impaired.*" * To meet these manifold evils it was provided, that every person who had any houses that at any time within the preceding three years had been, or thereafter should be, let to farm with twenty acres of land or more in tillage or husbandry, should maintain "houses and bildings upon the seid ground and lond necessarie for mayntenyng and upholding of the seid tillage and husbandrie," or forfeit half the issues and profits to the next lord of the fee till he had complied.

This statute not having sufficiently checked the evil, in the seventh year of Henry VIII. another passed, the preamble of which recites also the great inconveniences, which were daily increasing, "by desolacion, pollyng downe and destruccion of houses and townes within this realme, and *leyng to pasture londes* which custumably have been manured and occupied wyth tyllage and husbandry, whereby idelnes doth encrease; for WHERE IN SOMME TOWNE CC PERSONS, *men, women, and children, and their ancestours oute of tyme of mynde were dayly occupied and lyved by sowing of corn and greynes, bredying of catall, and other encrease necessarye for manys sustenance, and now the said persons and their progenyes be mynysshed and decreasyd, whereby the husbandry, which is the greatest commodite of this realme for sustenance of man, ys greatly decayed, churches destrued,*" &c. &c.; "*cities, markett townes, brought to great ruin and decaye, necessaries for mannys sustenance made scarce and dere, the people sore mynysshed in this realme, whereby the powre and defence therof ys febled and empayrid, to the displeasure of God and agenst his lawes, and to the subversion of the common weale of this realme and the desolacion of the same.*" This statute provided, that wherever any towns, villages, boroughs, hamlets, tything houses, or other habitations, "in any paryshe or paryshes wythin this realme, whereof the more part the first day of this present parliament was or were used and occupied to tillage and husbandrye," should by the owners be allowed to fall down and decay, "wherby the husbondry of the seid townes, vyllage," &c. &c. should be "tourned from the seid use and occupacion of husbondry and tillage into pasture," the owners should again within one year, at their own cost, make them "*mete and convenyent for people to dwelle and inhabite in the same,*" and "therein to exercise husbondry and tillage" as before, "after the manner and usage of the countrey where the lond lyeth;" and that all tillage lands which since the first day of that parliament had been, or thereafter should be, "enclosed and tourned only to pasture," should within one year be restored to tillage, under the penalty of forfeiting half the value of the yearly profits of the lands and houses so neglected to the next lord of the fee. †

What better precedent could the gallant Captain find for a preamble to any of his enactments than the following?

"For as moche as dyvers and sundry persones of the kynge's subjectes of this realme, *to whome God of hys goodness hath disposed greate plentie and abundance of movable substance,* nowe of late, within fewe years, have dayly studyed, practised, and invented ways and means *how they myght accumulate and gather*

* 4 Hen. VII. c. 19. An Acte agaynst pullyng down of Townes.
† 7 Hen. VIII. c. 1.

together into few handes as well great multitude of fermes as great plenty of catall, and in especial shepe, putting such londes as they can get to pasture and not to tyllage, wherby they have not only pulled down churches and townes, and *inhansed the old ratis of the rentis of the possessions of this realme, or els brought it to such excessive fines that no poure man is able to medell with it*, but also have raysed and enhansed the prises of all maner of corne, catall, woll, pygges, geese, hennes, chekyns, egges, and suche other, almost doble above the prises which have been accustomed, *by reason whereof a mervaylous multitude and nombre of the people of this realme be not able to provide meate, drynke, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wyfes and children, but be so discouraged with misery and povertie that they fall dayly to thefte, robberie, or other inconvenience, or pitifully die for hunger and colde:* And as it is thought by the kynge's most humble and loving subjects *that one of the gretest occasions that moveth and provoketh those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in theire handes suche greate porcions and parties of the grounds and landis of this realme from the occupying of the poure husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tyllage*, is only the great profette that commyth of shepe, *which now be commyn to a few persons handes of this realme in respecte of the holle number of the kynge's subjectes*, that some have xxiiii thousand, some xx thousand, some x thousand, some vi thousand, some v thousand, and some more and some lesse, by the which a good shepe for vytall that was accustomed to be solde for iis. iiii*d.* or iiis. at the moste, is now solde for vis., or vs., or iiiis. at the leaste," &c.* By this statute it was provided that no man should have more than 2000 sheep on any farm, or more than two farms, and these only in the same parish. Two years afterwards, in consequence of the preceding acts having been enforced only on the lands held of the king, the forfeited moiety of the rents and profits was transferred to him from the lords of the fee.

The system continuing, notwithstanding these statutes, the people were driven to such a state of misery and desperation in the reign of Edward VI. that they rose in open rebellion, and broke down the pasture enclosures in several counties. The government was not content with repressing them, but immediately appointed a commission to inquire into the cause of the insurrection; and a proclamation was soon after issued, which set forth — "That his majesty and the rest of the privy council were put in remembrance by divers piteous complaints of the poor subjects, as well as by other wise and discreet men, THAT OF LATE, BY ENCLOSING ARABLE LAND, MEN HAVE BEEN DRIVEN TO EXTREME POVERTY, AND COMPELLED TO LEAVE THE PLACES WHERE THEY WERE BORN AND SEEK THEIR LIVING IN OTHER COUNTRIES, INSOMUCH AS IN TIMES PAST WHERE 10, 20, YEA IN SOME PLACES 200 PEOPLE HAVE BEEN INHABITING, THERE IS NOTHING NOW BUT SHEEP AND BULLOCKS: ALL THAT LAND WHICH WAS HERETOFORE TILLED AND OCCUPIED BY SO MANY MEN IS NOW GOTTEN BY THE INSATIABLE GREEDINESS OF MEN INTO ONE OR TWO MEN'S HANDS, AND SCARCELY DWELT UPON BY ONE POOR SHEPHERD, SO THAT THE REALM IS THEREBY BROUGHT INTO MARVELLOUS DESOLATION."

This was followed by an act by which it was provided, that so much land should be annually tilled in every parish as at any time since the 1 Hen. VIII. under a penalty of five shillings "for everie acre not putt in tillage, used and occupied according to the fourme and effect of this present acte."† The evil still continuing, in the reign of Mary another act was passed "for the re-edifying decayed houses of husbandry and the encrease of tillage;" which empowered certain commissioners to hear and determine all offences against the preced-

* 28 Hen. VIII. c. 13. † 5 & 6 Ed. VI. c. 5.

ing husbandry acts, and to inquire of warrens made, and lands converted from tillage to pasture, since the 20th year of Hen. VIII.; to take security for the re-edifying of the decayed houses, the re-conversion of the land to tillage, "and for the diminishing and destroyeng of conies;" or to adopt such other means for effecting these purposes as to them should seem proper, being authorised to assess tenants for life and others with particular estates to contribute to the expense of repairing the decayed houses, to abate the rents of all the lands which should be converted from warren or pasture to tillage according to the intent of that act, "*if they bee greater then the grounde turned into tillage or the grounde by reason of the destruccion of the conies is worth,*" *notwithstanding any lease or other indenture to the contrary;* and if the owners should not within three years let to farm the repaired houses, with the grounde which before belonged to them, *to let them themselves to any person in the same parish, for seven years,* "*for suche reasonable rent and upon suche reasonable covenants as the said commissioners shall thinck meete for both parties.*" Few of the men of the present day who think it a calumny to tell them that "property has its duties as well as its rights," and cannot believe that every man has not *a right to do what he likes with his own*, would wish to see commissioners invested with such powers for checking the system of *clearing* estates.

Stringent as this was, it was repealed by Elizabeth, as "being in some parts thereof unperfecte, and *in some places to milde and gentle* *," and other remedies provided. Till the passing of the Poor Law this practice of converting the tillage to pasture and ejecting the tenantry continued to be complained of, and Elizabeth's government was three times compelled to endeavour to repress it by legislative enactments. Just contrast the political economy of "Good Queen Bess" and Burleigh with that of Martineau and Malthus. The following is the preamble to the last of those enactments. By it the penalty for converting tillage to pasture was raised to twenty shillings per acre — which must have been near the full value of the land, and would be equal to more than 3*l.* of our present currency.

"Whereas the strengthe and florishinge estate of this kingdome hath bene allwayes and is greatly upheld and advanced *by the maintenaunce of the ploughe and tillage, being the occasion of the increase and multiplyinge of people both for service in the wars and in tymes of peace — being also a principal meane that people are sett on worke, and thereby withdrawen from ydlenesse, drunkenesse, unlawful games, and all other lewde practises and conditions of life: And whereas by the same meanes of tyllage and husbandrie the greater parte of the subjects are preserved from extream poverty in a competent estate and maintenance, and meanes to live, and the wealthe of the realm is kepte dispersed and distributed in manie handes, where yt is more ready to answere all necessary chardges for the service of the realme: And whereas also the saide husbandrie and tillage is a cause that the realme doth more stande upon itselfe without dependinge upon forraigne countries either for bringinge in of corne in tyme of scarcitie, or for vente and utterance of our own commodities beinge in over greate abundance:* And whereas," since the discontinuance of the husbandry acts in the 35th year of her reign, "*there have growen many more depopulacions by turning tillage into pasture than at any time for the like number of years heretofore,*" &c. &c.

Such were the views of the wisest government that ever blessed this country on the progress of an evil that drove our peasantry to the same lawless violence to which it is still driving the peasantry of Ireland. To the different conduct of their rulers is the difference in the state and habits of both now attributable. Our paternal government sought out and remedied the

* 5 Eliz. c. 2.

evil; while the novercal despotism of the Irish oligarchy, feeling no sympathy in the sufferings of the victims of their heartless rapacity, contented themselves with hanging and transporting the unfortunate insurgents, and refused to inquire into the cause of their discontent; thus, in the language of Grattan, "referring the poor to the hangman for regulation and to Providence for relief." They had no occasion to inquire. They knew the cause of the misery and discontent, and were resolved not to remove it. They found it cheaper to plunder the poor, to keep them in such a miserable state of famished existence that death by the sword or the gallows was preferable to it; and, when their numbers began to make them formidable, so to drive them to desperation as to obtain by their revolt a feasible opportunity of diminishing them. To give them employment, food, and justice, would lessen their own rentals and influence; while to sabre, hang, and transport them, not only cost nothing, but was a profitable amusement. They first gratified their avarice by the very system which drove the poor to insurrection — they next gratified their malignant *piety* by denouncing them as Irish papists, and incarnate monsters, whom no treatment could civilise or reduce to the state of loyal subjects; secured the sanction of this country to the perpetration of their own enormities, by showing that they were necessary for securing the permanence of the "British connection;" and finally made a profitable *job* of each insurrection, *John Bull* being always made to pay for the the sabreing, torturing, transporting, and hanging. While they had thus every possible motive for continuing their oppressions, why should they attempt to relieve the wretchedness of their victims? They were true to their own interests, as the history of Irish insurrections from 1762 to the present day proves. Ingenuity has been exhausted in devising means for the punishment of the insurgents. Statute has been heaped on statute — the ordinary modes of trial, and occasionally all modes of trial, have been dispensed with — executions have been carried to an extent at which humanity shudders; yet all to no permanent purpose. Scarce has insurrection been suppressed in one county when it raises its hydra head in another; and from 1762 it has not left that kingdom two years' complete consecutive repose. Having now, after seventy-seven years' experience, found the sabre, the gibbet, and the transport-ship as inefficient as they are costly, might we not at length have recourse to the measures which the Tudors adopted for eradicating the same insurrectionary spirit from among the people of this country? Having so long sacrificed the interests of a nation to the avarice and jobbing piety and persecution of a contemptible mushroom aristocracy, and been swindled out of millions to enable them to perpetrate their atrocities, might we not at length think of the interests of the Irish people, of our own finances, and of humanity and justice?

As "the suffering avarice to convert the tillage to pasture"* is the primary cause of insurrection, we would remedy this evil not by the severe measures of the Henries, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, but simply by taking from the farmers and landlords the inducement to convert the tillage to pasture, and inducing them rather to convert the pasture to tillage. This could be very easily done by allowing foreign beef, mutton, cheese, and butter into our markets on the same terms as we admit the Irish. The immediate consequence would be, that the Irish graziers, finding that they could not supply those provisions at as cheap a rate as the Dutch or other foreigners on their present system of agriculture, would be compelled to adopt the improved methods of cultivation. They should then convert their pasture into tillage, and introduce the *green crop* system, by which every well-

* Campbell's Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, p. 293.

informed agriculturist knows that they would make their lands *four times* at the least more productive than they are at present. Thus, though the prices of those provisions might be reduced to half what they are at this day, the profits of the producers would be nearly doubled. We shall offer a few practical proofs of the relative advantages of the present and proposed systems.

In 1831, the cultivated land of Great Britain amounted to 34,254,000 acres, that of Ireland to 14,603,000 — the supposed annual value of the agricultural produce of the former was estimated at 150,000,000*l.*, of the latter at only 36,000,000*l.** Thus, though the cultivated land of Great Britain is only a little more than double that of Ireland, the produce is four times greater; and as the fertility of the Irish soil is universally admitted to be far superior to that of this country, the difference in production must be attributable to the difference of the mode of cultivation. Ireland is in fact declared by all travellers to be the worst cultivated country in the world. Hear then the opinions of those agriculturists who have suggested means for her improvement. And here we cannot avoid expressing the pleasure we feel in turning from the mass of mawkish *feelosophical* trash which has been obtruded on the public under the name of political economy, to the works of practical philanthropists, who devote their attention not to devising schemes for diminishing the numbers of their fellow-countrymen, but to increasing their numbers,—not to driving them through the world as outcast superabundant nuisances, but to pointing out the means of making them industrious, independent, and happy at home. The first whose authority we shall cite is Mr. Blacker. This gentleman having been appointed some years past agent to an estate in the north of Ireland, found *the farms very small*, and the tenants in misery and debt. A heartless Malthusian would of course have at once exhibited his knowledge of political economy by casting the nine tenths of the poor wretches off the estate; but Mr. Blacker kept every man of them on — encouraged them properly, and instructed them in a good system of agriculture; and in a few years had the satisfaction of being enabled to declare before a committee of the Commons that they had paid off their arrears to the landlord, and that they were then as industrious and comfortable a tenantry as there was in Ireland. He published a work in 1834, entitled "An Essay on the Improvements to be made in the Cultivation of Small Farms by the introduction of Green Crops, and Housefeeding the Stock thereon," in which he says, that the only way which he can devise for enabling small farmers to support themselves and their families with greater comfort and respectability than they had hitherto done, was "by introducing such a system of agriculture as would bring the entire of the farmers' holdings into a productive state, in place of allowing nearly half of them to remain nominally *in grazing, but in reality producing nothing.*" †

He recommends the green crop system, and thus speaks of its superiority over the present practice of farming: —

"Now, by referring to the experience of all good farmers in all countries, and under all circumstances, it is ascertained beyond dispute that by the practice of sowing green crops, such as clover, rye-grass, winter and spring vetches, turnips, mangold wurtzel, &c. &c., the same ground which in poor pasture would scarcely feed ONE COW IN SUMMER, WOULD, UNDER THE CROPS MENTIONED, FEED THREE, OR PERHAPS FOUR, THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND, by keeping the cattle in the house, and bringing food there for them." ‡

"I refer you with confidence to the EXHAUSTED MISERABLE PASTURE upon which your cattle are now universally fed, TWO TO THREE ACRES OF WHICH

* Report of the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners, App. H

† P. 5. ‡ P. 6.

ARE OFTEN BARELY SUFFICIENT TO KEEP ONE COW ALIVE for the summer months, but by no means to afford her a sufficiency of food." *

Mr. Doyle, a well-known writer on Irish agriculture, says, that if this system were introduced, "one fourth of the present quantity of land would be sufficient." † It is needless to multiply authorities, as all scientific and practical agriculturists agree in this superiority of the green crop system over the present. This is the system which prevails in Holland and many other parts of the Continent. It has been adopted to a great extent in this country, and is spreading fast. If it should be adopted in Ireland, it is obvious that it would make that country four times at least more productive than it is at present. Then, what would be its effect on the condition of the labourers?

In 1831, the occupiers of land not employing labourers, and therefore considered in the class of labourers, amounted to 564,274; labourers not occupying land, to 567,441 — total of labourers, 1,131,715. According to the Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners, there are 585,000 out of work and in distress during thirty weeks of the year, which is equal to 337,500 out of work for the entire year; thus leaving, of the 1,131,715, only 794,215 occupied in the raising of agricultural produce. We believe that of all the *cultivated* land of Ireland three-fourths are in pasture; at least two-thirds are; and one-third only in tillage. Taking our former estimate of one man employed for every seven acres in tillage, and for every thirty in pasture, we find that the two-thirds of the country in pasture employ only 324,444; while the one-third in tillage employs 469,761, the remainder of the 794,215. Hence were another one third reduced to tillage, it would employ more than the 337,500 who are now constantly out of work. But were the green crop system introduced, as it would require far more labour than is now necessary, there would not be sufficient hands in the present population.

By the report of the Committee of the House of Commons of 1830, there were in Ireland 3,000,000 Irish acres, equal to 5,000,000 Statute measure, of waste lands, which were considered to be almost all reclaimable. This is more than the entire land now in tillage. The Irish Poor Inquiry Commissioners recommend its reclamation. Were the government to expend the same amount of money for this purpose as they seem willing to expend in promoting emigration and improving Canada and Australia, the most rabid Malthusian would be speedily cured of his *Lao-phobia*.

The effects of the measures which we have suggested on the interests of this country may be briefly stated. At present beef, mutton, lamb, and pork, in every form and state, are absolutely prohibited. On butter there is a duty of 20*s.* per hundred weight, and on cheese a duty of 10*s.* 6*d.* Yet, notwithstanding these heavy duties, the Dutch send these provisions to our markets, thus giving them for nearly half the price they cost the consumer. The repeal of these duties, and the prohibitions, would at once give us all those provisions at half their present cost, and would thus prepare the country for a repeal of the corn laws. If these last be repealed before this measure be adopted, the agriculture of Ireland will be ruined; all the lands will be turned to pasture; the entire population will be thrown out of employment; and we shall have the pleasure of returning once more to the ancient and *constitutional* system of starving, sabreing, transporting, and hanging. In all prudence we should commence with giving the Irish a fair start. Let them first become as good agriculturists as the Dutch and French; and then, if it be necessary, abolish the corn laws. We offer no opinion on the propriety of repealing them, particularly as we feel satisfied that for a

* P. 8. † Hints to Small Farmers, p. 5.

few years at least their retention is necessary to securing the success of the measures which we have propounded. These are considerably less harsh towards the proprietors of the soil than those which the Tudor princes deemed necessary; but lest even they should, by their too sudden adoption, produce consequences injurious to the agricultural interests, we would recommend that the government should gradually introduce them by letting into operation an act, which passed some nine or ten years back, for permitting vessels going out on voyages of a certain length to take foreign meat out of bond duty free. This has remained a dead letter, in consequence of the Irish graziers having raised an outcry against it. But were it called into operation, they should cultivate their lands as well as those who, they fear, would drive them from our markets, and should give the poor an opportunity of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. The existing laws directly reward bad cultivation, and hold forth a bribe for depopulating Ireland, and thwarting the intentions of Heaven.

If the encouragement which we propose be given to a good system of tillage, Ireland will be soon raised to a level with this country in the excellence of her agriculture. This improvement will be effected without the slightest expense to the empire, which will immediately feel the salutary influence of the change in every direction, as we shall no longer have Irishmen underselling our poor in the labour market here, or starving and rebelling at home, or aiding revolts in the colonies. The poor law will have a fair trial, as the now unemployed labourers will have no occasion to enter the workhouse. Ireland will become four times more productive than at present; her landlords will have higher rents, her farmers greater profits, her labourers better wages and more constant employment, and our manufacturers cheaper provisions. Such will be the results, if we have the sense and spirit to despise the theories of misanthropical empirics, and to pursue that course of practical benevolence, the real wisdom of which is proved by its having made "merry England" the happiest and the first amongst the nations.

We feel that we have dwelt at too much length on this subject; but our solicitude to correct a practice which has been the cause of so much misery, and which seems to admit of so easy a remedy, has tempted us far beyond the bounds which we had originally prescribed for this article. On a question directly involving the happiness or misery of millions, and misunderstood by almost all whom we have heard offering an opinion respecting it, a little detail may be pardoned.

Those who may desire to see other arguments against the propriety of expatriating two millions of people, may be referred to the work which has called forth the preceding observations. Indeed, so complete and correct are its views of the past, present, and probably future state of Ireland, that as Abernethy's standing recipe was to order his patients to read *his book*, so we shall henceforth recommend De Beaumont's to all who may wish to thoroughly comprehend the present or any other question of Irish politics.

COMMERCIAL POLICY OF ENGLAND.

THE GERMAN COMMERCIAL LEAGUE. — THE ENGLISH CORN LAWS.

A COMMERCIAL congress was sitting last month at Berlin, for the purpose of settling the yearly accounts, and of giving effect to the changes in the duties which had been previously decided on in that very considerable portion of Germany, which constitutes the Commercial League. At that congress, England, France, and the United States of America were represented by envoys deputed for the purpose; and the courteous manner in which those gentlemen were received, naturally leads us to infer, that there is a perfect disposition on the part of the most influential members of the congress, to extend the hand of friendship to such foreign nations as may manifest a wish to cultivate their good will.

The German Customs' League, assembled to deliberate, is a confederation of very recent origin. The merest scholar who casts his eye over a map of Germany is immediately struck by the eccentric manner in which that country is parcelled out. Not only is the ancient empire divided into no less than thirty-eight states, but many of these states are composed of detached portions of territory, insulated one within the dominions of the other, so that it is frequently impossible for the subjects of the same prince to visit one another without passing through the dominions of a foreign potentate.

Each of these states, however, till within the last few years, had its own separate custom-house establishment, its own tariff, together with the whole paraphernalia of duties and restrictions. It not unfrequently happened, indeed, that the revenue derived from the customs of some of the smaller states was completely swallowed up by the cost of its collection: still there was a certain pride of sovereignty connected with the maintenance of the system, and a powerful influence was placed in the hands of the respective governments, by the distribution of a multitude of petty appointments. Nevertheless, the general inconvenience occasioned to all classes by the existence of these innumerable barriers to every thing like a free intercourse between the different parts of Germany, soon became a subject of loud and almost universal complaint; and, while they operated as a heavy and most vexatious tax upon the population at large, they led to the formation of numberless bands of smugglers over the whole face of the country, a state of things that exercised a baneful influence on the morals of the peasantry, occasioning with the military almost daily collisions, which not unfrequently ended in bloodshed and murder.

Shortly after the general peace of 1814, the statesmen of Germany began to turn their attention to an evil of so serious a magnitude. The remedy that most naturally suggested itself was, that those states whose respective territories were most closely connected, or most intricately entangled, should agree to break down the custom-house barricades by which they were divided, and adopt a general system for their mutual government. In this way, Hanover and Brunswick united in a custom-house league: Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden did the same in the south-west, and a number of the smaller states in the central part of Germany. The principle having once been acted upon, and the advantages resulting from its adoption on a small scale having become apparent, a wish naturally arose in many quarters to give to it greater extension. The Prussian government, taking advantage of this feeling, became the advocate of a scheme for the

demolition of all custom-house lines in the interior of Germany, by the adoption of one general tariff for the whole country, according to which the customs' duties of the whole league should be collected on their extreme frontiers, while no impediment whatever was to be placed in the way of the most free and unrestricted intercourse between the several confederated states. The net proceeds of the whole of the customs, it was proposed, should be divided among the several governments, in proportion to the number of inhabitants subject to each.

Simple as this plan seems, and fraught with the most manifest advantages to the country in general, it was far from being received with general favour when first proposed. The small states of Central Germany, indeed, entangled in the sinuosities of the Prussian frontier, and cut off from all direct communication with the rest of the world, were not slow in recognising, that for them, at least, there could not be a doubt as to the course which it would be their policy to pursue. Not so, however, with the larger states. The kingdom of Saxony long resisted the solicitations of the Prussian government; while Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, Hesse, and Nassau, jealous of the political preponderance which Prussia could not fail to derive from the formation of the league, displayed for a long time a determined hostility to the principle of the confederation, a feeling to which the people gave an expression even more unequivocal than their rulers.

The jealousy of Prussian influence, at that time openly avowed by all the states bordering on the Rhine, was so strong, that had the French government taken advantage of the feeling, France might, by the concession of a liberal commercial code, have detached nearly a fourth of Germany from the national league, and might thus have once more extended her political influence far beyond the Rhine, to the imminent danger of German independence. Fortunately for Germany, the narrow-minded policy of French statesmen prevented so perilous a national division. While a hope remained that France might yet consent to modify her anti-social tariff, Baden, Nassau, and the free city of Frankfort persisted in keeping aloof from the union to which they were invited; and it was not till the last vestige of that hope had vanished — not till there appeared every reason to apprehend that they would find themselves completely isolated from the rest of the world, by the customs' line of Prussia on the one side, and by that of France on the other — that they reluctantly consented to enter into a confederation from which they have since derived unquestionable advantages, and from which there is, probably, not one of them who would now wish to be severed. After long and patient negotiation, conducted with admirable skill, temper, and perseverance, Prussia succeeded in persuading every state of Germany to join the proposed league, with the exception of Austria, Hanover, Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Oldenburg, and the free cities of Hamburg, Lubeck, and Bremen. Holstein, forming a portion of Denmark rather than of Germany, continues, of course, to hold itself aloof, and will probably always continue to do so, while the other states just mentioned, enjoying a ready access to the sea, have fewer inducements for joining a confederation, which to them is comparatively unimportant, however beneficial it may be to the country at large.

A very erroneous impression prevails in England that this commercial league has originated in hostility to British commerce. Had Prussia, indeed, in the regulation of her tariff, been animated by such a principle, she would only have acted in a spirit of retaliation, for there is scarcely any country the produce of which is less fairly treated by our custom-house laws than that of Prussia. Her staple articles of export are corn, timber, and wool. "Of these" it has been observed, by Mr. M'Culloch, (v. "Supplement to Commercial Dictionary," p. 65.,) "we admit only the last on any

thing like fair terms: in ordinary years we entirely exclude corn; and we lay a duty of no less than 55*s.* a load on Prussian timber, while we admit the inferior timber of North America on payment of a duty of 10*s.*! Had, therefore, the Prussian tariff been levelled against us, we should have had but slender grounds for complaint." But, in point of fact, the tariff now in force in Prussia, and which will continue in force to the end of the present year, manifests but little resentment on the part of Germany in return for the provocation we have given her: whence it may fairly be inferred that, whenever we display a willingness to act with liberality ourselves, there will be no want of readiness on the part of Prussia, and the other members of the German league, to act towards us in a spirit of perfect reciprocity. It is deeply to be regretted that, at so important a moment as the present, the unfortunate delusion under which the British legislature labours should make it impossible for the British government to put the liberality of the members of the German Commercial League to the test.*

The branch of our commercial policy that has more particularly excited the resentment which Prussia unquestionably does feel against us is that by which we have regulated our duties on the importation of foreign corn. To this part of our subject, we propose, in the present article, to devote our chief attention. We shall first lay before our readers a brief history of the origin of the present corn laws; we shall then proceed to show the ruinous effect which they exercise upon our manufacturing and agricultural interests; and we shall close our remarks by calling attention to the present embarrassing position of our financial relations, brought about exclusively by the operation of the corn laws; an embarrassment from which we shall scarcely be able to retrieve ourselves for several years, and which, it is by no means impossible, may yet lead to social and political changes closely bordering on revolution.

All our early legislation on the subject of corn was dictated by a wish to promote abundance and low prices. From the Conquest down to the reign of Henry VI. the exportation of corn was absolutely prohibited. In the year 1436, however, an act was passed authorising the exportation of wheat, whenever the home price did not exceed 6*s.* 8*d.* (equal to 12*s.* 10¾*d.* of our present money) per quarter. The motive that dictated this system of legislation was, at all events, of a more benevolent character than that acted on in more recent times, when it has been sought, by creating an artificial scarcity, to give an unnatural value to the produce of land, and thus to enable its owners to raise a very large indirect tax upon the great mass of the population. Both systems, however, opposite as the motives are to

* The existing duties, as we have already observed, are now under revision; but those at present in force, which most nearly concern England, are as follow: — beer, 6*s.* per cwt.; cotton manufactures, 7*l.* 10*s.* per cwt.; fancy articles, 1*s.* 6*d.* per lb.; cut glass, 18*s.* per cwt.; common hardware, 3*s.* per cwt.; finer hardware, 30*s.* per cwt.; silk manufactures, 3*s.* per lb.; ditto, if mixed with wool or other materials, 45*s.* per lb.; tea and refined sugar, 33*s.* per cwt.; tobacco, in leaf, 16*s.* 6*d.* per cwt.; ditto, manufactured, 33*s.* per cwt.; woollen cloths, 90*s.* per cwt.; carpets, 60*s.* per cwt. Every article here enumerated is charged by weight. The consequence is that the duty amounts almost to a prohibition on all the coarser descriptions of merchandise, but falls with comparative lightness on the finer descriptions. This is shown by Mr. M'Culloch to be the case in a remarkable degree with cotton manufactures. The duty is 7*l.* 10*s.* per cwt., or, rather, per quintal of 113lbs. Now it appears,

1st, That a quintal of *coarse shirting*, worth 4*d.* a yard, contains 497 yards; it consequently costs 8*l.* 6*s.*, which makes the duty charged by the Prussian tariff equivalent to an *ad valorem* duty of 90 per cent.

2d, That a quintal of *superior shirting*, worth 1*s.* a yard, contains 457·65 yards; it consequently costs 22*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*, making the Prussian duty on such goods 32½ per cent.

3d, That a quintal of *printed cottons*, worth 1*s.* 6*d.* a yard, contains 633 yards; it consequently costs 47*l.* 9*s.*, making the Prussian duty on such goods 15¾ per cent.

4th, That a quintal of *fine printed cottons*, worth 2*s.* 6*d.* a yard, contains 678 yards; it consequently costs 84*l.* 15*s.*, making the Prussian duty on such goods 8¾ per cent.

which they owe their birth, are equally impolitic, and equally certain, in the long run, to produce an effect the very contrary to that sought to be attained. By prohibiting exportation, cultivation is discouraged, and the abundance sought to be obtained is, in fact, prevented: for a country which exports corn requires, in case of a deficient harvest, only to retain for its own consumption what in ordinary times is sent away, and famine, at all events, is guarded against. Had no impediment ever existed to the exportation of corn in the earlier periods of our history, the distressing scarcities of which we so frequently find mention made, would probably never have occurred. In a subsequent part of this article, we shall endeavour to show, that the existing corn laws, though conceived in so opposite a spirit, produce a very similar effect.

Our early parliaments were frequently occupied with plans for the regulation of the corn trade. In 1562, the prices at which exportation might take place were extended to 10*s.* for wheat, and to 6*s.* 8*d.* for barley. In 1571 an act was passed authorising corn to be exported on payment of a duty of 2*s.* a quarter on wheat, and 1*s.* 4*d.* on barley and other grain, whenever the home price of wheat did not exceed 20*s.* a quarter, and barley and malt 12*s.* At the Restoration, the limit at which exportation might take place was greatly extended; but the duty on exportation was made so high that it operated as a prohibition. In 1663 an *ad valorem* duty was substituted for the prohibiting duties then in force.

In 1670 the first approximation was made to the present system. An act was then passed extending the exportation price to 53*s.* 4*d.* a quarter for wheat, imposing, at the same time, prohibiting duties on the importation till that price was attained, and a duty of 8*s.* between that price and 80*s.* "But the real effects of this act," says Mr. M'Culloch, ("Com. Dict." p. 404.,) "were not so great as might have been anticipated. The extension of the limit of exportation was rendered comparatively nugatory, in consequence of the continuance of the duties on exportation caused by the necessities of the crown; while the want of any proper method for the determination of prices went far to nullify the prohibition of importation."

On the accession of William and Mary, the duties on exportation were altogether repealed (1689), and a bounty of 5*s.* was offered for every quarter of wheat exported, so long as the price did not exceed 48*s.* Importation continued to be regulated by the act of 1670. The object of this measure was to enhance the price of agricultural produce, an object which it completely failed in attaining, for during the first half of the eighteenth century prices were greatly depressed in England. There have been many disputes as to the causes of this depression. Some have attributed it entirely to the immense quantity of waste lands brought into cultivation by the unnatural stimulus of the bounty; others, to the improvements in agriculture, and the gradual consolidation of farms: this, however, is a point that would detain us too long if we attempted fully to investigate it, and, therefore, we will content ourselves with simply stating the fact. The largest exportation under the operation of this law took place in 1750, when the wheat exported amounted to 947,602 quarters.

In 1773 a new act was passed, allowing wheat to be imported at a nominal duty of sixpence a quarter, whenever the home price reached 48*s.*, and the bounty and exportation ceased as soon as the home price was at or above 44*s.* This act was considered hostile to the agricultural interests; but the most certain proof of the contrary will be found in the fact, that under its operation, the quantity of corn grown in the country must have been very materially increased, since, from the accession of George I. till the year 1797, than 3,140,000 acres of waste lands were enclosed.

The clamour of the agriculturists, however, continued; and, in 1791, they succeeded in carrying a measure which they deemed more favourable to their interests. By this act the price, when importation could take place at the nominal duty of 6*d.*, was raised to 54*s.*; under 54*s.* and over 50*s.* an intermediate duty of 2*s.* 6*d.* was imposed; and under 50*s.* a prohibitory duty of 24*s.* 3*d.* The bounty continued as before, and exportation without duty was allowed to 46*s.*

In 1804 farther concessions were made to the agriculturists. A prohibitory duty of 24*s.* 3*d.* was imposed on all wheat imported when the home price was at or below 63*s.* a quarter; the intermediate duty of 2*s.* 6*d.* was put into force when the price was between 63*s.* and 66*s.*; and the nominal duty of 6*d.* when the price exceeded 66*s.* The bounty on exportation continued till the price reached 50*s.*; and exportation without bounty till the price reached 54*s.* While this act was in force the great depreciation took place in our currency, in consequence of the suspension of cash payments, and the continental war operated at the same time as a material impediment to importation. In 1813, however, in consequence of the destruction of Napoleon's power, the free intercourse with the Continent was re-established, and a large quantity of foreign corn was poured into the kingdom. Alarm was excited among the agriculturists, and two bills were introduced into the House of Commons, one to do away with the bounty and all restrictions on exportation, and one to establish a high graduated scale of duties on importation. The keen opposition of the manufacturing classes defeated the latter of these two bills, but the former passed into a law.

The struggle between the two parties, however, continued, and in 1815 the celebrated act of Mr. Robinson (now Lord Ripon) was carried, in spite of the vehement opposition which it encountered. By that act, the importation of foreign wheat was entirely prohibited until the home price reached 80*s.* a quarter, that of colonial wheat till the price reached 67*s.*: when the importation did take place it was to be free from all duty. The authors of this measure seem to have believed that they would thus succeed in obtaining a stationary price of about 80*s.* for wheat. Experience has shown how entirely fallacious their calculations were; for at no period of our recent history have such ruinous fluctuations of prices occurred as since the passing of the act of 1815. In 1822 an act was passed even more favourable to the mistaken views of the agriculturists; but, as it never came into force, we will not stop to explain it. The impolicy of the whole system was made sufficiently obvious to all, by the necessity in which ministers found themselves in 1826, in consequence of a deficient harvest, of issuing, on their own responsibility, an order in council, suspending the existing law, and allowing a large quantity of foreign corn to be entered for home consumption. For this bold step, which alone averted the horrors of a famine, an act of indemnity was obtained in the ensuing session.

The more intelligent portion of the agriculturists, says Mr. M'Culloch, "began at length to perceive that the corn laws were not really calculated to produce the advantages that they had anticipated; and a conviction that increased facilities should be given to importation became general throughout the country. The same conviction made considerable progress in the House of Commons, so much so, that several members who supported the measures adopted in 1815 and 1822 expressed themselves satisfied that the principle of exclusion had been carried too far, and that a more liberal system should be adopted." These sentiments having been taken up by ministers, Mr. Canning, in 1827, brought forward a measure founded on the principle now in force of a graduated scale of duties, ascending as prices fell, and descending as they rose. Mr. Canning's bill proposed that when

wheat was at or above 70*s.* a quarter, the duty should be only one shilling, at 69*s.* two shillings, at 68*s.* four shillings, and an additional duty of two shillings was to be added for every shilling that wheat fell below that price. The duty on colonial wheat was to be sixpence a quarter when wheat was at or above 65*s.*, and five shillings whenever it was below that price. This bill passed through the House of Commons, but was lost in the upper house, in consequence of the Duke of Wellington's opposition.

In 1828, Mr. Canning having died in the interval, and having been succeeded in office by the Duke of Wellington, the latter succeeded in carrying a bill, apparently founded on the same principle, by which the corn trade of this kingdom is still regulated. The following table will show the different spirit of the two bills: —

Price of wheat.	Duty according to Canning's bill.	Duty according to the Duke of W.'s bill.
73	1*s.*	1*s.* 0*d.*
72	1	2 8
71	1	6 8
70	1	10 8
69	2	13 8
68	4	16 8
67	6	18 8
66	8	20 8
65	10	21 8
64	12	22 8
63	14	23 8
62	16	24 8
61	18	25 8
60	20	26 8
59	22	27 8
58	24	28 8
57	26	29 8
56	28	30 8
55	30	31 8
54	32	32 8
53	34	33 8

By the scale proposed by the Wellington ministry, and adopted by parliament in the session of 1828, the importation of foreign corn still continues to be regulated; and it becomes our task now to inquire to what extent the existing law has satisfied the anticipations of its authors. On this subject we shall be exceedingly brief. The question was amply discussed about the beginning of the present year, when a swarm of pamphlets appeared, chiefly on the side of the agriculturists. Of all these publications, none tended to throw greater light on the whole subject than one published by Messrs. Longman and Co., under the title of "Influences of the Corn Laws." By James Wilson, Esq. Most of those who have written in favour of a free trade in corn have done so chiefly on the ground of the extreme injustice of enhancing the price of an article of universal consumption, in order to swell the revenues of an already wealthy class. Mr. Wilson, admitting the full force of this argument, demonstrates that the restrictions on the trade have proved as ruinous to the agriculturist as to the manufacturer and merchant; and the facts which he has industriously collected fully make out the position which he seeks to establish, namely, that, after all the inconvenience to which the population at large has been subjected by the existing law, there is every reason to believe that, with a completely free trade, the average price of wheat, during the last twenty-two years, would have been very little, if any thing, below what it really has been. The following table, which we borrow from Mr. Wilson's pamphlet, will show the effects which he considers the corn laws to have produced: —

FIRST PERIOD, — 1817 to 1822.

(Increasing Supplies and Falling Prices.)

Years.	Quarters of wheat, British and Irish, arrived at Mark Lane.	Average price in Great Britain.	Quarters of foreign and colonial wheat and flour entered for consumption in Great Britain.	Average price at Dantzig.	Average price of Southdown wool.
		s. *d.*		*s.* *d.*	*d.*
1817	290,479	94 0	1,020,949	75 8	19
1818	205,907	83 8	1,593,518	64 7	24
1819	257,951	72 3	122,133	43 9	24
1820	395,889	65 10	34,274	33 3	17
1821	443,803	54 5	2	31 7	14½
1822	512,152	43 3	—	29 1	13

SECOND PERIOD.— 1822 to 1829.

(Diminishing Supplies and Rising Prices.)

1822	512,152	43 3	—	29 1	13
1823	393,177	51 9	12,137	26 8	14½
1824	348,007	62 0	15,777	22 9	12
1825	413,171	66 6	525,231	23 3	16
1826	271,120	56 11	315,892	23 1	10
1827	241,729	56 9	572,733	22 5	9
1828	312,610	60 5	842,050	24 4	9
1829	188,150	66 6	1,364,220	36 10	8

THIRD PERIOD. — 1829 to 1835.

(Increasing Supplies and Falling Prices.)

1829	181,150	66 6	1,364,220	36 10	8
1830	224,887	64 3	1,701,885	34 3	10
1831	208,329	66 0	1,491,631	37 3	12
1832	300,073	58 8	325,435	37 7	18
1833	388,171	52 11	82,346	29 4	16
1834	418,431	46 2	64,653	25 5	17
1835	468,338	39 4	28,483	23 0	18

FOURTH PERIOD.— 1835 to 1839.

(Diminishing Supplies and Rising Prices.)

1835	468,338	39 4	28,483	23 0	18
1836	414,145	48 6	30,554	28 7	19
1837	321,735	55 10	244,619	29 0	14
1838	296,500	64 7	*1,853,048	—	17½

By closely examining this table, it will be seen that a constant and regular fluctuation is taking place in our whole system of agricultural relations. The farmers, relying on the fallacious promises of the corn laws, grow a larger quantity of wheat than is at all necessary to meet the demands of the home market. The consequence is a supply much larger than there is any demand for, which necessarily leads to a depression of price, with its usual attendant, agricultural distress. The average price of wheat in 1835, it will be seen, was as low as 39*s.* 4*d.*; and most of our readers must re-

* It must be borne in mind that these quantities include the colonial imports, which in many years constitute by far the greatest portion.

member the bitter complaints so general in that year among the farmers and landholders. Wheat became a perfect drug in the market, and no longer paid the expense of raising. Immense quantities of land were in that and the two ensuing years converted to other purposes; and this circumstance, together with the deficiency of the last two harvests, has made it necessary to import, since the beginning of last autumn, an immense quantity of foreign wheat—a quantity more than twice as large as any previously imported within the same space of time—a quantity considerably larger than it could ever have been necessary to import, had a free trade existed.

Alluding to the parliamentary inquiry of 1814, which preceded the enactment of Mr. Robinson's act of 1815, Mr. Wilson says —

"The evidence given before this committee of the House of Peers, by Mr. Arthur Young and several eminent agriculturists, went to show that, in order to retain the cultivation of Great Britain in the extent in which it then was, it would be necessary that the average price of wheat should be 90*s.* to 100*s.* per quarter, barley 40*s.* to 45*s.*, and oats 30*s.* to 35*s.* On this evidence the corn laws of 1815 were founded, which entirely prohibited the importation of foreign wheat until the aggregate average of the whole country for three months had reached 80*s.* per quarter. The low prices, comparatively, for that period, 1814 and 1815, had the effect of materially discouraging production; and this cause, followed by the unparalleled bad season of 1816, produced the high price of 1817, with which we commence our periods of fluctuations. In this year the average price, for the whole kingdom, of wheat, was 94*s.* This extreme price, supported by a law which was intended and supposed would at least have the effect of preventing wheat from sinking below 80*s.* per quarter, could not fail to have an important effect in stimulating a general increased production. This was effected in all possible ways. A larger breadth of land in cultivation was diverted to wheat, new lands were called into cultivation, moors and morasses were reclaimed, and capital was in every way most lavishly expended to secure the glittering advantages of such high prices. To use the expression of an eminent person of the day, the surface of the land was strewed with guineas to reap wheat. Eighty shillings per quarter was the standard of all calculations, and, therefore, every piece of ground which could be brought into cultivation to raise wheat at this price was submitted to the plough. At this period a similar process was going forward on the Continent, caused by the high prices which resulted from the extensive supplies to this country in 1817 and 1818.

"We cannot, therefore, be surprised that each year succeeding these efforts we should find a rapid increase of supply. J. H. Von Thuenon, of Tellow, an eminent continental agriculturist, in a letter addressed to Mr. Jacob, and presented in his report to the Board of Trade, in 1827, states—'The harvests of 1821, 1822, and 1823 were so abundant, that history scarcely records the like for a single year, much less for a series of three years: the increased production of the soil by the application of marl, combined with the fertility of the seasons, yielded such rich harvests, that the cost of production was much less than in former years.'

"This increased production and supply could not fail to affect prices materially; and, consequently, we find that a gradual decline took place, until the whole average price of 1822, with a supply at Mark Lane of 512,152 quarters, was only 43*s.* 3*d.* per quarter, less than half the price in 1817, when the supply was only 290,479 quarters. It is extremely worthy of remark, that this change was caused only by the competition amongst our own home growers; as it will be seen that from 1818 forward, for some years, the most trivial quantity of foreign wheat was imported. And it is impossible, therefore, to say that the great depression had any connexion with foreign supplies or competition.

"It is evident that the influence which induced such an extended and forced cultivation, viz. the high prices of 1817, and the prohibitory law, which had for its only object the maintenance of these high prices, was the real and only cause of the ruinous prices which ensued in 1822; and it is as evident that great loss must have been sustained by those who, in the delusive hope of reaping the advantages promised by these prohibitory laws, had been thus induced to expend so much capital and labour in the improvements which took place; and who thus found that, just when the invested capital began to show its fruitful results, the prices began proportionately to diminish, until, at length, they did not receive one half of the rates which had induced them to expend so much money, notwithstanding the promise of protection which the law held out.

"But no article can long remain below the cost of production: we accordingly find, immediately after this year, evidences of the contrary tendency. We see that low prices did not fail to produce the exactly opposite tendency of the high prices—a curtailment of cultivation in every way in which it had previously been extended. Many of the inferior soils,

which had been dragged into cultivation, were now abandoned for this purpose; and we consequently find that the supply diminished every year, and the average price gradually improved. This process went forward until 1829, when we find that the quantity of home-grown wheat brought to Mark Lane had fallen from 512,152 quarters, in 1822, to 188,150 quarters in this year; and the price had, in the same time, risen from 43*s*. 3*d*. to 66*s*. 6*d*. per quarter. There can be no doubt that this change was only the natural reaction which followed the glut at the former period. Such a course was quite imperative, by the fact that over supply had pressed prices below the cost of production. The cause, therefore, which influenced the over-production must necessarily be deemed the original cause of the ensuing scarcity. We now find that we have, consequently, three years of high prices; but, unfortunately for the home-grower, he had an extremely limited quantity to sell: his large bulk, 512,152 quarters, was sold at the minimum price, 43*s*. 3*d*.; and now his minimum bulk, only 188,159 quarters, secures the maximum price, 66*s*. 6*d*.; and it will be seen that, during these three years, nearly double the quantity of foreign wheat was imported and retained for consumption of that in the whole preceding ten years — the quantities being 4,559,736 quarters in 1829, 1830, and 1831, while only 2,440,229 quarters had been thus imported in the whole preceding ten years — showing an average of 1,519,245 quarters annually in the former case, and only 244,022 quarters annually in the latter case."

The high price which wheat has now reached, in consequence of the combined effect of decreased cultivation and deficient harvests, will probably lead in the next few years to a large reduction of price, from the greater quantities which the farmer will be induced to raise; and should the present law, which subjects the country to a greater loss, perhaps, than would the expenditure of an army of 100,000 men, — should the present law, we say, continue in force for ten years longer, we may safely anticipate the periodical recurrence of agricultural suffering, followed by the no less periodical scarcity and high prices, the only season at which it is practicable to excite a general demand among the industrious classes for the repeal of a law which, disastrous to all, falls upon them with a doubly crushing weight.

It is extremely probable, however, that the financial embarrassments from which the country is now suffering may lead to a crisis that, in its turn, may lead to a complete modification of our corn laws, or, what is more to be wished for, to the entire repeal of all those laws. Since last autumn it is calculated that upwards of 5,000,000 of quarters of foreign wheat have been imported into this country. Such an importation, were it of constant recurrence, would have nothing very alarming in it, for a regular trade would be formed, and, either directly or indirectly, the whole amount would be paid for in the produce of our own industry. For instance, we import annually very little less than 300,000,000 of pounds of cotton, which, even at the low price of sixpence a pound, would amount in value to no less a sum than 7,500,000*l*. No one, however, would dream of looking on so large an annual importation in any other light than as a highly gratifying fact. The whole amount is paid for in British manufactures, and, could we even consume twice the quantity of cotton that we do consume, the only consequence would be a yet greater development of domestic industry. But the sudden, fitful, and capricious demand for corn to which our unfortunate system gives rise, instead of favouring trade, deranges all its relations. To form a regular market for any particular article of merchandise is usually the work of many years: when, therefore, a large accidental demand for corn arises, after an interval of six or eight years, during which there has been no demand at all, the necessary supply cannot be procured in exchange for goods for which no market has been formed, but must be obtained either on credit or for ready money. To pay for 5,000,000 of quarters of wheat in gold is, probably, a task beyond the power even of England to compass in the course of one year. A large portion, therefore, must be a debt incurred to the foreigner; a debt represented by bills of exchange, of which an unusually great number are now in circulation, as may be inferred from the extravagantly high rate of dis-

count at present charged in all the principal money markets of Europe. England has hitherto been the creditor of foreigners: the fatal effect of her corn laws has been to convert her into a debtor. In one instance, it is well known, the Bank of France has accommodated the Bank of England with a credit to the extent of no less than 2,000,000*l.* sterling. The humiliating necessity in which the Bank of England was placed, of soliciting such an accommodation from a foreign establishment, was the result of the extensive exportation of gold in payment of foreign corn. The transaction, however, though it may afford a momentary relief, cannot, in any way, lessen the debt we have incurred to the foreigner: the transaction is, in point of fact, neither more nor less than the incurring of a new debt to pay off an old one; an operation frequently resorted to by merchants when on the eve of bankruptcy, but which, when it becomes known, seldom fails to destroy the credit of all who have recourse to it.

How different would now have been the position of this country, if, in 1815, a moderate fixed duty had been laid on foreign wheat, or if even the comparatively liberal measure of Mr. Canning, in 1827, had been acceded to! In either case an average annual importation, to a moderate extent, would have taken place, sufficient to prevent the famine prices of last autumn, but by no means sufficient to discourage domestic agriculture. The spirit of hostility which our corn laws have engendered in Germany would never have been called forth; and the Prussian commercial league, had it even been formed, as it probably would have been, would only have offered a more enlarged field for the development of British industry. The stimulus given to German manufactures, by our refusal to receive in payment the only articles which Germany could give in return for the produce of our looms and forges, would never have been known. Had even a manufacturing interest clamoured in Germany for protection against British competition, an agricultural interest, fearful of losing the British market, would have been equally clamorous against any restriction on foreign trade. We have seen, in the case of the United States of America, how successfully the agricultural interest has been stimulated to defeat the endeavours of the manufacturers to exclude the produce of British industry from the union. A similar cause would have produced a similar effect on the continent of Europe; and, even now, the adoption of a wiser policy, though it could not repair the mischief that has already been done, would, at least, prevent the evil from extending farther.

It has been argued, sometimes, that, if we were to admit the corn of Prussia at a low duty, we should only create a constant drain of gold; for that the German Commercial League, having now a powerful manufacturing interest organised throughout the country, would not consent to such a modification of the tariff as would allow of a large consumption of British manufactures. We are convinced that this conjecture is entirely erroneous. The high duties imposed on cotton and woollen manufactures and on hardware by the Prussian tariff are confessedly a consequence of our proscription of the staple produce of Germany; and if Dr. Bowring, lately on a mission to Berlin, as the representative of the British Government to the Commercial Congress sitting there, had been authorised to announce any intention on the part of England to adopt a more liberal corn law, we have reason *to know* that he would have been met with the greatest readiness to reciprocate such a policy. As it is, we fear a most favourable opportunity to retain a valuable market has been allowed to escape us; and bitterly we may rue hereafter the infatuation by which our public councils are guided on this subject.

Another favourite argument with the advocates of our existing corn laws

is the desirablenesss of making ourselves independent of a foreign supply. But has our existing system had any such effect? Are we not at this moment most painfully dependent on foreign countries for our food? Our very corn laws are the cause of this dependency; and nothing but a free trade can ever secure that independence for which the advocates of dear bread profess to be so anxious. A free trade alone, by securing the farmer against those ruinous fluctuations to which he is now periodically exposed, would prevent that constant variation in the supply to which those fluctuations give rise. Even the owner of the land, for whose exclusive benefit the corn laws exist, would not be all loser by their repeal, for though he might be forced to consent to a slight reduction of his rental, (a contingency of which we are by no means certain,) he would, at least, be secured against the frequent necessity of consenting to an abatement of rents in periods of agricultural distress; while, on the other hand, the general prosperity of the industrious classes would react on the value of his land, and soon relieve him from the necessity of so unwelcome a reduction.

We are not, however, without some hope, that the financial pressure which is beginning to be felt, but which in 1840 will be much more severe than in 1839, will at length have the effect of awakening the nation to the necessity of a complete revision of our whole existing commercial policy. We have already a large deficit in our annual revenue. That deficit will be considerably larger next year, in consequence of the check which must be given to trade by the scarcity of money. The new postage act, beneficial as its operation will, no doubt, be to all classes, will necessarily increase the deficiency in the revenue, and means must be found to restore the balance between income and expenditure, or national bankruptcy, or, what is the same thing, a return to a paper currency will be the inevitable consequence. To impose new taxes is a course that the boldest Chancellor of the Exchequer will scarcely venture to suggest. The House of Commons has, indeed, pledged itself to make good any deficiency that may arise in consequence of the adoption of a penny postage, but that pledge is one that different members will construe according to their different opinions; and those who are opposed to the existing system of corn laws will naturally point to the imposition of a moderate fixed duty on foreign corn as the readiest means of adding to the national revenue.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

This long neglected question which, a year ago, could not find its way into a corner of the metropolitan newspapers, suddenly grew up into so much importance in the last session of parliament that, for several weeks, it occupied more space in every journal in the kingdom than all other topics of public and political interest. The government had taken it up, and the discussion assumed a form that could no longer be evaded or trifled with:— a thousand pens flew out in all quarters — meetings were convened in every nook and corner of the country — speeches, resolutions, handbills, placards, pamphlets, caricatures, sermons, convulsed the whole population, from St. Paul's to the remotest points of the kingdom; there never was so fierce an agitation got up in so short a space of time — there never was so belligerent a spirit exhibited upon a topic so civilising and peaceful: — one might have thought that the friends of education, instead of desiring to promote the improvement of their species, were really engaged in some plot to depopu-

late the land, so fierce, rancorous, and desperate was the course adopted by their opponents. But the storm is over, a dead lull has succeeded to the whirlwind — time has been allowed for men to recover their self-possession and their judgment — and in this interval of calm, when the public has leisure to review the question, unruffled by prejudices and external influences, it appears desirable to resume the subject, and to inquire what has been the effect of all this clamour.

Are we, the impartial educationists, beaten by the ecclesiastical exclusives? To those who contend for victory more than truth, this may be an important question. To them it may appear that an array of 3000 petitions to parliament, called forth in a fortnight, followed by so great a limitation of the government scheme, as nearly to amount to a surrender of it, do indicate power on the one side and weakness on the other. But to those who regard the cause of impartial education in its own essential strength, and contrast that strength with the spectacle of ignorance, arrogance, and sophistry which was displayed by its opponents; and who know that the vaunted petitions were the result of a senseless alarm spread by the clergy among those whom they could frighten; it is matter of conviction that the cause, so far from having been defeated, is incalculably advanced by the late discussion. They are aware that it is an abuse of words to call those clerical petitions the voice of the British public; instead of, as they really were, a sudden movement of the *staff* of a well organised corps, yet unmet by the public. A cause cannot be said to be defeated, whose strength is yet to be tried; and such, we believe, is the popularity of the cause of impartial education, that we look forward with assured confidence to an array of *names*, for that is the test of petitions, from a few towns alone, which will outnumber these annexed to the clerical appeals, had they been twice as numerous. The liberal churchmen — and they are many — have not yet moved; the dissenters, half the religious population, have yet to take the field; and, above all, the masses of the people, seven eighths of the population. These have yet to demand the means of that physical, moral, and intellectual elevation, which sound education alone can bring. What are the 3000 petitions when compared with an appeal like this?

There is another encouraging proof that educational exclusiveism has obtained by its claim only an apparent, and even that a short-lived advantage. Although the government has so far yielded as to modify their scheme, they retain, and have declared to the country and the world, that they retain their impartiality. Although their opponents have retarded the government plan, they have not yet promulgated their own. At best they hold the unenviable position of the dog in the manger; — a position devoid of moral force, and which no party ever yet was able to sustain long. The sovereign has condemned their course, and given the weight of her approbation to those who respect the rights of conscience. Two of her ministers have published their speeches on the great question *, which, for the enlightened and extended views they have taken of the essentials of education, the high-toned morality which pervades them, and the sound protestant liberty which they claim for the humblest conscientious worshipper in the land, are alike an honour to these statesmen, and the age in which we live; leaving us no reason to doubt that the same principles, the same moral elevation, the same Christian liberty, will ultimately characterise the great measure of national education.

* The Marquess of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. (Ridgway.) See also an admirable pamphlet, entitled, "Recent Measures for the Promotion of Education in England" (Ridgway); evidently patronised by the government.

We have tried to view Lord Brougham's recent eloquent letter to the Duke of Bedford as *not* a surrender to the church and peers. Nay, we thought we saw in it a stroke of acute policy in taking the churchmen at their word, when they disclaimed, as, in the House of Lords, they pointedly and, even indignantly, did, the imputed pretensions of controlling the religious education of the dissenters; and a suggestion to legislate on the principle of reorganising all the power the church demands, the care of the religious education, but the *religious* only, of their own members. But when we reflect that Lord Brougham expressly admits the defeat of the impartialists, and the invincibility of the peers and the church,—proposes to give the church that pre-eminence in the education of the people which he says is due to the establishment, and, with Dr. Lindsay, who would take education from the pope rather than go without it, would be content with the education which the church may modify if it does not dictate,—we are forced—and we say it unwillingly—to part company with that distinguished educationist, and to protest against the compromise he suggests. It is time enough to talk of taking education from the pope, or, which is little better, any Protestant sect whatever, when it is demonstrable that we can do no better. We have said that we do not despair; nay, that we have only derived fresh confidence in the cause of just and impartial education from the result of the recent struggle. Holding, as we do, the claims of the church to be devoid of the foundation of justice, we see in that element of weakness their final failure. We feel assured that the dissenters will never, for a temporary advantage, make the concessions proposed by Lord Brougham. Postponement, and that not for so long a period as many think, is the worst they can suffer; and we had better all suffer this, rather than mark the education of the entire people with a brand which for ages, if not for ever, will disfigure and degrade it.

All shades of party join now in the cry of "educate, educate!!" Yet the word has a hundred meanings, and hence the looseness of the discussions upon it. Modes and machineries are canvassed and debated, but the substance—the matter of sound education is rarely if ever contemplated. A few authors have approached the subject philosophically, and carried out right principles into right practice; but we are not aware that any part of the periodical press has done more than treat of educational statistics and machinery. Two questions remain. First, What is the *substance* or *matter* of that education which, going beyond mere humble literature, will render the masses of the people, honest, merciful, and intelligent? And secondly, How is such an education to be communicated to those masses, with perfect respect to the rights of conscience in religion? As we deem both questions concisely, yet satisfactorily, answered in four letters to the Marquess of Lansdowne, by Mr. Simpson of Edinburgh, the well-known author of "The Philosophy of Education," and as these have only yet had a very partial circulation, we have obtained the author's permission to give to them the greater permanency of our pages. It is necessary to premise, however, which we do at the author's request, that the defective appreciation of, and zeal for, the education of the people, which justly applied to the government at the date of the letters, immediately before Lord John Russell's proposed measure was brought forward, is an imputation which, by that very measure, coincident as it is in principle with the views developed in the letters themselves, is no longer applicable. The letters are four in number; and, as we are unwilling to separate the first two, we shall divide the four into two articles; offering, in this number, the first and second LETTER.

POPULAR EDUCATION AS IT OUGHT TO BE — ITS SOCIAL EFFECTS.

LETTER I.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

MY LORD, — Having obtained your lordship's permission to address to you, and therefore to make public, a short series of letters on a national object, which has for many years occupied my thoughts, and practically exercised my observation, and which, I have reason to know, no statesman has more at heart than yourself — I mean the education of the entire people — I have now the honour of submitting to you the first letter of that series. It is well known to you that the subject of popular education demands, and is receiving, much attention. Petitions signed by nearly forty thousand names were last year presented to Parliament praying for a national measure — an increase from eighty signatures, the number of the year before. The cause has been agitated in between twenty and thirty of the principal towns in Britain; Education Societies, central and affiliated, have been established; meetings have been attended by thousands assembled; and, most symptomatic of all; festivals have, in many places, been held in its honour.

With the most perfect respect I state it as a fact, that *as yet* these signs of the times have not been attended to by our most influential statesmen. The war of party has precluded the possibility of political leaders giving to the subject of the education of the people the minute attention which it requires. This was manifest in the debate on Mr. Wyse's motion last June. On one side of that debate, the progress which education has made in popular favour, as well as in its own character as a science, reducible and reduced to practice, was not recognised; its vast effects on social order were scarcely estimated; its urgency was little adverted to; and the discussion, while, in the hands of the mover and his supporters, it had relation to the most modern views on the subject, unfortunately retrograded, when taken up by every one else, to those of times gone by.

Far and wide in society, inadequate, and often distorted notions on the subject of education prevail. As a science founded on recognised principles in nature, it is, to an immense extent, utterly unknown. The *being* to be educated — *man* — has by few been physically and morally analysed; and hence any thing like a wise educational treatment of his nature, and his *whole* nature, has not been conceived. Just views on the transcendently important matter are but of a few years' growth. When men now of middle age were boys, education, worthy of the name, was unknown. It was equally wretched in its matter and its method; and ninety-nine in every hundred of educated men can bear witness that their uneducated, and often miseducated, minds, only began to be improved by their own exertions after twenty years of age — and this so recently as forty, and even thirty, years ago. Early in the present century, education received a great impulse by the introduction of the MONITORIAL method of Lancaster and Bell. The improvement, however, was in method more than in *matter*. The old branches only of reading, writing, and cyphering, were taught, although much better and more easily taught than they had ever been before. Subsequently the EXPLANATORY method was superadded to the monitorial, and has much advanced education in matter as well as method, under the direction of that most meritorious amateur, Mr. Wood of Edinburgh. It consists, as your lordship knows, in explaining every thing that is read, and thence conveying much useful information to the young mind; but it stops short of complete intellectual instruction, inasmuch as it is *literary* more than *real*. It explains words by words, not words by things. Much of external nature becomes in various *other* ways known to the pupil; but it is not at first, or not at all, exhibited to him by his teacher. His senses and observing powers are not exercised. He becomes an early proficient in the English language; he pronounces, spells, parses, and derives most unexceptionably; he is a clever arithmetician, and has stored much Scriptural knowledge; but all this falls short of what is necessary to fit him for real life in the world; to this end he leaves the explanatory school yet partially educated. I wish to be understood as in nowise disparaging either the Monitorial or Explanatory methods, and, still less, the powerful conjunction of both in the latter. They were great improvements in the education of the country. They are both excellent separately, and still more excellent when combined; but even then they advance education to a point much short of its attainable excellence. A yet farther advance towards that excellence does not supersede either. It takes both along with it, and assigns to each a place in its yet more extended and improved system. I concur substantially in the following estimate of the explanatory system, by those acute observers the Messrs. Chambers, in the 277th number of their "Edinburgh Journal:" — "While we admire Mr. Wood's plan as *mode* of teaching, and still more applaud the philanthropy which has induced him for so many years to devote himself to the instruction of a few poor children, we should be misleading our readers if we allowed them to form the conclusion that juvenile education is perfect in the Edinburgh Sessional School. Learning to read and understand what is read, dexterity in grammatical and arithmetical exercises, with the commission to memory of certain catechisms and scriptural histories, are not education, any more than the possession of pen, ink, and paper, is literary renown. We cannot here enter into a formal or complete description of a right juvenile education; but we may say, that

the *whole* child must be treated and trained in such a way, that while evoking the higher powers of the intellect, and communicating necessary knowledge of every kind, we may establish *sound moral habits*. We mean not to detract in the least from the well-earned credit of this school; but there is obviously too great a disposition to look upon such merits as it possesses as perfect, when in reality we have not here, or any where else, as yet, more than a mere shadow of a complete system of education." Although, as I hope to show, the conclusion of the above passage is rather unqualified, I consider the caution it contains most salutary; for there is a current fashion of talking, both in and out of Parliament, which indicates an ominous contentment with matters as they are. The opinion is almost reduced to a formula as it passes from mouth to mouth; I have myself heard it repeated by statesmen in the highest places of power, "We need no *new principles* of elementary education, we only want extension of the *prevailing* methods and *existing* schools; these we would not disturb." In the debate on Mr. Wyse's motion, already alluded to, it was discouraging to hear this error adopted by men of the highest state influence. By them the schools of the British and Foreign Society — the representatives of the Lancasterian — and those even of the National or Church of England Society — the Bell Schools — were each in their turn suggested as models for extension over the land. No doubt the Borough Road Lancasterian School — the model school of the British and Foreign Society — having engrafted the explanatory method on the monitorial, and adopted even some portion of the more advanced system, to be presently described, is not only greatly a-head of any of the Church of England Schools — as was admitted even by zealous churchmen, at the late Norwich meeting for the extension and *improvement* of these schools — but much in advance of what the Lancasterian Schools themselves once were; yet it would be a lamentable mistake, were even the utmost at which the Borough-road and similar schools have arrived, to be adopted in the Normal seminaries which we hope soon to see established in this country, when it can be shown that a *superior and more recent system of education is actually known and realised*.

In the *transition state*, as it may be called, at which the public mind has arrived in this great question, it is urgent that it should be universally known that a more advanced and better system of elementary education than even the monitorial and explanatory combined, IS KNOWN, and in actual and most encouraging OPERATION. A system which, besides embracing, be it remembered, the best of both the monitorial and explanatory, advances upon both so much, that had it been in as extensive operation, and for the same period, as they have been, it would have wrought a beneficial change, physical, intellectual, moral, and, I will add, religious, which the others have failed to effect, and never can effect, upon a great portion of the population. Such was not, however, the happiness of our otherwise favoured land; and hence, after forty, thirty, and twenty years, the masses are yet uneducated, ignorant, and immoral; and yet do improvidence, intemperance, privation, disease, vice, and crime, degrade and disgrace society.

May I now solicit your lordship's attention to that newer and more advanced system which, *as a whole*, is not older than the last ten years. I say as a whole; for Infant Schools, forming one part of it, commenced at New Lanark above twenty-five years ago, and in London above twenty. The new system is secular and religious, as are likewise the monitorial and explanatory. In this letter I shall confine myself to its *secular* branch, reserving the religious for my next communication. I have called the system a whole, but that whole consists of distinct parts, each part systematically founding the part which it precedes, and each part imperfect but in connection with the other.

First — The Advanced System contemplates the commencement of training at the first dawn of intellect and feeling; in other words, NURSERY EDUCATION. Often is the future man marred in his dispositions, and foreclosed of his happiness, in the arms of an injudicious and uneducated mother or nurse. No result of a sound popular education will be more marked and more blessed, in another and more fortunate generation, than the improved intelligence and morality of these our earliest educators. This result will be consequential, and no doubt distant. The nation cannot prove judicious nurses, but these will come of a better system. The very first book of an enlightened educational course might do much to instruct even the present generation of adults.

Second — School Proper cannot begin sooner than at two years of age; and it is one of the peremptory rules of the new system that it ought not to begin later. INFANT SCHOOL EDUCATION, beginning at two years of age, was an entire novelty thirty, or rather twenty-five years ago. Previously, during the precious period from two to six, when the dispositions can be best trained, to the effect of preventing the growth of low and vicious, and fostering elevated and moral, habits, the infant soil was left a moral waste, or, worse, was too often planted with thorns. No elementary educational course previously known, included or even contemplated the Infant School. The new system presupposes it, and views the more Advanced School and the Infant School as inseparable parts of a series, or elementary *curriculum*. As a humble member of the Infant School Society of Edinburgh, I have, for nearly nine years, watched the working of an excellent model school, and can unhesitatingly testify that, on the points of health, cleanliness, refinement, honesty, truth, gentleness, and kindness, besides much intellectual improvement, obtained without a task or a tear, that school

has fully realised the most sanguine expectations of its founders, and warrants the brightest prospects for the country, when such seminaries shall become — as one day they *must* become — universal. *It cannot be too strongly pressed upon the Government and the Legislature, that without the foundation of the Infant School, the more advanced schools will fail, as they have hitherto done, in morally elevating and socially improving the masses of our population. A general Infant School system, at least, cannot be begun too soon. Every hour's delay is a loss to the next — and even to the present — generation.*

Third — At six years of age the pupil leaves the Infant, and joins the JUVENILE SCHOOL, where he remains for the rest of the elementary period — till fourteen. The transition ought to be almost insensible, as much so as the pupil's passing from his fifth to his sixth year. For his new school he has been so gradually, but systematically, prepared in his previous education, that to his perceptions the business merely advances. This progression — this link — would alone settle the question of the incalculable superiority of the new system of education over any other whatever which does not found on the basis of Infant School.* Some of the improved establishments, to be mentioned in the sequel, have already added the Infant School to their elementary course. I may mention the English department of the High School of Glasgow, under Mr. D'Orsey, and that excellent new seminary, the Hull College, under Mr. Burrows. In the Juvenile School, I have said, the moral as well as intellectual process, so well begun in the Infant School, proceeds. I am much tempted to expatiate here, but my limits forbid. I doubt not that your Lordship has often visited such schools, and enjoyed, as I have done, the moral luxury of witnessing the very *scene* which they present, in contrast with the best of the old seminaries. The intellectual education imparts, of course, the *instruments* of reading, writing, and accounting; and continues, what was also begun in the Infant School, the exercise of the senses and observing faculties upon their related objects in external creation. If every thing be explained under the explanatory system, every thing is not only explained, but *exhibited*, under what we may therefore call the EXHIBITIVE SYSTEM. External creation does not consist of words, but of *things, realities, objects*. Words, either spoken or written, are the mere signs of these, and are simultaneously cognised with them; so that a most impressive and beneficial education of words and their explanations is incidentally, but essentially, included in the exhibitive process. From the knowledge of the external features of objects in nature — and natural history is nothing more — the transition is easy to the analyses of chemistry, mechanics, and mathematics, which experience has shown may be usefully acquired in the elementary period of education. *Man*, too, in body and mind — physiologically and mentally — will next be made familiar to the pupil, to the effect of pointing out those vital conditions of happiness — health and virtue. History, literature, music, will complete the course, for both sexes and all ranks, of that education, which, as it embraces moral training and likewise instruction in the realities of nature, may, in so far as it is secular, be called the MORAL AND EXHIBITIVE SYSTEM. By it, all the human faculties, as well feelings as intellectual powers, are exercised and improved, *as powers*, besides such as acquire knowledge being actually instructed and informed.

Stated labour, although unfortunately it does, ought not to commence earlier than the age of fourteen. The Creator has willed this, and man ever suffers by infringing his laws. The bodily frame is not knit for labour sooner than puberty; while the observing, or *educable*, mental faculties are, during all the previous period of life, in their greatest vigour and keenest appetite. I cannot, however, enter here into the important question of the proper age for the commencement of labour; a better educated people will take a wiser practical view of it than can yet be looked for.

I need not to your Lordship, I feel assured, enter my humble protest against any *language* but the vernacular, forming a part of elementary, especially of popular elementary, education. Languages, dead and living, are but additional instruments, not additional knowledge. Let them, as new tools, be acquired and handled by those who need them. Society has suffered enough from the long-continued error of a *language*-elementary education. Milton and Locke saw this a century and a half ago.

As the title of this letter indicates, your Lordship will expect some observations on the SOCIAL EFFECTS which may in due time be expected from popular education as it ought to be. These observations need not be many, for they are obvious. The anticipated results, in the great body of the working classes, as they present themselves to the mind, are, to the friend of his species, of the most consolatory and delightful character. The prejudice — for opinion it has no title to be called — is yet too common, and is but another proof of the prevailing want of sound knowledge on the subject, that the education above sketched would *over*-educate the working-man, and unfit him for labour. Never, I humbly think, was there a greater, or in its effects a more unhappy error. What is desired and expected from an adequate education for the working man? It is, that he be rendered healthy, temperate,

* In the Third Triennial Report of the Edinburgh Infant School Society, just published, there is a letter from Mr. Dun, of the Davie Street Lancasterian School, of 700 pupils, certifying that the children he has received from the Infant School have proved the most satisfactory in intelligence, alacrity, attainment, obedience, attendance, quiet, gentle, and general good conduct.

intelligent, honest, merciful, and pious. Can this improved character come — has it ever come — of reading, spelling, writing, and cyphering? Has it ever yet come — for one moment to anticipate my next letter — of catechisms got by rote? Intelligent and acute men have often followed the pupils from the constraint and religious solemnity of many of the old schools to the freedom of their outdoor intercourse, and witnessed selfishness, coarseness, violence, indelicacy, and deceit, in proof of the *under* education with which they had been mocked. What these habits will ultimately produce, let Canterbury, Todmordon, and Ashton tell. Many of the dupes of Thom or Courtenay were *readers*, and enjoyed a high reputation among their neighbours for Scriptural knowledge especially. Look, too, at the ominous welcome with which the appeal to physical force is received.

Is it too much to expect that a higher practical morality and improved intelligence, combined with religious knowledge and practice, will arm the working man against the seductions of the fanatic, the anarchist, the incendiary, and the man of blood? Is it too much to expect that fourteen years of moral habits, religious *practice*, and always advancing intelligence, will lead the working man's mind naturally to the practical conclusion that that labour of which "all things are full," and which the nature of things renders necessary, is no *degradation*, is no *evil*, except in its excess? or that he will bring to that labour which nature has even connected with pleasure, and to which Scripture saith "man goeth forth" as to a blessing from God, the happy feelings of a fixed moral character; the reasoning and the skill of an exercised and stored intelligence; the steady hand of habitual temperance; while he will leave his labour with a mind that can enjoy leisure, physical comfort, domestic joy, and pure religious communing in the bosom of his family, more than are yet known to any miseducated rank of life whatever? What must not the feelings of the philanthropist be when he looks forward with well founded confidence — and even a short experience has shown that he may — to society as it will be, when such shall be the chatacter of its great *substratum* — its working population.

I need not enlarge on the effects of such popular education in preventing the growth, nay, striking at the very root, of crime. All sound principles of criminal treatment *presume* the diffusion of morality, and intelligence, and religion, by early education. Disappointment will visit all criminal legislation, as it has hitherto done, which merely operates on an uneducated people; and no symptom of restraint and reformation, for the actually criminal, will succeed, which is not founded on morality, and intelligence, and religion, both in the inside and on the outside of its walls.

A few words more and I have done. In anticipation of the objection that such an education is beautiful but visionary — the too common excuse for doing nothing for social improvement, and scarcely consistent with the dread of *over* education — I am happy to adduce examples of the actual realisation, *in so far as circumstances yet permit*, of the moral and exhibitive system in several seminaries of education in different parts of Britain which I have personally visited, and others abroad. There has not yet, of course, been time for any appreciable effect of these seminaries upon society at large; but I can speak to a most gratifying improvement, when compared with any other schools known to me, on the moral and intellectual character, the feelings, the conduct, and the happiness, of both teachers and pupils. If this be, as it is, the manifestation of moral habits produced by some years of moral and practically religious exercise, education were a meaningless word, unless the same feelings and habits were expected to form the character of the future life of the pupil in his intercourse with the world. If education, as it ought to be, is intended to fit for after-life — that after-life must take its colour, its whole character, from that education. The conclusion is necessarily prospective; but if there be in nature moral as well as physical effects, it is legitimate in the one as well as the other to judge of the harvest from the cheering aspect of the seed-time. I can now only find room to name a few of the seminaries alluded to, and respectfully, but earnestly, to call the attention of statesmen to them. Some of them are mentioned in the evidence I had the honour to give before the Irish Committee, three years ago, and I have no doubt they have had their due effect upon the enlightened report of that Committee. In the Treasury, as your Lordship knows, there is a grant for a Normal School or College for the training of teachers. It has lain there above three years. I rejoice that it is *yet* to be applied; for the advanced system will have what it would not have had till now — its fair chance with the older, in determining the vital point of the *character* of the Normal Seminary.

For Infant Education, I beg to refer to all the schools which Mr. Wilderspin has *himself* originally trained, and which have not departed from his excellent system. That best known to me is the Edinburgh Model School, under Mr. Milne, and already alluded to. For Juvenile Education, there are the schools of Dr. Mayo, at Cheam; Messrs. Hill, Bruce Castle, Tottenham; Mr. Heldenmair, Worksop; Mr. Voelker, Overton, Liverpool; the Corporation Schools, Liverpool; Messrs. Clark, Bath; Mr. Bruce, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Mr. Burrows, Hull College; Mr. Brumby, (late Dr. Jerrard,) Bristol College; the National Normal School, Dublin; M. Gaggia, Brussels; Academie d'Orleans, France; the Girard College, Philadelphia; and in Scotland, Mr. D'Orsey, Glasgow; Mr. Little, (late Mr. Cuningham,) Mr. Dun, Lancasterian; Mr. Anderson, Gayfield Square; Mr. Chalmers, Mer-

chiston Castle — the last four Edinburgh. * Many other schools which I have seen in different parts of the country have more or less adopted the same system, and do not fail to advertise their having done so as their best-founded claim to public favour. I beg to state that, with an exception or two, these schools are all working under the disadvantage of not *yet* having, what they all long to have, the great benefit of the previous Infant School foundation. Yet possessed, as their teachers are, of a practical knowledge of the means of moral improvement for any age, they all systematically apply these, and with gratifying success. Finally, the Moral and Exhibitive system is substantially adopted by the London Central Society of Education, and by all its provincial branches; and, yet more encouraging, has been recommended as the basis of the National System by the Report of the Committee on the education of Ireland, already alluded to. That Report is itself an invaluable volume — the result of three years of most extensive, enlightened, and judicious inquiry. I beg to refer to my own humble work on the *Philosophy of Education* — in its first edition called, *The Necessity of Popular Education* — for a more ample treatment of the matter of this letter, and have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JAMES SIMPSON.

Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, January 1. 1839.

STATISTICAL FALLACY — IMPARTIAL RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

LETTER II.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

MY LORD, — If I have in any measure succeeded, in my former letter, in showing that, during the present century, education has advanced from a mere name by means, successively, of the *monitorial*, the *explanatory*, and what I have ventured to call the *moral and exhibitive* systems, I am entitled, and called upon, in the commencement of my present communication, to point out a fatal error which is apt to mislead the public, and that even through the medium of Parliament, namely, the persuasion that where there are *schools* there is *education*. Upon this delusion, this statistical fallacy, the grants of public money have hitherto been allotted. No condition was required but the voluntary provision of a certain proportion to meet the given share of the grant; the kind of school seemed to be held of no moment. The National or Church of England Schools have confessedly received the largest share of the public grants, because they have erected the greatest number of schools, and "*educated*," as it is said, the greatest number of children. Nay, the most important of all schools, the Normal, for training teachers, is not viewed with more discrimination, seeing that the reason stated to Parliament, in the discussion on Mr. Wyse's motion why a grant of 10,000*l*., voted three years ago for establishing Normal Schools had not yet been applied, was, that nobody had come forward to demand it. I have learned that it has since been offered to the British and Foreign School Society, who have judiciously declined the undertaking of applying it, on the ground that Normal Schools established by Government grants ought to be under Government superintendence. I hope and trust that what this society have so sensibly refused will not be offered to any other, but entrusted to a Commission fully qualified to turn it to the best account of which the improvements in education will allow. One of the most zealous opponents of Mr. Wyse's motion for such a Commission, actually approved of an indiscriminate and uninquiring dispensation of the educational grants as a proof of the *impartiality* of Government.

Most statistical inquiries and reports proceed upon the fallacy of identifying schools and education. Some statisticians count the number of schools in a given locality; then the number of children educated, as is most indiscriminately stated, in each; and even report that in a given population so many can read words of one syliable, so many words of two, so many can sign their names, with other distinctions alike trifling. In criminal statistics reading and writing alone are noticed, with a sort of implication that the want of these mere instruments is a cause of crime. But one uniform item is found in all these reports, namely, *utter educational destitution far and wide in the land*. A majority, rarely under four-fifths, attend no school at all; and, if the quality of most schools be considered, those who do attend them are not in a much better condition than those who do not. Such reports may be necessary to stimulate the unreflecting portion of the public, by reiterated presentations of the same melancholy portrait; but the better informed on the subject are weary of them, and ardently wish for the day when an enlightened Government and Legislature will proceed on the notoriety of the destitution, whether that be no education, or bad education; and confer at once the blessing of sound elementary education on the entire people.

In my former letter secular education alone was considered; permit me now, with the earnestness and respect which the subject demands, to offer my humble views on religious. It is of course imperative to distinguish, with the utmost care, between, and clearly to define, secular and religious education. SECULAR education I understand to comprehend the

* The excellent school at Norwood, under the superintendence of Dr. Kay, secretary to the Government Education Commission, ought not to be omitted.

improvement of the human faculties, moral and intellectual, by exercising each on its own objects, and imparting instruction on the *works* of God, independently of his *word*. This instruction embraces all that man, by means of the faculties he has received from his Creator, may observe, discover, learn, and in any wise know, without Scriptural aid; and for which, therefore, seeing that God does nothing in vain, Scripture was neither intended nor given. RELIGIOUS education, I humbly take to consist in the inculcation of, and practical exercise in, the moral and doctrinal truths, which to the end of moral guidance in this life, and salvation in that which is to come, God has been pleased to reveal in his Holy Scriptures. More particularly, with regard to secular knowledge — independently of Scriptural revelation — man has faculties for acquiring the use of the instruments of reading, writing, drawing, and counting — for acquiring the knowledge of the surface, structure, productions, and atmosphere of the earth — the knowledge of the relations, to the earth and to each other, of the moon, the sun, the planets, and the fixed stars — the knowledge of the exact truths of number and extension — the knowledge of the substances composing the material world, their nature, qualities, combination, analyses, and agencies — the knowledge of the mechanical powers and relations of matter — the knowledge of the nature and powers of man, physical, moral, and intellectual, and his relations to the creation of which he forms so important a part; with the duties, thence pointed out, to himself, to his neighbour, and his God — the knowledge of the production and distribution of wealth, with the relations of labour — the knowledge, finally, of municipal rights and duties, of history, and of literature. The technical terms for these various branches of secular knowledge, such as geography, geology, chemistry, mechanics, physiology, ethics, &c., I need not enumerate. All and every part of the knowledge, now divided into its branches, might have been acquired by man, even although the revelations of Scripture had been withheld; and much of it was attained long before the Christian revelation was vouchsafed. It follows necessarily, therefore, that secular and religious knowledge are distinct objects of our contemplation; that each depends on its own peculiar evidences of facts and reasonings; and that the facts and reasonings of the one cannot, according to a sound logic, be intermixed or in any way controlled by those of the other. If no one would think of predicating that by means of all the secular knowledge which has been enumerated, the scheme of Christianity would have been even conceived, surely as little would any one maintain that that scheme would have directly or indirectly revealed any part of that secular knowledge. I am aware that it will be said, that a knowledge of ethics or morality is revealed by Scripture. Granted, I would answer, but neither exclusively, nor for the first time. Christianity is a paramount foundation of morality, but it is not the *sole* foundation of God's appointment. There prevails much confusion of thinking here, from not attending to the fact, that God has given a twofold foundation to morality — first, in man's constitution and its relations to the rest of creation; and, secondly, in his own revealed Word. The first is recognised in Scripture itself as the natural law, which was expressly "confirmed," not "abolished," and, according to Butler, was republished in the Scriptural. It is recognised by St. Paul in that *Nature* by which the things contained in the law may be done. It follows that the natural law existed before the Scriptural; that it still exists unabolished, and is a legitimate and independent object of knowledge. Nay, it is essential that it should be studied independently, else its distinctive nature and power as a Divine *addition* to Christianity itself could not be perceived; the first would, contrary to Divine authority itself, be merged in the second revelation. Bishop Butler founded his "Analogy" upon the essential difference of the two things which he analogically compared; while Melancthon, the highest reformation authority, says, "that it never was the intention of the Creator to supersede, by a law graven upon stone, that law which is written with his own finger on the human heart." So fortified, then, I have confidence in maintaining that there is a morality for secular study and exercise, as well as a morality in revealed religion, and that both are of God. As more feeling than reason has characterised recent discussions on the relative claims of secular and religious education, it is much to be desired that due discrimination should be exercised in it. I would respectfully ask any advocate for mixing or blending secular and religious knowledge, to put in words what he thereby means. The matter ought to be brought to this test. Let him lay his finger upon any one of the branches of knowledge above enumerated as secular, which he can say owed its discovery, or depends for its elucidation upon the specific doctrines of Christianity. It is an indiscreet and injurious zeal, although not uncommon, which claims for Scripture what Scripture itself disclaims — the character of a sufficient source of knowledge, secular as well as religious. What is, then, meant by blending, interweaving as it were, religious with secular knowledge; or, to use the current but unexamined form of speech, *basing* secular education on religious? Do what we will, we must, to attain a competent share of both, study them separately. However mechanically intermixed in school arrangements, the actual lessons on each must be given separately. The Creator has himself placed the knowledge of his works and of his word on different foundations; and, while He has commanded man to attain the knowledge of both, He has pointed out the grounds of each. Now, if the knowledge of both *be* attained, should the mere *order* in which this is done be matter of violent controversy? Is not that order the best which best achieves the end? Again, provided religious instruction be efficiently given, is it imperative, is it expe-

dient that it shall be given at the same moment, and by the same person as secular? Would not the division of labour advantageously relieve the already overburdened teacher of secular knowledge from the additional and separate duty of impa ting religious? Would religious be worse given if it were the special department of a still more competent instructor? I repeat my entreaty for a candid and temperate survey of this important question, for, with deference I say it, this has not yet been bestowed upon it; on the contrary, an unjust outcry, not to say a party watchwo d, has, in some quarters, attempted to put down all reasoning on the subject. In the evidence which, three years ago, I had the honour to give before the Committee of the House of Commons on the education of Ireland I made a humble attempt to draw the distinction which I have now endeavoured to make plain, and have thence been subjected to much unmerited and indiscriminate obloquy. The words I then made use of, being unpremeditated, were perhaps unguardedly emphatic, and have accordingly been laid hold of as a plausible handle for misrepresentation. The words were, "I consider that the idea of basing education upon *doctrinal* religion is an *utter absurdity;* doctrinal religion is a distinct branch of instruction, *afterwards to be attained*, and is addressed to a much riper state of the faculties, and a much more advanced state of knowledge, than can possibly be held to apply to what is called the original foundation." (Printed evidence, 3171.) It has been to me most painful to witness the treatment this passage has received from zealous religious professors. One and all have used it as proof of a wish and intention, on the part of the witness, to *exclude* religion from education altogether. *Not one* who has quoted the fifteen first words of the sentence, has had the candour to add the explanatory remainder. Few have quoted the first fifteen words themselves correctly; and some have left out the important word *doctrinal*. In one or other of these ways, I have had the misfortune to be misrepresented, in other words calumniated, in both Houses of Parliament, and in numerous party journals. I beg to take one example from the *Times* of 5th September last, which states that I am known to my countrymen as the author of "the saying"—"that the identification of religion with general education is utterly preposterous and absurd." The words were marked with quotation commas, to impress the belief that they were my own. I must do the editor of that journal the justice to say, that he gave prompt insertion to my disclaimer of these words, and of the character which they tended to fix upon me. I have not taken the trouble to notice the current misrepresentation, as propagated by many other journals; it yet continues to be reiterated, and I have no doubt will often and often appear again. I lament this undeniable immorality much less on personal grounds than for its effects in prejudicing the cause of national education. I have not, therefore, let pass this opportunity of solemnly declaring that I will yield to none of my opponents in solicitude that the same human being to whom I would impart secular knowledge shall also be thoroughly instructed in religious; nay, I will add, better, more practically so, than I have yet known him to be under the best of the old systems. If by *basing* education on religion, he meant the imparting of *early* religious impressions and instructions, I heartily concur in the vital importance of so doing: a mother's whisperings to the infant on her knee may be impressively religious. In religion there is something to learn, something to feel, from the first dawnings up to the maturity of the faculties. In right *order* I would inculcate religious knowledge, and so avoid that greatest of all educational errors, the unintellectual rote—often attended with no little conceit when made the object of competition and display—which is mistaken for religious knowledge by those who, on the notion of the *basis* or *foundation*, show an unreflecting hurry to inculcate the doctrines of Christianity on absolute infancy.

If I have shown that secular and religious instruction *may*, and, to the advantage of both, *should*, be given separately, and by separate teachers, I come now to consider circumstances in which they *must* be so given—and these are, when different religious sects meet, as they must do on any feasible scheme of national education, in the same *secular* school. Secular knowledge is alike to all human beings. But to deny this knowledge, which is a right, a worldly necessity, if I may so speak, to any human being who will not take mixed up with it my religious opinions, is quite as unjust as to deny him food, if not received on the same conditions. Very zealous sectarians, but only they, make no distinction between a proper respect for the conscientious religious opinions of others, for the *Protestant* right of others to the exercise of private judgment in interpreting the Scriptures, and indifference to all distinctions in religious opinions. Of course, such sectarians would force their own opinions upon all other sects, and are impregnable even to the argument *à converso*, when asked how they would feel the same conduct on the part of any other sect whatever.

With a view to a system of education entitled to the name of *national*, there is but a choice between two alternatives. EITHER to establish as many *secular* schools in each locality as there are religious sects, giving to each a secular master of its own religious sect, and imposing on him the care of both secular and religious education—OR, to establish one secular school for all religious sects under one teacher, and provide a different religious teacher, in the same school, for each religious sect. The first alternative need not be dwelt upon, for it is out of the question, both on the ground of expense and practicability. The second alternative may take one of two forms—either to place a teacher of religion, appointed expressly for the function, for each sect in each school, a plan little less costly than

the first alternative, *and, be it marked, one which all* VOLUNTARY *Dissenters must decline, as it implies taking religious instruction from the State;* or divested of these insuperable objections to commit that important department of education, the religious, to the proper teachers of religion already existing, the clergy of the different denominations. This is the course which humbly but confidently I predict will, because it must, be ultimately adopted. To the pastoral care of their own ministers the youngest of the young should be committed. The pupils should never view the department as a mere accessory to the secular school; but ever as a principal and paramount branch, to which as much time and care should be allotted as are requisite for its efficient fulfilment. The resort of the young to their pastor, or his visits to them, ought to be associated with privilege and pleasure. The Holy Scriptures should be his especial book, which the child has never seen desecrated and degraded to the profane uses of a common school reading-book, and has never learned by rote as a common task. By this arrangement three important points will be gained. *First*, the grand objection to National Education — the disagreement of religious sects — will vanish. *Secondly*, Religious instruction will be better, more impressively, more practically, given, than, as has been proved by experience, it ever has been given in the common and secular schools; and, *Thirdly*, The immoral and truly unchristian encouragement of religious animosities, of a religion of hatred but not yet of love, will in this country, as it has done in others, come to an end.

In my next letter I shall endeavour to obviate some current objections to the plan for religious education now proposed — such as, that it *excludes* religion from education — that it takes out of the hands of the secular teacher the power of enforcing moral conduct by Christian motives — that, seeing that secular education alone is to receive State support, the scheme provides for secular but leaves religious to chance — that the pastor has no time for the religious instruction of the young — that it interferes (an objection scarcely consistent with the immediately preceding) with the *natural* right of the clergy to guide and control education, both secular and religious — and that it is incompatible with the paramount right of the Established Church, as part and parcel of the law of the land, to superintend the religious education of the country.

In conclusion of the present letter I have much pleasure in being able — as in my first with regard to the advanced secular education — to adduce the fact of the realisation of the very scheme of religious, which I have humbly advocated, and that with all the advantages which have been predicted to attend it. Holland has for thirty years divided secular and religious instruction into the functions of two teachers; the one of the secular teacher of all sects, and as such provided by the State; the other of the pastor of the sect to which the pupil belongs. This latter duty the Dutch clergy of all denominations perform, with no lack of time, and the very reverse of a lack of good-will. In 1806, these reverend persons responded with alacrity to a circular from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, proposing that the State should furnish secular, and the clergy voluntarily provide religious instruction, in a great national plan. The circular and the answers, which last it is refreshing in this time of sectarian intolerance, to read, your Lordship will find in the appendix to Cousin's late educational tour in Holland, of which there is a translation by Mr. Leonard Horner. A very recent traveller in Holland, well known to the writer, who made it a special object of inquiry, reports, that the system has always worked in the most satisfactory manner; that there is no slacking of zeal, no failure in punctuality, no want of time in the voluntary and unpaid attendance of the pastors; that these, whatever be their denominations, are on the most friendly terms with each other; that religious hatreds are unknown; and that the pupils actually receive a much better based, more permanent, and more practical, religious education, than is to be met with in any part of our own country. The secular teacher, although he may enforce moral conduct by appealing to the Word of God as it is expounded to the pupil by his pastor, gives no direct religious instruction. Several teachers, who were asked if they did, were surprised with the question. They promptly alleged the diversity of sects under their charge, as rendering such a course incompatible with impartiality.

I need not inform your Lordship that the arrangement is in most successful operation in the excellent, but grievously misrepresented, corporation schools of Liverpool. I had the happiness to witness the gratifying spectacle of large classes of pupils in different parts of the establishment, surrounding the pastors of their own persuasion, who were at no loss for time for the interesting duty of religiously instructing the young. The largest group was of the Establishment, and the Rev. Mr. Aspinal was the instructor; who, nevertheless, does the full duty of one of the parishes of Liverpool. I rejoice to have this opportunity of humbly adding my tribute of honour to that rev. gentleman. After visiting all the groups, Church, Dissenting, and Catholic, I witnessed the conclusion: — all the pupils, without distinction of sect, assembled in one hall, and, before being dismissed, sang a hymn of praise to their common Creator. I should not envy the feelings of the man who could be present on such an occasion and stand unmoved.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JAMES SIMPSON.

Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, January 5. 1839.

THE

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

When great and stirring questions of domestic policy are at issue, — when we are discussing the modification of our political institutions,— or when civil liberty is, or is supposed to be, in peril, our relations with foreign powers naturally occupy but a secondary share of our attention. By assuming this as an axiom we readily account for the apathy with which so large a portion of the best informed of our country-people have contemplated the many changes that have occurred during the last twenty years in Europe, as well as in those states which the interests and jealousies of Europeans have drawn more or less within the circle of civilisation. Nevertheless, the merest tyro in politics is perfectly aware that complete independence of foreign control is necessary to the maintenance of domestic liberty; and the British public in general, little as they have qualified themselves to examine how foreign events bear upon the interests of their own country, are easily alarmed by exaggerated statements of distant dangers, — easily excited against a minister whom they are led to believe neglectful of relations, the importance of which they fully feel.

When we speak of this apparent apathy and real ignorance of the British public with respect to the foreign relations of their own country, it is far from our intention to exclude from this general censure those classes which at the first glance might be thought least amenable to it. It is in our legislature, in the two houses of parliament, and more particularly in the upper house, that this apathy or ignorance is most apparent. It may be questioned whether among those who are usually in the habit of joining in the debates, in either house, there could be found a dozen peers and commoners qualified to enter on a comprehensive discussion of the foreign interests of their country. On the ministerial benches in the House of Lords, for two sessions together, not a man could be found to reply to the rodomontade of the Marquis of Londonderry. Lord Melbourne, familiar as he is with every question of home government, and powerful as the influence is which his temper and urbanity enable him to exercise even over a hostile majority, was never able to return an effective reply to the lectures on Spanish affairs, which the noble marquis periodically inflicted on his peers, and which, lame as they were, and teeming with perverted and exaggerated statements, failed seldom to produce a powerful impression upon a willing audience, but which could not for a moment have stood the test of inquiry, if one qualified for the task had stepped forward to expose fallacies which to ignorance alone could look for acceptance.

The return of the Earl of Clarendon to England has extinguished the parliamentary importance of the Marquis of Londonderry, so far at least as Spanish affairs are concerned; but the protracted contest in Spain is

approaching its termination, and to other ground an active and powerful opposition will now transfer its attacks on the existing cabinet. Turkey, Egypt, and Persia will, in the next session, yield fertile topics for cavilling against ministers; and where, in the upper house at least, can Lord Melbourne look for assistance, should the local experience of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Strangford be put into requisition to provide the means of attack? It requires sometimes only a very slight perversion of a fact to make the worse appear the better cause, more particularly where the feelings of an audience go with the speaker. The Marquis of Londonderry, for instance, was wont to assert, that the atrocities which have all along marked the civil contest in Spain originated with the constitutional government, and were mere acts of retaliation on the part of the Carlists. This was the very reverse of the truth, and most men felt that it must be so; but when the noble marquis enumerated various obscure individuals, who, he said, had been wantonly put to death by the Spanish authorities before any similar deeds of blood had been committed by the adherents of Don Carlos, his opponents were confused: they felt, however unfounded or perverted the statement, that they were not themselves sufficiently in possession of the facts, to demolish what they were conscious was either a tissue of misrepresentation, or a mere web of sophistry. When Lord Clarendon, last session, delivered his memorable speech on the affairs of Spain, he inadvertently left this part of Lord Londonderry's declamation unanswered. The latter rose again, with some appearance of triumph, to taunt his adversary with the omission. The taunt, and the reply which it elicited, received no farther notice from the daily papers than a simple announcement that the two noble lords "mutually explained," an account little calculated to convey to the public an idea of the powerful impression made by Lord Clarendon's rejoinder. The individuals alluded to, he said, had not been political offenders at all, but mere robbers and murderers on the highway, — men who sought to practise their calling with greater security under the guise of political partizanship— men whom in every civilised community the law would have condemned to the same punishment to which they were sentenced in their own country. To this explanation the Marquis of Londonderry offered no remark.

There was no direct falsehood in the marquis's oft-reiterated statement, though a gross falsehood and foul calumny were implied; but to expose the falsehood and dispel the calumny a practical knowledge of all the details of the question was necessary, and this knowledge, apparently, was possessed by no peer on the ministerial side of the house till Lord Clarendon returned from Spain. But where shall we look for a Clarendon when the debate turns on Eastern topics, as it most assuredly will in the session of 1840? Lord Melbourne, no doubt, will be perfectly qualified to defend the principles on which he and his colleagues have acted; but will he be able to answer and refute the multitude of minute attacks, based on individual and obscure occurrences, which the ingenuity of opposition will incessantly direct against him? We fear not; nor can we at this moment point out the man, among his customary supporters, to whom in such a case he could look for effectual assistance.

In the House of Commons, the presence of the Foreign Secretary secures ministers, in some measure, against the annoyance we have just been speaking of, and vexatious attacks of the Londonderry kind are more cautiously made, or more easily baffled; but in the lower house, also, the number is lamentably small of those members whose general information qualifies them for a calm and searching inquiry into the foreign policy of their own country. Such ignorance does appear strange in an assembly

supposed to represent a people whose foreign relations are more widely diffused than those of any nation ever were before, — a people of whom a very large portion are scattered over the face of the world, — a people moreover of whom it may safely be said that a large majority are directly interested in the continuance of a friendly intercourse with other countries. Where then are we to seek the cause of this ignorance? We believe it will be found in the one fact, that the assembly in question does not represent either the opinions or the interests of the people, — that the representation is in truth little better than a fiction; one class, and one class only, having the supreme direction of that assembly, and that class exactly the one least interested in all that does not immediately relate to domestic matters. How vast a stake has England not embarked in her colonies, her Indian possessions, and her foreign trade! Are these interests represented in parliament? Where, for instance, are the men to whom the foreign merchants of this great metropolis of the commercial world can look up, as their representatives in the council of the nation? Where are they? we ask again; and echo repeats the question.

This apathy on the part of the public, and ignorance on that of their representatives, have not, however, on the whole, been attended by unmixed evil. A liberal ministry has been less thwarted by faction in the administration of its foreign policy, than in that of any other department of government; and to this circumstance we may safely attribute the triumphant success of that policy, when we compare it with the unsatisfactory results of all our arduous struggles to secure the permanence of good government at home. When we talk of the triumphant success of the present government in its foreign policy, we know we shall startle many even of those who deem themselves among the staunch supporters of that government; while from its opponents, we are perfectly aware, we have nothing but a loud and unanimous shout of affected derision to look for. Nevertheless, we shall fearlessly maintain our position; and, though we feel satisfied that a time will come when the Grey and Melbourne cabinets will have to bear the general censure of the country for the timid and wavering policy which made them hesitate, in their home government, to place their entire reliance on those popular principles which raised them to power and maintained them there, yet we feel equally satisfied that the skill with which they have conducted the foreign interests of their country will be fully appreciated by a future age, and that a national tribute of admiration will yet be the reward of those who, sometimes by dignified forbearance, and at others by a bold and firm assertion of their country's rights, have, during a period of unusual difficulty, preserved the general peace of Europe, and who successively have removed most of those embarrassments in which the blindness and incompetence of their predecessors had involved all the foreign relations of England.

Before we can pass an impartial judgment upon the conduct of a government, it is absolutely necessary that we should inquire into the difficulties by which, on its first formation, it was beset; and we have it on the word of one of their most zealous opponents, that the circumstances under which the Whigs took office in 1830 were of a nature to justify the gloomiest apprehensions. We need not here reprint the memorable speech of Mr. A. Baring, now Lord Ashburton; suffice it to say, he declared that nothing short of a miracle could prevent a general war from breaking out within a few months. And truly "the political horizon," as the newspapers say, looked threatening enough. A successful revolution in France had excited the hopes of the discontented from one end of Europe to the other;

Belgium, in imitation of the French, had renounced the allegiance imposed on her by the congress of Vienna; and Poland, by adopting the same course, had provoked the vengeance of a yet more formidable master. In Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, the most fearful fermentation was at work, and manifested its presence by partial insurrections, many of which were attended by important political changes. A successful revolution had emancipated Greece from Moslem domination; Persia and Turkey had been allowed to sink into a state of humiliating dependence on Russia; and Spain and Portugal were agitated by passions ill suppressed, that even to the most short-sighted presaged an early explosion, the consequences of which it was impossible for the most penetrating mind to calculate. The great military powers of Europe became alarmed, and hastily placed their armies on a war-footing. Every thing seemed to announce a general struggle, — a struggle which the diversion created by the Polish revolution perhaps alone prevented, but which there was reason to believe had, even by that event, been delayed only for awhile.

Nor was this all. A fertile subject of jealousy had been created by the French occupation of Algiers, in consequence of an insult offered by the Dey to a French consul; and while France had thus been allowed to annex a vast extent of coast to her territories, and to lay the foundation of an African empire to which it would be difficult to assign limits, Russia, by the treaty of Adrianople, had been permitted, in defiance of an express convention, to annex large portions of Turkey to her already unwieldy dominions. A general war, — the dreaded war of principles, the vision of which had haunted the imagination of Mr. Canning, — seemed about to commence; and England, it was felt, could not remain a mere spectator of the conflict. Such was the state of Europe in November, 1830. Nine years have since passed away; and, though a fierce and incessant party struggle has meanwhile distracted England, and materially interfered with her domestic government, not only has she herself remained at peace with foreign nations, but her influence has deterred foreign nations from going to war with one another; and her weight in the councils of Europe, which, from the death of Mr. Canning till the retirement of the Duke of Wellington, had been rapidly declining, till it had almost ceased to be felt, is at this moment more generally acknowledged than at any previous period since the overthrow of the Imperial authority in France.

The difficulties of Lord Grey, with respect to the foreign relations of the country, arose partly from the mere force of circumstances, partly from the errors and inadvertencies of his immediate predecessor. And here it may be, in passing, observed, that, as far as their foreign policy is concerned, we look upon the cabinet of Lord Melbourne as identified with that of Lord Grey. While every other office in the cabinet has been shifted from hand to hand, and has yielded more or less to circumstances arising out of the party warfare that has been incessantly going on, the foreign office has continued under the direction of the same minister, and has been guided by the same great principle originally laid down — the determination to maintain peace by every means consistent with national honour. Among the difficulties arising out of the mere force of circumstances, few perhaps were more serious than those to which the avowal of this principle gave birth. A government that displays extreme anxiety to avoid war may be thought almost to invite aggression, or at all events to abdicate its influence over its neighbours; and such unquestionably would be the case with any government not possessed of great moral force. This anxiety the Whig ministry have never ceased to avow; nevertheless, no act of aggression has hitherto

been attempted by any European power, though the spirit of faction at home has at times almost gone so far as to provoke insult from the stranger, as a means of annoyance directed against a government, which all the more legitimate devices of party warfare had failed to overthrow; meanwhile the honour of the country has been jealously maintained, and her influence abroad materially strengthened, notwithstanding the lamentable weakness to which party intrigues have been but too successful in reducing the administration at home.

Another important difficulty arising from the force of circumstances, was the fearful agitation occasioned by the progress of the Reform Bill through parliament. There cannot be a doubt that both William IV. and Lord Grey were deeply interested in the heroic struggles of the Poles for national independence; and it is equally certain that the triumph of that struggle would have placed the balance of power in Europe on a much more satisfactory footing than that on which it now stands. The treaty of Vienna would have afforded a sufficient pretext for interference, had any pretext been necessary; and had affairs at home been flowing in their ordinary channel, it cannot be questioned that the interests and sympathies of the British people would have imposed upon the government the honourable task of obliterating the traces of that great political crime — the Polish partition. But Lord Grey felt that remonstrance on such a subject, unless backed by a menace of war, would only have exposed his government to contempt; and a foreign war, it was evident to all, could not be entered on, at a time when the country had been brought to the verge of a revolution by the desperate devices by which the aristocracy sought to prevent the passing of the Reform Bill. There was no alternative but to abandon Poland or the Reform Bill, and Lord Grey chose the wiser course; — he resolved to secure the triumph of liberty at home, before he assumed the office of her apostle among foreign nations.

The chief difficulties with which Lord Grey had to contend, arose from the errors and inadvertencies of the Duke of Wellington's administration. Far be it from us to speak in terms of disrespect of one whose name will ever be a source of pride to his country, and whose frank and upright conduct in parliament, and his exemplary attendance to the business of the House of Lords, have obtained for him a degree of influence there such as neither peer nor commoner has within our recollection been able to exercise. But the noble duke is a Tory of the old school: he was strongly opposed even to the less bigoted Toryism of Canning; and the foreign policy of the cabinet over which he presided, whether intentionally or not, was directed by the principle of subduing that liberal impulse which the short but brilliant administration of Canning had imparted to all Europe. The policy of his predecessor, accordingly, was shunned rather than imitated by the Duke of Wellington; and Turkey and the Iberian peninsula were quickly made sensible of the change that had taken place in the councils of the British government. Mr. Canning had sent an English army into Portugal to prevent the liberties of that country from being destroyed by the Spanish Camarilla; the Duke of Wellington allowed a paltry tyrant to make that very army instrumental to his own usurpation of the throne, to the re-establishment of the principles of the Camarilla, and to the annihilation of Portuguese freedom. The sanguinary reign of Don Miguel was in fact the offspring of the Wellington policy. Had the British troops been withdrawn from Lisbon at the first manifestation of the Infante's treacherous designs, the usurpation would perhaps never have been attempted; or had the attempt been made, it would have been baffled by one loud and general burst of

national indignation. Even after the usurpation had been accomplished, it was evident that the sympathies of the English ministry were warmly enlisted on the side of the usurper. The Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Aberdeen could not indeed deny the treachery and thirst of blood which the petty tyrant of Lisbon was daily manifesting; but they betrayed, on more than one occasion, a decided partiality for the party by which he was supported; and while they spoke of that party as the one most desirous of a continuance of friendly relations between Portugal and Great Britain, they began to drop significant hints that the time was not far distant when they would deem it their duty to advise their sovereign to give his sanction to fraud, perjury, and usurpation, by the recognition of Don Miguel as king of Portugal. The accession of Lord Grey to power, and the selection of Lord Palmerston as foreign minister, were sufficient guarantees to the people of Great Britain that so humiliating a counsel would not be pressed upon their sovereign. The error or inadvertency of the Duke of Wellington was not, however, to be redressed with the same facility with which it had been committed; and it required a sanguinary struggle of some duration to overthrow a despicable tyranny, which would probably never have had existence if the noble duke had possessed the vigilance or penetration, or had been actuated by the principles of a Canning.

In Turkey, likewise, the policy of the Wellington cabinet obliterated in a brief space of time all that his distinguished predecessor had for years been labouring to accomplish. Russia had long been coveting an occasion for a foray across the Pruth, but the skill and prudence of Mr. Canning had always succeeded in preventing the meditated aggression. The death, in 1827, of that distinguished statesman removed one of the most powerful impediments to Russian ambition. The treaty of London, concluded in the early part of that year between England, France, and Russia, was expressly intended to prevent a war between the last-named power and Turkey, by making the pacification of Greece the common task of the three allies. We may fairly conclude, that had Mr. Canning survived a few years longer, the spirit of that treaty would have been maintained, and that the war of 1828 and 1829, so fatal to the independence of Turkey, would have been prevented. But the formation of the Wellington administration seems to have been to the Emperor Nicholas a signal for the resumption of his ambitious designs against the Ottoman Porte. It is difficult to imagine a pretext more empty than that by which an attempt was made to justify the Russian declaration of war. A circular addressed by the Turkish government to the Pashas (a document not intended for publicity) contained some expressions which the emperor was pleased to consider offensive, and by way of taking satisfaction for the affront, he invaded Turkey. Though unfortunate in the first campaign, his army succeeded in the second in forcing its way across the Balkan mountains to Adrianople, where a treaty of peace was signed, by which an extensive territory was transferred to Russia, and an obligation incurred by Turkey to pay an immense sum of money in the shape of an indemnity for the expenses of the war. We are not aware that any attempt was ever made by the Duke of Wellington, either to prevent the unjustifiable aggression, or to protest against the oppressive terms imposed by the victor.

The want of energy in the English ministry, in 1828, led to the war between Russia and Turkey; and to the same cause, in 1829, must be attributed the oppressive terms imposed on the latter power. It may perhaps be said, in vindication of the then existing cabinet, that powerful excitement at home made it as unadvisable, in 1829, for England to put herself

forward as the defender of Turkey, as, in 1831, it would have been the extreme of rashness to have hazarded a war to prevent the last vestige of Poland's political existence from being destroyed. Such an attempt, however, to vindicate the Duke of Wellington, would fail; for this distinction must be carefully borne in mind: the difficulties which beset him at home were of his own or his party's creating, while those which impeded the action of Lord Grey had been bequeathed to him by his predecessors. The violent agitation which arose out of the Catholic question was one the blame of which rested upon those who had so long resisted the adjustment of that question; in the same way that those who with melancholy consistency refused the slightest particle of reform, are alone responsible for the fearful convulsions which had well nigh arisen from the struggle in favour of the Reform Bill.

The fatal consequences likely to ensue to our Indian empire, from the abandonment of Persia to Russia, were pressingly urged on the Duke of Wellington's notice by all who made the interests of our Eastern possessions the immediate object of their study. By the treaty imposed on Persia in 1828, all the mountain passes which served to strengthen her frontier had been transferred to Russia, together with a large portion of the level country southward of the Caucasus. Russian garrisons were brought within a few days' march of Teheran; while few or no natural impediments were left, by which the advance of a hostile army from Tiflis to the Persian capital could be opposed by an inferior force. Under such circumstances, Persia ceased to be any thing but a dependency of Russia; and it became evident, if Russia really entertained designs on India, that Persia presented herself as the most convenient tool for the furtherance of such designs. It does not appear that any step was taken in 1828, 1829, or 1830, to counteract the effects of so untoward a change in the position of Eastern affairs. *L'occasion fait le larron;* and accordingly we find that the facilities so temptingly thrown in the way of Russia were not neglected. Persia became the *point d'appui* for Russian intrigues throughout the whole of India; and if those intrigues have been arrested or rendered harmless, it is to a class of statesmen every way the reverse of those who acted with the Duke of Wellington from 1827 to 1830, that England is indebted for the advantage of having been rescued from a growing and insidious danger.

Of all the countries of Europe, however, there is none from which a wisely conducted scheme of foreign policy might have obtained for England more important advantages than from Germany. In our November number we dwelt at some length upon the disastrous results to our trade with that country, to which our unfortunate corn laws have given rise. By means of those laws we have not only destroyed the best market in the world for the produce of our manufacturing industry, but we have converted into commercial rivals those who were formerly our constant customers. To the Tory party, or rather to that section of it who abjured Mr. Canning to place themselves under the guidance of the Duke of Wellington, are we indebted for the law that has exercised so calamitous an influence over the fortunes of this country. Had Mr. Canning's scale of duties been adopted, much of the evil that the corn laws have occasioned would have been spared, though even then our foreign corn trade would have been placed on much too narrow and monopolising a basis. Mr. Canning's scale of duties, though approved of by the House of Commons, was negatived in the House of Lords by the party that looked up to the distinguished soldier as its chief. That chief, in the next year, having himself been invested with power, substituted a scale of his own, which, though insufficient to satisfy the views of the ultra-fanatics among the landholders, was high enough to make the importation

of foreign corn an impossibility except in years of extreme scarcity. When we sum up the various mischiefs which the political incapacity of the Duke of Wellington has inflicted upon Great Britain, the existing corn law is certainly one that ought not to be forgotten; for had the noble duke not given the sanction of his illustrious name to aid the clamour of a little knot of selfish grasping landlords, the opposition to Mr. Canning's bill would have fallen to the ground, and the corn law would have been framed in a spirit much less hostile to the interests of the masses, less likely to excite popular clamour, and therefore much better calculated to secure a longer continuance of protection to our agriculturists, supposing such protection to be at all necessary to their continued welfare.

The commercial confederation of Germany is the legitimate offspring of the Duke of Wellington's corn law. Had it not been for that law, the confederation would perhaps never have been formed; or, if formed, its tariff would not have been avowedly drawn up in a spirit of hostility towards England. Nor can it be urged for a moment that the Prussian government proceeded with indecorous haste, or that the British minister did not receive timely and frequent warning of the consequences to which a perseverance in our anti-social policy must naturally lead. The archives of the Foreign Office are replete with remonstrances addressed by the Prussian to the British government on the subject of the corn laws, and with invitations to adopt a more liberal system of commercial legislation. Those remonstrances remained unheeded, those invitations were slighted; the consequence has been, as we have already observed, that we have not only driven our old customers from our doors, but have, to a certain extent, forced them to become our opponents in trade. Many articles with respect to which, ten years ago, England imagined herself in possession of a secure monopoly, are now manufactured in Germany of better quality and at a lower price than in England. English hosiery has almost ceased to compete with that of Germany in the transatlantic markets, and in most descriptions of cotton cloths the Germans have already equalled or surpassed us. So long as the cause of this evil continues to exist, so long the mischief itself will go on increasing; and though we do not carry our despondency so far as to believe our corn law in itself sufficient to destroy the last vestige of our manufacturing superiority, yet we do fear that, added to the many other burthens which the country has to bear, this, the most grievous of all, will, if not speedily redressed, impose so accumulated a load upon the energies of England, that her strength may prove unequal to the effort, should she again be called on, as towards the close of the last century, to enter on a struggle with an antagonist worthy to encounter her.

Such was the distracted condition to which the brief administration of the Duke of Wellington had reduced the foreign relations of the country, when, towards the close of 1830, he and his friends were fairly hooted from their places, and driven into unwilling retirement. The imbecility they had displayed in their dealings with other governments was, however, entirely forgotten at the time, owing to the deplorable, and apparently inextricable confusion, to which they had brought the domestic affairs of the state. At a time when fires were nightly blazing in every direction around the metropolis, while all attempts to detect the incendiaries proved abortive; at a time when Ireland seemed on the eve of a general insurrection; at a time when the King's ministers were afraid to allow one of the most popular of British monarchs to ride through the streets of his own metropolis, lest the execrations of the people against his counsellors should assume the semblance of insult to the person of the sovereign; at a time when our agricultural

labourers were moving about the country in formidable bodies, to lay the mansions of our gentry under contribution, while our Home Minister admitted his inability to afford protection against the outrage of a village mob; —at such a time it is not to be wondered at that the no less disastrous position of our foreign relations should escape the general notice of the public, and that our more distant dangers from abroad should appear comparatively of little moment, when all the elements of social order at home seemed hastening to dissolution. But when we take it upon ourselves to exercise our right to sit in judgment on the foreign policy of those who have administered the government during the last nine years, we must not allow the lamentable condition in which they found the home government to make us forget the scarcely less lamentable condition in which they found our foreign relations; and when we compare the state of those relations in 1830 with that in which they have since been placed, we feel ourselves fully justified in assuming, as we did in the early part of this article, that in no department of their government have the Whigs of 1830 been more triumphantly successful, than in their administration of the foreign interests of their country.

The downfall of the Wellington Cabinet in November, 1830, had an almost magical effect. The troubled billows of popular discontent were instantly allayed by the hope which took possession of all men's minds, that the early redress of grievances was at hand. It is not at present our purpose to dwell on the honourable and unremitting efforts of a liberal government to justify the hopes and expectations of the people, nor on the unrelenting zeal with which a disappointed faction has but too successfully sought to defeat those hopes. A bolder policy on the part of the authors of the Reform Bill would have secured to them much ampler powers for the carrying out of their own views; indeed, it may fairly be doubted whether the solicitude of Lord Grey to suppress that public enthusiasm to which he was indebted for the triumph of the great measure of his life, will not eventually have rendered necessary yet more sweeping changes than would otherwise have sufficed to readjust the equilibrium of our constitution. Lord Grey and his political friends chose to destroy a power which it should have been their aim to control and guide; and to their unfortunate timidity is it owing that the great effort of the people in 1831 has hitherto borne so few fruits.

On the Continent of Europe the announcement that a liberal administration had been formed in England, produced a no less striking and instantaneous effect. Despotism and monkish tyranny, it was felt, had lost their great hold by the fall of Toryism in England; and the Portuguese usurper was at once given up as lost, when it was known that Lord Palmerston had been appointed Foreign Secretary. The aversion was undisguised which the new administration felt for Don Miguel, whose contempt of every moral obligation has indeed extorted condemnation from those most anxious to uphold his power. Nevertheless, Don Miguel was the *de facto* sovereign of the country which had been the scene of his treachery and cruelty; and, faithful to that principle of non-intervention of which they demanded the observance by other powers, no attempt was made by the cabinet of Lord Grey to interfere between the usurper and the nation that appeared submissive to his rule. The acknowledgment of Don Miguel as King of Portugal, however, was indefinitely adjourned, and no opposition was thrown in the way of Don Pedro's endeavours to vindicate the rights of his child. Here was at once a marked distinction between the foreign policy of the Wellington and that of the Grey cabinet. The Tory duke had allowed the British troops to remain in Lisbon while the act of usurpation was proceeding, making their

presence appear to the Portuguese a tacit sanction of that act. The crime the accomplishment of which he had been instrumental in facilitating, the Duke of Wellington made no attempt to redress; he even studiously impeded those who were desirous of upholding the cause of loyalty and freedom. The usurpation of Don Miguel had been followed by the emigration of almost all that was distinguished or respectable in Portugal. The emigrants, however, in all such cases, form but a trifling fraction of the great body that participate in their sentiments; there was, accordingly, reason to anticipate that on the first favourable occasion a numerous party would raise the standard of revolt. A nucleus only was required round which the national party might rally; and there were not wanting bold and generous spirits in England ready to associate themselves in the sacred cause of rescuing Portugal from the foulest, and at the same time the most despicable tyranny, that has disgraced the modern annals of Europe. The patriotic endeavours of the Portuguese emigrants, and of their English friends, experienced a studied resistance from the Duke of Wellington. Not only were they vigilantly watched in England; but after they had sailed from our shores they were hunted down by British cruisers on the open seas, and the British navy was actively engaged in upholding a usurpation which the British army had been made instrumental to facilitate. The conduct of the Grey cabinet offered an honourable contrast to that we have been describing. Under a Whig government British men of war ceased to be employed in the humiliating task of guarding the blood-stained throne of Miguel; and although direct intervention between the tyrant and his victims was abstained from, no impediment beyond what the law enjoined was thrown in the way of the Portuguese emigrants. The result is known. Don Pedro was enabled to collect a small force in the Azores islands. With that force he invaded Portugal, seized on the city of Oporto, and there maintained himself till the naval victory of our gallant countryman Napier struck a blow which led to the almost immediate enfranchisement of the country. Portugal has become a constitutional state, and is now in a fair way, by qualifying herself for the enjoyment of liberty, to resume a high rank among civilised nations. That a people emerging from a most debasing system of political and spiritual slavery should not at once display a just appreciation of the freedom they have but newly achieved, is little to be wondered at. In Portugal, as in other countries where a tyranny of centuries has been trampled under foot by an indignant nation, a considerable period must elapse before the new institutions assume a permanent form. We do not, therefore, allow ourselves to be frightened by the modifications which the Portuguese constitution has undergone since the re-establishment of a limited monarchy, though we believe that to the country itself a more patient adherence to the constitution of Don Pedro would have been productive of greater benefits. Nevertheless, though we believe the democratic principle has been carried too far in Portugal, we do not despond; for we wish to see every country in the enjoyment of the freest system of government consistent with the maintenance of public order and the security of private property. Liberty and ignorance, it is true, cannot well go hand in hand; and where power is placed in the hands of an uninstructed multitude, popular passion exercises the influence that ought to belong to public opinion, and that passion is but too frequently directed to selfish ends by a small knot of artful and unprincipled demagogues. But, on the other hand, though an ignorant people are certain to abuse the rights of freemen, the possession of those rights will of itself promote their political education; and the longer they continue in the enjoyment of liberty, the better will they be qualified to appreciate the blessing, the less will they be likely to abuse it.

The Portuguese, we regret to say, cling with a melancholy pertinacity to the African slave trade, though bound by the most solemn treaties to renounce it; and this unfortunate predilection for a pursuit condemned by the whole civilised world, prevents the development of their colonial prosperity, and threatens to involve them in a quarrel with their oldest ally, and with a government to which, perhaps as much to their own efforts, they are indebted for enfranchisement from a most loathsome tyranny. We do not, however, believe that they will long persist in a course so little honourable to their national character; and the firmness and temper with which the British goverment have acted throughout a painful negotiation will, we are confident, lead to a resumption of that cordial intercourse which by both countries is so much to be desired. But even as she now is, can we look upon the Portugal of 1839 with other feelings than those of self-congratulation, when we compare her with the Portugal of 1830? Can we otherwise than rejoice when we reflect that the downfall of the Wellington ministry prevented the acknowledgment of Don Miguel as king?—when we reflect that, but for the policy of the Grey cabinet, monkish tyranny would now be paramount in Portugal, and that Spanish Carlism would have found its firmest ally in the kindred spirit of the Portuguese usurper? Portugal may not yet have become all that the friends of humanity would wish to see her, but what she has become is enough to justify the policy which England, under a Whig government, has pursued towards her.

The wearisome maze of protocols in which the Dutch and Belgian question was involved was another of the legacies bequeathed by the Tories to their successors. An enigma more difficult of solution it would not have been easy to conceive. Two nations, differing from each other in language, religion, and manners, had been violently joined together by the treaty of Vienna; and so extremely jealous was each of any supremacy that the other might attempt to arrogate, that the singular expedient was devised of obliging the royal family, and all the different departments of general government, to reside one year in the one country and the next in the other. To complicate the question yet farther, a portion of Belgium had, by a kind of political fiction, been declared a German state, and a foreign garrison had been permanently placed in one of the chief fortresses of the country. The incongruous materials of which the kingdom of the Netherlands was formed were severed by the first political concussion, and few were sanguine enough to believe that they could ever be reunited. The task that devolved on the British government was to complete the separation in such a manner as should inflict the minimum of injustice on Holland, and at the same time prevent Belgium from declining to the condition of a French province. Our limits will not allow us to pursue the sinuous course of diplomatic negotiation to which the Belgian question led; but we fearlessly maintain that Europe at large has reason to rejoice that during the negotiation a liberal, and not a Tory ministry, presided over the government of England. Had an attempt been made to coerce Belgium, a general war would have inevitably ensued; and, aided by the revolutionary spirit that then prevailed in Germany and Italy, the armies of France might again have overrun the Continent, and Central Europe would again have become a battle field, on which the revolution represented by France, and despotism personified in Russia, would have waged a sanguinary struggle, the issue of which could scarcely have been otherwise than disastrous to the cause of human improvement. From a calamity so fatal Europe has been saved, and in a great measure by the patience and firmness with which the British minister mediated between the conflicting principles engaged in the question. To Holland justice has

assuredly not been done; that would have required all the arrangements of the treaty of Vienna to have been reopened, an idea not to be entertained for a moment. But the injustice that Holland has suffered has been the minimum of what the nature of the case permitted; and Belgium, so far from declining to the condition of a French province, has been placed in a state of entire independence, and Holland and Belgium are more likely to form a permanent and cordial alliance as two separate states, than they would ever have done while tied together by the flimsy bond of a common crown.

The policy of our Whig ministers in Spain, we rejoice to say, has been signally triumphant; but the merit of a government is not always to be judged of by the vulgar criterion of success. Had Don Carlos even succeeded in establishing himself on the throne of Castille, the British government would have been equally entitled to our praise, for its honest endeavours to avert so grievous a calamity. Many, we believe, look on the civil war by which Spain was so long desolated, and which even now can scarcely be said to be completely at an end, as a mere war of succession, — a mere dispute as to which of two members of the same family was entitled to the crown. Had the question rested on so narrow a basis, it would have been entitled to a very small share of interest, except to the Spaniards themselves. But Carlism dates back to a far more remote period; and the civil war was already organised in Arragon and Catalonia, long before it was at all anticipated that Ferdinand VII. contemplated setting aside the Salic Law, which France had imposed on Spain, and restoring the ancient Spanish principle, which permitted the succession in the female line. Carlism in Spain, and Miguelism in Portugal, originated in a mere consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence; and both began to manifest themselves immediately after the abortive attempt of the Spanish liberals in 1821. When Ferdinand was re-established in the plenitude of absolute power by the intervention of a French army under the command of the Duke of Angouleme, great disappointment was felt by those who might not inaptly have been designated as the ultra Tories of Spain, at the hesitation of the king to restore to the church the splendid domains that had belonged to the Inquisition and to the other ecclesiastical corporations. The broad lands had been annexed to the crown, and Ferdinand showed no unwillingness to retain the splendid heritage which the revolution placed at his control. Those who encouraged the king in what was deemed a sacrilegious design, were branded as liberals and revolutionists; and the champions of the church, known by the collective name of the *Camarilla*, soon acquired an immense influence in Madrid, where they more than once exercised a supremacy over the ministry, and wielded a power which the king himself was not always able to resist.

The members of this "holy league" did not, however, confine themselves to court intrigues. Their emissaries were scattered over the whole of Spain; and in Catalonia and other mountainous regions formed themselves into armed bands that frequently set the government troops and the constituted authorities entirely at defiance. The king's brother, Don Carlos, was looked on as a convenient head for this dangerous faction, which, if we remember rightly, had already assumed the name of "Carlists" as early as the year 1825. From that time till the death of Ferdinand, the whole kingdom continued to be agitated by the machinations and atrocities of the Apostolic or Carlist faction, which, on the accession of the young queen, was found completely organised, and ready to enter on a struggle for the ascendency. To a moderately firm government the Carlists would have been little formidable; they had been so to Ferdinand only because he was never honestly seconded

by his own ministers, among whom the *Camarilla* seldom failed to count one or two of their most active members. But the Spanish Cortes, at the commencement of the new reign, committed a grievous error, the consequence of which was to throw some of the most important provinces of Spain into the hands of the faction. We allude to the arbitrary manner in which the constitutional privileges of the Basque provinces were abolished, without in the slightest degree consulting those most immediately interested in their maintenance. The Basques resisted so gross an act of tyranny; and had they not done so, they would have been unworthy of freedom.

The active discontent of the offended provinces was taken advantage of by the Carlists, who succeeded in associating their own detestable designs with the honourable cause of the outraged population of Biscay and Navarre. This unfortunate error of the Spanish government enabled Don Carlos, or rather the faction in whose hands the weak-minded prince was but a tool, to maintain for so many years a sanguinary civil war; in the course of which, more than once, there seemed to be a possibility that the crown of Spain might again become a dependency of the Inquisition. Had the Duke of Wellington during the momentous struggle presided over the British government, Spain would at this moment have owned the idiot Carlos for her king, and Europe would have beheld on the throne of Castille the abject tool of monks and inquisitors. By the pacification of the Basque provinces, Spanish Carlism has now been reduced to its own resources, which will be found utterly insufficient for a protracted struggle. A few bands may yet a while maintain themselves among the mountains, but their ultimate and speedy reduction may confidently be looked for.

The complicated question of the East remains; and there also England has good cause to rejoice at the progress already made in correcting the errors of a Tory administration. Had the Duke of Wellington, immediately after the battle of Navarino, displayed only a small portion of that firmness which has of late been shown, the Russian army would not, in 1828, have passed the Pruth; and the Sultan Mahmoud would not have been interrupted in that course of salutary reform by which he aimed at the regeneration of his people. The disastrous campaign of 1829 broke the spirit of the Turkish people. The humiliating treaty of Adrianople in the same year, and that of Unkiar Skelessi, which followed closely on its heels, effected the moral prostration of Turkey. We are now engaged in the almost hopeless task of preserving that distracted empire from total dissolution. The attempt may fail, but its failure will not make it less honourable to those engaged in it; and had England received that cordial co-operation which she was entitled to look for from France, the task would have been any thing but hopeless. As it is, the presence of a formidable British fleet in the Levant has proved sufficient to hold in check the several powers that long to share between them the spoils of a tottering empire; and should France persist in her capricious and vacillating policy, means may yet be found to dispense with her aid in the adjustment of Turkish affairs. The issue of our negotiations with respect to Turkey we shall not presume to anticipate; for, in addition to the natural difficulties of the question, we have to encounter those which may arise from the faithlessness of our allies, and from the impotence into which the Ottoman Porte appears to have sunk. But it can never be too frequently repeated, that the present embarrassments of Turkey owe their origin, in a great measure, to the pusillanimous councils of the Wellington cabinet; and should Lord Melbourne and his colleagues fail in their endeavours to repair the errors of their predecessors, it is with the latter that no small portion of the blame must rest.

But there is perhaps no part of their foreign policy upon which our Whig ministers are better entitled to point with a feeling of pride and satisfaction, than the results they have obtained in Persia and India. The complete ascendency which Russia obtained in 1828 over Persia, naturally encouraged the former of these powers to extend her designs. It has been said that the Emperor of Russia was a stranger to the machinations of the many Russian emissaries lately scattered over a large portion of the East; and we have been assured that the intrigues of Russian diplomatists to stimulate the Persian monarch to waste the resources of his empire in fruitless schemes of foreign conquest, were never authorised by the emperor, but, on the contrary, were strongly condemned by him. This, if true-while it rescues the character of Nicholas from the charge of duplicity, shows that there exists in Russia a power which acts independently of the sovereign's control; for it cannot be denied that the recognised agents of Russia were unwearied in their endeavours to urge the Shah to his ruinous expeditions into Afghanistan, — where, if successful, he would only have enlarged an empire which would not the less have remained a dependency of Russia; and, if defeated, he would only, by the entire exhaustion of his resources, have made himself more completely the vassal of his powerful neighbour. Persia, by cultivating the arts of peace, may yet recover from the blow inflicted by the last Russian war; and, as the prosperity and independence of Persia would offer the most effectual guarantees for the tranquillity of India, it is the policy of England to dissuade the Persian monarch from ambitious designs, which, whether attended by failure or success, are alike pregnant with danger to the welfare of his dominions. Nevertheless Persia rejected the counsels of a friend, and allowed herself to be guided by the instigations of a designing enemy. The expedition into Afghanistan was undertaken; and that expedition, if successful, might have been followed by the most serious results in India. That it was not successful is in part owing to the judgment, bravery, and military skill of a young officer belonging to our Indian army. Lieutenant Pottinger was travelling overland, either to or from India, at the time that the Persians were just about to attack the chief of Herat. His quick eye enabled him to detect the importance of the struggle then about to commence. He offered his services to the chief, by whom they were cheerfully accepted, and the young Englishman immediately prepared the city of Herat to sustain a siege. The siege commenced; but, owing to the indefatigable zeal and admirable judgment of Lieutenant Pottinger, the Persian army, though guided by the military skill of several Russian officers and engineers, failed in taking the city, and was eventually forced to retire in disgrace. Had Herat fallen, it is difficult to say to what extent Persia might not have been able to carry her conquests in Afghanistan, till the kingdom of Lahore would alone have remained between British India and the frontiers of the Russian tributary.

Persia had failed in her first attempt on Herat, but a second might lead to different results. The British government resolved to anticipate the designs of Persia, by placing Afghanistan in a condition to resist the meditated aggression. With this view it was resolved to recombine the scattered fragments of what had once been the kingdom of Cabool, and thus to place a powerful empire between Persia and India. Our latest advices from Bombay announce the gratifying fact of the entrance of our troops into Cabool, and the restoration of the former sovereign to the throne, from which some twenty years ago he was driven by the successful arts of an ambitious vizier. The throne, since the expulsion of Shah Shoojah, had

remained vacant; and the kingdom, parcelled out into a number of independent principalities, had been a constant scene of anarchy and civil war. It is not to be wondered at that a country so circumstanced should have excited the cupidity of an ambitious neighbour; but when reunited under the sway of a sovereign countenanced by Great Britain, it will be long before any foreign power will hazard an aggression on Afghanistan.

The restoration of the kingdom of Cabool has made our empire in India safe for many years to come; for, independently of its direct influence in establishing a barrier between India and the powers of the West, the moral effect has been immense which the decision of the British government has had upon all the princes of the East. The error of the Tories, who in 1828 abandoned Persia as a conquest to Russia, has been redressed by the Whigs in 1839, by the re-establishment of the kingdom of Cabool.

Here, for the present, we will pause, — warned rather by the extent to which our remarks have already gone, than by any exhaustion of our subject; for there are many points of our foreign policy, to which we have not yet alluded, which would place the conduct of the Grey and Melbourne cabinets, as compared with that of the Duke of Wellington, in an equally honourable light.

ON THE EXTINCTION OF HUMAN RACES.

BY DR. PRITCHARD.

While other branches of natural history are diligently cultivated, no degree of general attention proportionable to its importance is given to ethnograhy, or the natural history of human races. It has appeared to me for the following reason desirable to call attention to this remark. Opportunities for pursuing the investigation to which I have alluded are every day failing and disappearing for ever. This is not the case with respect to other subjects in natural history or general science. We might contrast the different departments of human knowledge in reference to the durability of the objects with which they are conversant.

Mathematical science, properly so termed, contemplates only eternal and immutable relations. The truths which it brings to light must have been recognised precisely as they are now known from all eternity, or where and whenever there were intelligences capable of apprehending them. The abstract relation of number and space must indeed have been the same, had no intellect existed in the universe. But, as far as mankind are concerned, it may perhaps be said, that the facts which relate to inorganic nature are eternal truths, for matter, as such, is to our view indestructible, as it is ingenerable, and immutable in its properties. Perpetuity of existence, so far as our ideas and knowledge of time extend, belongs alike to the smallest molecules of the unorganised world and to those great masses which, revolving in the heavens age after age, have offered themselves to the view of countless generations. It is quite otherwise with all the productions of organic nature, which exist only in series of similar individuals, destined one after another to originate and decay — a destiny common alike to the lords of the creation and to the potherbs and legumes which contribute to their daily food. But the organised world is subject to another vicissitude. The tribes of which it consists have but a definite existence, determined by the conditions of external nature. When these have changed, it would appear that new organised tribes, adapted by their physical constitution to the new state of external circumstances, replace the old ones. It would be

interesting to inquire whether such changes have had any influence on the destiny of ancient races of men. Certain it is that many vast regions of the earth, if not the whole or the greater part of its surface, were formerly the abode of tribes which have long ago perished; and many of these races were different in physical character from those which at present exist in the same countries. Were the old races swept away by changes in climate and local circumstances, which became incompatible with the conditions of their existence? This is a question for the solution of which no satisfactory data can be found.

An opinion was entertained some time since in France, which, if it had been well founded, would perhaps have furnished an example of this kind. A prize was offered by the Geographical Society of Paris for an essay which was to include the history of ancient negro races supposed to have been the aboriginal inhabitants of the region of Central Asia, of the great Himmalaya, and the mountains of Kuen-lun to the northward of that chain. It was fancied that the existence of such a people in that quarter was satisfactorily attested by ancient Chinese historians; and if the fact had been established that the highest and coldest region in the Old World was the aboriginal abode of black woolly-haired tribes, it might safely have been inferred that some great physical change must have taken place, since negroes now exist scarcely, in their wild and native state, except in the hottest part of the intertropical clime. But it turned out that this notion was entirely founded on mistake, and that the Kuen-lun recorded in ancient Chinese books to have been the abode of negroes, was not the mountainous country bearing that name, which is to the eastward of China and northward of Tibet, but certain islands bearing the same designation in the Indo-Chinese seas. It is uncertain to what causes the ancient depopulation of great regions of the earth may be attributed; such catastrophes appear, however, to have been of great extent. In the remotest parts of Northern and Eastern Asia remains have been discovered which prove that nearly the whole of that great continent was once occupied by human races, whose very names have perished. Some of these nations appear to have made some progress in arts and civilisation. Their tombs are found spread over the countries eastward of Jenisey. In those remote countries such remains are in great numbers and of magnificent construction; they contain ornaments and various implements of silver, gold, and copper; there are girdles of the precious metals, bracelets decked with pearls: in the same tombs are fragments of earthen manufactory or porcelain. I shall not at present detail the arguments which have satisfied the learned academicians of St. Petersburg that such relics belonged to races of people long ago extinct, who must have disappeared before the light of history dawned upon these countries, but shall hasten to remark, that discoveries leading to a similar result have been traced through the New World, from the countries bordering on the Mississippi and Ohio, where tombs are found containing skeletons of a different conformation from that of the present native tribes, to the high table-land of Tetecaca, in the Peruvian cordillera, where those strangely formed skulls are seen which deviate so widely from the usual form of human heads. Even in the islands of Polynesia, vestiges are discovered which have been referred to a former race of inhabitants; and to conclude this series of observations, there are facts which indicate that extensive countries in Europe were occupied by races of a different physical character from the present natives, in times which preceded the arrival of Celts and Goths, and other Indo-Germanic nations from the East.

I shall now pass to another view of this subject, for the sake of introducing which I have been led to offer these remarks. The extermination of

human races is still going on. Whatever were the causes which destroyed the ancient tribes, we know to what agency we are to attribute the similar fate of many nations who have perished since the historic age commenced. How many whole races have become extinct during the few centuries which have elapsed since the modern system of colonisation commenced? The Guanches, the numerous people of the Canary Islands, now exist only in their mummies, and in the traces of those arts by which they sought to procure for the dead an eternal repose, and which have proved the occasion of transporting their mummies into the museums of Europe. It would be endless to recount the names of tribes and whole nations in America who have been extirpated by the Spanish conqueror of that country. The last race that was utterly destroyed were the Charreas, of whom I saw three surviving individuals brought to Paris and exhibited as curiosities. They were a most singular race of people, whose moral and physical character is briefly sketched by Don Felix de Azava, but of whom we have no satisfactory account, nor can we now ever hope to obtain it. The whole country now occupied by civilised nations in the New World was three or four centuries ago thickly peopled by native tribes. A similar process of extermination has been pursued for ages in South Africa, formerly the abode of numerous pastoral nations of Hottentots, a peaceable and inoffensive race, who wandered about with numerous flocks in a state of primitive simplicity, and whose descendants are now found in the miserable and destitute bushmen, condemned to feed upon vermin and reptiles, and rendered savage and cruel by the wretchedness which their Christian conquerors have entailed upon them. Wherever Europeans have settled, their arrival has been the harbinger of extermination to the native tribes. Whenever the simple pastoral tribes come into relations with the more civilised agricultural nations, the allotted time of their destruction is at hand; and this seems to have been the case from the time when the first shepherd fell by the hand of the first tiller of the soil.

Now, as the progress of colonisation is so much extended of late years, and the obstacles of distance and physical difficulties are so much overcome, it may be calculated that these calamities, impending over the greater part of mankind, if we reckon by families and races, are to be accelerated in their progress; and it may happen that, in the course of another century, the aboriginal nations of most parts of the world will have ceased entirely to exist. In the mean time, if Christian nations think it not their duty to interpose and save the numerous tribes of their own species from utter extermination, it is of the greatest importance, in a philosophical point of view, to obtain much more extensive information than we now possess of their physical and moral characters. A great number of curious problems in physiology, illustrative of the history of species, and the laws of their propagation, remain as yet imperfectly solved. The psychology of these races has been but little studied in an enlightened manner; and yet this is wanting in order to complete the history of human nature, and the philosophy of the human mind. How can this be obtained when so many tribes shall have become extinct, and their thoughts shall have perished with them? I cannot conclude this paper without making an appeal to the members of the British Association in behalf of an attempt which has lately been set on foot by individuals, prompted by the most noble and generous sentiments, to do something more than merely to record the history of the perishing tribes of the human family, and to take up seriously the consideration whether any thing can be done effectually to prevent the extermination of the aboriginal tribes.

FRAGMENTS FROM GOETHE.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN EDMUND READE, AUTHOR OF "ITALY," "THE DELUGE," "CATILINE," ETC.

From the "Faust."

Scene — Heaven. Chorus of Angels.

RAPHAEL.

THE sun, in emulating song,
Joins chorus with his brother spheres,
And his predestined course along,
In thunder, as of old, careers:
Angels feel strengthened while they gaze
On mysteries that none fathom may;
Thy mighty works, Ineffable!
Are great as on Creation's day.

GABRIEL.

And swift — and swift as lightning flies,
Earth, in her state, revolves around;
The flashing lights of Paradise
Alternating with night profound!
In broad white billows foams the ocean
O'er the deep-based rocks wildly flung:
Seas — rocks — in everlasting motion,
With the swift spheres are forwards flung.

MICHAEL.

And tempests roar, for ever warring,
From land to sea alternate hurled;
And raging, as with fetters barring,
Their strength around the nether world:
There — cleaves its desolate career
The thunder-bolt's destroying ray!
But thy servants, Lord! revere
The gentle changes of thy day!

Chorus of Angels.

Angels feel strengthened while they gaze,
Yet thee, oh God! none fathom may:
Thy works, Ineffable, we praise,
Are great as on Creation's day!

Scene * *—A wild Solitude.*

FAUST (*alone*).

Sublimest Spirit! thou gav'st, thou gav'st me all
My soul hath asked; thou hast not turned in vain
Thy awful countenance, wrapt in flames, towards me!
All glorious Nature thou hast given me
As my own kingdom, with the power to feel,
And to enjoy. Not coldly, mighty Spirit!
Hast thou my search of wonders there allowed;
No! — thou hast given me in her heart of hearts
To look, as in the bosom of a friend.

Thou marshallest the ranks of infinite life,
To pass before my eyes; whilst thou dost teach
My kindred soul to recognise its brethren,
In the still woods, or waves, or liquid air!
And when the storm roars through the groaning woods,
Precipitating giant pines, and crashing
Their gnarled trunks and branches borne to earth,
While, with a far-off hollow sound, the hills
Hurl back the echoing thunder of their fall —
Then to the sheltered cave thou leadest me,
And openest my soul to my own eyes:
Its hidden depths and mysteries — its profound
And unimagined wonders — all revealed.

And when the bright moon rises to my sight,
Throwing her lustrous softness over all,
The silvered forms of an anterior world,
Rising from forth yon blackening wall of rock,
Or dew-besprinkled thicket, float before me,
Calming the pulse of feverish contemplation!

Oh! now I feel there is no perfect joy
Ever accorded man! for, with this gift
That brings me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou hast that cursed companion ever joined:
From whom I cannot flee, but must endure,
Whether in cold, or insolent irony,
He doth degrade me to myself! — one word —
One sarcasm — all thy gifts are worse than nought!
Still, with a fiendish and malicious joy,
He fans within me a consuming fire,
For ever restless for the Beautiful!
And thus I reel deliriously from
Desire to false enjoyment, while my heart,
Even in enjoyment, aches with fresh desire!

* This sublime passage from "Faust" possesses the more interest as it contains the germ which created and diffused itself through the "Manfred" of Lord Byron; such, also, was always the favourite remark, the boast, and the pride of Göethe.

In a niche in the wall an Image of the Mater Dolorosa. Flower-pots are placed before it.

MARGARET (*kneeling*).

I.

Mary, Mother! thou hast known
Sorrows many of thy own,
Graciously, then, bend to mine!
Lo, the sword is in thy heart,
Grief hath stricken, while thou art
Looking upon thy martyr'd Son divine.

II.

To the Father are *thine* eyes
Raised above: to Him thy sighs
For thee, for thine, ascends the skies.

III.

But who feels the pains now stirring
In my limbs? how heaves my breast;
How my poor heart beats, though erring;
How it trembles, unexpress'd:
All it longs for — all its woe —
Mary! *thou* alone dost know!

IV.

Wherever I go,
What hopeless woe
Weighs on my bosom — what distress;
Alas! when I am left alone,
I vainly weep — I vainly groan;
My heart is breaking in its loneliness!

V.

The tiles before my windows share
My grief, when no one hears:
The very flowers I placed thee there,
Were watered by my tears!

VI.

The morning's sun into my room
His rays of gladness shed:
But lonely there, as in a tomb,
I sat up in my bed.

VII.

Save me from death and shame! — Ah still incline,
Mary, Mother! Thou hast known
Sorrows many of thine own,
Oh, turn and listen graciously to mine!

MARGARET (*alone, spinning*).

I.

My heart is heavy,
My rest is o'er;
I find it never —
Ah! never more.

II.

When he is not near me,
The world seems to be
A grave; and then my life
Is bitterness to me.

III.

My poor brain
Is crazed with thought;
And with care and pain
Is my sense distraught.

IV.

My heart is heavy,
My rest is o'er;
I find it never —
Ah! never more!

V.

For him alone I watch,
Beside the casement seat;
For him I raise the latch,
And wander in the street.

VI.

His proud and lofty bearing!
His noble form so high!
His lips, those sweet smiles wearing!
And that commanding eye!

VII.

His flowing words so bland,
A stream of gentleness!
The pressure of his hand!
And ah! his kiss!

VIII.

How to him now my bosom presses!
Ah! could I hold
Him but once more in my embraces —
These arms enfold!
Once more those kisses give,
As I would wish — as I
Have kissed him — I would in them live,
And, with them — die!

MIGNON'S SONG.*

FREELY PARAPHRASED FROM "WILHELM MEISTER."

I.

Know'st thou the Land where the lemon trees blossom,
Where folded mid green leaves the gold orange glows;
Where a wind ever soft sighs from Heaven's own bosom,
Through groves of acacia, and myrtle, and rose:
Know'st thou it? — thither, my love, would I flee,
My dearest, my fondest, for ever with thee!

* These stanzas, independent of their exquisite beauty and feeling in the original, possess the additional interest of being, at least, suggestive to the opening of "The Bride of Abydos."

II.

Know'st thou those Halls, where the ancestral column
O'ershades the rich pictures that live round the wall;
Where the statues fix on thee, so pensive and solemn,
Their brows, while their whispering voice seems to call,
"What ails thee, poor Maid? wherefore wanderest thou here?"
Ah! there would I go: take me there with thee, dear!

III.

Know'st thou the Mountain, its rude path-cleft over,
Like the lightning's jagged path through the storm's riven shroud;
Where the mule's tinkling march, and the bells of the drover,
Beneath are unheard, as they walk in the cloud;
Where, in caverns beneath thee, the hoarse torrents raving
Are drowned by the storm in the pines round thee waving?
Know'st thou those wild paths? oh! there would I flee;
Ah! there would I climb, dearest, fondest, with thee!

IV.

Know'st thou the Land where the cypresses, stooping,
O'ershadow the rank grass with tenderest gloom;
Where the roses untended o'er wild weeds are drooping?
There sleeps my poor mother — alone in her tomb!
Even now, her voice chiding is borne to mine ear, —
"Why hast thou, sweet child, so forsaken me here?"
Know'st thou that spot? — Ah! my eyes overflow;
My dearest, my fondest, there — *there* would I go!

THE INFLUENCE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE ON THE STATE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The influence acquired over the public mind by periodical literature at the present day is generally admitted to be one of the most striking characteristics of our times. The newspaper habitually read — the daily intellectual food — operates with gradual but irresistible force in producing and modifying our feelings and opinions. The "line upon line and precept upon precept," the constant dropping of the fountain wears itself a channel even in the firmest mind; and the sobriquet which the press has acquired of the "fourth estate of the realm" is so far from exaggerating its power, that there can be little doubt that, if its forces could be brought to bear unanimously on any one point, it would have a fair chance of victory against the other three. It has established this mighty empire, not only without the assistance, but even, in some cases, in defiance of the power of the laws; yet few will be disposed to deny that its influence has, on the whole, been productive of incalculably more good than evil; and that it has, in general, exercised its irreponsible authority with fairness and integrity, and stood "clear in its great office."

Where, and to what extent, it has been found wanting — what it might have done for the cause of truth and freedom, for all the great interests of

our race, had it been less warped by prejudice and less open to temptation, it is not our present business to inquire. We shall confine ourselves, in the remarks we are about to make, to one corner of the vast field over which its dominion has extended, — to one, it may be thought, of the least important subjects upon which it has claimed and exercised jurisdiction.

Since it is found by experience that in matters which concern men's every-day business, where facts lie open to the inspection of all, the mass of readers are willing to take their opinions upon trust; that in questions of an entirely practical nature the shallowest reasoning, the most erroneous views, supported with tolerable plausibility and perseverance by any considerable portion of the press, are pretty sure to gain ground, — a power so formidable in dealing with substantial realities is likely to meet with still less resistance in the airy regions of poetry and art.

In our busy, bustling community, amidst the din and stir of politics and trade, the Fine Arts are too often regarded merely as the luxuries of advanced civilisation,— higher, indeed, in the scale of refinement, but within the same category as mere sensual indulgences; and it would not be difficult to find persons of good education and excellent understanding, who, in the bottom of their hearts, are tempted to include all attempts to give them a higher place in the comprehensive and significant term "humbug;" in whose eyes pictures and sculptures are but furniture or toys, and works of imagination a scarcely allowable means of filling an idle hour. It is amusing, indeed, sometimes to see how a ray of genius will break the foggy atmosphere of these sons of care and toil; how the novels of Scott, for instance, having gained admittance into the house of many a sober elderly gentleman, under false historical pretences, he has suddenly found, "to his great marvel and astonishment," a bright world opened to his view, of whose existence he had not dreamed; or how he has lately, perhaps, been caught with a number of "Nickleby," or "Oliver Twist," persuading himself that he is moved to the perusal thereof by a laudable desire of increasing his knowledge of London life. But these cases are still exceptions; and notwithstanding the rage which sometimes prevails for a new novel which has happened to hit the taste of the day, "between wind and water," there is still a general tendency, in this country, to deny the imagination its legitimate influence; to exclude it as much as possible from all schemes of education, public or private; and, what is worse, to refuse too often a participation in its pleasures to those whose susceptibilities are, at best, but too much blunted by the effects of labour and privation.

It is but lately that the importance of the Fine Arts, in a national sense, has been generally admitted among us; and we believe few persons are yet sensible of the advantages that might accrue to our national character from a full development of that sense of beauty and harmony to which they all appeal.

It is as a sound and effectual aid to popular education, as the true means of counteracting the over restless activity of mercantile pursuits, and resisting the narrowing tendencies of sectarian zeal, that we would wish to cultivate the imagination. "Eye hath not seen, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive" the glorious things that might be hoped for, from a people shone on by the lights of modern science, nourished in the purity of Christian truth, and imbued at the same time by that deep and all-pervading sense of order and beauty which makes the name of the ancient Greeks like a spell, and brings it "trailing clouds of glory" down through the long vista of three thousand years. It is not in vain that nature has bestowed this proud distinction on humanity. The infant of a few months old, the

rudest savage, exhibits a dim and struggling consciousness of the existence of the beautiful — the one leaping for joy at the sight of a brilliant colour, the other spending hours of patient toil on the decoration of some implement of hunting or simple article of dress; whilst the most sagacious animal in existence, to whom it is impossible to deny the possession of reason, and even of conscience, does not exhibit the faintest indication of it.

The first steps of a people advancing towards civilisation are not made in the direction of science, but in that of art. The dance, the ballad, the rude image, precede the knowledge of the simplest facts of chemistry or geography; and the history of the memorable people before referred to, may serve to show how far a genuine love of art may assist to develop an enlightened and noble humanity, in spite of the fatal canker of an absurd, corrupt, and vicious system of religion, and amidst the profoundest ignorance of the material universe. With a child the course is the same. His first acquaintance with the world of intellect is made through the medium of the imagination. The story is devoured with eagerness long before the slightest interest is manifested in the most striking fact of natural history, or in any of those things to which so much of the machinery of modern education is directed. Yet, notwithstanding the obvious hints which nature has thus given us of the course to be pursued in mental culture, it has been, and still is, to a great extent, the custom to regard the imagination as contraband, unless to a privileged age and class; and, instead of cherishing and cultivating to the utmost this divine faculty, through whose power we gain admission into the hidden spiritual world, to deprive it as far as possible of its natural aliment. Fortunately in this, as in other instances where we have contended with nature instead of humbly following her, she has been too strong for us. The circulating libraries have flourished in spite of all that has been said against them; and turbid and polluted as the stream has been which has flowed through them, it has served to fertilise many a barren tract, and break through many a barrier of superstition and brutal ignorance.

The neglect which the subject we are endeavouring to call attention to has hitherto met with, is manifest from the difficulty of expressing the most ordinary notions concerning it without borrowing phrases from foreign languages. That of fine arts, for instance, which we have used in its widest signification, as including all those of which pleasure is the immediate though not perhaps the ultimate object, is commonly limited to such as address themselves immediately to the eye, and do not include those of music, poetry, or the drama; to which last many of our remarks are intended to be especially applied, as the most important to a people at large, since there is none which takes so strong a hold on our sympathies, which strikes its roots so deep into the principles of our nature, and which consequently becomes so pestilent a source of evil in its corruption and decay.

Yet, notwithstanding the vast capabilities of the dramatic art to influence the popular mind — notwithstanding the fearful consequences of its perversion, it has never yet, that we are aware, received any further attention from our government than consisted in the establishment of a silly unmeaning censorship; and while the most careful watch is kept that no unwholesome provisions, no stale fish or unripe plums, shall be offered for sale in the markets, to the endangerment of the bodily health, those who live by poisoning the public mind are either left wholly to themselves, or are merely subject to the occasional caprices of magisterial interference, which usually regards the price, but very seldom the character of the entertainment. The cowardly brutality of the exhibition of beasts at Drury Lane meets with no check; and even the innocent nonsense of the puppet-show in the street is

exchanged for a pictorial and illuminated representation of the last new murder.

We are aware there exists in England a strong feeling against the interference of government in any case where it can possibly be dispensed with, and the experience of the past certainly affords little reason to hope that duties of this nature would be effectually performed under its superintendence. We apprehend, however, that this limited view of the obligations of those to whom such vast powers are entrusted may not always be the true one, and that the time may come when it will be regarded as much a positive duty of the state to cherish such dispositions as may prevent crime as to provide the means of punishment for offences already committed. It has, indeed, been lately pretty generally conceded in the discussion of the question of national education, that the politico-economical principle of the self-adjusting nature of demand and supply is inadmissible in cases of this nature — that the very absence of the demand most strongly indicated the existence of the want — and that the fact of a population being content to allow children to grow up in brutal ignorance, or to seek their own recreation in the coarse excitements of animal indulgence, afforded no argument against the expediency of establishing schools, or of providing better and healthier means of recreation. In the mean time we cannot but think that a power exists in the newspaper press of this country capable of meeting this evil; and it is probably to it we are chiefly indebted for what amounts to something like an acknowledgment of such a duty.

Of late years some steps have been taken towards the promotion of the object we have in view in these remarks by the opening of galleries of Art and Museums, from which the public were before virtually excluded. Still it happens from a concurrence of circumstances, to some of which we shall presently advert, that the dramatic art alone, which as means of intellectual culture to the great mass of the people, may almost be said to be worth all the rest, should have been left to drop slowly to decay, while the current of improvement has swept rapidly past it.

The causes which have been assigned for this singular anomaly have been so many and various, that it would be rather difficult to say what has not at one time or other been declared to be the cause of the decline of the drama. Patent theatres, private parties, late dinner hours, &c. having all been tried and found wanting, some one at last made the notable discovery that the English people had no taste for dramatic representations; an assertion that appears to us about equivalent to saying of an individual that he had no taste for eating and drinking, because at a particular time, and under certain circumstances, his appetite had declined, or his stomach rejected the food offered to it.

We have ourselves seldom visited the theatre without being struck with the idea of how powerful such a taste must be to enable the viands offered to find acceptance at all. The advance of civilisation, and the increased polish of manners among the middling and upper classes, are so far from superseding the taste for dramatic entertainment, that the very reverse of the position seems likely to come nearer the truth. The greater the number of the artificial restraints under which we lie, the more rigidly the laws of society require us to repress the external signs of natural emotion, the more do we pant for the freer atmosphere of poetry and art — the more ardently long to throw off, for a brief hour, those chains which time and the world are every day weaving closer around us — to soar above the little spot which we occupy in the world of reality, and view "the great globe and all that it inherit" from a higher point of view. With respect to those classes of society

who can but seldom turn their thoughts from the all-engrossing necessity of providing for physical sustenance, the stage with its manifold attractions must offer the first step towards more purely intellectual enjoyment. It is not to frames exhausted by toil, and hearts convulsed by strong and undisciplined passions, that the calm and recondite beauties of high art can possibly reveal themselves; but the sympathies appealed to by the drama can be awakened in every human bosom, and are often found to gush forth most abundantly from beneath the hard and rough exterior of uncultivated natures. The tones of grief and tenderness, of joy and triumph, are intelligible at once. The drama speaks no foreign language — requires no long and toilsome initiation; and in a country where artificial barriers, "light as air yet strong as adamant," arise between each grade of society, it is perhaps no small advantage that in the theatre at least all ranks may feel in common emotions the bond of a common nature. One burst of generous indignation of "heart-easing mirth," or of delicious tears, will draw closer the bonds of a kindly humanity, than twenty lectures upon charity and brotherly love, and teach a better lesson of true equality than the most eloquent expounder of the principles of "socialism."

It is painful to turn from even a momentary glimpse of what the stage might become, to consider what it has been, and, notwithstanding some recent symptoms of amendment, what it still is,—in few cases better than an idle and empty show — in too many a mere by-word for frivolity and licentiousness.

The increased importance of newspapers in a commercial point of view, the numerous triumphs achieved by them in the field of politics, have, we apprehend, had a considerable share in producing this deplorable state of things, by rendering them unfit to serve as tribunals of art. The interest with which discussions of the greatest questions of legislation and government, once confined to the professed politician, are now regarded by a large portion of the reading public — the multifarious channels continually opening for the transmission of news of every kind, have had the effect of reducing to an entirely subordinate rank a subject, different indeed in its nature, but of more deep and lasting importance than many which daily awaken a thousand clamorous echoes. The habit of watching party manœuvres, of grappling with local and personal questions, of fighting inch by inch against political opponents, indisposes the mind to the comprehension of what is refined, spiritual, universal; and the smoke and dust of party warfare render invisible the celestial forms floating in a higher region.

In criticising a book, the main object is how, without too much sacrifice of truth and honesty, to afford the requisite amount of satisfaction to an advertising bookseller; and in noticing theatres, to support this or that manager, or it may be to bring into notice a favourite dramatist or actor. The character of the paper is seldom considered at all as involved in the justice or soundness of the criticism, and the subject generally abandoned to the most subordinate and least responsible writers. Some papers have of late set a better example in this respect; but the reform appears rather to have been owing to the influences of private friendship, than to a thoroughly awakened sense of a public duty. Even where high praise is merited and awarded, the tone of personal partiality is too obvious in some — that of personal hostility still more disagreeably striking in others.

The merits and qualifications of actors and actresses are brought too prominently in advance of those of the poet, of whom they can be but the interpreters, the temporary gratification to their vanity being dearly purchased by the degradation of the art whereby they live. It can hardly be

expected that the genius and consummate artistical skill necessary to the production of a play of a high order, will always be associated with the humility that would induce a dramatist to content himself with the position assigned him; and it has thus happened that the stage, instead of being the favourite field of competition for literary talent, has, for a long period, been almost abandoned to translators, and to persons who transmute good novels into miserable plays.

When Mr. Macready entered on the management of Covent Garden theatre, the stage seemed to have sunk to the lowest possible point short of absolute extinction; and it is therefore fairly due to him to regard that period as the epoch from which to date what we hope may prove its permanent revival. Public attention has been awakened to what it no longer seems absurd to speak of as an intellectual art. Enough has been done to show the fallacy of the supposition of the absence of a taste for theatrical amusements, and to afford a glimpse of better days to come; but, with every wish to acknowledge our obligations to this gentleman for what he has done, we cannot deny that we think he might have done better — he might have trusted more to the high and genuine attractions of the drama, and turned his resources to a nobler purpose than that of pampering the prevailing taste for spectacle.

We are conscious, however, of the difficult situation in which he was placed, and of the necessity of meeting the overwhelming expenses of such an establishment. This, at all events, is a point we are not called on to decide. The question before us is, whether an intelligent, vigilant, and, above all things, honest watchfulness, on the part of the press over the interests of art in general, and of this one in particular, as most intimately connected with public morals and happiness, might not be the most effectual means for reviving and purifying national taste. The notion that the Fine Arts must ever be considered as exotics among us, — that there exists any defect in the mental organisation of the English to prevent their reaching the highest points in this as well as in any other department of intellectual exertion, we consider wholly unfounded; but at the same time we cannot be blind to the danger that there are some circumstances accompanying the present state of our society which tend to lower the character of art and literature, and while they render them more thriving as trades, induce those concerned in them to labour merely in a tradesman-like spirit, and endeavour to follow, rather than lead, the popular tendencies of the moment. As it can, however, scarcely be expected that professional authors and artists should always be ready to sacrifice immediate private interest to a prospect of remote though certain public good, it is only to the newspaper and periodical press, standing as it does midway between them and the public, that we have a right to look for a remedy for this evil. We would fain see a higher and more conscientious tone adopted in the critical department than we fear is consistent with the present anonymous system. A writer to whom a work of art is submitted for public judgment should regard himself as in honour pledged to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," according to his ability, and regard as an insult any attempt to bias his decision. Against the influences of real friendship it would of course be impossible to guard; but in by far the greater number of cases, these so-called friendly motives resolve themselves into nothing more than a desire to conciliate the givers of agreeable parties, encourage the willing contributions of engravers and publishers, or retain the small but convenient patronage of numerous free admissions.

It may be thought, perhaps, that these are, after all, very venial offences;

but we cannot admit that a habit of uttering petty falsehoods can be without any injurious effect, and certain we are that it tends to degrade journalists in their own and others' eyes from the high position they ought properly to occupy. Like other venal judges too, they are apt to disregard the interests of those who can offer them no acceptable bribe. The minor theatres, for example, stand more in need of a vigilant supervision than any other, as mostly frequented by a class of people likely to be more permanently affected by impressions made on them by the stage, than those who possess the advantage of a more extensive acquaintance with society and general literature. Yet how few and faint have been the notes of censure heard from the press when one has vied with another in producing the closest possible representation of some horrible and atrocious crime, or in bestowing a dramatic interest on the biography of the heroes of Newgate and Botany Bay! Is it not a sacred duty to endeavour to protect the young and the ignorant against a practice that threatens to turn a means of healthful and ennobling recreation into a frightful engine of corruption? If these offences were always met by the strong expressions of indignation which they merit — if the occasional exceptions found due notice and encouragement, the humbler caterers for public amusement would have some inducement to seek for other sources of attraction than the stimulus afforded to the basest feelings of our nature, and those of more pretension would find a surer method of excluding vulgarity than that of shutting up the shilling gallery. It is not the price, but the character of an entertainment, which determines that of an audience. Were the theatre what we may perhaps hope one day to see it, — a place where the idle and the dissipated might be weaned from frivolity, the ignorant purified and ennobled by the exercise of gentle and pleasing emotions, and all enabled, according to a beautiful and significant expression of a German writer, "to spring off their own shadows," — it might be opened at the lowest possible price, and be sure of the attendance of a refined and intelligent auditory, who would not merely enjoy a "barren laugh," but carry away thoughts that would render them better and happier in their daily lives.

SONNET.

A STAR-LIKE sweetness — an immortal grace —
Dwells in the liquid beauty of thine Eyes.
When painters dream of some supernal Face
Beaming through clouds, and gazing from the skies,
As in a trance, upon our darkened sphere,
From Thee the vision of inspiréd Sleep
Is drawn. And, lest th' enchantment, being too near,
Its spiritual radiance should not keep
For ever and for ever — like the pure
Calm lights in Heaven — they give to Thee a Shape
Of Glory, that thy lustre may endure
In one long memory, and so escape
From perishable matter, to survive
In that sweet Poetry that doth for ever live!

SKETCHES OF SPANISH GENERALS, CARLIST AND CRISTINO.

No. I. — The Curé Merino: Cordova.

"——— habiles à tromper comme à vaincre —."
Villemain, *Galerie des Portraits.*

Who has not heard of the brigand priest of Old Castile, the terror not only of Burgos, but of all the towns and cities between it and Madrid? Where is the captain-general, the governor, the soldier, or the civilian, whose cheek has not grown pale at the thought of being in the same neighbourhood with his ferocious cavalry? Who that has wandered along the wooded banks of the blue and beauteous Ebro, has not fancied that he beheld the flashing of their lances through the veil of morning mist which droops like silver gauze over the valley through which that immortal river rolls?

Amongst the chiefs who have rendered themselves notorious or celebrated during the civil war in Spain, the most remarkable is Merino; or, as he is more familiarly designated in Castile, the Cúra de Villaviado. Without making pretensions to much military talent, this personage has contrived to pass through a series of adventures of the strangest and most romantic nature. Amongst the peasants of Old Castile he is regarded, less as an object of terror or hatred, than as a being possessed of qualities of a most miraculous kind. The astonishing rapidity with which he passes from one spot to another has imparted to his movements an appearance of ubiquity; and the perfect impunity with which he is able to traverse the scenes of his depredations, has marked him out as an individual regarded by Heaven with peculiar care. Whatever may have been the remissness of the Spanish government in matters of greater importance than the capture of a bandit; or whatever may have been the negligence, or listlessness, of its officials, in affording protection to those who have either remained neutral during the present contest, or have preserved their fidelity to the queen, the attempts to capture this fierce depredator have been as unceasing as they have been fruitless. Cupidity, as well as patriotism, has been enlisted in the cause; and we should scarcely hope to stand unaccused of exaggeration, were we to enumerate the vast sums expended in the efforts to make him a prisoner, dead, or alive. On more than one occasion it has occurred, that the house in which Merino was reposing for a moment has been surrounded by a large body of men, in such a manner as to render it impossible for a human being to attempt escaping without falling into the hands of his pursuers. He has been seen, a few moments before, standing in the balcony, and basking leisurely in the warmth of a noon-day sun; yet, on bursting the door, he so suddenly and so effectually disappeared, as to baffle the most vigilant search. In vain have the owners of the house been threatened with punishment, for refusing to reveal his place of concealment; in vain has the wretched proprietor been dragged from his own door, and ruthlessly massacred by the disappointed soldiery, from whose very grasp the prize was thus snatched. It was promotion to a high rank to the officer commanding, and wealth, as well as promotion, to each of the soldiers of that detachment by which he should be captured. The ideas, regarding the

impossibility, as far as human efforts are concerned, to make the Curate of Villaviado a prisoner, which are entertained by the peasants on the southern bank of the Ebro, have been extended, more or less, not alone to the Carlist, but to the Cristino army; and it seems to be the opinion of those most concerned in the matter, that it is a hopeless task to waste any more time in trying to effect what Heaven itself seems to set itself against. The sacred character imprinted on him by his calling has been also remembered; and though the clerical profession is not treated with much respect in Spain, the soldiers seem tacitly to admit that Providence has hitherto interfered in his behalf. Who, and what is the man who is thus an object of so much interest to his partisans, and of hatred and terror to those who seek to destroy him?

Don Jeronimo Merino is sprung from the lowest class, and from a family the most obscure. Though we have given him that title which is so flattering to Spanish ears, yet, if a stranger were to inquire for him by this appellation from the muleteers of Cubasrubias, the goatherds of Villarleña, or the artisans of Cuscurrito, Santo Domingo de Calzada, or Pancorbo, he would be likely to remain in his ignorance. It is by the familiar appellation of "the Curate of Villaviado" that he is best known, not only throughout the wide district which forms the scene of his adventures and escapes, but in all the *pueblos* as far north as Miranda del Ebro. His father maintained a family, consisting of his wife and two sons, by cultivating a small patch of ground in Villaviado, in Old Castile, and by occasionally engaging his services as a muleteer and guide to a band of smugglers from the northern bank of the Ebro. The exceedingly small stature and delicate frame of Jeronimo, the second son, prevented him from affording much assistance in pursuits which required more robust followers. At the age of nine years, he was sent by his parents to the college of Lerma, for the purpose of learning the Latin language, with the view to his becoming a priest; being advised to adopt this plan by the vicar of Villaviado, who was distantly connected with Merino's mother, and who fancied that he had discovered in the delicate boy signs of intelligence superior to those of his class. The death of his elder brother did not allow him much time to profit by his studies; and he had scarcely begun to construe into middling Castilian the Æneid of Virgil, when he was recalled from his college to enter on the less intellectual occupation of a goatherd. In this inelegant employment he remained until the twenty-second year of his age, at which period the death of his former patron and relative once more recalled him to other pursuits. Considerable delay occurred in filling up the vacancy occasioned by the death of the old priest; and his friends, who were aware of his acquirements, advised the young goatherd to avail himself of the advantages afforded him by his education. He at once adopted the davice thus given, and located himself with the curate of Cubasrubias, for the purpose of completing, in as short a time as possible, the education necessary for the profession he was about to embrace. Owing to the diligence of his preceptor, and his own natural quickness of apprehension, he succeeded in acquiring, at the termination of eighteen months, a sufficiency of knowledge to enable him to become a candidate for the priesthood. The influence of his patron was sufficient to obtain for him a dispensation from the theological studies necessary for the profession, until after his being admitted to orders. He was therefore ordained priest, and entered on the duties of his native parish of Villaviado. In this occupation he remained until the French invasion, and the breaking out of the war of independence. Partaking in the intense hatred entertained by the Spanish people, generally,

for the persons, and by the clergy, in particular, for the politics and anti-religious opinions of the invaders, Merino was not slow in availing himself of his influence to excite resistance throughout those districts where he was known; and a formidable band was soon congregated, amounting to about 2000 men, chiefly composed of smugglers, goatherds, and muleteers, at the head of which Merino did not hesitate to place himself. With these irregular troops, the *guerrilleros* of the south, he contrived to inflict as much mischief in his own way on the French army, in that most harassing and destructive mode of warfare, as Mina, at the head of the better organised mountaineers of Navarre and Guipuzcoa. At the restoration of Ferdinand in 1814, though receiving no recognised rank in the Spanish army, less on account of the value of his services during the period of invasion, than by reason of the apparent indecorum of a priest bearing a military commission, a pension was bestowed on him, corresponding to the rank of brigadier. During the war of the constitution in 1823, he was again called into action, and rendered important services to the cause of the Royalists, until the final dispersion of the constitutional army, and the second restoration of Ferdinand. As soon as the announcement of the death of the king reached the junta of Burgos, in 1833, Merino once more summoned his ancient lieutenants and other followers to the field, and commenced his campaign in October of the same year, at the same moment when the standard of revolt was raised by Santos Ladrone in Navarre. His example was followed without delay by José Hilarion, the commandant of the royalist volunteers of Burgos, who did not participate in the good fortune which had always attended the expeditions of the old priest, as he was shortly afterwards taken prisoner by the Cristinos, and shot.

Merino is about sixty-eight years old. In size he is considerably beneath the middle stature, his height not being more than about five feet four inches. Apparently, his frame is of the most fragile and delicate texture; yet, under this appearance of physical weakness, his health is of the most robust and enduring kind. His features are sharp and strongly marked, and convey an expression of a strong and determined character. His eyes are large and deeply set, and are shaded by large and overhanging brows. His habits are of the simplest and most abstemious kind, even for a Spaniard. Contrary to the universal custom of his countrymen, including even ecclesiastics, he never makes use of tobacco in any shape. He drinks neither wine nor any strong spirit, and may be said to make but one repast in the day; a small cup of chocolate, a glass of pure cold water, and a morsel of dry toast, form his morning refreshment, and his evening meal is almost of an equally slight nature. It is said that his power of dispensing with the necessity of repose is wonderful; and it is asserted that about one hour, or one hour and a half in the twenty-four, is all the time that he spends in sleep. He seldom enters a house by night, and he never passes the period between twilight and dawn in the same place with his followers. The few moments of repose which he allows himself, whilst on the field, are snatched either on horseback, or on the ground, with his head reclining on the saddle, or buried in the mane of his charger. As soon as the hour of sunset approaches, he halts his troop, and orders them to encamp in the spot which he points out. Followed by a single attendant, who performs the duties of secretary, or servant, as the occasion may require, he retires within the recesses of the forest, at two or three leagues distant, and only reappears in the same place at sunrise the following morning.

Merino despises the elegance or splendour of military uniform, and his followers are as regardless as their chief in the article of dress. They are

never obliged to wear uniforms of any kind, and each individual appears dressed in those habiliments which best suit his taste or his means. His own costume is of the meanest kind, — the *zumara*, or sheep-skin jacket, and a coarse brown cloak of most ample dimensions, form the principal and most costly articles. Instead of the military cocked hat, his head is covered by a coarse felt, with broad brims. There is one thing, however, in which Merino exhibits a most delicate taste, and about which he evinces an unceasing and most tender anxiety, and that is in the selection of his horses. The surpassing beauty of these animals, two of which always accompany him, causes him to be instantly recognised on his entrance into a village, even where his person is not known. The weapons which he usually carries are, a sword, a pair of pistols at his belt, and a short blunderbuss with an unusually large bore. When about to enter into action, he puts from fourteen to eighteen bullets at once into this formidable weapon. He keeps the powder in the holsters of his saddle, and in loading inserts an entire handful in the barrel. In discharging this piece, he is obliged to place it under his right arm, and hold the extremity with the left hand, in order to break, as much as possible, the shock produced by so tremendous an explosion.

The old curate is very brave, but his personal courage by no means partakes of rashness; and all his attacks on the enemy are calculated with a mathematical exactness, and are conducted with a prudence, which provide against all contingencies. His greatest qualities are firmness and presence of mind, which have been found never yet to fail him at need. To this precaution must be attributed the fortune which has attended him in all his expeditions.

Two horses, the finest and the best groomed in all Castile, or perhaps in Spain, always attend him; on one of which he is mounted, whilst the other advances by his side. They have been so trained by him, that they move always together, whatever may be the rapidity at which he rides; and, from the regularity and uniformity of their paces, they gallop along with such equal speed, the one which bears him, as well as that which is at his side, that, to the eye of the beholder, they seem endowed but with one will and one power of motion. It is a curious sight to look on this little old man, shabbily dressed, without any exterior signs of authority, at the head of, or reviewing, the large force under his command, and mounted on so beautiful a creature, with another standing by his side still as a statue of black marble. Not a white speck is visible on the body of either; the glossy skin, shining like the finest satin, and the frame affecting as it were to work itself into wrathful impatience; the small head tossed on high; the thin, blood-red, and almost transparent nostril expanded; the flakes of foam flung to the right and to the left; and the animal itself seeming, like a human being, impressed with the warlike wildness of the scene, and excited by the crash of military music, which causes his small ears to tremble, and his Arab blood to thrill with delight. The gentle creature needs not the curb to restrain his impetuosity; he, as well as his brother that stands beside him, and imitates all his playful wrath, seems to be aware that the slow and dignified bearing is that which best becomes the occasion, when the troops are defiling in review before their general; and though the reins are left almost untouched, and flowing amidst his lion mane, which moves to and fro like the waves on the rocks of Guetaria, yet when changing their position, their movements are graceful and gentle as those of the doe by its mother's side. The feeling entertained by the ferocious old priest for these animals amounts to tender affection, and they seem to return it in the

most perfect obedience to his will, which is never conveyed but by word, or by a slight motion of the rein. When traversing the country at a rapid pace, the moment Merino perceives that the horse which he rides is at all fatigued, he leaps upon the other which is always saddled by his side, without being obliged to arrest their course even for an instant. In this manner it was that he escaped from the Lusitanos, by whom he was defeated at Palenzuela, in the commencement of 1823.

The large district lying between Burgos and Madrid, a space of forty-five leagues, forms the principal scene of the exploits, the dangers, and the triumphs of this remarkable man. Yet his deeds are not confined to this extent of territory alone; but within it he feels as if at home. It is to him a place of perfect safety. He passes, with impunity, the cities and towns which are scattered over that large tract, often accompanied by no more than four attendants, without dreading the slightest danger from the inhabitants, and encountering none as enemies but those who are in constant pursuit, but who, from long experience, well knew with what facility he baffles their search. The principal object to which his attention has been directed is, the arresting couriers, and capturing baggage, and every sort of stores, and other property, of the government against which he is in arms. The wealth thus acquired is distributed amongst his troops. But, though generous to an extreme, in this general division of the resources of the enemy, taken by the strong hand, woe to the man, whatever may be is rank, who dares to plunder on his own particular account. The peasant, the farmer, the proprietor, the tradesman, the merchant, may all sleep in security as far as Merino is concerned. Should one of his followers commit the most trivial depredation on the property of the peaceable inhabitant, either in town or country, no matter what his political opinions may be, he is punished with instant death, to which he is condemned by the sentence of his fellow soldiers of the same rank as the culprit himself. There is little chance of pardon, or escape, and no circumstances will justify the depredator, or save him from summary punishment, if proved to be guilty. To this certainty of justice being obtained, and to this security of protection for life and property, may be attributed the impunity with which he traverses the country, notwithstanding the immense rewards offered for his apprehension. There is scarcely a single instance on record of treachery practised against him by his own followers; and the certainty of large reward has never yet influenced the inhabitants of the districts where he is known, to do him injury. They well knew that such protection as, when they interfere not in the quarrel, is received from him, would not, and could not, be afforded by the legitimate local government. Amongst those who have been distinguished during this unhappy struggle, there is not one who can pretend to the disinterestedness, and total absence of selfishness, of Merino. He never appears to think of himself, and the fruits of his successes, however great in amount, are always distributed amongst his partisans. His conduct has been ever marked by this character, during the French invasion, the constitutional struggle, and the present civil war. In political feeling, he is blindly and devotedly attached to the royalist cause; but it would be doing less than justice, even to the Curate of Villaviado, sanguinary and ferocious as he is to his enemies, to assert that selfishness, covetousness, or personal ambition has been his leading star. No man was ever more free from such motives than Merino, and no man has ever been less ambitious. At the period of the war of independence, he became, after a severe contest, master of a town in Castile called Quintanapala, in which some battalions of the French army had established themselves. In their hasty evacuation of the

place, they were obliged to leave every thing behind. He captured a convoy, to the care of which was entrusted treasure to an enormous amount. Besides an immense quantity of stores, specie, to the amount of many millions of francs, was taken. A general distribution was, as usual, made amongst the soldiers: but of all the vast treasures thus possessed, Merino reserved nothing to himself but five or six dozen pairs of silk stockings, whilst his men were literally gorged with wealth.

Such is the individual who, at the head of about 4000 men, has spread terror from the Ebro to the Guadarama, and who was the first to rouse all Castile to arms against the government of Isabella II. To an exalted merit, as a general, he never pretended; but, in the peculiar service to which he has devoted himself, he has no superior, and, perhaps, no equal. In harassing the enemy, cutting off communications, capturing convoys, leading his adversaries into ambuscade, he has rendered more substantial service to the cause of Don Carlos than any general since the days of Zumalacarreguy. His enemies speak much of the cruelty with which the prisoners taken by him are treated; but, taking every thing into consideration, we doubt much whether his ferocity has been greater than that of the other chiefs on either side, who have rendered themselves remarkable for a thirst of blood, previous to the Elliot convention.

The writer of this article may be said to have, as it were, tracked the old priest from one place to another, during a portion of the autumn of 1835, having accompanied a division of the queen's troops, in their march from Castro to Miranda del Ebro; and he has often found himself, not only in the same village, but many times in the same apartment, where the indefatigable chieftain had taken his chocolate a few hours previously; and he can bear witness to the awe with which all, as well as himself, gazed on the spot where the terrible Merino had so lately snatched a moment of repose. He is idolized by his men, who well know how to appreciate the benefit resulting from having so disinterested a commander. Though entirely devoted to war, yet Merino does not altogether lay aside his sacerdotal character. He also possesses some knowledge of the practical part of surgery; and, at the close of an engagement with the enemy, may be often seen, not only performing the duties of a medical man, but assisting the chaplains of his little army, and administering spiritual consolation to the dying soldier, either in the field or in the hospital.

It is well known that the principal cause of the success of the Carlist army, in the commencement of the insurrection, was owing as well to the affectation of contempt with which the Cristino generals looked down on the rebels, as to the military talents of Zumalacarreguy. They disdained even to meet the insurgents on equal terms, and their pompous self-conceit was carried to so great a height, that their personal dignity was considered compromised in practising, against so barbarous an enemy, any of the more scientific operations of regular warfare. From this dream of self-complacency they were soon aroused by the intellect and energy of their less dignified but more skilful opponent. Before, however, a recovery was affected from this fatal error, the many defeats sustained by the Cristinos had not only broken, in the rudest manner, the charm which national vanity had woven around them, but also infused a recklessness, and spread a demoralisation amongst the queen's troops, which might well make them the scorn of Europe. How unexpected and overwhelming the humiliations were which led to such a result may be known from the fact that, previous to the breaking out of the civil war, there was not in Europe a body of men better disciplined than the Spanish army.

In 1823, after the second restoration of Ferdinand VII., the whole of the army was remodelled. Those officers who had served under the constitutional *régime*, were submitted to the examination of a *Junta de Purificacion*, and those who were unable to come forth from such an ordeal, with clear and unclouded reputations, unstained by a touch of constitutionalism, were compelled to retire on half pay, under the designation of *ilimitados*. Their places were filled up by officers taken from the ranks of the army of the faith, as well as by those who had served in the cause of legitimacy against the patriots of the New World. The elements which, after this universal purification, composed the new army, were at first of a more conflicting and discordant nature. They may be distributed into the following classes: — 1st. The *guerilla* officers who had served in the cause of independence, during the French invasion; 2dly. Those of the regular army; 3dly. The Americans, as they were designated familiarly; 4thly. Those who had served in the cause of royalism against the constitution, and who were known by the appellation of the soldiers of the faith; and, lastly, those who had fought for the constitution, but, having renounced their opinions, had been regularly purified.

From these mixtures were generated many causes of military as well as political discontent. The officers of the regular army, who were generally members of noble families, looked with contempt on the *guerrilleros*, and regarded them as upstart adventurers, who owed the good fortune they enjoyed, in being placed on a level with themselves, to the mere chance of events; whilst both together united in manifesting the same disdain towards the Americans, who had belonged to small forces of one or two thousand men, and where each individual was so independent as to be able to assume whatever rank might best suit, either his caprice, or his ambition. Their well-known ferocity made them, besides, an object of hatred, and they were commonly known by the designation of "the tigers." Time, however, had began to soften down the rugged edges of these dissimilar masses, when the increasing ill health of Ferdinand, and the intrigues of the Carlist party, rendered it necessary to remodel the army anew, and to combine, as far as possible, a body of men, who should regard, with favourable feelings, the approaching accession of the infant queen. General Cruz, then minister of war, made every effort to construct the army in harmony with the principles of the government; and, to effect that purpose, a test similar to that of 1823 was applied. Many officers who were well known for their apostolical principles, were dismissed, and replaced by the *ilimitados*, who had, themselves, on a former occasion, been treated in a similar manner. A short time previous to the decease of the king, leave of absence had been unfortunately granted to a large number; so that the army which, about a month before, had counted 70,000 men, could not muster then more than 45,000. The dispersion of so many men gave an opportunity to the insurrection to spread itself, without any material interruption. The succeeding ministry made every effort to repair the fault committed by Zea Bermudez; and, in the course of the following year, the total strength of the force again amounted to about 118,000 men. This body, however, was more formidable in appearance, than in reality; as, from the urgency of the impending danger, the troops were obliged to take the field against the enemy, before they well knew how to handle a musket.

The inefficiency of so badly organised a multitude was rendered still worse by the shameful manner in which they allowed themselves to be surprised at Viana, Cenicero, and Alegria, and by the unhappy issue of the campaign in the Amescoas. The troops were so completely dispirited by

these defeats, that they could with difficulty be induced to meet the enemy, unless with a superior force; and the least check was sufficient to disperse them. This irregularity did not exist alone amongst the common soldiers, or the inferior officers, but extended equally to those of superior rank. Public decency was outraged by the open disputes which took place between the general officers; and it not unfrequently happened that force was had recourse to, in order to prevent them laying violent hands on each other, in the presence of the very sentinels of the camp. Not only was common decorum outraged, but their conduct, as soldiers, was shameful in the extreme. The most scandalous cowardice was manifested by those who should have particularly set an example of bravery; and whenever an action, or even skirmish, took place with the enemy, the officers were not only amongst the first, but were actually *the first*, to fly from danger. To this original disorganisation, as well as to that affectation of superiority above alluded to, the earliest triumphs of the rebels were principally owing; and, whilst these scandalous scenes were going on in the camp of the Cristino army, the cautious, crafty, yet bold, and adventurous, chieftain on the other side, was imperceptibly, but surely, increasing his resources of every kind, and silently taking every advantage of the weakness of his adversaries.

In this deplorable situation affairs were placed when Mina was appointed to the command in chief of the army with which he was destined, if not to lose the laurels which he had won as a *guerilla* leader, during the war of independence, at least to convince the Carlists as well as Cristinos, that the glory of other days had departed. Exertions of the most extraordinary nature were made use of by him to remodel the force which had been entrusted to his guidance. He was obliged to employ the most severe measures, as well as the most degrading; but his ill health, caused by a malady which was incurable, prevented him from personally superintending the execution of his plans, and his incapability hindered him from restoring the *morale* of an army long since degraded by a hundred defeats. The result was that, instead of assuming the aggressive, the army of the queen was reduced, in a few months, to act on the defensive, against a force not more than a fourth of their number.

This most important duty of restoring discipline to an army so demoralised, was entrusted to a young man about thirty-four years old, who had, some short time previous, begun to attract public notice by the exertions which he made to cover the disgrace endured during the previous campaign. This individual was sprung from one of the most ancient families of the south, and he numbered amongst his ancestors some of the most illustrious captains of the middle age. He had already exhibited much acuteness of intellect in several diplomatic missions in which he was employed by the court of Spain. A lieutenant in the guards in 1823, ten years later beheld him a general of division, and second in command to the Viceroy of Navarre. Scandal whispered that he owed his rapid and extraordinary advancement less to his own merits, which, in a military point of view, had not then been much developed, than to the influence of certain court ladies in whose eyes he found favour. During the troubles of 1822, he found himself compromised, together with twelve officers of the guard, and was obliged to seek safety by flight, from the vengeance of an infuriated populace. He was driven to take refuge in the palace, where the Princess Maria, wife of Don Carlos, concealed him in her own apartment, for eight days, during which she brought him, with her own hands, his daily food, and at length provided for his safety, by procuring him the means of escape in a foreign country. The dissoluteness of morals which prevailed in the court and the in capital, during

the reign of Ferdinand, is known to those who possess even a slight acquaintance with Spain at that period; and, to a young adventurer of little or no patrimony, but in whose veins flowed the best blood in the kingdom, and inclined, by taste and habit, to the pursuits of gallantry, no theatre could be better adapted. Pleasing in person, and fascinating in manner — blending, with the consummate skill of an artist the captivating elegance and easy manners, of the French gentleman with the grave and dignified bearing of the Castilian *hidalgo*, he possessed the accomplishments which are common to every Spaniard who moves in an exalted station, as well as the discriminating spirit and good taste which made him understand how the more solid acquirements impart a consistency to those graceful, yet less serious, accomplishments. Every Spaniard is patriotic, and glories in his country, however peculiar may be his views of policy; but Luis Fernandez Cordova did not deem it necessary that any inflexible and determined principles should bar the path to advancement of a young man who possessed no external resources, and no other means to ensure success than what his own good genius bestowed. With the same versatility of mind, the intuitive foreknowledge of events, and the predisposition to attach himself to that party which was most likely to obtain the supremacy, he seemed to have deeply studied the character of Talleyrand, and to have regulated his actions by so great a model. During the revolution of 1820, legitimacy and its representative, the contemptible Ferdinand, had not a more earnest or a more devoted follower than Cordova; and he became, for a season, the victim of his zeal in a cause which the efforts of his maturer years and more influential position contributed, in a subsequent period, so materially to injure. One quality, however, was wanting, and that the most important: namely, discretion; and his excessive vanity often neutralised his better qualities. When the queen was obliged to accept his resignation, in 1836, as in these days dismissal is often termed, Cordova went to reside at Paris. During his stay in that capital, he, fancying himself, doubtless, a second Napoleon at St. Helena, employed himself in writing a history of his life, both political and military, and actually published a large volume, containing a defence of his public conduct, during the period he was commander-in-chief of the Spanish army. Amidst the party conflicts which took place in Madrid, and elsewhere, whilst he was at the head of the troops, he had been accused, by some of the journals opposed to the politics which he, at the moment, professed, of not only having held a suspicious correspondence with the Carlist general, and of having received bribes from the court of the pretender, but even of having entertained serious intentions of bringing about a second 18th *Brumaire*, and of placing himself at the head of the government. The accusation was heinous and treasonable; but the wound inflicted on his patriotic delicacy was salved by the indirect comparison to the hero of Castiglione, Lodi, and the Pyramids. He refutes the accusation of accepting bribes with all the indignation, real or affected, of the man who wishes to convince the world of his innocence; but when he approaches the more heinous part of the charge, that of a wish to trample on the liberties of his country, there is evidently a manifest hesitation, and a desire to linger, as much as possible, on the flattering insinuation. The ferocious character of his denial of corruption is softened down to a gentle assurance of his innocence, in the other respect; but there seems an inclination to prove, that, could his ambition (which God forbid) have got the better of love for his country, the talent, or the means, had not been wanting to accomplish such a project.

The writer of this article saw General Cordova, for the first time, in November, 1835, in the city of Vittoria, the capital of the province of Alava.

The impression made on his mind by the appearance of the commander-in-chief of the army of the north, was not unfavourable. The reputation of Cordova was, at that period, so established in Spain, and the attention of all was so occupied with him, that he had become an object of interest and curiosity. The successes of Mendigorria, and Mañeru, had rendered him illustrious for the moment. Contrary to anticipation, he did not present the appearance of a warrior. His age could not then have exceeded thirty-five, and his personal appearance announced six or seven years less. His figure is slight and delicately formed, and in stature he is about the middle size. His complexion, though not fair, is much lighter than the national *teinte*, and his features betoken much amiability, and are impressed with a character of gentleness. The eye, that beautiful feature, which betrays the inmost movements of the soul, is dark grey, and is certainly indicative of the higher and nobler qualities which distinguish him. The general calmness of his features is often broken up, as it were, into an expression of the most intense kind, when each trait seems to utter a language of its own. We have looked upon him for hours, when seated in his box in the theatre at Vittoria, and have contrasted his excited and troubled countenance, when lighted up by some sudden interest the subject of his conversation may have taken, and the not ungraceful rapidity of his gesticulation, with the silent and phlegmatic acquiescence of General Evans, who sat beside him, and who appeared to listen with attention, but without interrupting the torrent of declamation which rolled from the lips of his more excited companion: whilst the grim and bearded face of the man, who at the present moment rules the destinies of Spain appeared in massive and silent repose behind them. This third party was then the Brigadier Espartero, acting under the orders of Cordova, and attentive to his slightest movement;—he is now the Conde de Luchana and Duke of Victory, and is the same who has compelled his superior of other days to become a wanderer in a foreign land, oppressed by necessity, and, at this moment, wasting under, perhaps, a mortal disease.

With regard to the personal character of the young general, his habits were those of a confirmed *roué*. During even his career of ambition, he did not forget the fascinations of pleasure. A love of gambling and of gallantry, carried to excess, has been the principal defect of his temperament. He has, for a long time past, been the victim of ill health, and the fragility of his physical constitution proves the irregularities of his private life. In his demeanour towards strangers he is at once courteous and dignified,—reminding one of the Castilian gentleman of other and better days, though, from time to time, subject to violent but short-lived outbreaks of temper with those who were immediately connected with him. His bravery is undoubted; and the writer of this notice has seen him, more than once, charging amongst the ranks of the enemy, at the head of his personal staff only.

We should scarcely consider this man's private character a subject for much observation, were it not that his name is connected, in a particular manner, with the events which have taken place during the last six years in the Peninsula. Whatever may have been the drawbacks on his character as a man, and the defective nature of his patriotism as a Spaniard, his reputation, as a general, stands forth in happy contrast with that of the others who have commanded the armies of the Queen since 1833. We have remarked the lamentable state to which the army was reduced when Mina was summoned to take the command; and have observed that the lingering and incurable disease which was breaking down the frame, and wasting the energies, of the once celebrated *guerrilla* chieftain, had incapacitated him

from undertaking so arduous a task. The merit of having reorganised the army, and restored its *morale*, is solely and entirely owing to Cordova, whilst his reputation as a tactician, rests on still higher grounds.

We do not wish to bestow praise lightly, or without assigning a good and sufficient reason for our favourable opinion. The plan laid down by Zumalacarreguy for carrying on the war against the superior force that was opposed to him, was one suggested by a quick intellect, fully awakened to the difficulties he had to surmount, as well as aware of the advantages in his favour. He imitated, without perhaps being aware of the fact, the prudent and cautious conduct of the old Roman general against him of Carthage. His plan was based, like that of the hero of antiquity, on a system of delay at one moment, alertness at another, rapidity in surprising the enemy, marching and countermarching without end. None of the predecessors of Cordova had comprehended the peculiar tactics of the wily chieftain. Their sole object seemed to have been to inflict as much positive injury as possible on the insurgent forces, by occupying the principal points where the rebellion had established itself, and in bearing down its large masses wherever it appeared. The quick spirit of Zumalacarreguy at once understood and appreciated this slovenly and awkward attempt to crush him, and as rapidly disappointed it. His perfect knowledge of the country which he compelled his enemy to make the theatre of war, enabled him, without difficulty, to withdraw himself at pleasure from his adversary, and to fall suddenly, and when least expected, on detached portions of the force. A constant perseverance in this system of warfare produced, in a short time, the complete demoralisation of the Cristino army, and the impossibility of holding its positions in presence of the Carlist forces, when encountering it with only equal numbers. Zumalacarreguy profited by this circumstance; he attacked, in succession, all the fortified posts which annoyed him the most, and soon rendered himself master of the entire country between the Ebro, the Arga, the Pyrenees, the sea, and the mountains of Santander.

Cordova, in a short space of time, comprehended the nature of these tactics, and formed a plan of campaign suited to the occasion. He considered that after the abandonment, by those who had preceded him, of the fortified points which had served as a basis for the operations of the army in the mountains, the attempt to retake them would be attended with peril; and that even success would by no means counterbalance the enormous waste of time. Instead, then, of trying to drive them from these positions, he thought it better to shut them in by successive parallels drawn around them. The line of the Ebro formed the principal base of operations which secured all his communications and magazines. The most advanced points of this line were, Pampeluna on the right, Vittoria and San Sebastian on the centre, and Bilbao on the left. The communication with Pampeluna was the most important, as it is the point which was most advanced into the enemy's positions, the link of his communications with Aragon, and consequently with Valencia and Catalonia, where he had all his reserves. His head quarters were established at Logroño, and he kept a division at Lerin, together with the whole of the cavalry, in order to scour the plain. Their retreat, in case of necessity, was protected behind the Arga by the fortified bridge of Laroga, and, behind the Ebro, by that of Lodosa, through means of which the communication with the army at Logroño was at the same time secured. By taking up his quarters at Logroño, Cordova was always placed in the centre of the line, being able to pass, at pleasure, behind the Ebro, through Miranda and Puente Lara to Vittoria,

or Bilbao; and to Pampeluna, by Lodosa, Lerin, Larga, and Puente la Reina.

To the reader most uninformed in military manœuvres it will appear evident that, by the adoption of so skilful a plan, Cordova shut up his adversary between those important points, and forced him to keep within the limits of the mountains. The Carlists were thus deprived of all means of procuring supplies either of provisions or of recruits, and they were forced to confine themselves to the localities whose inhabitants were devoted to their cause, but whose devotion must soon be exhausted by the burden imposed on them of supporting so large a body of men. They ran the risk, besides, of being compelled to come down into the plains, and to give or receive battle under the most serious disadvantages. By this system the insurgents were reduced to total inaction; a condition which must have soon proved fatal to them, in wearing out the zeal of their friends, and destroying the *morale* of the soldiers; whilst, on the other hand, it gave the Cristino general ample opportunity to allow his army some repose, to complete its reorganisation, to repair its losses, to ameliorate its condition, to perfect its discipline, and to await the necessary reinforcements.

Cordova at length obtained the result of these operations, in the total rout of the enemy, after considerable loss, at the bridge of Mendigorria. The news of this victory at once hushed the public murmurs which had been excited against him; and the tide of popular feeling was turned in his favour. As soon as the tidings of this affair reached Madrid, no words could describe the universal joy. Cordova was hailed throughout the kingdom as a hero who was destined to effect the liberation of his country. The government at once confirmed him in the absolute command of the army, — thanks were voted him by the two chambers, and rank, and honours, and decorations, of the highest kind, were showered on him by the Queen.

As a literary man, Cordova possesses talents of no mean order. His proclamations, though occasionally inflated, were forcible and eloquent. One in particular may be instanced, which was addressed to the troops, after the action at Arlaban, in the neighbourhood of Vittoria; in which allusion was made to the sufferings of the soldiers when driving the enemy from positions which they had taken up on some of the highest mountains in Spain. The loss sustained by the troops in climbing up in the very face of the torrents and the most tremendous crags, exposed all the time to a murderous fire, was severe. In one part he reminds them that on that day they had ascended higher than the eagles. This allusion is really no metaphor, but is strictly true. The writer of this article actually beheld the eagles wheeling beneath the summit of the rocks on which the Cristinos had gained a footing, disappearing into the sea of smoke that swept along the deep valley which separated the combatants, and mingling their screams with the roar of the torrent, the rolling of 10,000 muskets, and the thunder of the mountain howitzer.

In concluding our observations on Cordova, we may say that he possesses qualities of mind which would have enabled him to render important service in any cause in which he may be engaged; but there is always some danger that the vanity of the man, as well as his occasional unsteadiness of mind, and irritable temperament, may neutralise the talent which he can command. Swayed by such a master-mind as that of Napoleon, he would have attained a high place, perhaps, amongst those by whose fame the world has been stunned, as if with the trumpet of the archangel.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

We avail ourselves of the occasion of laying before our readers the remainder of Mr. Simpson's four letters to the Marquess of Lansdowne, on what has been well called "the Question of Questions," to offer a few more introductory observations, chiefly called for by what has taken place since our preceding number. In that number we termed the predicament of the politico-ecclesiastical opponents of impartial education, the position of the dog in the manger; and added, that that position, because devoid of a moral basis, is one which could not be long maintained. Since we penned these words, symptoms of a disposition to abandon the unblessed stronghold *have* been manifested. We did expect, we confess, a longer tenure, knowing that pride is a tumour of slow reduction; — but then shame is a powerful solvent of the swellings of self-esteem, and so preparations are making, as decently as possible, to quit a post which has, beyond all doubt, turned out to be a pillory. We cannot suppose that this uncomfortable discovery has been made by the Bishop of Exeter *alone;* — that the blush of a bad cause tinges no cheek but his; — that, in a word, he is not the chosen bearer of the white flag from the chiefs of a repentant enemy, whom their temporary trophies have covered with confusion of face, more than glory; for what must be the load on the *Church-conscience;* what the colour of the *Church-future*, here, and hereafter; the retribution on the *Church-head*, to stand as she does between seven eighths of the people, and intelligence, honesty and mercy; to be the means of perpetuating poverty, disease, and crime, with all their costly, but useless machinery of workhouses, hospitals, prisons, transportations and executions; — to suffer to lie at the *Church-door*, drunkenness, that accursed social plague, with its bitter fruits of domestic wretchedness, squalor, pestilence, insanity, sacrifice of property, and destruction of life; — to answer for the various forms of violence and cruelty which disquiet and endanger existence; — the tyranny and crimes of combinations, the widespread misery of strikes, the midnight conflagration, the bloodshed of fanaticism, the reckless onslaught of armed discontent, duped and betrayed by the base demagogue; — and this, — all this black account of social crime and suffering, for what?—for the ritual of the Church of England! — we will not say for its stalls and mitres, for *that* were to impute the *ne plus ultra* of human depravity. No, this false position, this attitude between light and darkness — between life and death, could not be long maintained; and what, accordingly, has happened? A leading prelate, — the last, the very last we should have expected to back one inch from the *Church-barrier*, — has, in a recent correspondence with Lord John Russell, volunteered a declaration to the Government and the country in these words, adopted from Lord John Russell, — "*That it would be wrong to withhold all public aid for the instruction of those children of the poor whose parents conscientiously object to allow their children to be taught the Church catechism, or to be compelled, at the price of their instruction, to attend divine service in other than their own places of worship.*" The right reverend prelate adds, — "I should rejoice to see instituted a conference between the Committee of the Privy Council on Education and the Bishops for the purpose of devising measures to carry into effect your Lordship's VERY JUST AND MODERATE PRINCIPLE; *and, at the same time, to give to the Church that public recognition of her being the fit guardian and administratrix of national education, with which your Lordship's*

principle can so well be reconciled." In proof that the Bishop of Exeter does not stand alone, he assures Lord John Russell, that the correspondence between them "will be read, especially that part of your Lordship's letter of the 15th, to which I have already referred, [the first of the above passages in italics, which, as well as the capitals, are ours] with the highest satisfaction by OTHERS, whose suffrages are more valuable than mine:"—a remarkable and most important conclusion of the correspondence.

Seeing that in this "very full and moderate principle" lies the essence of impartial national education; seeing, moreover, that the Government scheme which was withdrawn, and, *à fortiori*, that which was decided on; while it proposed to provide both secular and religious education for members of the Church, did not propose to *endow* in the normal College any other religious instruction but the established, or to pay for teaching all religions in the same school; but intended that these should be left, as the bishop approves, to their own pastors, we could scarcely believe our eyes,—after one more hurried glance, for contrast's sake, on the "hot-blast" columns of the late parliamentary debate,—on the glowing brands of latitudinarianism, erastianism, socinianism, popery, infidelity, deism and atheism, all of them, saving always their compatibility, showered down upon this very just and moderate principle,—when we turned and fixed them on the refreshing page, "the soft green" of the unexpected letter of the Bishop of Exeter!

We are aware that some impartialists lack faith in the soft green, fearing that it hides a snake. They think they see this in the prelate's reservation of the Church's "*fit*" guardianship and administration of national education, [our second passage in italics] so well reconcileable, according to him, with the very just and moderate principle; a reservation which apparently neutralises the concession. We do not share in their distrust of the right reverend prelates; we feel guaranteed by his presumed regard for a logical as well as a moral character,—"Anguis *non* latet in herba," else it would have been better concealed. The bishop, we think, has merely used wide words. He could not mean to take back so openly with one hand what he had just given with the other. He could not mean to reserve for the Church *such* a guardianship and administration of the education of the people, as would reduce to the absurd his own concession, and, in the face of the world, stultify himself. He does, he must, mean a real respect for the rights of conscience, and the privileges of dissent. By all the rules of interpretation of equivocal passages in written documents, we are entitled to take the admission of the just and liberal principle as the dominant clause, modifying that which is in apparent contradiction with it, by its own full and liberal import. Guided by this mode of construction, we feel warranted to conclude that the right reverend prelate meant to reserve the *religious* guardianship and administration only, and that of the members of the Church alone. On any other interpretation we must hold that he claims the *secular* education of dissenters, although he has just disclaimed the religious. But, as in secular education all sects must mingle, the bishop ought not to be subjected to the imputation of wishing to interfere with secular education at all. But we have his speech, as quoted by himself in his letter to Lord John Russell, and there, if there be meaning in language, he contemplates *religious* education alone. After correcting an erroneous statement of his words, as given in the celebrated demi-official pamphlet entitled "Recent Measures," &c., he denies, as contrary to the whole tenor of his speech, that "he assented to the principle, that the duty of the state, in respect to the education of the people, is *limited* to rendering secular

instruction accessible to all, and to the improvement of the quality of such secular instruction, by assistance from the public funds, and by constant superintendence;" and then goes on to argue that the duty of the state goes, according to his notion, *farther:* admitting, therefore, by implication, that it goes *so far*. "I was dealing," says his lordship, "with a question proposed to the bench of bishops by the Lord President, — 'Do they think that the Church has a right to the education of the people at large, including that portion of the people, millions in number, who do not belong to the Church?' My answer was as follows: — The Church has no right to claim the enforcement of any system of education on the people, or any part of the people, least of all on that part which does not belong to the Church. But, my lords, the Church has a right to demand from the state the means of *offering* education to all, whether they are members of the Church or not. God forbid that the Church should have either the power or the will to compel any persons, or class of persons, to accept its system of education! But we have a right, my lords, to demand that the state, acknowledging the Church to be the true church; acknowledging it to profess and to teach the true religion, and thereby implying the duty of the Church to inculcate — ay, and not only to inculcate, but to spread, that blessed truth which it professes; we have a right to demand that the state shall supply the necessary means to enable the Church to discharge its high functions; I ask, then, the noble marquess to call on the Government, in which he bears so high a place, to propose to parliament *such a grant* as will enable the Church to educate all within its pale who need public aid; and to offer to educate all without its pale who will accept the offer, IN THAT HOLY RELIGION which the noble marquess and his colleagues, and which the state itself, acknowledge to be true; and if true, of course to be alone true. Will the noble marquess do this his duty?" That this is a demand for the means of conferring *religious* instruction only is put beyond doubt by Lord John Russell's answer, with which the bishop declares himself satisfied. "I will therefore content myself with saying, that it has been the main object of the committee to extend and encourage the *religious* instruction of the people; but that while they have endeavoured to insist on the instruction of the children of churchmen in the *doctrines* of the Church of England, they have not conceived themselves justified in withholding all public aid, &c." (as already quoted). We therefore maintain that the bishop's suspected reservation is not inconsistent with his concession. We hope the conference hinted at between the committee and the bishops will not be refused; although Lord John Russell, in a reply, doubts any good result from it. It cannot commit the Government, and may regulate their future course. A refusal may give rise to much misconstruction and hostility. The only doubtful point is "the grant" to enable the Church to educate *religiously* all her own members, and others who are willing. Yet some mode of endowment was contemplated by the appointment of a chaplain in the government normal school. Will such concession obtain for us the blessed boon of national education? and will it be the *only* sacrifice which the dissenters will be called upon to make? Let us lay these questions to heart, and avoid a rash and hasty answer.

Let us now recur to Lord Brougham's letter to the Duke (now, alas! the late Duke) of Bedford, and compare it with the Exeter correspondence, which is a month later in date. What does Lord Brougham maintain, concede, and propose? First, he maintains that "the true principle of education is to give secular education in which all sects agree, and leave the important task of spiritual instruction to the several religious teachers. He maintains

that the cry is utterly "silly that we care *little* for religion, because, in truth, we consider religion of so inestimably important a nature, that it can never be made the subject of compromise and concession; and that, therefore, it cannot be taught to children of one sect by professors who belong to another." He maintains that education once taken up by the legislature can never be dropped again; and moreover, that it cannot be much longer delayed. He maintains that he, and all other private educationists, should give the matter at once into the more powerful hands of the Government, but, at the same time, rather increase than diminish their own personal exertions. The Government, he says, is friendly to our cause — nay, adopts our views. He maintains, finally, that private beneficence, as a means of educating the people, is not only unjustly oppressive to the benevolent, but altogether inadequate to the gigantic object.

In all these points we most cordially agree. Secondly, Lord Brougham concedes, that seeing the Lords have decided, by a majority of one hundred and twelve, "against any plan of education in which the Church shall not be *consulted*, that is to say, shall not have some deference paid to its claims, beyond those of the different sects — some superiority assigned to it above the level on which all sects are to be kept." — "No government in this country ever can carry a plan of national education in which a perfect absolute equality between all sects of religious professions shall be established, according to what I humbly presume to think the only sound and just principles. So far we must make up our minds, looking our position steadily in the face, to admit that we are completely defeated, and defeated without any hope of a favourable reverse another time."

He concedes, that as nothing will be gained by undefined plans of reforming the Lords, and "swamping" them by an adequate creation of peers would not only be a criminal but a futile measure, the determination of the Lords can only be altered by the progress of public opinion; "a work of time, ay, and of a very long time," too long to defer the rescue of the people from degradation, crime, and suffering, — too long, above all, to delay the universal establishment of infant schools.

Thirdly, Lord Brougham proposes to all liberal dissenters to take with a good grace, what he considers inevitable, if there shall be a measure at all, a CHURCH-SCHOOL BILL. The noble lord thus explains that startling term: — "I am not prepared to embrace the alternative of refusing all national education, rather than allow *some preference, some interference* to the Church, where I perceive such preference, such interference to be harmless." And again, "no one dreams of such a church-school plan as will exclude dissenting children, or force a discipline upon unwilling pupils, or give the Establishment any new powers of enlarging her bounds at the expense of the sects; and the admission into the scheme which may be propounded, of some clerical superintendence — under strict control — some provision for educating such as choose to be taught in the principles of the Church, without any kind of compulsion on others, — and with ample and equal provision for the secular instruction of all sects, — can never militate against liberty of conscience, and can never be consistently rejected by the real friends of education." After reiterating the alternative of a church-preferring system or none, he concludes with one of his finest bursts of eloquence, in which he gives thrilling effect to an otherwise trite topic, our costly provision for punishing, and our meagre means for preventing crimes; and with a fine allusion to the Greeks disputing about texts, when the Turk was thundering at the gates of Constantinople.

We feel assured that had Lord Brougham written *after* the Bishop of

Exeter, and not a month before him, his letter would have been considerably different from what it is; he would have conceded much less, and, above all, said nothing about a church-school bill. He would have said less about the total and irretrievable defeat of the impartialists, and the irreversability of the decision of the House of Lords. He would have arrogated much less to the temporary state of parties, and more — and here was a field for his powerful pen — to that most important element of all in a cause, its justice. He would not have so totally forgotten that this tower of strength is on our side, and that element of weakness on the other, a forced and vulgar alliance between the Church and a political party, for the latter's factious ends and objects. He would have eloquently predicted the short duration, even as an engine of party, of a religious zeal too sudden to be sincere, too notoriously *got up*, not to be flagitiously hypocritical beyond any thing in the history of party warfare. Above all, had his reasoning fortunately taken that direction, he would have recollected that the opposition that first met the Reform Bill, which passed in the Commons by a majority of one, and was rejected by an overwhelming majority in the Lords, was by no means infected with the moral weakness of the anti-educational resistance, and yet yielded to the voice of a determined people, led on by a patriot king. Even in their late decision, the Lords professed to be swayed by what was grievously misnamed the popular voice, — the memorable array of three thousand petitions, marshalled in a few days by three thousand well drilled clergymen, and signed even by their scanty average of names, on the grossest misrepresentations and falsehoods. No! the battle has not yet been fought. The politico-ecclesiastical coalition has yet to encounter the liberal churchmen, the entire dissenters, the masses of the people, whose cry for light and knowledge, unfettered by creeds and rituals, will shrivel the three thousand parish vestry petitions into insignificance. The moral power of determined purpose of sovereign, ministers, and people, to carry a great national measure has yet to be tried on the Church and the Lords, — a measure in presence of which the Reform itself takes the secondary rank of a means to an end — without which the Reform itself were a mockery. But if the Bishop of Exeter's concession has any meaning at all, it affords a sign of the times, that so vast an effort will not be called for. *He* makes no demand for a church-school bill; for he adopts Lord John Russell's explanation, which most assuredly involves no such thing. We said that this correspondence would have modified Lord Brougham's letter had it preceded it; we are not a little encouraged to find that even though it has followed that letter, it has not been encouraged by its much to be regretted confessions of defeat, to advance more confidently and farther. Nothing can more satisfactorily prove that the bishop's repentance is genuine. It may be — we hope it is so — that the bishop has applied to the Church and their political allies Lord Brougham's awful warning to the ministers and dissenters, — for it is the Church, not the dissenters, that stands out for a ritual, when an enemy worse than the Turcoman thunders at the gate; — it is the Church that makes that ritual the condition of the people's receiving intellectual light and moral training, and consequent elevation in the social scale. To the Church, then, every word of the appeal tells with tenfold force. Lord John Russell has seized on a most tempting occasion to apply the warning in the *right* direction. A political faction in the Church of Scotland, to which its moderator or president belongs, were absurd enough to go out of their way to address the Queen, grossly and wilfully misrepresenting the government scheme, with which, as abandoned, Scotland had nothing to do, and from

which, as adopted, Scotland has nothing to fear, beyond receiving money, and permitting an inspector to report to the committee of privy council, and through them to parliament, as to how it is applied, if taken. After convicting the reverend partisans of three grand *errors*, embracing the whole grounds of the address, Lord John Russell's calmly severe reproof thus concludes: — "It cannot be the opinion of the commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, that while commerce and manufactures are adding yearly to the numbers of the people, no additional efforts should be made to secure the rising generation from that ignorance of the word of God, and that indifference to his precepts, which are the unhappy consequences of our present inadequate provision for education; nor should the danger be disregarded, that while we are guarding against '*the deadly errors, whether of popery or socinianism,*' (quoted by Lord J. from the Address), a race of artisans and labourers may grow up, by whom every form of Christianity is alike unknown and unheeded."

We would cheer on our enlightened, liberal, and, above all, impartial government, in the noble stand which such answers as this demonstrate they are determined to make against bigotry and factious falsehood of every kind, and in every quarter. We trust they will be prepared to march onward with the great, the vital measure on the meeting of parliament. We feel safe in their hands, that in any "deference" which they may show to the established church, they will make that deference as moderate as Lord Brougham, in one part of his letter, expects the claim for it will be. Whether claimed or allowed, it must and will be far short of a "church-school bill." Administration of *secular* education by the clergy is a pretension that never ought to be listened to for one moment. Their wretched education, prejudices, habits, duties, objects, — all disqualify them more than any other class of men for this great public function. They would dwarf and disfigure the secular education of the people, as they have notoriously — and by the confession of their meetings for its improvement — done in their own schools misnamed *national.* They have besides, at least ought to have, no time for this vast work. They plead want of time for that first duty of a Christian minister, — teaching religion in the schools — feeding the lambs of the flock, — among the last injunctions of the master they profess to serve. Whatever be conceded, we repeat the warning, to keep secular education out of the hands of priests of every denomination. In Mr. Simpson's fourth letter the reader will find the true *rationale* of this warning; and we challenge any churchman to find a flaw in his reasoning, — abuse and bluster, be it marked, will not be held a legal tender. His third letter disposes of the common objections to impartial education which party spirit has enhanced into formulas for convenient use as watchwords, these concentrating a mass of misrepresentation, calumny, bigotry, and uncharitableness, as they are echoed from mouth to mouth, not exceeded in any known account of moral responsibility..

CURRENT OBJECTIONS TO IMPARTIAL RELIGIOUS EDUCATION EXAMINED.

Letter III.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

My Lord, — In my last letter I took credit for a degree of concern for sound, practical, religious education, not inferior, at least, to that of any of those who have misrepresented my views. I farther regretted that of religious instruction, as in this country it has been imparted, the fruits should be so scanty; while I have advocated a scheme which would render religion, not the mere foundation of education, but its chief superstructure, impart it

much more beneficially, and at the same time be just and impartial to all religious denominations. I pledged myself in this letter to take notice of some of the current objections to the plan of placing pupils of all sects under one and the same secular teacher, and of each sect under the religious instruction of their own pastor. *First.* In spite of all possible disavowals, it has been charged upon this plan, that it *excludes* religion from education. Now it is impossible that it can be seriously said that religion is *expressly* excluded, in the face of the fact that it is expressly *included*. It may not be wisely or effectually included; but that it is excluded it is utterly preposterous to predicate. Yet so extensively has it been charged in hostile journals, speeches, and even sermons, that it has become a watchword, which is operating most injuriously upon the uninquiring public mind. The belief prevails, owing to industrious propagation, that the pupil never will, under the dreaded new system, receive a single religious lesson, but will be left in absolute heathenism or infidelity. So far is this from the truth, that under the proposed scheme the pupil will receive much more frequent, regular, and effective religious instruction, than he ever has yet received from the already overburdened secular teacher. The alarm has no foundation; it is a bugbear which is uncloaked the moment it is grappled with — a giant, as one speaker in the debate on Mr. Wyse's motion well said, created and slain by the same hand.

Second. When the users of this unlawful weapon are pressed, they escape from the charge of express exclusion, and take refuge in tendency, or virtual exclusion. We shall, they urge, separate secular and religious instruction, which ought to be intermixed and blended.

Will any user of this argument carry it so far as to say that doctrinal Christianity should or can be blended with lessons on material objects, on botany, chemistry, physiology? — that it is not imperative to close the Bible and the Catechisms, during the hour that we are busy with the retort and the crucible? Is there so little confidence in the durability of the impressions of religious lessons, that there must not be allowed an interval for a direct communication to the mind of natural truths and worldly knowledge? No one will go this length. What then is the meaning of the charge of separation? By the plan proposed, religion is not *blended* with secular instruction, but *combined* with it. Each depends upon its own evidence and reasoning; by each we gain the knowledge of one of two revelations from God, which He has separated in their essential nature. To each He has given a character of harmony with the other, which demonstrates that they are revelations from the same Divine Author. This is most strikingly apparent in the resemblance, or rather the identity, of the ethics of Nature with the ethics of Scripture. But in order to see this harmony, in order to profit by it, in an enlarged confidence in the great truth, that the God of Nature and Scripture is one God, we must not intermingle or blend the lessons of these two revelations, but study them separately, and, in their full growth and proportions, bring them to that heart-improving comparison in which they will be found to shed a flood of light upon each other. Let us then combine them in education, but let us not weaken and confuse both by blending them with each other.

In combination, secular and religious instruction may be given to each pupil by two teachers, the religious by a teacher of his own sect. When blended there can be but one teacher, and he must be of a sect whose lessons offend the consciences of all the sects in the school but his own. There is a fashion with the intolerant, especially of dominant sects, to hold *this* to be a very light matter, provided the teacher of both secular and religious knowledge be of their own denomination. They will not hear of compromising the *truth*, and making it bend to please any sect whatever. This is in the very face of the fundamental principle of the Reformation — the right of private judgment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. What is this right if it be not respected? It is responded, "Would you teach *error?*" Who, it is rejoined, on Protestant principles is to judge of the error? The standard of pretended infallibility was torn up and trampled down by the very first movement of Protestantism. It were to waste words to say more on this topic.

Third. The plan advocated, it is farther said, will *tend* to exclude religion from education, by depriving the secular teacher, in his moral training, of the use of Christian precepts and motives. To this I would answer, that the moral training of the pupil is not the duty of the secular teacher only. The pupil has two teachers, who, although in different departments, combine in his moral improvement. His conduct ought to be the effect of their joint instruction and watchfulness; his errors or misconduct the object of their united admonition and correction. Thus, while the secular teacher demonstrates to him that his misconduct is in the face of the natural institutions of his Creator, which are essentially commands with penal sanctions — a demonstration which many theologians forget is of God as much as his word — and while he may go the length of showing him that preceptive Christianity, and the natural moral law — that "*nature*" by which, according to St. Paul, the things contained in the law may be done — are identical, that a sound philosophy demands justice, benevolence, and piety, in the very terms in which Scripture enjoins to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with God; yet he cannot, having various sects under his care, urge as motives to *all* his pupils the same *doctrinal* Christianity. He must refer his pupil, at this point, to his own pastor. To those who may call this just course latitudinarian indifference,

a compromise of the *truth*, an encouragement of error, I would say, and say no more, that *their* assumption of infallibility is Popish and not Protestant. It would put an end to toleration itself. In Holland this joint superintendence of moral conduct is reduced to easy and satisfactory practice. Under a judicious system, which there is no wish to thwart, it might be quite as easily realised in this country, and made to increase instead of diminishing the power of moral and religious education.

Fourth. The arrangement, it is said, tends to exclude religion, inasmuch as the state is called upon to provide for secular education, leaving religious to chance. To this I humbly answer, that at *present* it is secular education, not religious, that is left to chance. While the latter is either endowed or voluntarily supported, the former is overburdening a benevolent few, or struggling on with the impulse of private speculation, and lamentably failing in its object. Now, logically reasoning, supplying the deficiency where it exists, will not occasion deficiency where it exists not, provided the deficient be not supplied at the expense of the full. The religious instruction of the country is not left to chance now, and will not be left to chance when the secular, now left to chance, is *otherwise* provided for. This includes the religious instruction of the young. I have heard of no denomination of pastors of whose duty the religious instruction of the young is not a vital, paramouut part *now*. I recall the word Duty, and name it Privilege. It is obedience, and it should be willing, to the gentle command of Him who said, "Feed my lambs." If it be said that it is unjust to increase the labours of the pastors without remuneration, while the State is endowing the secular teachers; I would reply that secular teachers for a national system are yet to be created, while there is no additional *duty*, beyond the *existing*, proposed to be thrown on the religious. It is nothing to the argument that many do not do this duty; very many do, and all ought to do it. Our opponents have a last ground here upon which I have seen them retreat. "What," they say, "if the clergy *refuse* to provide religious instruction to the young, who can force them?" Assuredly *that* would be leaving religious instruction to chance; but by *whom* would this melancholy state of things be occasioned! By forty thousand Christian ministers rejecting the care of the most important and interesting portion of their flocks — the young! renouncing an *old* duty, and that for the purpose of thwarting a great national measure — not rejecting a new! Could these Christian ministers be more foully aspersed, more deeply calumniated? The argument, miserable as it is, may be employed *for* them, it never can be resorted to *by* them. I cannot imagine one pious, conscientious pastor, when invited to the duty of instructing the children of his own sect, in his own locality — the children depending on him for the bread of life, which their secular teacher, not being of their sect, cannot give them — who could resist the appeal, and expect a blessing on the defective remainder of his pastoral labours. No — the difficulty is controversial, not real. Were the system established, and party divisions moderated, it would work harmoniously as well as effectually in this country, as I have repeatedly said it works in Holland.

Fifth. There is yet one objection more. The clergy, it is said, lack time and strength for this great increase of duty. Can this mean that the duty is not *now*, as it ought to be, done? — that, *de facto*, it would be labour superadded to what it already performed? If the duty is not done, there is a confessed failure of duty, as things are. If it is done, where is the increase of labour? This were answer enough, I humbly apprehend; but more may be said on this head. The religious instruction of the young, as the most important, should be the *first* duty of the pastor. His duties, in succession, according to their place in the scale of importance, should demand his care; and should his time and strength fail him, his least important offices should be the sacrifice. These last offices are most likely to be of a character which the early religious training of the young will itself render superfluous. We are entitled always to presume pluralities at an end, and the pastor localised in the scene of his ministrations. We are further entitled to relieve him from all secular avocations, such as farming, field sports, magisterial and political functions, and even literary and scientific labours. There is not a pretence for stating any one of these on the credit side of his account, in the question of his time and strength for the performance of the paramount labours of his holy calling. In the order of importance, I am not singular in placing the pastor's pulpit duties — I mean his sermons — lower in the scale of utility than many, who are habituated to things as they are, are accustomed to do; yet these are just the labours which occupy most of his time; and when we compare the time and labour of his preparation for that engrossing department of his office, with the good actually done — when we consider the inattention, the indifference, often the impatience, with which the very great majority of sermons are heard, chiefly because of the want of previous sound religious instruction, or from the rooted aversion to the subject created by the injudicious manner of its inculcation — we are tempted to ask whether pulpit homilies might not with advantage be abridged, both in length and frequency, and more impressive modes of teaching, both the young and the old, be substituted for them? It is vulgarly but truly said, when there is a will there is a way. I have urged that it is *already* the pastor's duty to instruct the young of his flock, and to do it effectually. If he omit it, or do it superficially, and he does this by

a mere Sunday catechising, he fails in his duty, and incurs a deep responsibility. He cannot *effectually* instruct the young unless he himself conducts the whole of their religious education, let him find strength as he may. But attention is prayed to another consideration, which is entirelely lost sight of; the amount of the labour of religiously instructing the young is greatly over-rated. It is looked upon as *one-half* of education, an equal partition, with the secular teacher, of the business of the school. Nothing can be more erroneous. Religious instruction, the highest authority characterises as a light burden — an easy, a pleasing duty. Of the multifarious branches of secular instruction, there is not *one* which is not more laborious, both in the teaching and the learning. If the pastor lack time for religiously instructing the young, what must the secular teacher do! There we do see want of time and strength for what would be an additional labour. But a few hours in the week might, by a judicious and affectionate pastor — hours to the pupil of privilege and pleasure, not of task, toil, and disgust — be so applied as fully and effectually to gain the blessed end of the religious education of the young. Religious instruction is essentially delightful, and there cannot be a surer sign that it is perverted than when it is felt by the young to be tedious and repulsive. In the Edinburgh Model Infant School, the children, when a choice is given them, invariably prefer a Scripture lesson to any other. This is a fact of immense value. Where is the Christian minister who would not rejoice in this feeling, and build upon it a yet higher and nobler superstructure? In the conclusion of my last letter I stated that the experiment had been made, and the end attained, not only in Holland, but, nearer home, in Liverpool.

With a word more I will conclude this letter. There is something, it is said, in the plan which I humbly advocate, which seems to legislate *expressly* the exclusion of the Bible from the secular school, a course which will not be tolerated in any system of national education. When this *feeling* is tested by reason, it will be found to be a mere habit of thinking, and will yield to a more rational view. But I am not inclined to concede that it is a generally prevailing feeling. A very great majority of intelligent persons, including many pious clergymen, with whom I have conversed, disclaim the feeling. They see that the Bible is *not* excluded from the school, when *in* the school it is committed to the pastor's hands instead of the secular teacher's, any more than chemistry could be said to be excluded in a seminary into which a special teacher was introduced to take that branch in hand. Nevertheless, there is no need for legislating the exclusion of the Bible even from the secular school. No reasonable friend of national education would reject an express legislation of the *inclusion* of the Bible, as proposed in Lord Brougham's bill; namely, that it shall be read without comment in the national secular schools, Jews and Catholics retiring; and, I would add, any pupils whose parents wish that their children should retire. I may, however, be allowed to express my fears that the practice would become, what it has become in many an existing school, an unimpressive and useless form; and, what is infinitely worse, would be *trusted to* as sufficient religious instruction. Unless I saw the pastor's labours superadded to this course of school Bible reading, I should be far indeed from being satisfied with the provision made for religious education. Much religious instruction and care would yet remain for the pastor, and that of a kind which, consistently with the justice and impartiality of genuine Protestantism, cannot be imparted by a secular teacher who has under his care more than one religious denomination.

One letter more will conclude the series. — I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JAMES SIMPSON.

Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, January 10. 1839.

EDUCATIONAL CLAIMS OF THE CLERGY — OF THE CHURCH. — RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES AS A CAUSE OF REFUSAL OR DELAY OF NATIONAL EDUCATION. — VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. — COMPULSORY EDUCATION. — OBJECTIONS TO A CENTRAL BOARD. — CHEERING AUGURY.

LETTER IV.

TO THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE.

MY LORD, — The third letter which I had the honour to address to you, was devoted to a humble endeavour to answer the current objections to an arrangement, for the religious education of the people, of a character just and impartial to all religious sects. I have, in this my concluding communication, to examine some objections to education being made a State, or rather a national object, as it is recommended to be in the excellent Report of the Irish Education Committee; of which Mr. Wyse was chairman; and the reasons for which I have detailed in the volume on the Philosophy of Education formerly alluded to. Preliminarily to this examination, the claims of the Established Clergy and the Church, to direct and control the education of the people, demand a few words.

1. THE CLAIMS OF THE CLERGY. — The clergy and education, both secular and religious, are ideas associated in the public mind, by the unexamined acquiescence of centuries. This hereditary impression is obviously of monastic origin. In rude times the monasteries were the asylums of learning, and of all that resembled science. A monoply of knowledge, or the reputation of it, was a powerful engine of priestly power. When universities came to be established, the education of the priesthood was their leading object; scholarship was the business of the divines, and they naturally became professors, tutors, and teachers, to the laymen, who subsequently began to resort to *their* seats of learning. In Scotland the parochial system of education has always been under the control of the clergy; a family preceptor is seldom looked for in any other profession; and many of the universities' chairs were, and still are, filled by clergymen. All this was natural and even necessary in less enlightened times; and although the clerical superiority on which it rested no longer holds good, the old habit of thinking still keeps its ground. It is time to examine this clerical claim — and I would wish to do so respectfully to that reverend body — seeing that the control of national education is peremptorily demanded for and by the Established Clergy even in the discussions of Parliament. The advocates of clerical control are bound to prove three points — that the clergy would be the best guides of national education — that they could do justice to such an undertaking compatibly with their proper clerical duties — and that their control would be sanctioned by justice. First, the qualifications of the clergy must not now be measured by the old standard of classical and theological lore, or by any standard older than twenty years. The qualifications to direct, must always bear reference to the thing to be directed. Viewing secular elementary educations in the light in which it is described in my first and second letters addressed to your Lordship, I am unable to perceive the *superiority* of the clergy, to all other classes, in the extensive and varied field of natural knowledge therein embraced. It is well known that university education, in England at least, is much more classical and theological than scientific and practical, which tends to place the clergy, as a class, in a position not equal to that of more liberally educated men, to direct an education of real practical value.

Secondly. The labour of a conscientious and efficient direction of the secular education of the people, *ought to be* very great. It ought to engross the whole time of any man, or set of men. If the clergy would undertake this vast accession of duty, how will they reconcile their doing so with the plea of want of time, examined in a previous letter, for a few religious lessons a-week to the young of their own flocks? If they would not bestow the indispensable labour, where is the worth of their direction and control of national education!

Thirdly. The claim is unjust. Its object openly avowed is the power of educating the whole people in the doctrines, rites, and discipline of the Established Church, while there is a great portion of the population by whom these are conscientiously repudiated. To enforce this pretension — and the purpose has been declared in both Houses of Parliament — is equivalent to resisting all plans of popular education which the clergy of the Established Church shall not control; in other words, any popular education at all.

2. THE CLAIMS OF THE CHURCH. — There are many who hold that, whether education be committed to the control of the Established Clergy or not, it ought to be directed by the Church, because, the Church being established by law, the whole people should be educated to belong to it. The State connection and endowment of the Church *are* established by law, but I am not aware that there is any law which compels all to belong to it, in doctrine and form of worship. The argument would prove too much; it would annihilate toleration. But freedom in religious matters now exists, so that to place education on any footing in which that freedom is not recognised, would be equivalent to banishing all Protestant liberty, and restoring the power of Popery. Few, if any, thinking men avow such an extreme opinion. There is too great a sum of light and justice among Churchmen themselves for this. There are very many who disclaim such a pretension, and who, reflecting on *what* it is which is refused, or even delayed — the rescue of the people from ignorance, vice, crime, and misery; reflecting, moreover, on the meagre results, for centuries, of a church-directed or rather church-neglected education — would join the just and liberal of all sects in entreating the Legislature not to give the direction or control of the people's education to any one religious denomination, dominant or dissenting.

It is not true that the advocates of impartial education are unjust, or in the slightest degree unfair, to the Established Church. They propose nothing that would interfere with the rights of the Church; nay, they would expressly reserve to the Church the freest and most unquestioned right to superintend and direct the *religious* education of all who adhere to its doctrines, forms, discipline, and economy, and moreover, of all who, though not within its pale, have no objection to take their religious education from it. This has never been disputed by any impartial educationist, and it is to propagate an unfounded prejudice to aver, that impartial education is intended to injure or endanger the Church Establishment. It is humbly asked, what more, in a nation of different sects, ought the Church to demand than what is above accorded to it? In the debate on Mr. Wyse's motion, so often alluded to, there were none of his supporters who did not reiterate his wish that full justice should be

done to the Established Church; but no more than justice; and certainly not such a measure of preference as would imply the grossest of all injustice, a general tax for the objects of a privileged denomination.

3. The existence of RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES is no reason for REFUSING or even DELAYING the measure of national education. In the same debate it was instructive to observe the various, and singularly contradictory, views taken of a subject for which there was a marked want of preparation in the minds of the opposing members. Some speakers strenuously maintained that the disagreement among *religious* sects is a reason against the Government interfering even to give *secular* education to the people. Now, with the greatest submission, I would answer that that disagreement is in itself the strongest reason *for* the interference of Government, in order to legislate impartially. One opposing member said it was in vain to hope for a common *religious* ground upon which all sects could meet. I grant it, nay, I found upon it, but add that there is a common *secular* ground; and these predicates, being *both* true, combine to afford me an irrefragable basis for my whole argument. It is just because religious sects will not meet on one common ground that we should not force them into the same religious school, and that, at the same time, we should open to them wide the doors of the same secular school, where they *will* meet on common ground. For this last alone, it would be just for the Legislature to tax the entire people. Is *this* then to be refused because, in quite another thing, their religious persuasions, the people disagree? Is the most zealous churchman prepared to go this length? Are the people not to have the means of learning chemistry, mathematics, mechanics, because in their *religious* views they differ? This arrival at the absurd, I humbly submit, puts an end to the question. But, again, is the communication of useful worldly knowledge to be *delayed* even — for this, too, was urged in that memorable debate — till religious differences should, as it was termed, "soften down?" I was rejoiced to hear a Minister of the Crown characterise such objections as unreasonable; with submission, they are preposterous. If religious disagreements were a ground for delaying secular education, we should find all the differing sects alike urging delay; but this is not the case. It cannot be denied that the great body of the Dissenters are not hostile to a national plan of *secular* education. It is the Church alone that has taken up the obstructing position. It is not sect against sect, but the dominant against all other sects, that presents the true position of the question. It is not that we are to wait till differences soften down among all sects, but till all other sects yield to the Church. But that is a river which will never run out; if these be the only terms of peace, it may well be asked, when will the star of *that* peace arise above the troubled horizon? There is but one answer — Never! Ought then the Legislature to hesitate to take the common sense practical view of a question, the conditions of which are so plain, and do for Churchmen and Dissenters both, what they never will agree to do for themselves.

4. VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS, while they operate most unjustly on the benevolent, are utterly inadequate to the education of the people. It is another great practical error in this question to trust to VOLUNTARY EFFORTS and CONTRIBUTIONS for a purpose to which these are so immeasurably inadequate. It affords yet another instance of the unhappy denial of thinking, which the question has been doomed to experience. We have seen schools established by voluntary subscriptions, and are apt to conclude that that mode is in the course of nature, and in harmony with the fitness of things. We find speakers in both Houses of Parliament eloquent, on "the *accustomed* channels of private benevolence — the flow of private charity." It has become a sort of pet topic of declamation, which hurries us along; and truth and justice alone would excuse the apparent hard-heartedness of those, who, having stopped to examine its value, pronounce it worthless. What then is this flow of benevolence? It means that about *a hundredth part* of the British population — which is the *ascertained* proportion of the *money giving* benevolent — shall, as a bounty on their beneficence, be rewarded with the burden of educating the other *ninety-nine!* Would that some of the more amiably fluent on this topic were active members of charitable societies, educational and other, that they might learn the hollowness of our title to be called, what we call ourselves, a charitable *people*. In Edinburgh, the proportion who statedly inroll themselves in the lists of charitable institutions, in which there is no show, and no value — alas for our motives! — in pleasure, is 1500, in a population of 150,000; and it has been ascertained, that this is a large proportion as compared with many other places. These 1500 individuals support ALL the other charitable institutions of the place, besides the educational. Of course, ALL the charities, here and elsewhere, are struggling for existence; and as the voluntary educational institutions share the common difficulties, it results that the benevolent few are most unjustly overloaded to little or no purpose. The offer of Government to meet voluntary subscriptions *half-way* with grants, is an alleviation; but the *half* of the cost of educating the entire people still remains on the shoulders of the benevolent, a burden far beyond their power to support. Say that it would require 50,000*l.* to establish completely the means of popular education in Edinburgh; is it not to mock the benevolent remnant of 1500 individuals to ask *them* for 25,000*l.*, while ninety-nine for one look on, and refuse to touch the burden with one of their fingers? When we extend the

argument to the whole country, the notion of the benevolent few raising the half of the vast sums which will be required for this transcendently important national object, is perhaps the wildest that has ever found its way, unquestioned, into Parliament. ALL are to benefit, and to a degree beyond present calculation, by national education — by the intellectual, moral, and religious, elevation of the present unjustly degraded masses of the people. Is it just that a hundredth part shall pay for this general benefit? The current sophism that national aid will dry up the sources of voluntary beneficence, it is hoped, is now exposed. The answer to it is — the sooner the better; for while, on the one hand, the gross injustice, above pointed out, will have an end; on the other, national education will be realised, and will be generally and steadily, instead of partially and precariously supported.

There is a false analogy to which the opponents of National Education resort, with a view to detach the great body of the Dissenters from its cause. These, it is said, abjure *State* support to religion; how can they consistently accept of it to education? Bacon says that while ordinary minds see resemblances, superior reasoning powers see differences. Here the unreflecting "ride off" on the resemblance, notwithstanding, as is true here, that the difference is obvious. It has been already urged as a reason for separating religious and secular education, that the Dissenters cannot receive the former from the State; but what reason, or shadow of a reason, exists why they should not receive the latter? Secular education is for all sects — religious for each. All may be taxed for the education common to all denominations, but the Dissenters object only to all being taxed for the religion peculiar to one. I am taking no side in this *questio vexata* of State against Voluntary religion — I am only anticipating the Dissenter's answer to this attempt to shut *his* mouth when demanding National Education.

5. COMPULSORY EDUCATION. — Our opponents have conjured up yet another giant in this. They have gratuitously imputed to the national educationist the purpose of *compelling* the people to send their children to the national schools — *because* this is done in Prussia. To this it is answered that there is no intention to introduce the Prussian compulsion in England. Yet I could show, from the statute-books of both England and Scotland, and especially from that stringent code the Books of Discipline of the Church of Soctland, that compulsory education, were it, as it will not be, introduced, is not an absolute novelty in this island of liberty. I could show it existing in the free States of Switzerland, and America. Its principle is this, that parents, whom the law compels, *at their own cost*, to feed and clothe their offspring, that they may not become chargeable to the public, may reasonably be compelled, *without cost to themselves*, to put their children in the way of *not* becoming nuisances to society. If the parent incurs a *quasi contract* to feed and clothe, should he be from a similar obligation, on a much stronger moral ground, to educate his offspring. But into that principle it is unnecessary to enter. Nothing is contemplated by the advocates of national education beyond a well-founded reliance, borne out by the experience of Prussia itself*, on the *moral* compulsion which the very existence of universal education will create, and the reasonable connection which the Legislature can and ought to establish, between social privileges and educational qualification.

6. A CENTRAL BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS IT IS SAID WOULD BE INOPERATIVE. — As it is the unanimous opinion of the witnesses examined on the point by the Irish Committee, and of the friends of popular education as a Government object, that it should be *centralised*, or placed under the direction of a Board of Commissioners — on grounds into which I cannot enter here — that Board has been objected to. It is said that *because of religious differences* among its members, it would be inoperative. This certainly would be true on two suppositions; first, that the Crown were so ill advised as to compose the Board of religious zealots of contending denominations; and secondly, that religious and secular education were *blended* together in the national schools. But as zealots would not be appointed by a judicious Government, and as it is vital to the national plan that religion shall be imparted to the young by the pastors of their own denominations, where would be the difficulty of finding and bringing together the necessary number of the enlightened, moderate, and impartial men — by all means both Churchmen and Dissenters — who would direct the secular, and encourage the religious, education of the country by most harmonious co-operation. The experiment is not new; it has succeeded, on several years' trial, in Ireland.

7. A CENTRAL BOARD, it is lastly said, would be DESPOTIC. This objection is also of the bugbear character, and yet it was half the speech of the honourable member, in the discussion on Mr. Wyse's motion. A despotic educational board co-existing, in this country, with such things as parliamentary responsibility, a free press, a jealous people! The idea is prepos-

---

* The Prussian compulsion, itself, is extravagantly overrated. A recent traveller in that country informed the writer that his very natural allusions to the *physical force* school-going process occasioned much mirth. No one had ever seen an instance of a truant proceeding to school with a drum beating behind him. The *moral* compulsion of the shame of denying education to their children alone operates, and operates with the lowest of the Prussian people.

terous. A Commission, acting in sight of the public, executing the resolves of the public, administering the funds of the public, and annually rendering a minute account of their stewardship to the public, through the Parliament, are the servants, not the masters, of the public ; and, as such, only do for the public what it cannot do for itself. The checks upon their proceedings are numerous and powerful, and could not fail to be effectual. Your Lordship will find these enumerated in the report of the Irish Committee, already often alluded to in these letters. One of these alone affords an answer to the *despotism* objection — an objection, by the way, utterly inconsistent with the weakness of a Board distracted by religious divisions, for a disjointed oligarchy is powerless — and that is the proposed existence of Local Boards, whose consent, both to the establishment and conduct of schools, shall be required, in co-operation with the Central Board. This is fully and anxiously provided in Lord Brougham's bill, which was utterly distorted by one speaker in the debate. Besides the *books* taught, and taught from, will be in every one's hands, and these will contain the whole *matter* of the people's education.

There is one giant more, if it is worth, the ink with which I allude to it. The Commission, it is said, will be the tools of the Minister of the day, who will make use of them for overturning the liberties of the country. So that this unfortunate Board, now inoperative from its weakness, and anon despotic from its power, is after all to be the mere engine of a yet superior despotism, which, however, must itself work in full view of a vigilant Parliament, an unsparing press, and a most unceremonious public. But the Commissioners of Education ought to be, and must be, rendered by law quite independent of the Minister of the day, as the judges are ; and then it would be as much out of the question that he should pervert, or dream of perverting, the instruction as the justice of the country.

There is CHEERING AUGURY in several observations in the reported speech* of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, although he stood in opposition for the time to the object of Mr. Wyse's motion, as indicative of what that noble person's views may be expected yet to become. He *admitted* that, even with the most impartial dispensation of the Government grants, the results are unsatisfactory; that, nevertheless, a very large proportion of the population, especially the poorer classes, are utterly uneducated ; that the criminal experience of the country is a proof of that lamentable fact; that the STATE should afford education, as the means of knowing duty, before it punishes crime ; that the vast object is beyond the power of the two existing societies (the National and British and Foreign,) and of the *small* Government grants now given ; that many of the poorer districts are left entirely uneducated ; that voluntary exertions are not adequate to the education of the people ; and that, on the whole, the STATE HAS NOT DONE ITS DUTY to the people in this paramount concern. He *objected* that there are difficulties in the way of immediate legislation, although, at the same time, he characterised these difficulties as unreasonable. Those which he did enumerate have all been touched upon, and it is trusted removed, in this letter. He *preferred* the British and Foreign to the National Schools, because the religious branch of the former is impartial to differing sects. In this series of letters, which I now bring to a close — and I again offer to your Lordship my sincere thanks for the distinguished privilege of being permitted to address them to you — I trust I have pointed to a system which, while it includes the Noble Secretary's desiderate of impartiality, is, both secularly and religiously, greatly in advance of the system, at its best, of the British and Foreign Society's Schools. But I am grateful even for so much as he has declared. No well-informed liberal educationist can read the Noble Lord's speech without foreseeing that all his difficulties are destined to yield to farther information ; and that a sound education, physical, moral, religious, and intellectual, is in store for the entire British people ; who will yet sustain their high place among the nations, by the noblest and loftiest of all titles, a superior, intelligent, moral, and religious character, — I have the honour to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JAMES SIMPSON.

Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, January 5. 1839.†

---

* June, 1838.

† This fourth letter appeared in the London *Courier* of the 11th of February. On the next day, Lord John Russell gave notice in the House of Commons, of a plan of incipient National Education, in harmony with the leading principles in the series of letters now concluded. A Royal Board has already been constituted, and begun to act.

SECRET ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH POLICE.

Mémoires tires des Archives de la Police de Paris depuis Louis XIV. jusqu'à nos Jours. Par J. PEUCHET, Archiviste de la Police. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1838.*

THE compiler of this very curious, though, in many parts, unreadable book, had been for several years Keeper of the Archives of the Police of Paris. He was a man of good ordinary education, and not devoid of talent. Born in 1760, he entered, at the usual age, the college of *Louis le Grand*, and in due time was called to the bar. In 1788 he became acquainted with Abbé Morelet, by whom he was employed in collecting and arranging materials for his "Dictionary of Commerce." He also wrote for the New "*Encyclopedie Methodique*" the articles Police and Municipality; and shortly after became chief editor of the "*Gazette de France*," and, subsequently, of the "*Mercure.*" In 1800 he published "*La Geographie Commerçaute*," in 5 vols. folio, which important work drew upon him the notice of Count Chaptal, then Minister of the Interiour, who named him Member of the Council of Commerce and the Arts. At a later period, Count François de Nantes, Prefect of Police, placed him at the head of a bureau in his department. In 1814, after the restoration, he was appointed to the censorship of the journals; and after the hundred days, during which Peuchet had thrown up his office, he was made Keeper of the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, which place he occupied till 1827.

Our motive for entering into these details concerning the editor of this extraordinary book, is to show that the publication is not a surreptitious or catchpenny one, but that it has been seriously and diligently compiled by a person, who, from his acquirements and the facilities afforded him by the place he filled, was fully competent to execute such a task.

Peuchet begins his history of the police with the year 1667, at which period several reforms were introduced into that part of the public administration by order of Louis IV., who established it on a footing nearly similar to that on which it stands at present. Before that time, the police was under the direction of the *Prevôt de Paris* and two *Lieutenants au Châtelet*, one civil, the other criminal, who exercised their authority under the control of the parliament of Paris. Louis IV. substituted for this triple-headed authority the direction of a single functionary, or magistrate, with the title of Lieutenant of Police, which denomination underwent a change, like so many others during the revolution, and took the new name of Prefect of Police.

The contents of these volumes are necessarily, from the nature of the subject, of the most various and desultory description; the only order it was possible to observe in the treatment of such heterogeneous materials being a chronological one. They, therefore, it may be said, offer a vast moving panorama of the secret history of Parisian society, in all its phases, from the times of Louis XIV. to those of Charles X. The scenes of many-coloured life exhibited in these pages, embrace society in its utmost extent, in its heights, and in its depths, from the brilliant summits of the French court, with all its glitter, its heartless profligacy, its follies and its crimes, to the lowest and obscurest haunts and hiding places of murder, robbery, and every

* Memoirs selected from the Archives of the Police of Paris, from the Time of Louis XIV. to the present Day. By J. Peuchet, Keeper of the Archives of the Police. 4 Vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

other villany and sin, in all their darkest shades of cruelty, horror, and abomination. From this unexaggerated description of its contents, it is evident that, to the many, it must and ought to be a sealed book. But, as in things most evil, there may still be found some touch of good, there are, in this dark record of human debasement and crime, interspersed here and there anecdotes that throw a new and interesting light upon historical characters, and adventures, which, from their fearful nature and extraordinary *dénouement*, excite and reward curiosity more vividly than many of the wildest fictions of romance. A specimen of each of these we shall select for the gratification of our readers.

The first relates to the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I., and of his ill-fated son, Charles I., and the victim of Felton the assassin. This very curious and piquant passage in the life of the gay, gallant, profligate, profuse, and enterprising Buckingham, Peuchet introduces in the following manner: —

"Now taking advantage of some isolated documents which I discovered in a pasteboard case which lay *perdu* behind one of the busts that adorn the *Salle des Passports* at the Prefecture of Police, I shall bring Cardinal de Richelieu upon the stage in a more interesting and prominent manner. The document I allude to is a report made to his eminence relative to the daring demonstrations of love which the Duke of Buckingham, favourite of King James I. of England, ventured to display towards Anne of Austria, Infanta of Spain, and Queen of France by her marriage with Louis XIII. It is well known that the Duke of Buckingham, who had been sent to Paris to make some representations to Louis XIII. in favour of his protestant subjects, took it into his head to play the *inamorato* with regard to the queen. This the king no sooner perceived than he complained of it to his minister (Richelieu), who was still more indignant even than his majesty at the presumption of the duke, as he himself had designs upon the heart of the queen, and was therefore still less inclined than the royal husband to support patiently the thought of Anne of Austria looking with a favourable eye upon the Duke of Buckingham.

"Wishing to see clearly through an affair so delicate in itself, and so important for him, he set to work two men, not a little celebrated at that time, and whose memory is not yet forgotten, both men of wit and intrigue, — the physician Bois Robert and the Marquis de Beautru. Both these persons have been always regarded as the permanent spies of Richelieu, whose duty it was to keep him *au fait* of whatever took place at the court and in the city. The Archives of the Prefecture of Police leave no doubt on this point, and the document I am about to produce furnishes the most undeniable proof. It is a report in the handwriting of Bois Robert, and signed by him and the Marquis de Beautru. This report speaks sometimes in both their names, and at others only in the name of one of them. Here it is, in all its *naïveté*.

"'I shall first inform your eminence, that I met by chance an Irishman, whom I had formerly known in Paris whilst he was pursuing his studies. I had then an opportunity of rendering him some services, for which he professed an unbounded gratitude. On leaving Paris he returned to England, and made no greater way in the world than to become the favourite *valet de chambre* of his Grace my Lord Duke of Buckingham. Although the emoluments of that place are very considerable, Patrick O'Reilly (for that is the Irishman's name) never has a sou in his pocket. So far he is like his master. I received him kindly on his coming to see me, and from my great zeal to serve your Lordship, I hesitated not to degrade myself (*m'encanailler*) by keeping company with this valet, hoping to draw something useful from him concerning his master. In this I succeeded by advancing him some money.

"'(Signed) Bois Robert."

"'Monseigneur,

"'Thinking only of the happiness of satisfying your eminence, I profited, in order to learn what was passing at the residence of the English embassador, of a friendship arising out of a duel, which took place some twenty years ago, and before the singular christian ordinance, issued by our lord the King against such practices. A young Englishman, Sir Hamilton, descended of a noble Scotch family, finding himself without a second in an affair of honour, his friend having broken his leg the very morning on which the meeting was to take place, very courteously entreated me to go out with him. As this was a request which no gentleman could refuse another, I accompanied to the field Sir Hamilton, who killed his adversary, a Spaniard of the house of Medina Sidonia. I was not equally fortunate, for the Spaniard's second, Count de Variclery, originally of Italian descent, though his family has been settled in France for the last two hundred years, gave me a severe sword wound, which confined me to my room for six months. From the day of that occurrence Sir Hamilton was as constantly with me almost as my shadow, and though frequently and vehemently entreated by his family to return to Scotland, he would not consent to leave me, till I had completely recovered. On taking leave he bound himself on his honour, without my requiring or wishing it, to render me any and every service I should ask at his hands.

"'Years rolled by, our intimacy gradually slackened, we ceased to correspond, and would have soon probably forgotten each other entirely, when I found him amongst the gentlemen of the embassy, who came to Paris in the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. I did not let slip the occasion of reminding him of the past, and calling upon him to redeem the pledge he had given me. Overcome by my repeated and pressing entreaties, he told, though reluctantly, all he knew. The following narrative is therefore, monseigneur, made up of what I learned from Sir Hamilton, and what Bois Robert contrived to draw from the *valet de chambre* of the Duke of Buckingham.

"'(Signed) Marquis de Beautru.'"

The report then proceeds as follows: —

"It is of general notoriety at the English embassy that the duke is in love with the queen. He has even been presumptuous enough to have the portrait of that princess placed in his closet, under a canopy of blue velvet, surmounted by white and red plumes; and wears, besides, a miniature of her majesty, encircled with large diamonds, suspended from his neck by a golden chain, as if it had been given him by the queen. He goes frequently to see the Duchess of Chevreuse, of whom he pretends to be enamoured, but she is in reality only his *confidente*. He has secured her good offices, by a present of 2000 pistoles, and a diamond necklace, valued, at the least, 100,000 livres. This present was offered to the duchess on her alluding accidentally before the Duke of Buckingham to her being straightened for the moment in money matters. The gold she accepted as a loan, and the jewels as a *galanterie*. From that time, all the rarest productions of the Indias and the two Americas were to be found in abundance at the duchess's, and in return, her house and her eloquence were at the service of the Duke of Buckingham. She omitted no opportunity of speaking of him to the queen, and pointing out to her majesty the excess of his passion *à travers son insolence*.

"Eight days ago the queen went to a collation at the hotel of the duchess. The king had promised to be present also, but the Duke of Buckingham was as unwilling to be obliged to follow in the suite of his most christian majesty, as he was to be absent on the occasion from his lady (*sa dame*), the audacious name by which he calls the greatest princess in the world. During this afternoon he appeared under five different disguises. The first time he wore the Albert * livery, and made one of the group of footmen in waiting for the arrival of the queen's carriage, and with an inconceivable temerity, it was he that let down the step of the carriage, thus usurping the functions of the officers of the crown; and it is said, that as her majesty stepped out of the carriage, he laid his hand tenderly on the royal foot. The queen at first walked about the gardens, and the duke's next appearance

* Albert, the family name of the Dukes of Luynes, of Chevreuse, and of Chaulnes.

was as one of a number of gardeners who came forward to offer fruits and flowers to our gracious sovereign. When it came to the duke's turn he dared to utter a compliment, but in so low a voice that no one but the queen heard him, and she was observed to blush. Later in the day he presented himself in the costume of a magician or fortune teller, and by means of this disguise spoke twice to the queen. On the first of these occasions it was remarked that the duchess nudged the arm of the queen, as if to caution her majesty against being surprised, and when the pretended astrologer approached, and appeared to be telling her her fortune, the princess became so confused, that the duchess made signs to the duke to warn him that he had gone too far. We know not, monseigneur, what sort of impertinence the duke allowed himself to utter at that moment.

"The Duke of Buckingham then disguised with an appropriate mask, made his appearance and danced twice in the ballet of demons which was performed on that occasion; and lastly, in order to enable him to remain a longer time near his lady (*sa dame*) that tasteful masquerade had been imagined, which drew forth the applause of your eminence and the king, that representing the visit made to the queen for the purpose of paying homage to her beauty and merit, by the emperors of China, Japan, Abyssinia, of the Moguls, Mexico, and by the Sultan of Constantinople, the Sophy of Persia, the Grand Khan of Tartary, and the Inca of Peru, each escorted by a suite of masks. It was known that the representatives of these sovereigns were all noblemen of the houses of Lorraine, of Rohan, of Bouillon, of Chabot, of Tremouille, &c. With the view of prolonging the duration of this gorgeous pageant, and the triumph of the queen, the above named potentates were invited to form part of their majesties' immediate circle. The Grand Mogul who was to have been personated by the young Duke de Guise, was in reality represented by the Duke of Buckingham, the former having consented for a loan of 3000 pistoles to let the latter take his place. The dress of the Duke of Buckingham was one blaze of jewels, and amongst them, to the astonishment of the whole court, sparkled the diamonds of the crown of England, which through an excess of foolish confidence, the King of Great Britain had allowed his favourite to bring away with him to France. The young Duke of Guise attended the simulated Grand Mogul, as one of the lords of his suite, under the title of his sword bearer, so that aided by the Duchess of Chevreuse, the Duke of Buckingham might change dresses with him a moment before the king invited their pretended majesties to unmask and sup with him and the queen.

"This shifting of dresses was effected by means of a closet, into which the Grand Mogul and his sword bearer retired, and as after supper they were to remask and recommence dancing, a new exchange of turbans and robes enabled the Duke of Buckingham to assume his former character. All this was managed by the charitable assistance of the Duchess de Chevreuse, so that during the entire of the entertainment the rash (*temeraire*) foreigner had frequent opportunities of conversing freely with his lady (*sa dame*). What did he not say to her?

"Since that evening no day has passed that the Duke of Buckingham has not *incognito*, and by the connivance of the duchess, seen the queen, and sometimes spoken to her. The last of these occasions was on the day before yesterday, when your eminence may recollect that a rumour had got abroad that the apparition of the *White Lady* * had been seen in the

* This spectral *White Lady* was a kind of French *banshee*, which was supposed to perambulate the corridors of the Louvre in the olden time, and afterwards those of the palace of Versailles, previous to, and predictive of, the death of any member of the royal family. The first French revolution seems to have so completely scared away the fair messenger of death, that she abstained

Louvre by several of the male and female servants of her Majesty's household. The king knows nothing of this rumour, as it was kept from him lest he might feel alarmed. The circumstance that gave rise to this story is as follows. My lord duke, but little satisfied, as it would appear, with the opportunities given him of being in the presence of his lady (*sa dame*), wished to be favoured with a more private audience, and under pretence of having to deliver into the queen's hands a private letter from her sister-in-law *, he solicited an interview. It was necessary, he gave to understand that there should be no witnesses present at the delivery of this letter, as its contents related to the means of bringing about the downfall of Cardinal Richelieu. Under colour of this pretext the meeting was granted to him. The undersigned hesitate to believe (*ne croient que médiocrement*) that this lord received any encouragement in his culpable passion. But this lady, accustomed no doubt to the chivalric and adventurous gallantry of Spain, saw in these demonstrations only a subject to divert her mind, but not interest her heart.

"The audience being granted, it became necessary to devise the means of meeting. The Duchess de Chevreuse, versed in intrigue, and hoping to interest the lady the more by the strangeness of the expedient, proposed to the embassador to take upon himself to play the mysterious part of the *White Lady*, a part which would have the further advantage of facilitating his escape in case of surprise from the terror inspired by such an apparition. The duke having put on a white and fantastically shaped robe, painted with black tears (*larmes noires*), and having on the breast and on the back the representation of a death's head, had his face covered with the pellicle invented by Noblen. † This pellicle had been of great use to him at the Duchess of Chevreuse's *fête*, in those disguises where it was not permitted to wear a mask. Besides having his features thus altered, the Duke put on a cap equally fantastical as the other parts of his dress, and to this cap he affixed a black velvet mask, called a *loup*. ‡ He then enveloped himself in an ample cloak, and covered his head with one of those broad brimmed Spanish hats called *sombreros*.

"A confidential servant of the duchess's, but who supposed he was conducting to the Louvre an Italian astrologer, introduced *our adventurer* by the private entrance and the secret staircases and passages, to which, for a long time back, none have had access but the creatures of the favourite the Duchess of Chevreuse. In fine, owing to all the precautions taken, the duke arrived without any obstacle in the queen's closet.

"The duchess, like a charitable and discreet person, was about to withdraw; already, on some pretence or other, Mademoiselle de Flotte, maid

---

from her accustomed warning visits before the departure of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. for the vaults of S. Denis. And the present reigning head of the family has shown himself a man so worldly and *positif* that so unearthly a visitant has most likely cut all connection with him. At least on a late melancholy occasion we heard nothing of a white robed spectre of the feminine gender, "making night hideous," by pacing up and down the long galleries of the Louvre, or glaring in the moonlight from the innumerable windows of the palace of Versailles.

* Henrietta of France, daughter of Henry IV., sister of Louis XIII., and wife, since 1637, of Charles I. of England.

† Noblen was an ingenious *méchanicien* of that time, the inventor of several curious contrivances similar to the automaton and duck of Vaucanson. He gave lessons in legerdemain to the great Condé, to Louis XIII., and the Duke of Orleans. He was born at Paris in 1600, and lived to the age of 95. He left a rich cabinet of objects of art. The pellicle above mentioned was a piece of gold beater's leaf, covered with a thin coating of white and soft wax, which being cut or slashed according to a model agreed upon, and laid on the face, it entirely changed its configuration and expression, the eyes and respiratory organs being alone left uncovered.

‡ The fashion then in use with the ladies of the court, and the rich *bourgeoises*, of wearing black velvet masks, called *loups*, spread all over Europe, and continued in vogue for 150 years.

of honour to Anne of Austria, had been sent out of the way; but the queen expressed a wish for the duchess to remain. As the duke was about throwing off his disguise, the queen jested graciously upon the laughable effect of his masquerading costume. The duke replied in his usual gallant style, but his *amour propre* was evidently wounded, till the queen, always so good, perceiving the pain she had caused him, gave him, by way of compensation, her hand to kiss. The duke raised it respectfully to his lips, and then kneeling at her majesty's feet, begged her to permit him to read the confidential letter which he had to communicate to her. This was the signal agreed upon between him and the duchess for the latter to withdraw; but it became unnecessary for her to do so, as the queen consented to accompany the duke into an adjacent oratory to hear the letter read. They went in, and as the door of the oratory remained half open the duchess closed it. On a sudden a loud knocking in the antechamber alarmed the *confidente*, it was a signal from the *valet de chambre*, Bertin, that the king was approaching. He was, however, mistaken, for his majesty, instead of coming to the queen, had quitted the palace and gone to shoot magpies in the gardens of the Tuilleries with Baradas, who keeps as close to him as his shadow. Nevertheless, the alarm once given, the duke resumed his disguise, and fled like a thief. In his hurry and confusion his hat fell off and his cloak flew open, and being seen for a moment in his apparition dress, by some of the lower servants, caused them not a little terror. The duke, profiting of their panic, slipped into the room of Bertin, the *valet de chambre*, whence he some time after made his way out of the palace, in a less remarkable costume.

"It was in consequence of these doings that your eminence, on going to visit the queen, found so much agitation and confusion prevailing in the apartments, and heard some of the servants asserting with so much earnestness, that they had seen the *White Lady*, or the *Great Hunter* of Fontainebleau, which in the minds of many are one and the same. This, monseigneur, is what has come to our knowledge, and which we hasten to make you acquainted with, in order that you may turn it to whatever use may be found most fitting."

To this account Peuchet adds — "This *proces verbal*, as it may be called, corroborated by what Cardinal Richelieu saw in the queen's apartment, and confirmed by what took place subsequently at a promenade, during which the Duke of Buckingham behaved so audaciously to the queen, that she found herself obliged to call to her side her ladies, who, through respect or complaisance, had kept at a distance, augmented to the highest pitch the jealousy of the king and the cardinal; and at length matters proceeded so far, that the duke received a private intimation to quit Paris without delay, or else some evil would befall him. It is well known, however, that the audacious embassador did not depart, until affairs were in such a state, that his longer stay must have led if not to his own ruin, at least to that of the queen's honour. After a short absence he, however, returned, but his stay was not of long duration. On this last occasion attempts were made to induce him to give up the miniature of the queen; but to all such demands he replied with great warmth, that they might tear it from him, but that he would never consent to part with it."

The other adventure compiled by Peuchet, from documents in the Archives of Police, relates to persons in a very different rank of life from those of the preceding one; but from its strange and fearful nature, it will, we suspect, be read by many with still more lively interest. It happened under the reign of Louis XIV., and is told by Peuchet in the following words: —

"Monsieur de la Regnie had filled for several years, to the general satisfaction, the functions of Lieutenant-General of Police, when, on a sudden, terror spread itself through Paris, in consequence of the extraordinary disappearance of several persons. In the course of four months twenty-six young men, the youngest seventeen, and the oldest twenty-five years of age, had been spirited away from their inconsolable families. The most extravagant and contradictory rumours were in circulation upon the subject, particularly in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, which had to deplore the loss of four or five fine young men, the sons of rich and respectable upholsterers residing in that quarter of the city. Amongst other gossipping stories whispered about upon this subject it was pretended, that a princess, who was suffering from a dangerous liver complaint, had been advised by some foreign charlatan or quack doctor, to make use, from time to time, as a means of cure, of a bath of human blood, and that the unfortunate missing persons had been immolated for the purpose. Another equally horrible surmise was, that they had been made away with by the Jews, who out of hatred and derision for the crucified Messiah, were accustomed to put Christians to death upon a cross. Fortunately for the poor Jews, this latter opinion took no hold of the public mind.

"Whatever the secret cause of these disappearances might have been, terror and desolation reigned in Paris. The Duke de Gevres having mentioned the facts to the king, his majesty sent for the Lieutenant-General of Police, and reproached him with suffering the existence of such a system of kidnapping, which, in all likelihood, he added, must have been followed by violent deaths, as none of those missing had ever been heard of afterwards. Monsieur de la Regnie, in despair at the displeasure of his majesty, returned in very bad humour to Paris, and sent immediately for one of his most experienced agents, named Lecoq, a man whose services on many difficult occasions he had good reason to value. To him he made known the embarrassment in which he found himself, told him of the king's anger, and held out to him the prospect of so great a reward, that Lecoq, carried away by his cupidity, exclaimed, 'Ah, monseigneur! I see that, in order to take you out of trouble, I must renew the sacrifice of Abraham. I ask you to allow me eight days, in which time I hope to give you a good account of the affair.' Lecoq said no more; and Monsieur de la Regnie, who looked upon him as his best agent, dismissed him with a sign which gave him to understand that he had at his disposal all the resources of the police. At that time it was the custom in the police department to make use of mute signs on extraordinary occasions of this kind, the meaning of which was known only to the principal and most confidential agents.

"Lecoq, who was not married, had a natural son, to whom he was greatly attached, and over whose conduct and education he carefully watched. This lad, called by his companions L'Eveillé, from the precociousness and sprightliness of his disposition, was gifted with no common intelligence. Though little more than sixteen years of age, Nature had not only given him reason beyond his years, but had also been prodigal to him of external gifts. Young Lecoq, besides possessing a handsome face, was tall, and so well and strongly formed, that he looked more like a man of five and twenty than a youth of sixteen. L'Eveillé, whose real name was Exupere, obtained from his father all that could flatter the vanity of a young man; for his handsome person was always set off by costly and modish clothes. He, however, quitted the house but seldom, for the elder Lecoq knew but too well the danger to which handsome young men like his son were exposed in the streets of Paris; and on the rare occasions when Exupere was allowed

to go abroad, he was always accompanied by one or other of the police spies whom his father had at his beck.

"Lecoq, on returning from his interview with Monsieur de la Regnie, shut himself up with his son, and had a long conversation with him. In the afternoon of that day, Exupere was seen quitting the house alone, and splendidly dressed. Around his hat and suspended from his neck were gold chains: he wore two watches; and, from the chinking of his purse as he walked, it was evident that it was filled with good broad pieces of gold coin. But what still more surprised the neighbours (for the profession of the elder Lecoq was unknown to them) was to see the handsome and finely-dressed L'Eveillé go and return home several times during four consecutive days, without being accompanied, as had always been the case before, by his uncle (in reality his father) or some friend. It has been already stated that L'Eveillé, besides the remarkable comeliness of his face and person, was endowed with a lively intellect, courage, prudence, and *savoirfaire*. The confidential conversation he had had with his father had awakened his ambition; and he easily understood that he might acquire both honour and profit should he succeed in discovering, for the Lieutenant-General of Police, the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of so many persons. Accordingly, in the rich dress befitting a young man of family, he walked about the streets, on the quays, in the gardens of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg, and in the Salle des Pas Perdus at the Palais de Justice, and in the galleries of that vast edifice, then a favourite haunt of the gay and idle amongst the Parisians.

"Lecoq the elder had conjectured that the young men who had disappeared had been ensnared to their ruin by the seductive charms of some frail beauty; and he foresaw that, by putting his son in the way to meet such a creature, he exposed him likewise to a similar fate; but, reckoning upon his being forewarned, he hoped he might escape the snare that had proved fatal to so many others. The fifth day, towards three o'clock in the afternoon, young Lecoq, in all the *éclat* of his fine clothes, was sauntering on the terrace of the garden of the Tuilleries next the river, when a remarkably beautiful young woman passed close by him. She was walking alone, but was followed at some distance by a kind of humble friend, or *gouvernante*. She appeared to be about twenty-five years of age, was elegantly dressed, and had not only much of beauty in her face and shape, but a certain foreign grace or piquancy in her air and manner. L'Eveillé gazed, or pretended to gaze, with great interest upon the fine form and striking features of the unknown fair one. His glances were not thrown away, but were answered by timid and half downcast looks. He drew himself up, arranged the frill of his shirt, disposed in better order his lace ruffles, — in a word, gave himself the airs of a man who had the presentiment of an adventure, hoping all the time that it was that for which he had his instructions all ready. To make sure of this, he passed and repassed several times before the lady, and at length took a seat upon one of the benches of the labyrinth, which then existed in front of the *Champs Elysés*. He had not been there many minutes, when he saw the friend, or *suivante*, of his beauty approach the spot where he was, and, after a few turns, seat herself on the same bench. He took off his hat, as was the custom, and soon after entered into conversation; and, thinking the game already in his hands, he asked the *suivante* who was the young lady in whose service she appeared to be. 'Oh, sir,' replied she, 'the history of my mistress is almost a romance.' — 'A romance!' exclaimed L'Eveillé, 'you interest me deeply, — probably your mistress is . . . . .' — 'Yes,' replied the *suivante*, in a confidential

tone, 'you have guessed right; she is that interesting young person of whom all Paris is still talking; and, since you have so readily chanced upon her name, I will no longer conceal from you her history.' — 'Cursed witch!' said L'Eveillé to himself, and he drew nearer to the old woman. 'You must know, my dear sir,' said the latter, 'that the father of my mistress was a rich Polish prince, who came to Paris *incognito*, for the sole purpose of seducing the daughter of a *marchand* in the Rue St. Denis, who was at that time equally celebrated for her beauty and her *sagesse*; having turned a deaf ear to the most brilliant offers from some of the most amiable and high-born of the courtiers. The attempt undertaken by the Polish prince was in consequence of a wager which he made on the subject, and which wager he gained. But, on the birth of a child (my mistress), his better sentiments prevailed; and, falling at the feet of his victim, he said to her, 'I shall set out immediately for Poland, disclose what I have done to my sovereign, and leave no effort untried to obtain his permission to marry you.' The prince quitted Paris, but never returned. It was said that he had been set upon by brigands and murdered. The king of Poland, however, having been made acquainted with the unworthy conduct of the prince, wished to repair, as far as in him lay, the evil he had done; and, for that purpose, sent a confidential agent to Paris. But, alas! before his arrival, the mother of my mistress had died of a broken heart; and he found her infant orphan alone in the world. The king of Poland, on being informed of the circumstances, caused the child to be declared heiress of the vast wealth of the prince; so that she is now the richest *partie* in Paris, or all France. Happy the man who shall call her his own!' — 'Happy, indeed,' exclaimed L'Eveillé, 'the man who could entertain even a hope of pleasing her,' at the same time heaving a deep sigh. — 'Ah, young man, to please, you must sometimes dare ——' — 'To do what?' asked L'Eveillé. 'How should I know? — to be amiable.' — 'And how is that to be done?' — 'Oh, you question me too closely; and, for an intelligent youth, as you appear to be, you ask singular questions. — Adieu, monsieur.'

"'One word more,' cried L'Eveillé, 'one word more, I conjure you.' The *suivante*, who had risen, sat down again. It was now L'Eveillé's turn to speak; and he told the old woman, with as much apparent ingenuousness as he could muster up, that he was the son of a wealthy physician of Mans, and that he had been sent to Paris to attend the courses of lectures at the university; and added, 'Here I have been for the last ten days, and, as you see, not ill provided; for my father is generous, having no other child but me; and, besides watches, chains, and rings, I have two hundred pistoles in my purse, and leisure and disposition to devote myself to the task of pleasing so charming a person as your mistress.'

"The old sorceress chuckled and smiled, with a mingled expression of pleasure and contemptuous pity. She then took L'Eveillé by the hand, and said, 'You have entirely won my heart, and I feel a kind of motherly affection for you, of which I will give you a proof. Listen to me. You have not escaped my mistress's notice. She was struck with your person and manners, and desired me to find out who you were. I am charmed that her choice should have fallen on one so worthy of her. Station yourself this evening, a little before nightfall, in front of the principal door of the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois. I will meet you there, and bring you, I have no doubt, good tidings. Take care to come well dressed, and with all your finery; for it might spoil all were you to appear before my mistress in the guise of a threadbare-coated, pennyless student.' This point being settled, they separated.

"L'Eveillé, in his joy, scarcely touched the ground along which he hurried home, as he felt convinced that he had discovered the decoy that had lured so many young men to their ruin. On acquainting his father with what had taken place, Lecoq shared in the suspicions and hopes of his son; but, as the hour of trial drew nigh, paternal tenderness filled his heart with fear, and he trembled at the danger the young man was about to encounter. However, in order to diminish that danger as much as possible, he summoned a number of his most trusty police agents, to whom he briefly explained the nature of the service, and recommended them to keep close to his son, without, however, compromising, by their too near approach, the success of the *coup de main* he was about to attempt. He himself was to walk at a short distance before them, resolved that, as far as in him lay, the expedition should not fail. A little before nightfall L'Eveillé, still more richly dressed than in the morning, proceeded to the place appointed. The church doors were about being closed, when an old woman, meanly clad, and with her face nearly concealed under a hood, emerged from the church; and, after throwing a furtive glance about her, recognised L'Eveillé, and made him a sign to approach her. 'The devil! I should never have known you,' cried L'Eveillé. 'What a strange figure you have made of yourself.' — 'Oh, it is a necessary precaution, my son, in order to escape the eyes of the numerous adorers of my mistress, who, hoping to gain me to their interests, beset me whenever they see me in the streets. Seigneur Dieu! these *godelureaux* are as numerous around our house as bees are about a hive. Let us hurry on; but first put this bandage on your eyes. This is a delicate attention shown by our Parisian gallants to their mistresses, and with which I know Mademoiselle Jaborouski (for so my mistress is called) will be not a little pleased, and will reward you for it.' — 'No, by my faith!' replied L'Eveillé, 'I shall not bandage my eyes. My father expressly forbid me ever to do so.' — 'Well, then, let us proceed,' said the old woman, 'without it, since your papa has forbidden you. I shall explain that to Mademoiselle.'

"They walked forward, the old woman a few paces in advance of L'Eveillé, and the police agents following at a cautious distance. They traversed the Rues de l'Arbre sec, de la Monnaie, and after various windings, those of Betezy, Lavandieres, Mauvaises Paroles, Deux Boules, Jean Lambert, and at length stopped in the Rue des Orfevres, not the least hideous street of that infected and black mud-covered quarter of Paris. There, near the chapel of St. Eloi, and opposite a tolerably good-looking house, the old woman halted, and said, 'Mon beau Garçon, my mistress does not reside in this poor place, but the house belongs to her, and it was her wish to receive you here first. I shall go up and let her know that you are here.'

"The old demoness entered the house, leaving L'Eveillé at the door. His father, to encourage him, though he trembled himself, crossed the street and squeezed his hand. He had scarcely moved away when the old woman reappeared, and after again endeavouring, but in vain, to persuade L'Eveillé to let his eyes be bandaged, conducted him into the fatal house. L'Eveillé, though armed, felt no little misgivings and fears of being attacked as he followed his faithless guide in utter darkness, through a long passage, and up some flights of stairs. However he met with no obstacle of the kind, and was, after some time, ushered into a room lighted with wax tapers and richly furnished. At one end of the room, upon a crimson-coloured sofa, fringed with gold lace, reclined in a most seductive *dishabille*, the daughter of the Polish prince, Mademoiselle Jabarouski. At the sight of the stranger, her hand, sparkling with brilliants (no doubt from the Polish mines), re-

adjusted over her half disclosed bosom, the too open folds of her robe, and after saluting her visitor with an encouraging smile, she made a signal to her Duenna to retire.

"The young man, forgetful for the moment of the object of his mission, felt as if under the spell of enchantment, and, fascinated by the beautiful person before him, he had scarcely power to speak or move. She, seeing his embarrassment, arose from the sofa and held out her hand, which he eagerly seized and kissed. This served but to put more completely to flight his presence of mind, and though conscious of the infamous and dangerous nature of the place where he was, he could not resist taking a seat on the sofa near so charming an object. So that it might have been said of him that he had completely fallen into the power of her whom he had come to surprise, and deliver into the hands of justice.

"The elder Lecoq,who with the police agents were impatiently waiting in the street, not hearing the signal agreed upon with his son, put a whistle to his mouth, and blew it loudly. The shrill sound reached the ears of young Lecoq, and put his illusions instantly to flight. He started from the sofa, and the syren, under whose fascination he had been, under pretence of giving directions to her old *suivante*, went into an adjoining chamber. L'Eveillé profiting of her absence, made an inspection of the room, in one corner of which stood what appeared to be a kind of Indian screen. Wishing to see what was behind this, he endeavoured to close up its folds, but finding them immoveable, he shook them with some violence, when he heard a click, like that of a spring giving way, and one of the folds descended into the floor, and left unmasked a deep and ample recess or cupboard, upon the shelves of which were ranged twenty six silver dishes, and in each a human head, the flesh of which had been preserved by some embalming process. A stifled cry of horror burst from the youth's lips, which but a moment before had been breathing the accents of admiration and passion. But his agony of terror was still further increased, when looking towards one of the windows of the room, he thought he saw several other cadaverous faces fixing upon him through the panes their glazed but fiery glances. He grasped at the back of a chair, to keep him from falling, his hair stood on end, drops of cold perspiration covered his forehead, his cheeks became paler and more livid than the faces of the dead that confronted him, and his nerves at length giving way, he sunk upon his knees, and clasped his hands in a delirium of terror and despair.

"At this moment the window was burst in, and his father, followed by the police agents, jumped into the apartment; for the elder Lecoq, alarmed by the silence of his son, and dreading that he might be assassinated, had bravely mounted to the assault of the house, which he was enabled to do by means of ladders, which the agents procured from a neighbouring house-builder's yard. This fortunate and daring act of Lecoq's did in fact save his son's life, for immediately after the noise made by Lecoq, and the police agents breaking into the apartment, Mademoiselle Jaborouski, followed by four armed ruffians, rushed from the adjoining chamber, but the police agents being superior in number, and equally well armed, resistance was in vain, and the fair murderess and her four accomplices were secured, and after being manacled, were carried off to prison. A close examination of the house led to no other discovery worth noticing."

The explanation of this most strange history given by Peuchet is as follows. A number of the most desperate malefactors, whose crimes had often merited the gibbet and the galleys, had formed an association under the command of an experienced and daring chief. This arch villain had

in the course of his wanderings fallen in with a rich but most profligate Englishwoman — a modern Messalina. Besides being his mistress, she lent herself to serve as a decoy, by means of which young men who had the appearance of wealth were lured to the den where young Lecoq had had so miraculous an escape. There, after sharing in her gallantries, they were murdered, and their heads separated from the bodies. The latter were disposed of to the surgical students for anatomical purposes; and the heads, after being dried and embalmed, were kept until a safe opportunity offered of sending them to Germany, where a high price was given for them by the secret amateurs of a science then in its infancy, but which has since made some noise in the world under the name of phrenology, or the system of Gall and Spurzheim.

The government, dreading the effect on the minds of the people likely to be produced by a public exposure of these numerous and atrocious murders, took measures for the prompt but secret punishment of the culprits. The four robbers were hanged, and their female accomplice was also sentenced to death; but destiny ordained otherwise, as the sequel will prove.

The conclusion of this strange eventful history is thus narrated by Peuchet. The Chevalier de Lorraine, the Marquis de Louvois, and the Chancellor of France happened to be present in the Marchioness de Montespan's apartment, whilst Louis XIV. was relating to her and the Duke of Orleans, his brother, the adventure of young Lecoq, who had been rewarded with a considerable sum of money and a lucrative place. The marchioness expressed great horror at the profligacy and cruelty of Lady Guilfort (which title, like that of Jabarouski, was one of the many names assumed by the Englishwoman, her real name having never been discovered), and asked the king if the execution of so base and fiendish a creature should soon take place? Louis XIV. replied, that the law would take its course, and then changed the conversation. Soon after the Duke of Orleans and the Chevalier de Lorraine took their leave. After quitting the apartment, the Chevalier said to his Royal Highness, "This Englishwoman must be a rare piece of womanhood (*une maitresse femme*), suppose we have her to sup with us." The prince cried out, "shame! shame!" But the very extravagance of the proposal pleased him; and on the favourite renewing his entreaties he consented. The Englishwoman being confined in the Bastile, a blank *lettre de cachet* was procured and filled up with an order to the governor to deliver to the care of the bearer Lady Guilfort, for the purpose of her *being transferred to the prison of Pignerol.* The governor of the Bastile, deceived by this false warrant, delivered up his prisoner; but shortly after having done so, he came to the knowledge of the trick that had been played on him, and in the first moment of alarm and anger he talked of complaining to the king; but on the name of the Duke of Orleans being mentioned, he resolved to hush up the matter, which was done by means of a *procès verbal* certifying the sudden death and burial within the precincts of the Bastile of the female prisoner in question.

Lady Guilfort, who supposed that her removal from the Bastile was only for the purpose of being taken to the Conciergerie, preparatory to her execution, soon perceived, however, that the carriage took the direction of one of the barriers of Paris; after quitting which, and at the end of a two hours' drive, it stopped. A kind of equerry came and opened the door, offered her his hand to descend, and, after passing through a long corridor, and up some flights of stairs, ushered her into a brilliant and well-lighted apartment. A well-heaped fire of logs was blazing in the chimney, and

nothing about the room wore the appearance of a prison. After the interval of a few minutes, three gentlemen entered the room. Though plainly dressed, it was evident, from their air and manner, that they were persons of high rank. One of them, immediately on entering, put an opera-glass to his eye, and examined with haughty curiosity Lady Guilfort; the two others threw themselves into arm-chairs. Lady Guilfort, after the first surprise was over, had no difficulty in recognising in the persons before her the king's brother, the Duke of Orleans, the Chevalier de Lorraine, and the Marquis d'Effiat. She quickly conceived the motives which led to her being brought into their presence; and though, under other circumstances, she would have willingly joined in the wildest orgies with the persons in whose company she then found herself, yet the recollection of her dungeon in the Bastile, and the terrible death impending over her, left her no thought but that of making her escape. She affected not to be aware of the rank of the personages before her; but, seeming to enter into the spirit of the adventure, she exerted all her powers of fascination, and soon made captive to her seductive influence the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat. But the Duke of Orleans, never a great admirer of the fair sex, and who could not vanquish his horror of the Englishwoman, tired before long of the scene; and bethinking himself that the gratification of his curiosity might be too dearly purchased by the risk of the king's displeasure, should the circumstance meet his majesty's ears, he proposed to have her conveyed back to the Bastile. His companions, however, made him sensible of the want of generosity in such a proceeding, and it was agreed that Lady Guilfort should be sent off in the direction of Brussels or England, at her option. The Duke of Orleans, having refused to stay for supper, was conducted by the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat to his apartments; for this scene took place in the palace of Versailles, and in the lodgings of the Marquis de Lafare, the use of which he had given to the Chevalier de Lorraine for twenty-four hours.

After returning to the room where Lady Guilfort was, all three sat down to a *petit souper*. The most exuberant gaiety, and not the most refined gallantry, was the order of the night. At the close of a supper which had been prolonged into the small hours of the morning, Lady Guilfort on a sudden rose up, and taking up a taper, made her lowest courtesey, and wished the gentlemen good night. The marquis and the chevalier likewise quitted the table; and their frail guest, before she left the room, contrived to tell each, without the other hearing, that she would leave the door of her chamber open. She then quitted the room. Soon after the two gentlemen moved off as if to their respective chambers; but, after leaving in their rooms their lighted tapers, they stole back in the dark and on tiptoe, and met face to face at the door of the lady's chamber. Seeing the trick put upon them, they burst out laughing, and both entered the chamber, to reproach her with her duplicity; but they had scarcely advanced three paces into the room, when Lady Guilfort, who had been concealed in the corridor, pulled the door to, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and hurried back to the supper-room, where, tying together the table-cloths and napkins, she fastened one end of this *impromptu* rope to the balcony, and, by means of it, let herself down into the park, where she lay concealed until the gates were opened in the morning. She then slipped out, and hurrying into the town of Versailles, took the first vehicle that offered, and arrived in Paris before her two imprisoned admirers were released from durance; as they dared not during the night make a noise in the palace by calling or ringing for the servants, to have the door of the room in which they were locked up forced open, lest it might lead to the discovery of their participation in the

criminal trick played off upon the governor of the Bastile, and the consequent escape of Lady Guilfort.

On arriving at Paris, Lady Guilfort hastened to the *Rue Plat d'Etain*, where, in an obscure and miserable-looking house, but admirably contrived inside for the purposes of concealment, lived one of the chief agents of the band of malefactors with whom she was connected. There, after explaining to her accomplice the means by which she had recovered her liberty, she found a secure asylum. In a little time, aided by this villain, Lady Guilfort organised a new troop of bandits upon whom she could reckon, as the old saying has it, *à pendre et à dependre.* She, as chief of the association, planned the expeditions, appointed to each the part he was to play, partitioned the booty, and, at times, took a personal part in the expedition. The individual in whose house she had taken refuge was named lieutenant of the troop.

As it was no longer possible to allure victims to the den by means of Lady Guilfort's personal attractions, the efforts of the band were principally confined to house robberies; but murders were avoided, unless where they became necessary to the safety of the robbers.

Besides the feelings of hatred arising from the loss of four of the troop, including the captain, and the diminution of their gains effected by young Lecoq's interference, Lady Guilfort nourished a deep desire of personal vengeance against him for having been duped by him, and resorted to the following stratagem to gratify that feeling. Young Lecoq, enriched by the bounty of the king, and possessed of a lucrative place, led a regular life, undisturbed by any fears of Lady Guilfort's vengeance, he supposing her to be dead: when one day a grave-looking and respectably-dressed man called upon him, and after requiring a promise of secrecy with regard to what he should tell him, asked if he should like to be put in the way of detecting a set of smugglers, who carried on an extensive and thriving trade between Belgium and Paris in Brussels lace and other prohibited goods. Lecoq, whose ruling passion was avarice, eagerly accepted the offer, and agreed to the terms proposed. His informant was to point out Lecoq as a sure agent, to whose house the smugglers might consign their bales and cases of contraband merchandize. Ten or twelve days after the conclusion of this bargain, a cart stopped at Lecoq's door, and from it were taken two large wooden cases, which, according to Lecoq's orders, were placed in a store-room on the ground-floor of his house. The carter, after in vain searching his pockets for the keys, said, that he must have left them at the stage where he had stopped the night before; but that he would return thither, and bring them to Lecoq the next morning. From some over acting on this man's part, and from observing that these cases were perforated in seven or eight places with small holes, Lecoq had his suspicions awakened. He communicated his doubts to a friend of his, a courageous and resolute young fellow; and in the evening, when every thing was quiet in the house, they both, armed with pistols, descended with noiseless steps the stairs, and took their posts near the door of the store-room, which had been left purposely unclosed.

They had been for a considerable time on the watch; and Lecoq's friend getting impatient, was about abandoning his post, when an indistinct noise from that part of the store-room where the cases were placed struck their ears. They redoubled their attention—the noise increased; and they were soon able to ascertain that it came from the cases. Lecoq squeezed his friend's hand — the signal was understood — they both cocked their pistols. — "John," said a voice in the lowest possible whisper, "are you there?"—

"Yes." — "We appear to be alone in the house. Let us breathe a little air; for I am stifled in this cursed box. We can lie down again when the people of the house come back."— "Do you think they have any suspicion?"— "Not the least; with all his cunning, Lecoq is blinded by his avarice — the Englishwoman judged him rightly, and to-night at twelve she may satisfy her vengeance in the heart's-blood of the infamous *mouchard*" (police spy). "Fire!" cried Lecoq, at the same time discharging his pistols in the direction of the cases — his friend did the same; and the explosion was followed by a double cry of agony — the balls had taken effect. Lecoq ran into an adjoining room, where he had placed a lighted lamp in a cupboard, and bringing it with him into the store-room, he and his friend saw the robbers stretched at the bottom of the cases, one dead, and the other having his thigh broken. The noise of the fire-arms brought several of the neighbours to the house, and soon after the patrol arrived. This circumstance greatly annoyed Lecoq; as the public rumour of the discovery of the two robbers would, if it reached the ears of any of the band, prevent them from keeping their engagement for midnight, and thus frustrate his intention of securing them all. He, however, endeavoured to repair as much as possible the evil, by enjoining silence on those who entered the house. He also informed the lieutenant-general of the police, who sent him a company of soldiers, disguised, and who came to the house only one by one, where they were conveniently posted for the reception of the robbers.

It had scarcely struck midnight when the noise of several feet was heard approaching, and soon after they stopped opposite the door of the house, whilst at the same time five knocks were given upon one of the panes of the window of the store-room; the door, after a moment's delay, was cautiously half opened, and four men successively entered, followed by another figure in female attire. The door was then slapped-to violently, a whistle was blown, and instantly numerous torches and tapers were brought from the adjoining rooms, which lighted up the hall, and exhibited to the stupified banditti the muskets of thirty soldiers levelled at them. In despair they dropped their arms, and were seized, bound, and carried off to prison. Before their departure Lecoq went up to the female figure, and putting a lamp to her face, beheld features totally unknown to him. The woman was not Lady Guilfort. Lecoq's disappointment and astonishment were extreme. The next day, however, he received a note, which in some measure cleared up the mystery. This note, which exists in the archives of the police, was brought to him by a porter, who said it had been given to him by a lady in a thick veil. The contents were as follow: —

"Tremble! One of us must perish. Yesterday I was near your house, when the impatience of my two agents rendered abortive my plan; but wishing to revenge myself on the new captain of our troop, and the unworthy rival he has preferred to me, I did not warn him of the fate of our advanced guard, but allowed him to proceed on the expedition, knowing that he would thereby become your and the police's prey. I have succeeded, and they will now expiate the scorn they treated me with. You may judge from this if my vengeance knows how to reach those that incur it. It is your turn next, young *faufaron*, who imagine that you are secure from my blows, by having made yourself a *mouchard*, when at best you are good for nothing else than to be *"

Peuchet adds, in a note —"After this letter, the conclusion of which is expressed in too energetic terms to be repeated to ears polite, the report breaks off abruptly, several pages having been torn out of the police register. We are, therefore, ignorant of the *dénouement* of Lady Guilfort's history; but from what we have seen of it, it is abundantly clear that this was not the last of her adventures."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

"THERE is blood upon thee, thou jade! there is blood upon thee! Fie upon thee, and upon thy demure looks! False-hearted woman! to stir up men to slay each other: but thou art now in the fire, suffering, and to suffer, for thy misdeeds. Fitly is thy church of Rome styled a harlot, and a fit daughter art thou of that church. Thou soft-eyed harlot! Thou murderess!"

How strong are the recollections of childhood! The earliest impressions are deep; they are also indelible, and they become more distinct and vivid through time: time can deaden the perception of the present, and it can weaken, or wipe out, the memory of the past, of the eventful history of manhood; but it is unable to eradicate whatever suddenly struck deep roots into the kindly soil of infancy. The delineations of recent transactions grow pale and vanish from the mind, and even the mind itself seems finally to wear away; nevertheless, each declining year, whilst it takes something from us, constantly strengthens, enforces and revives, in compensation, and that we may be young again in growing old, our first childish recollections. Many of these are strong in me; but the strongest of all, I think, is the remembrance of the new and painful feelings produced in me, a very little child, by overhearing such strange, passionate words, addressed with passionate vehemence, to a picture, which I had been taught to call "The Lady," and to look upon with reverence. And how clearly do I now see the person who uttered the words, and the place where she uttered them! The person was styled my Great Aunt. She was the long surviving widow of a most courtly and not unlearned prelate: his writings, I have been told, bear ample witness of his learning; and I can myself testify still more abundantly to the almost inconceivable antiquity of his widow. We have nothing remaining amongst us now, nor, indeed, is it easy for the present generation to imagine any thing so old. She was old in age; the very few years of my infant life, being added to her years, would have completed her century: but she was older, by far, than one or many centuries in dress, in manners, in habits, and in notions; so that she appeared, I know not how many years ago, even amidst the most old-fashioned family in an old-fashioned neighbourhood, not merely antiquated, but obsolete; like some word, of which the form and sound remain, but the meaning has long been forgotten. She spoke seldom, and when she spoke she was listened to with attention, but without observation, as men listen to a sermon or liturgy: her talk was of dignitaries of the church, of bishops and deans; she sometimes discoursed of kings, as receiving the homage of bishops, and as giving to deans and chapters, together with a recommendation directing the choice, license to choose bishops; and she has recognised in conversation ambassadors, as being the representatives of kings. Her visits were rare and brief; but her coming was known long before her arrival, and with much expectation and awe did children ponder over the announcement. For she was a living catechism of the forms and rules of good breeding and polite behaviour, of bows and courtesies, of standing and kneeling, of inclinations, reverences, and genuflections; and as to kissing the hand, or taking the hat quite off the head, her authority was absolute and infallible. Nor was she less knowing, or less nice, touching the punctual and precise decorum of public worship; using always a gentle, but most exact, dominion

over inferiors, and separating, with a curious discrimination, the degrees of submission due to each of our betters. But, above all things, above the obligations of religion, above those even of gentility itself, above all forms and formalities, above kings, and above the very bishops themselves, rose her great maxim and axiom, the first principle and sole basis of civil society, — reverence to the ladies. It is impossible to see a petticoat, although it may flutter in the wind upon a hedge, unoccupied and in tatters, without being forcibly reminded of her earnest, painful, persevering labours to impress a conviction of the grand truth upon the tender understanding of a child, and to form his young manners to the orthodox practice. Although a profound awe preceded and accompanied her, it was never attended with dislike; not only was each visit celebrated by the donation of a small gold coin, but she was uniformly an advocate for indulgences, provided they were fenced round with a triple barrier of ceremonies. If her assiduity in training the plant was wearisome, so that the tender shoots often ached with intolerable fatigue, the discipline was never harsh; she freely bestowed the respect which she inculcated; the little boy was addressed continually by the word "Sir," most distinctly pronounced; there was no impatience, no anger, no hard words, no threats, no punishments; and the teacher was so intimately connected with heavenly things, that her instructions appeared to have something of a divine sanction. I had known her only as calm, grave, decorous, sententious, ceremonious, without one word or gesture of passion, until the moment when, with the voice and deportment of a fury, she assailed the venerated picture of the mute, meek "Lady."

The place in which this ancient person committed the strange trespass and assault may be described in a few words, and its peculiar form will be readily apprehended by persons who are acquainted with the structure of our old English manor houses. The true hall, of which the situation and general appearance will be understood without description, bore the name of the entrance parlour; and the family for a long time, but very improperly, had styled "the hall," a long room, that was in truth the gallery. For it was placed not in the centre of the house, or next to the principal door, but at the end of a long passage, and quite at the extremity of the mansion, constituting the northern wing. Moreover, like a gallery, but unlike a hall, it was low, and, in proportion to its great length, narrow. The shape of the hall, for so we continued to call it, was precisely that of the capital I, as we sometimes find it upon tombs and in old books; namely, with three short transverse strokes, one at each end of the letter, and another in the middle, so that the three cross strokes formed three angles, or six square recesses. At the top of the letter, which is the western end of the hall, there was a chimney and a vast fire-place, a convenience that is rarely found in a gallery. At the end of each recess, except that in the middle of the south side, where the room joined the rest of the house, there was a square window. The five windows consisted principally of stone, iron, and lead, and the casement was obscured with numerous armorial bearings in stained glass: the antique structures, having been warped and worn by the weather for many generations, admitted a little light and much wind. Nor was the scanty illumination favourably received; for the roof, the floor, and wainscot were of dark wood, — whether of oak, of walnut, or of chestnut, was a thesis for interminable discussions: whatever the substance might really be, its dusky hue augmented the gloom of the long, low, narrow room; besides, every corner and each projecting piece of the black timber had been carved, with vast labour, into the grinning, gaping, staring head of a grim, horned, tusked devil. From the ceiling to the floor, from

the left hand of him who entered by the door quite round even to his right hand, the walls of the apartment and of the recesses were entirely covered with paintings; that is to say, with portraits, and for the most part with very ancient ones — the stern images of armed men, dark and frowning.

What a dreary place was the hall for a young child! What terror have I felt at being left alone with the nasty kings! The only resource was to shut the eyes, and to press the pinafore close upon them with both hands, for there was not a single object on which the timid eye could rest. The sky and the ground were alike black; nothing without could be seen through the windows, the bottom of which was far above my head; and the light streamed faintly down in strange ribands, orange, purple, green, or blood red. At every turn there was a wide-mouthed dæmon, straining and striving to grasp and to devour: each picture showed at first through the dusky air a surface as dull as the panel against which it hung; but a stiff figure slowly opened upon a steady gaze, like a spectre in the night; and some warrior grasped his sword, curled his beard, and knit his brows. It was necessary, however, to be often there; and, as fear makes us sociable, I was careful not to leave my companions, or to be left by them; and when my father paced about the hall, as he was wont, bearing me in his arms, I clung closely to him. Indeed it was his delight to show the portraits to me, to teach me the name and the history of each; and my first lesson was to repeat, as I might, what I had thus learned. Above the ample hearth a panel of the wainscot, not a framed picture, bore an ancient painting of a sad man with long bushy hair and a beard flowing in prodigious luxuriance; as the surface of the stormy sea is wholly covered with foaming, curling waves, so mountainous billows of mighty locks, ringlet on ringlet, and never-ending tresses, were tossed about over the wide board. In the midst of the maze were firmly fixed the iron features of the founder of our Angevine family, of old Grisegonnelle, or Graycoat, the first Earl of Anjou. Near him was his descendant Jeffery the Fifth, the husband of the empress Maud; a grave youth, whose picture hung in a small frame on the left of the fire-place. On the right a bigger frame, much gilded and much tarnished, held the austere visage, pencilled with painful minuteness, but of large proportions, of the renowned son of Jeffery and the Empress.

"Kiss the hand of our first kinsman king, my child; who, by the style of Henry the Second of England, was the first of the fourteen kings of our house. Do homage to our royal kinsman; kiss his hand with dutiful affection; be ever a good, loyal child!"

This portrait, together with the painful duty which it imposed, was one of my earliest and strongest recollections; a duty painful, not through any lack of the natural instinct of inborn loyalty, but through an instinctive dread not less natural; for not only was the countenance of the king terrible, but a two-edged sword, of length indeterminate, gleamed terribly across the picture. The right hand did not enter within the limits of the frame, but the left was placed in the centre, and at such a height, that a tall person by stooping a little and a short one by a slight effort might readily kiss it; and accordingly the oftentimes repeated kisses of many loyal and dutiful generations had nearly worn away the hand, and had brought to view once more the dark grain of the wood beneath. Nevertheless, the fingers were still seen to press the ridge that passed along the middle of the blade between the two edges, and the light fell aslant from the window in the recess upon the keen outer edge, which shone so sharp and so bright, that when I was held up to kiss King Henry's hand, I shrank back involuntarily, and

inwardly inquired, "will it not cut me?" and I would have asked the question aloud, but I feared the reproof, "Oh you little coward," still more than the threatening weapon.

My apprehensions, however, gradually wore away as my months and years increased, and by constant habit I became familiar with the aspect of my grim-visaged kindred. I went through my historical and genealogical task with satisfaction; and with a certain pride, when I was able to give the name of each portrait, and was commended for the simple fidelity with which I told its story. By degrees also I was reconciled to the gloomy hall, and was content to remain there alone, refreshing my memory by conning over my long lesson of household traditions, and in fixing each incident firmly to the precise portion of canvass, or of panel, to which it related. I attained finally to the power of deriving a certain mysterious pleasure from that which had been originally a source of extreme terror: I could bear to place my little wooden stool directly opposite to one of the blackest of the old paintings, even on a cloudy evening and in the most obscure corner of the ill-lighted chamber; and, seating myself there, to gaze patiently and steadily in solitude and silence, whilst the solemn figure slowly disclosed its dusky contour to my eyes, and I continued to pierce with my young sight the deepest shadows in the hope of discovering some traces of former days that I had as yet failed to observe; but, with my utmost curiosity, many a black depth was still unfathomed, and many a vague shadowy form undetermined. Those faces, which had been dreadful and disagreeable, ceased to alarm me, and even grew to be agreeable from being accustomed: it is affirmed, indeed, to be the peculiar character of the Angevine family, and an invariable one likewise, not a single exception having occurred from its first founder Grisegonnelle to his latest descendant, that a countenance of grave austerity and sad severity melts away softly, either under the steadfast eye or renewed glances, into a sweet, soothing, engaging smile, at once unexpected and hardly to be forgotten. Henry Plantagenet had drawn the two-edged sword of sharp justice, and had thrown away the scabbard; he grasped it eagerly with both hands, and stood frowning upon all with a stern and terrible countenance; for so hard a brow none of the hard deeds of a hard age would seem hard enough; he might muse upon the murder of his primate, before the fact or after it, calmly vindictive; and, with a serene asperity, could curse his sons and die. Yet there was much majesty in his sternness, an intelligence which repelled not, but rather arrested the attention; and it was frequently remarked by those who are the most just, acute, and sagacious of observers,—by the ladies,—that, on steadily watching his piercing eyes, they at last perceived how he could look upon Alice, or upon Rosamond; and some have faintly traced upon the lips, on a summer's evening, through the gray twilight, the sweet, asking smile of his son, the gentle Richard, never to be denied.

Richard stood there in his place, leaning on his lance; but he was sad—his long captivity had weighed upon him heavily. I know not how many gentlemen can reckon fourteen kings of their family in an unbroken succession, and perhaps as many more sovereign princes ruling under another designation; but he will derive some benefit from the twenty or thirty sovereigns of his house, nor ought he to believe that the monuments of lineage and consanguinity are altogether vanity, who shall be fully impressed, through the careful consideration of them, that sovereignty is clouded with care, and that to kings is assigned at least a full share of sorrows and sufferings. This truth is plainly shown by the portrait of the noble Richard alone, of whose fine features the expression is as sad as it is sweet: yet it

is not so sweet as the countenance of "The Lady," which indeed it closely resembles; nor more sad.

Tradition has assigned to each member of the family a soft but distinct and thrilling voice; and the painter has given to each regular teeth and a well-formed mouth, with moving lips that could quiver with animation. He has invariably given also the Plantagenet frown, and the Plantagenet smile; sometimes the one predominates, sometimes the other, but both are always found together; they are conspicuous in the three Richards, in the five Henrys, in the five Edwards, in the Earl of Morton; and they are perhaps still more apparent in the old Earls of Anjou, and in all their descendants in another line. Much of the characteristic frown has been softened, in some examples, into sadness, but enough of it always remains to mark with unerring precision the true Angevine race. In the first Richard, sorrow has obliterated from his forehead the hereditary sternness; so likewise in "The Lady," whose likeness to the king is not that of a remote kinswoman, but of a sister or a daughter: nevertheless in neither of these, the least austere of their house, have tears been able utterly to obliterate the indications of a lordly anger; a deep sense of injustice dwells in the heart, and whether it be resolved to revenge or to forgive unprovoked injuries, we perceive that they are still fully felt.

It is altogether vain to endeavour to describe a picture; whoever would understand and know it must see it. The portrait of "The Lady" has long hung, and it still hangs, in the recess on the right hand at the top of the hall; that is, in the north-western corner, and upon the same wall in which is the chimney; so that the light enters from the window on the right of the beholder, and falls upon the left side of the figure, in just accordance with its lights and shadows. The eyes are of a full rich blue — so dark, indeed, that, with the usual illumination only, they appear to be black; and, in like manner, the hair, in its shades and simplicity, looks black also; but it is merely brown, without any predominant tint whatever of red, of yellow, or of blue, being in the utmost brownness, intensely brown. The colour of the flesh denoted that a bountiful nature had freely bestowed the red and white that attend on health; but through grief these had yielded to a prevailing paleness, which was not sickly, but pure and transparent. The arms and hands were especially white, round, taper, and polished. The arms hung down before her, turning a little inwards, and crossing each other near the wrists: with a peculiar air of simplicity, timidity, and distrust, she seemed at once to shrink with apprehension and to be resigned to her destiny. The naked arms, shining in the middle of the picture, and standing out from the dark ground, attracted the most careless eye; the attitude of patient suspicion arrested the attention; and curiosity was stimulated by a certain archness, not without malice, which gradually broke upon the thoughtful observer. The drapery was black; a hood of black silk, and a black mantle of many folds, concealed the form, as completely as the fullest curtain, in impenetrable obscurity and entire plainness; it terminated a little below the ends of the fingers, and a little above the knees, if indeed it be permitted to speak of parts that were so studiously hidden. The only ornament, a Roman cross, was suspended by a black cord; four garnets set at intervals made the shaft, and another marked each end of the transverse bar; the second stone from the top, being the point of intersection, was the largest of the six large garnets, these being connected by many round white pearls. The other pictures had gilded frames; "The Lady" was inclosed in a wide frame, which had no gold, but some gilded scallop shells, being principally white, with carved

work of a murrey colour. Besides, she was often distinguished by favours, or cockades, of ribands of the traditional colours of the family, of white and crimson—a strong, rich, deep crimson, that has been sometimes termed murrey or mulberry, and is thought to be best represented by the garnet; which colour, moreover, has sometimes been allowed to degenerate into scarlet, to the unspeakable mortification of those who would preserve unchanged the antique usages and honours of a gentle race. Moreover, "The Lady" received a threefold share of the yearly tribute of the broomflower. The Angevine family bore for some time the name of its author, Graycoat, Gray Petticoat, Grisegonnelle; for freedoms were used by the playful Paladins, which their prudish descendants would not permit. Any allusion to woman's apparel was unworthy of the austere crusaders, and they were displeased with the loose lives of the chivalry of Charlemagne; precisely as we, the orthodox sons of the established church, are now dissatisfied with the laxity of our crusading forefathers, and as we are ourselves censured for the like looseness by our more strait-laced brethren the dissenters. Accordingly, as the wits of the twelfth century remarked, the Counts of Anjou put aside the petticoat and assumed the rod, and exchanged their former name for that of the plant which makes the hills of Palestine yellow with its blossoms, and the shoulders of the penitent red with his own blood. Not only did the broom give its name, but it became also the cognisance and badge of the house. On the 15th of July in every year, the hall was plentifully decked with the gay flowers of the yellow broom, in honour, it was said, and for the perpetual memory of Henry Plantagenet, whose birthday that day was affirmed to be; nevertheless, history teaches that Henry the Second was born in March. It should seem, therefore, either that oral tradition is more exact than written history, or that the persons who celebrated the festival of that king mistook either the day or the occasion of their festivity. It is certain, at least, that Jerusalem was taken by the crusaders on the 15th of July; and it is not impossible that a family which had been distinguished in the holy wars, and was otherwise connected with the kingdom of Jerusalem, long continued to commemorate that famous conquest with their own yellow flowers.

However this may be, the picture of "The Lady" was never defrauded of a goodly garland of broom, with ribands of white and murrey, and often with the additional decorations of roses, both white and damask, for such were the rival roses of our house. Her image and her memory were held in much reverence; and of the strong recollections of my childhood, the strongest is that of the new and painful feelings produced in me, by overhearing the strange passionate words which were addressed with the most passionate vehemence, by a person otherwise so apathetic and unimpassioned, to the Lady Plantagenet. At the time when they were spoken, I was concealed by the shadows in the recess on the other side of the fireplace, opposite that in which the subject of wrathful reproach hung, in a recess darkened by the neighbouring walls of the house, so that my ninepins and other cumbrous playthings were piled in the corners unseen. I was busy with my hoarded toys, when my attention was drawn towards the footsteps of my aunt, and my astonishment was excited by her furious gestures and reproachful words. She did not discover me then, nor did I relate what I had heard to any person, for I was sensible that it was not intended for my ears; and I was apprehensive lest I should be blamed for having learnt, although accidentally and innocently, some terrible secret. The last emphatic words, "Thou murderess!" and the air and tone with which they were uttered froze my young blood. My natural horror at the

crime of murder had been lately augmented in a painful degree, by a little incident which I will briefly relate.

I said, that the walls of the hall and of all the recesses were covered with portraits; but this statement is not quite correct. The recess in the middle of the side next to the house, that is, of the eastern side, had no window, nor any portraits; it was separated from the hall by a sort of partition, which we always called the chancel, a carved screen of the same dark wood, whatever it was, that lined the hall. The middle of the open Gothic screen formed folding doors, or gates; these were heavy, but had no fastening of any kind, and might be pushed back with a slight effort, and then they slowly closed again of themselves. It was said that it had been formerly a chapel; and opposite the entrance, that is, at the eastern end, there seemed to have been an altar with steps; and the walls showed vestiges of antique paintings, of men and women, of a blue ground and of much gilding; but these decorations, as well as the carved work within, had apparently been defaced by violence: however, the walls could be little seen, being covered with old arms and other matters placed against them. This recess was dark, and seldom did any one visit the murky retreat. I never set my foot within the chancel, until I was led thither one evening by my nurse, an aged woman with long white locks, to witness her quaint, cautious prudence. My father rarely quitted his ancient, secluded mansion; but he had gone to pass three or four days in the assize town with his family and servants, in order to perform the duties of high sheriff of the county; and on this occasion some of the plate was carried with him, and the rest was safely deposited in a huge iron chest, except two or three silver spoons that were left out for my use. These, well rubbed and wrapped in a clean napkin, my good nurse bore in her left hand, and a lighted taper in her right, as she slowly conducted me to bed, at eight o'clock on the evening after my father's departure. I followed her to the hall; she pushed open the chancel, and we entered the recess: she gazed around for a few moments, as if the spot was strange even to her; and presently the faithful, careful servant deposited the spoons in a niche of the wall, as being the place whence it was least likely they would be stolen; adding, that if she should die suddenly in the night, an event which she always predicted, I should remember where the plate had been put away. Then, giving the taper to me, she turned aside some faded tattered banners which hung on the left of the entrance, and with her eyes and fingers closely examined the wainscot beneath. She fixed at last upon a broad dingy panel, on which the remains of garlands of roses, white and damask, still lingered in the corners; and she pushed and pressed it repeatedly in different parts. She exclaimed, "I have forgotten it, I think," and was about to desist, when the board turned round so suddenly as to startle us, and remained in the position of a writing desk. The picture on the back, which now lay before us, was as fresh as the artist left it. King Henry stood naked to the waist, his wrists bound with cords to the iron grate of a shrine, or tomb, on which was extended a mitred figure in pontifical robes. The kingly crown, the sceptre, and the royal robes were scattered at his feet. The countenance was manifestly that of our first kinsman king, as pourtrayed in the hall, but less stern and more sad: he bore the torture with a fierce patience; but his face was of a ghastly paleness, and full of despair and ghostly horror. His back and shoulders were furrowed and torn up with stripes, and the blood trickled fast to the ground. On each side stood a brawny priest, with uplifted arm dealing alternately heavy blows. Their white stoles were spotted and splashed with blood; great gouts of blood were seen on the tomb and on the marble pavement;

and the dropping scourges were clotted thickly with gore clinging to the twigs, of which the ends were bruised and ragged, the bark being beaten away, yet a few of the yellow flowers of the broom still hung amidst the blood. The leaden visages of his tormentors were sullen and pitiless; and two other priests, not more merciful, in white vestures sprinkled with blood, showed, with high-raised torches, where to strike. The picture of Henry's penance was executed in the old hard style of minute imitation, and the fresh blood shone as bright as if lately shed; and when my nurse touched it with the tips of her fingers, it seemed wonderful that it did not stain them.

We stood mute before the eloquent panel; the faint light of the taper glimmered from my trembling hand, until the good Mary, pointing to the suffering king, said with a solemn voice, "That, my dear, is your papa's grandpapa: he did a bloody murder; see what God Almighty has just done to him: mind, when you are a man, that you do no murder, or it will be the same with you!"

These awful words sunk into my soul; they brought crime and punishment home to my house and heart: I turned aside and wept inwardly with shame and grief, for I was too much afflicted to speak, or even to cry. My nurse replaced the board with some difficulty; and when the sharp click of a concealed spring announced that all was right, she took the candlestick from me, and we retired. I crept sadly into my little bed to pass my first sleepless night, and to shed upon my pillow a tear for each drop of Henry's blood.

I had often heard, and I had myself faithfully repeated, the story of Beckett's murder; and I well knew that his body lay far off, and that the penance had been inflicted at his tomb in Canterbury; yet I felt as if that dark recess had really been the scene of the dreadful discipline and scourgings. The thought of murder presented to my active fancy the image of appalling punishment; and when the sweet, shrinking, graceful, gracious "Lady" was fiercely addressed, "Thou murderess!" my heart ached because of the tortures that must await her in the hateful recess. A rude stripping of her lovely person; a wanton exposure of her sacred and much hidden body to vulgar eyes—to sour-faced, remorseless priests; a horrible laceration and carnage of her sweet flesh, with a frightful effusion of her dear blood—of her bright, pure blood!

* * * *

THE ITALIAN MINSTREL.

Poor Minstrel! England's feudal hour
Thy vagrant music hail'd,
When to each gallant Troubadour
Profusion never fail'd:
Not then in soft theatric light
Your glowing daughters shone;
The Roman sword was yet too bright—
The Eagle scarcely flown!

How soft, borne on the summer gale,
His foreign accents come!
They speak to wakeful hearts a tale
Of youth, and spring, and home!
The maiden's song — the warrior's call —
The lovers' tender strife; —
Those simple strains seem blest with all
The poetry of life!

I see the Adriatic wave —
A flood of golden light —
The walls of Venice proudly lave,
As in her days of might!
I hear ten thousand warriors greet
The red cross furl'd on high —
For Palestine a gallant fleet
Bears Europe's chivalry!

The minstrel's glance with milder beam
Meets yon fair maiden's eye,
And, wand'ring near Arezzo's stream,
Fond Petrarch still may sigh; —
Or Paulo, in forbidden songs,
Feed a more hopeful flame,
Till fair Francesco's treasured wrongs
Are seal'd in death and shame.

Full well his beaming eyes declare
Dark passion's trembling spring;
And thoughts of beauty linger where
All other thoughts take wing.
I envy much thy wand'ring lot,
Void of all patriot care;
Thy country's nobler lore forgot,
Joy tunes the light guitar!

The worshipped syrens of thy land
Strike but a gaudier lyre, —
The sunbeams of a darker strand,
Which soon in tears expire!
Oh, Italy! thou hast a name
To light up every eye!
The poet's heaven — the home of Fame!
The dream of History!

W. G. A.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dr. Davy has collected into two volumes a variety of papers bearing upon physiological and anatomical researches, the greater number of which have appeared at different times in the Transactions of the learned societies, and in various scientific journals.[1] This mode of republication is highly desirable in reference to such essays, as it enables the reader to get at the bulk of all contributions of that nature at once, without being compelled to seek for them through scattered periodicals and miscellaneous volumes, many of which are difficult of access, and some, perhaps, gone out of circulation altogether. In this form the labours of scientific investigation take a durable shape, find their way into the libraries, and are not only exhibited in a complete series, but are rendered easy of reference by a clear and distinct arrangement. The subjects treated by the author are extremely numerous and interesting; several new facts in the physiology of animals are brought forward, and some curious and instructive experiments are explained and illustrated with remarkable felicity. The whole is enriched with lithographic plates drawn by Mr. Ford, which considerably enhance the general value of the publication.

Within the whole range of English legislation it may be fairly doubted whether there is a section of law so innately absurd and despotic at the same time as that which regulates the killing and the sale of game. The modifications which, from time to time, have been introduced into these statutory prohibitions and penalties have taken off something of their original harshness and ridiculous perplexities; but notwithstanding all the efforts made in and out of Parliament to reduce them to a system reconcileable with common sense and public opinion, enough of their ancient feudal origin remains to stamp them with the barbarous character of the ages in which they were formed and accumulated for the gains and baronial pride of the lordly tyrants of the soil, at the cost of the misery and blood of their serfs. The total abolition of these laws would be a great boon to the community at large; but the substitution in their place of a reasonable and liberal code — protective alike of property and individual rights — would be a still greater. Whoever is curious to know exactly what those laws used to be, when they were exposed by Sidney Smith in the pages of the Edinburgh Review, and what they are now, may be confidently advised to consult a book recently published by Mr. Bell, of Lincoln's Inn[2], in which the entire mystery of this department of flagrant injustice in the disguise of law is fully and ably developed. The book has the merit of being perspicuous in its explanations, comprehensive in its matter, elaborate in its details, and of bringing into one view a multitude of cases and decisions of great importance to landlords, tenants, gamekeepers, sportsmen, and *poachers*.

A reprint of an American work on the "Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity" has been recently published in London, with an introductory essay by Dr. Spillan.[3] The author of this book, Dr. Ray, perceiving the

[1] *Researches, Physiological and Anatomical.* By John Davy, M.D. F.R.S. Two Vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

[2] *A copious and practical Treatise on the Game Laws, including all the Statutes connected therewith, &c.* By John Bell, A.M. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: William Croft. 1839.

[3] *A Treatise on the Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity.* By J. Ray, M.D. *With an Introductory Essay.* By D. Spillan, M.D. London: G. Henderson. 1839.

defective state of the law (he writes, of course, in reference to the United States, where, it may be inferred, legislation on this subject lingers far behind the progress of science), thought that a treatise of definitions upon which new laws might be constructed, would be a valuable contribution to this neglected branch of inquiry. In collecting the materials for this very useful undertaking he has freely availed himself of the labours of our distinguished medical philosopher Dr. Pritchard, of Haslam and Connolly, Hoffbauer, Georget, Esquirol, and others. The object proposed by Dr. Ray is obvious enough, and may be briefly described. Hitherto the law has dealt darkly with insanity; the obscurity in which the malady was involved became inevitably reflected in the legal provisions framed for its guardianship and treatment; and as little was known with certainty of its strange varieties, so the law was incompetent in some instances, and in others injurious as a practical agent of amelioration and improvement. The gradual collection of statistical returns in France and Italy, the enlightened philanthropy of Pinel, and the humane perseverance of many distinguished men, both on the Continent and in England, led at last to more enlarged and accurate views of the disease; and many of its diagnoses and phases, which were previously the source of contradictory speculations, became distinctly intelligible, leading at last to the adoption of curative processes, medical and moral, from which the happiest results are now in course of active development. The old system of barbarous coercion may be said to be generally abolished; the nature of the wants of the insane is better understood; the manifestations of their calamity are beginning to be regarded with close and watchful interest; and kindness, sympathy, and knowledge have superseded cruelty, aversion, and ignorance. But the law has not kept pace with this double advance of science and feeling; several absurdities still deform our statutes; the regulations for the government of the insane are here and there inadequate or excessive; and a revision of the code is demanded for the sake of enabling those who are engaged in the responsible and anxious duty of superintending the afflicted to accomplish the full measure of utility which lies within their power. Dr. Ray proposes to give such descriptions of the various forms of the disease as will enable the legislature to adapt the laws to its diversities and fluctuations. In so far as his *general* classification is concerned, we see no reason for questioning either the correctness of his outlines, or the appropriateness of the propositions he makes for the reform of this department of medical jurisprudence. But as he proceeds, he falls into the error which is common to every treatise we have seen on this subject. He overlays the inquiry with endless speculations upon those minute subdivisions in which so many well-meaning theorists have indulged, and loses the simplicity of his preliminary statements in a mist of details which legislation can neither compass nor illuminate. Dr. Ray must have had enough of experience (for he is evidently well acquainted with insanity) not to be aware that these refined theories which affect to exhibit so many species of the disease, with a view to an exact arrangement and distribution of cases, are perfectly useless in practice; and his good sense ought to have shown him that if they be useless in practice, they are worse than useless in law. Now, he does not suggest that the law ought to recognise all these subtle distinctions; but he submits them to consideration as if it were desirable that they should be all taken into consideration. For the purpose of law, however, all that is requisite is such a general classification as will enable it to comprehend within its enactments every known form of the malady, leaving the adjudication of individual cases (as, indeed, they must be left in the end, however the law may

be devised) to the authorities or tribunals that may be appointed to decide upon them. The law may declare such and such symptoms to constitute insanity; but the jury or the tribunal, whatever it shall be, that is convened to investigate the case, must finally declare whether these symptoms exist, or whether they exist in a sufficient degree to bring the individual within the meaning of the law. Every attempt to make the law meet all imaginable cases must be a failure. Legislation must proceed, to proceed safely, on general grounds; and the rest must be left to the discernment, the sagacity, and the experience of approved persons to whose judgment the application of the law is committed. Dr. Ray does not absolutely suggest that the law ought to be made special and dogmatic; but the tendency of his book is to leave a vague impression in that direction on the mind. It contains, however, much curious and valuable information, and has been collated from such an extensive variety of sources that it is calculated to produce an excellent effect upon the community. Public opinion, as much as jurisprudence, requires to be remodelled on this subject: many prejudices still lurk in the public mind, which this book exposes and disproves; and, although it is not sufficiently perspicuous, logical, or comprehensive for the immediate purpose to which it is addressed, we can recommend it to attention as a useful digest of facts and principles.

Black's "Translation of Schlegel's Lecture's on Dramatic Art and Literature," has just been issued in a second edition, preceded by a luminous introduction, conceived in a noble spirit of criticism, by Mr. Horne, the author of "Cosmo de Medicis."[4] The appearance of this work at a juncture so favourable for the serious consideration of the topics it discusses is, probably, ominous of those changes which, it may be hoped, the enlightened character of the age demands too energetically to be resisted. We need not remind the reader that Schlegel's eloquent lectures are directed to an exposition of the poetry and humanity of the stage, and that he treats the subject, in its whole scope, with a masterly, and, which is quite as much to the purpose, a sympathising genius. The perusal of these essays must have the effect of directing attention to that mighty obstruction which has hitherto in England prevented the development of the dramatic art — which has not only arrested the cultivation of that species of literature in its highest and worthiest forms by men whose tastes and powers qualified them to prosecute it with success, but which has forced into existence a spurious and motley race of productions disgraceful to the moral as well as the intellectual tendencies of the public mind — and which has forced the dramatic talent of the country into other channels; — we allude to the mischievous monopoly of the winter theatres. This monopoly not only limits the field of the legitimate drama, but, by the diversion of great means to the worst and most meretricious classes of stage exhibitions, has the effect of depriving the public of that very enjoyment for the maintenance of which the monopoly was ostensibly granted. We are convinced that a valid case might be made out against Drury Lane and Covent Garden, on the ground that they have failed to fulfil the terms of their original undertaking; and that the neglect into which they have suffered the national drama to fall would justify the legislature in revoking the patents, even if no stronger reasons could be urged for such a proceeding. We do not, of course, allude to the systems of management adopted by the present lessees, who have inherited the embarrassments of their predecessors; and we acknowledge, with a full sense of its merits, the

[4] *A Course of Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.* By Augustus William Schlegel. Translated from the original German, by John Black. Second edition. Two Vols. London: J. Templeman; J. R. Smith. 1839.

important effort made by Mr. Macready to restore the stage to its proper dignity. But we speak of the whole effect of the monopoly in past years — of its general and ultimate influence upon the progress of dramatic literature — its gewgaws, its rope dancing, its wild beasts, its bastard comedies, its melodramatic tragedies, its patchwork revivals, and, above all, its perpetual exclusion of living talent. If we ask, on the one hand, what has the monopoly done to *encourage* the cultivation of the drama? — we shall be directed, perhaps, to a few plays, scattered over a wide waste of years, and we shall find that the English stage has produced, probably, some two or three dramatists, whose works half a century hence may be held in estimation by the public. But is it credible that during that long period there were not many writers in the country who only wanted access to the theatre to vindicate the glorious uses of their art? Is it credible that there has not been one man in England who could write a genuine comedy since the days of Sheridan? — or, that with such few exceptions, we have not had a poet amongst us with the desiderated power to create a new tragedy? On the other hand, if we ask what has the monopoly done to *prevent* the cultivation of the drama? — we find the answer multiplying upon us in the endless impediments that choke up the avenues to the green-room — in the preoccupation of managerial favour by playwrights who arrange their scenes by the carpenter's rule, who prepare acting pieces as milliners prepare dresses, and cut, flounce, and line them according to the latest pattern — in the mechanical spirit that pervades the whole interior of the theatre, giving even to the wardrobe keeper and the machinist a staring and prominent place amongst the attractions of the play-bill — and in the perpetual preference that is uniformly exhibited for costly and ephemeral spectacles over inexpensive and permanent nature. These things are so notorious that it would be superfluous to dwell upon them, were it not also evident that their notoriety has not conducted us one step nearer to the abolition of the cause of the evil. That cause is to be attributed clearly and solely to the existence of a monopoly which renders competition illegal, and which forces the minor theatres into the most monstrous expedients to sustain the vicious taste upon which they are compelled to subsist by the immoral conditions of a demoralising law; thus effectually extinguishing the enthusiasm of dramatic genius, which looks around in vain for a vent through which it may find its way before an audience capable of appreciating its labours. In reference to this subject, Mr. Horne makes the following judicious and striking observations: —

"An easy access to all the stages — all being equally permitted (as every sane mind must naturally think they ought) to accept the finest dramas they can obtain — and speedy production of accepted pieces, will afford the only chance of restoring the "English Drama." In such a case we should find the pure dramatic ore of many writers, at present, in most instances, quite unknown to the stage, soon wrought into available and influential works. But, under the patent system of exclusion, the author of the "Bride's Tragedy," is heard of no more; the fine execution and high promise of the "Jew of Arragon," and "Woman's Love," are suffered to die out of mind; and the author of the "Provost of Brugés," though it was a successful tragedy, gives up the time-wasting task of again finding "the opening." Of recent, unacted, publications, it is not to be doubted that a most intense dramatic excellence (notwithstanding the perversity of construction in "Andrea of Hungary," and "Giovanna of Naples,") exists in Landor; that D'Israeli, and the author of the "Lords of Ellingham," possess dramatic capacities that entitle them to fair trial before the public: while the passionate imagination and pathos of George Stevens seem to spring out of the ground, like one of the old Elizabethan dramatists revivified. The old English dramatists are incessantly invoked by the critics, in most cases for the purpose of confounding with despair the children of to-day. Here now is just such a man: notwithstanding certain vital, no less than artistic errors, (in "Gertrude and Beatrice," besides the adoption of an antiquated phraseology, which surrounds his genius as with fogs and vapours, there is no more

mistaking him than the sun blazing beyond. The tragedy of "Garcia" (unpublished,) manifests an unaffected fine spirit, and a considerable knowledge of stage construction; while for a revival of the highest class of refined comedy we might confidently anticipate a genuine result from the accomplished genius of Leigh Hunt. But amidst the existing difficulties and depravities inseparable from the patent monopoly, little effect on dramatic literature can be expected from any occasional successes.

We may add to this enumeration the name of Mr. Horne himself, who has displayed capabilities of the highest order in the two dramas he has given to the world through the press, the only mode of publicity (we need not say how defective a mode) left to men, who, like him, with a genius able to revive the triumphs of a well-ordered stage, are compelled to waste their energies in perpetual protests against a system of corruption and exclusion. The monopoly cannot stand. It is an insult to the common sense of the nation. It puts a direct premium upon the lowest species of theatrical entertainments; it legalises the most contaminating description of vicious exhibitions; and, unlike all other monopolies, it involves this gross absurdity, that it keeps out of the market the very article which its prohibitory regulations were designed to protect. We shall return to this question again and again; for, in reference to the literature of the country, we regard it to be of paramount interest; and, in our future remarks upon it, we hope to demonstrate the necessity, as well as the justice, of abolishing a privilege, which is not only abused in its exercise, but which, were it even honestly acted upon, would be productive of results precisely the reverse of the objects which were contemplated at its origin.

In the mean time, and so long as the monopoly lasts, we shall continue to draw the attention of our readers to such dramatic pieces as, under the malign influence of the winter houses, are forced into print, instead of being fairly tested on the stage. We may not succeed by the specimens that come before us, in exemplifying the great talent that is shut out from its legitimate arena by those barbarous restrictions, because few dramatists are willing to risk the issue of printing their productions; and because it may happen that those who have the highest claims are not always prepared to venture upon an ordeal so uncongenial to the aims of their ambition; — but we may hope to prove, through these occasional notices, that the decline of the stage is not to be attributed to any lack of original and able writers.

A tragedy called "Gisela [5]," presents a favourable example of that mixed drama of real life in which Comedy comes in to the help of her graver sister, and conducts a story of considerable interest through fluctuating scenes of humour and pathos. The plot is founded on a German tradition, and is highly romantic in its subject and treatment. The scene is laid in the Rheingau, where the ruins of the two feudal castles of Brömsberg and Ehrenfels, nearly opposite the busy town of Bingen, still mark the place where the incidents are supposed to have occurred. The time of the action is in the beginning of the twelfth century, at the end of the second crusade, when Hans Brömser von Rudesheim (whose name is suggestive of the vineyards of his native home) is taken prisoner by the Saracens. During his captivity, he makes a vow that should he ever obtain his freedom, he would forswear arms, appropriate all his wealth to the erection of a monastery, and dedicate his daughter (whom he left behind him) to a vestal life. Shortly after he has made this rash vow he is released, and returns home. But in the meanwhile, his daughter, Gisela, has pledged her faith to the gallant Karl von Ehrenfels, and bound herself by as strict a promise as her father. At this point the interest of the story begins to be unfolded, but a want of

[5] *Gisela; a Tragedy.* In Five Acts. By I. J. H. London: John Lee. 1839.

skill in its conduct disappoints us in the progress of the events. Hans Brömser is accompanied by his squire, Degenband, who, aware of his lord's design, lays a plan to entrap Gisela, in the hope of possessing himself of her person and fortune. This piece of treachery is scarcely developed in the attempt to carry it into effect, than it is frustrated by a follower of Karl's, who surprises Degenband, and slays him in the third act. Having got rid of this difficulty, we return to the unhappy Gisela, who is urged and threatened by her father to such an extremity that she throws herself out of the window of her chamber, and is drowned in the Rhine. This terrible consummation of her unfortunate attachment closes the third act; and the remaining two are occupied with the remorse and gradual insanity of the bereaved Hans. The window of Gisela's chamber is bricked up, and Hans remains within, sleepless and wretched, haunting the spot where his cruelty destroyed his child. The last scene exhibits the outside of the castle overlooking the river. Karl and some of his followers are below. A thunder storm bursts over them; a flash of lightning strikes the earth, and the bricked-up window falls outwards. Hans appears within, approaches the open space, steps forward, and is lost. The termination of this play is a mere scenic expedient which might produce a *coup de theatre* in representation, but which is wholly independent of the deeper purposes of tragedy. In the construction of the drama, the author has committed a fundamental error in casting upon the concluding acts the burden of the father's anguish and despair. The real interest ceases with the death of Gisela, and every line that follows weakens its impression. An audience will not sit out an additional hour merely to be satisfied about the fate of an old man whose arbitrary authority has prematurely spoiled their sympathies for the evening. Apart from these considerations, "Gisela" is a work of merit. The lighter parts, — the minstrelsy of Henry, the lover of Gisela's confidante, — the humours of the servants in the old baronial halls, — and the more serious dialogue throughout, evince a command of diction, and a happy fluency of dramatic management that, bestowed upon more favourable materials, could hardly fail of success.

Mr. James, relinquishing for an interval the more congenial labours of novel-writing, for which he possesses such an extraordinary "gift" of facility, appears as the author of a drama entitled "Blanche of Navarre."[6] The plot of this piece is deficient in originality, and cannot be said to atone for the defect by any very remarkable talent in the management. Like almost every play where there is a greater bustle of incidents than the progress or nature of the story will justify, we are perpetually doomed to disappointment. We are constantly led to expect something which never comes; and when the catastrophe arrives, we find that there has been much noise and rant and very little earnestness, a want of justification for so much "sound and fury." The rapidity with which the incidents follow each other, and the absence of a sufficient motive for the principal points of the action, reduce the tone of the piece below the level to which the dialogue aspires. The whole work seems to have been conceived and accomplished in a hurry; and, with the exception of a few scenes which are written with vigour, and which indicate a poetical capacity, there is not much in it over which the reader will care to linger.

For the season of gifts and holidays, to which we are now approaching, we hardly know any work that comes more strongly recommended by the interest and morality of its contents, than the beautiful volume of Fables,

[6] *Blanche of Navarre; a Play.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

original and selected, which has just been published by Mr. Tilt."[7] The editor of this collection of precepts in action appears to have consulted a great variety of sources, and to have availed himself with excellent judgment of the best specimens extant in the languages of antiquity and of modern Europe. We find amongst the contributors to this richly-embellished work, the names of Æsop, La Fontaine, Nivernois, Lessing, Dodsley, Gay, Croxall, Yriarte (the Æsop of Spain), Goldsmith, Florian, Addison, Sir Roger L'Estrange, and others, whose productions in this way are familiar to all lovers of such wise and witty fictions. The charm of the fable, as a successful form of conveying practical instruction to the young — whose understanding is most easily reached through their imagination — need not be insisted upon; and in the volume before us, this charm is greatly heightened by the illustrations, which are numerous, quaint, and exquisitely finished from the designs of Grandville. It is the most complete and attractive publication of its class we have seen. Several original fables of considerable merit are introduced, in addition to the most celebrated of all ages and nations; and, as a whole, it forms an anthology which young readers will welcome with delight, and from which even the oldest may glean profit as well as entertainment.

The excellence of intention exhibited in a poem on "Blindness[8]," by Mr. Park, will not permit us to investigate its poetical claims too closely. The design is incomparably more meritorious than the execution, which, however, is by no means deficient in occasional evidences of ability. But Mr. Park wants the requisite power to sustain the interest of such a subject through so elaborate a performance. Had he limited himself to a less ambitious plan, instead of carrying us over three somewhat lengthy cantos, by which the inquiry is rendered at last not a little dull and wearisome, he might have succeeded better in attracting attention to the misfortunes of the blind. Yet, although the versification sinks under the matter, and is chargeable with some inequalities and irregularities, there is so much true benevolence in the sentiments, and so much pains have evidently been bestowed upon the collection of illustrative facts, that we recommend the volume to the perusal of all those who are interested in the subject. They will find some curious details in the notes, and through the body of the poem they will see that Mr. Park has very nearly exhausted all the considerations and feelings suggested by the great calamity to which he dedicates his muse. We must not dismiss the book without observing a very extraordinary omission in the references and allusions to celebrated persons who have suffered from blindness. Mr. Park, we suspect, cannot have heard of the very remarkable labours and productions of Lieutenant Holman, the Blind Traveller, or he must have made an important place for him in these metrical outlines. The travels of Lieutenant Holman are unquestionably amongst the most striking instances on record of the power of mind in vanquishing difficulties, and form a material feature in the history of that melancholy deprivation against which his courageous spirit and active intellect enabled him to struggle so long and so successfully in every part of the world, and in almost every conceivable circumstance to which travellers in pursuit of knowledge are exposed. We hope to find an opportunity of bringing the works of the Blind Traveller under the consideration of our

[7] *Fables, original and selected, by the most esteemed European and Oriental Authors. With an Introductory Dissertation on the History of Fable; comprising Biographical Notices of the most eminent Fabulists.* By G. Moir Bassey. Illustrated by numerous Engravings, designed by J. J. Grandville. London: C. Tilt. 1839.

[8] *Blindness; or the Second Sense restored and lost.* A Poem, in three parts. With Descriptions and Physiological Notes. By Andrew Park. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

readers, and, in the mean time, counsel Mr. Park to amend his annotations by introducing some reference to them in his next edition.

Connected, in some degree, with this subject are two treatises by Mr. Stevenson, "On Cataract[9]," and "On Deafness."[10] These little works have severally reached a fifth edition, which may be accepted as a satisfactory evidence of their utility. They are written with a degree of perspicuity unusual in medical books, and are equally worthy of approbation for the popularity of their style and the fulness of their professional knowledge.

A very elegant, portable, and useful volume called "Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland[11]" is one of the best guide books to that country we have seen. The descriptions are accurate, and written with a gusto not often detected in such publications. The stranger is instructed upon all points necessary to enable him embrace all the beauties and antiquities within the shortest space of time, and at the least cost; and the whole is richly illustrated by maps and well-executed engravings. A useful Itinerary at the end considerably increases the practical utility of the publication.

Mr. Mann has published in a small condensed volume, to which an excellent map is attached, the results of a residence of six years in the Australian provinces[12], from whence he has just returned. There is not much novelty in the information which this book contains; but it is recent, unprejudiced, and minute. The accounts given of Van Diemen's Land, New South Wales, Port Philip, and Australasia are full and intelligible. Mr. Mann has no party to subserve but truth, and states his impressions with an impartiality that will strongly recommend the publication to the serious attention of emigrants. The most important suggestions he makes for the improvement of the condition of those provinces are the repeal of the old land-regulations, and the adoption of a simpler and cheaper plan by which the cost of land would be diminished, and favouritism abolished. He is also of opinion that the new mode of assigning convict labour is likely to be attended with the most pernicious results. There are some notes upon New Zealand towards the close of the volume, but the only novelty they contain are a few letters from natives during the progress of their conversion to Christianity.

A comprehensive "Encyclopedia of Rural Sports[13]," by Mr. Blaine, is now in course of publication. The plan of this work is comprehensive, and the collection of the materials has engrossed seven years of the author's life. It promises, if we may judge from the number before us, to be the most complete, the most accurate, and, beyond all comparison, the most interesting production of its class extant. It embraces the whole history of Rural Sports from the earliest ages, when they formed indispensable occupations for man in the pursuit of food, to the present day, when many of them are known merely as traditions, and the remainder practised only as amusements. In addition to this historical development, Mr. Blaine furnishes his readers with the natural history, the anatomical structure, physiological peculiarities, and geographical distribution of the chief animals, giving such instructions for the treatment of diseases as may be expected

[9] *Cataract; its Nature, Symptoms, and Cure, &c.* By John Stevenson, Esq. London: S. Highley. 1839.

[10] *On Deafness; its Causes, Prevention, and Cure, &c.* By John Stevenson, Esq. London: S. Highley. 1839.

[11] *Black's Picturesque Tourist of Scotland.* With an accurate Travelling Map, Engraved Charts, and Views of the Scenery, &c. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1839.

[12] *Six Years' Residence in the Australian Provinces, ending in* 1839. By W. Mann, Esq. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1839.

[13] *An Encyclopedia of Rural Sports.* By D. P. Blaine. Part I. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

reasonably to come within the scope of the undertaking. The whole is most profusely illustrated with wood engravings, and forms one of the most agreeable and instructive publications of the season.

"Solitary Hours[14]," by Caroline Southey, is the first volume published by Caroline Bowles since she changed her name, and went to cultivate poetry in the retirement of Keswick. The lover of pure English verse will discover even in these pleasant associations something to create an additional charm in the book; for, let us reason as we may, and try to abstract ourselves from individualities of all kinds in our admiration of the works of genius, we cannot help feeling a personal interest in the movements and domestic revelations of those to whom we owe some of our most enduring intellectual delights. The sympathy they awaken is beyond that of words, and images, and illusions of the imagination: they grow upon us like familiar friends, and, in spite of all our efforts, we are perpetually trying to *realise* to ourselves their lives and habits, identifying them with attributes and forms corresponding with our estimates of their characters, and surrounding them with fanciful circumstances appropriate to the general notion we have of their pursuits, tastes, and meditations. This little book by Caroline Southey is, in this point of view, a book developing the inner nature of the writer. It has no great vigour of expression, not much originality of thought, and will not startle anybody with novel terms or quaint exercises of skill; but it is full of sweet humilities — it exhibits a deep and reverential love of the good and beautiful — displays a chaste heart and a clear head; and, tending always towards the charities of hope and toleration, diffuses a calm over the spirit of the reader which is better than a thousand treatises on morals and religion. It consists of short pieces in verse and prose, tales, sonnets, and snatches of reflection, every one of which is recommended by some gentle suggestion addressed to the purer part of our turbulent humanity.

A pretty narrative poem[15], full of the warmth and perfume of the tropics, discovers in the author, Mr. Dunbar, a pleasant facility in the construction of a story, and some skill in the art of versification. The work is light and musical, and has as much purpose in it as such inventions usually aim at. Some of the shorter poems that follow are in a happier vein; for in such pieces there is less demand upon the philosophy and sympathy of the writer, and a better excuse for sunny hopes, fantastic conceits, and slender bubbles of sentiment.

"Ystradffin[16]," with less power, and perhaps hardly so much variety, is, on the whole, a more acceptable volume of verse. It consists of one long poem, full of historical or legendary characters, and exquisite scenes drawn from South Wales — a sort of metrical mirror of the costume, the traditions, the domestic habits, and the scenery of the upper part of Carmarthenshire. In the treatment of all these points, Mrs. Bowen exhibits the talents of a close observer of nature with a strong tinge of poetry in her character, rather than of a poet making close observations on nature. The octo-syllabic measure favours this spirit of detail, and the picturesque tone of the place and the people help to inspire the whole with a sufficient relish of romance. The poem bears a shadowy likeness to Scott; but the multitude of small facts and faces that are diffused through it preserve it from being a servile imitation.

[14] *Solitary Hours.* By Caroline Southey. Edinburgh: W. Blackwood & Sons. 1839.

[15] *Indian Hours; or, Passion and Poetry of the Tropics.* Comprising the Nuptials of Barcelona, and the Music Shell. By R. N. Dunbar. London: Edward Bull. 1839.

[16] *Ystradffin: a Descriptive Poem.* With an Appendix, containing Historical and Explanatory Notes. By Mrs. Bowen. London: Longman & Co. 1839.

Among the useful little manuals which in this practical age, when all sciences and arts, occupations and speculations, are reduced into the shapes of catechisms or hand-books, is a curious, and certainly very original little treatise on the art of breeding and keeping rabbits.[17] Considered in reference to domestic economy, the rabbit is really a more important animal than people are generally aware of; and, as whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, Mr. Rogers may be commended for the pains he has taken to teach the world how to mange their live stock of these fancy creatures, and for the pretty little wood cuts with which he has illustrated his design.

Of a similar character is a little work entitled "The Poultry Yard[18]" the object of which is to exhibit a practical view of the best methods of selecting, rearing, and breeding domestic fowl. Mr. Boswell, in this useful treatise, points out the means by which cottage economy may be greatly improved in reference to the various kinds of foreign and domestic birds, and how small places may be made, by a constant attention to certain rules, productive to a degree of which their proprietors are seldom aware. The book is small, cheap, and valuable.

The second thousand of a volume, reprinted from the original American edition, entitled "The Student's Manual[19]," has been called for. The success of this work, and of similar works derived from the same source, is a remarkable illustration of the direction of the influence which the mind of America is gradually assuming over our literature. In her fictions and her poetry she is doing nothing; but in moral philosophy, in the moral and practical culture of youth, she is setting a bold and triumphant example to England. The advances she is making in education are even more marvellous than her progress in steam and wooden houses; and it is here that the contrast with England furnishes the most humiliating points for consideration. The book before us is a valuable work — with some crotchets — but containing a great mass of useful, every-day, living truths.

A curious historical novel, referring to the times of Herod, has recently been reprinted. This work, entitled "Mariamne[20]," was originally published in 1825, but the panic which at that period convulsed the country indisposed people for reading fictions of this class, which require more leisure and research than a flippant tale of fashionable life such as, even in 1825, used to obtain a rapid and extensive circulation. The great merit of the book consists in its faithful reflection of an antique age — its sketches of the men and events of an era, which, although chronologically remote, is so closely mixed up with scriptural history as to be familiar to us in its general aspect and outlines — and its clever portraiture of costumes and habits. The story itself is highly dramatic, and well sustained; and is not deficient in vitality of action and character.

Under the title of "A Comparative View of Ancient History[21]," Mr. Smith supplies an obvious desideratum in elementary books. The

17 *The Rabbit-Keeper's Guide; or, Plain and Original Instructions for pursuing the profitable and pleasant Recreation of Rabbit-keeping in all its Branches.* By J. Rogers, Rabbit-keeper. London: Dean & Munday. 1839.

18 *The Poultry Yard: a Practical View of the best Method of Selecting, Rearing, and Breeding the various Species of Domestic Fowl.* By Peter Boswell, Greenlaw. Glasgow: W. R. M'Phun. 1839.

19 *The Student's Manual; designed, by specific Directions, to aid in forming and strengthening the Intellectual and Moral Character and Habits of the Student.* By John Todd. London: Simpkin & Marshall. 1839

20 *Mariamne, the last of the Asmonean Princesses: a Historical Novel of Palestine.* London: James Fraser. 1839.

21 *A Comparative View of Ancient History.* By Joshua Toulmin Smith. London: John Souter. 1839.

plan of the undertaking is simply to exhibit the principal events of history contemporaneously in chronological order. The space it occupies is not much, but the labour of its production must have been considerable. Of the plan we fully approve; and of the execution we have only to regret that the author did not render it a little more explanatory — that he did not furnish a few more striking points to fascinate the attention of the student, which is likely to wander away from these dry notes and index fingers — and that he did not contrive to exhibit his facts in a more continuous shape. As it is, however, the reader will find much valuable information compressed into its pages, and will be greatly assisted in his historical studies by the luminous and useful observations on chronological eras with which the volume closes.

If it were possible to revive the interest of the Canada question, the publication of the debates which took place in the House of Commons on the settlement of Quebec in 1774[22] would be likely to have that effect: but it may be doubted whether the public care much to look back so far upon the history of a disaffected province. The book, however, is well calculated to set people thinking in the right channel to show the origin of our connection with that limb of America, the nature of our arrangements in the first formation of our government on the St. Lawrence, and the progress of our efforts to meet the wants of a population which experience has proved to be both ungrateful and unwise — as indeed the ungrateful always are. These debates are full of instruction, and have been edited with great care.

A capital book on Zoology for the use of the young has been compiled by Mr. Fennell.[23] Such a book was much wanted, notwithstanding the multitude of scientific compendiums that are hourly cast upon the human tide of readers, and the spirit in which it is executed will be appreciated by every person familiar with the difficulties of the subject. It is simple and comprehensive, written in a style to attract and instruct, and profusely embellished with expressive wood-cuts.

We have a translation from the German of the quaint autobiography of "Thomas Platter[24], a schoolmaster of the sixteenth century, who, born in humble life raised himself by his perseverance and his talents to a respectable professorship, and to a little property of four houses in the town of Basle. The tract is worth reading, and not wanting in a useful moral. Old Platter is a fellow of some humour as well as sense, and, notwithstanding that he deals overmuch in scriptural phrases, there is a fund of solid matter in him that will make the reader feel an interest in his odd adventures. The wood-cuts are all antique, and look like the carved blocks from whence the impressions in very ancient continental books were taken.

[22] *Government of Canada. Debates of the House of Commons in the Year* 1774, *on the Bill for making more effectual Provision for the Government of the Province of Quebec.* Drawn up from the Notes of Sir H. Cavendish, Bart. Now first published by J. Wright. With a Map. London: Ridgway. 1839.

[23] *The Child's Book of Zoology; or Gleanings from Natural History.* By James H. Fennell. London: J. Thomas. 1839.

[24] *The Autobiography of Thomas Platter, a Schoolmaster of the Sixteenth Century.* London B. Wertheim. 1839.

INDEX TO VOL. IV.

Aboriginal Populations, On the Practicability of Civilising, 309. Progressive improvement shown to be a marked characteristic of the human faculties, with observations and inferences specially applicable to the Indians of North America, 309—321.

Aborigines' Protection Society, British and Foreign, 119.

Act of Parliament to prevent the use of Horses, proposals for an, 237.

Affghanistan, its importance in the event of hostilities between Great Britain and Russia, 145.

Albert Durer, 41. Comparative merits of German and English artists, 41. Sketch of the life and professional labours of Durer, 43. Nuremberg and its antiquities, 48.

America, notice of Captain Marryat's and the Hon. C. A. Murray's works relative to, 186.

American Constitution, The; comprising a critical analysis of the "Voice from America to England, by an American Gentleman," 271—278.

Anecdotes (secret) of the French Police, 534. Some curious particulars respecting the famous Duke of Buckingham, 535—539. Narrative of romantic adventures occurring in the reign of Louis XIV., 540—548.

Antiquity, Illustrations of, 149.

Asia, Central, conjectures concerning the aboriginal inhabitants of, 496.

Australia, South, notice of Mr. Leigh's work on, 181; account of the present state and prospects of, 198.

Banking, its principles in reference to exchanges, 255. The facility of trade the main object of banking, 256. Remarks on the Bank of England with regard to the currency, 256.

Basque provinces, important privileges claimed by the, 333. Origin and history of the *fueros*, 429.

Blaine, Mr. D. P., his "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports" noticed, 565.

Books (The) of the Season; including notices of the recent productions of Martineau, Bray, James, Hook, Gore, Pardoe, Miller, W. Howitt, &c., and of several works in the various departments of science, 80—96. The last "Books" of Summer, 281.

Brougham, Lord, strictures on his conduct with regard to the education question, 472. 523.

Buckingham, the celebrated Duke of, curious passage in his life, 535.

Byron and Göthe, 242. Examination of the characteristic traits observable in their productions, 242—249. The nature of their respective missions, 250. Reflections on the anomalous conduct of society in reference to poetic genius, 251.

Canada, views of the United States with regard to, 278.

Carlos, Don, failure of the cause of, 322.

Characters of Public Men, 97. Considerations as to the right of canvassing the actions of living public characters, 97. Extracts from M. Timon's "Etudes sur les Orateurs," 101. Sketches of English Statesmen, by "Mask," 104. Parliamentary career of Grattan, 109.

Childhood, narrative of facts illustrative of the force of mental impressions in, 549.

Christianity, gratifying results arising from its introduction among barbarous tribes, 320.

Church of England, examination of its claims in reference to the question of national education, 521.

Civilisation, practicability of elevating aboriginal tribes in the scale of, 309.

Colonies and Emigration, 194. Extent of the British colonial empire, viewed in connexion with the superior development of the United States — the chief causes of this superiority described, with suggestions for the improvement of our possessions abroad, 193—196. Abstract of the Act for erecting South Australia into a British province, 197. Extracts from the "Third Annual Report of the Colonisation Commissioners," illustrative of the rapidly increasing prosperity of the colony, 198—205. Mr. Eyre's account of an overland journey from New South Wales to Adelaide, 207.

Colonisation of New Zealand, 110. Summary account of its discovery, articles of produce, and manners of the natives, 110—117. Inquiry as to the right of our government to take possession of that country, 117. Proceedings and prospects of the New Zealand Land Company, with illustrative quotations from the statements of Drs. Hodgkin and Laing, 119—122.

Commentators, Hints to, 73.

Commercial Policy of England, 460. Particulars respecting the operations of the German Customs' League, 460—462. Origin of our corn laws, remarks on the various acts of parliament passed for their regulation, and arguments tending to prove the advantage of a moderate fixed duty, 462—470.

Cynical Moroseness, The, 159.

Constantinople, its great importance in questions of Eastern warfare, 140.

Cordova, the Spanish general, sketch of his career, 517.

Corn Laws, their ruinous effect upon our agriculture and manufacturing interests, 462.

Covent Garden Theatre, change in the management of, 369.

Crime in Ireland, evidence adduced before a select Committee of the House of Lords on the subject of, 292.

Democracy, American definition of, 271.

Diogenes, particulars concerning him and his philosophy, 160.

Dogs, inexpediency of legislation in reference to, 239.

Drama, the, remarks in reference to the past and present state of, 89.

Druids, the, review of an essay on the subject of, 94.

East, War in the, 139.
Eastern Relations, Our, 60. Apathy of the English nation with respect to Russian and Turkish disputes, 60. Slow advance of the Turks in civilisation, 62. Reform of the monetary system essential to the practical operation of the treaty of Adrianople, 65.
Education, National, 470. Introductory remarks, followed by Mr. Simpson's Letters to the Marquis of Lansdowne, 473. 521.
Emigration, Report of the South Australian Commissioners in reference to, 198. The subject considered with regard to Ireland, 440.
England, remarks on the commercial policy of, with especial reference to the corn laws, 460.
———, Foreign Policy of, 481.
Epitaphs, remarks upon the composition of, 53.
Erasmus, comparison drawn between him and Luther, 389.
Exchanges and Banking, On, 255.

"Faust," specimen of Mr. J. E. Reade's translations from, 405. 498.
Fine Arts, Influence of Periodical Literature on the state of the, 502. The national importance of the fine arts, though too often regarded merely as the luxuries of advanced civilisation, 503. The subject applied in reference to dramatic entertainments, 504—508.
Foreign Policy of England, 481. Remarks on the Marquis of Londonderry's oratorical displays, and on the general apathy of the public with regard to the foreign relations of this country, 481—483. General retrospect of our foreign administration, 484—492. State of affairs in the East, 493.
French Police, quotations from Peuchet's work on the, 534.
Fueros of the Basque Provinces, 333. 429. Definition of the term *fueros*, their origin, with some historical particulars relative to the immunities and privileges of the Navarrese, Biscayans, &c., 429—431. Constitution and municipal regulations of the provinces, 432—440.
Funereal Inscriptions of the ancient Greeks, 52.

George Sand, Madame, 23. Silence of the English periodical press on the subject of her writings, 23. The popular prejudice against them founded on wrong notions of literary morality, 24. Peculiarity of the social evils of France, 25. Domestic infelicity of Madame Sand, the immediate cause of her commencing authorship, 27. Philosophical estimate of her published works, 28—40.
Germany, characteristics of the music of, 218.
———, Commercial League of, 460.
Göthe, characteristics of his poetry, 242. Mr. Reade's translations from the "Faust," &c. 405. 498.
Grattan, Henry, his style of oratory, 109.
Greek Funereal Inscriptions, 52. Origin and national characteristics of poetic feeling, 52. Beauty of the ancient elegy exemplified by translated specimens from Posidippus, 55.
Guizot, M. Timon's sketch of, 103.

Hemans, Mrs., notice of the new edition of her works, 88.
Hints to Commentators, 73.
Hodgkin, Dr., his opinions relative to the colonisation of New Zealand, 119.
Horne, Mr. R. H., his "Studies of undeveloped characters in Shakspeare," 60. 209. Notice of his "History of Napoleon," 191.; and of his Introduction to "Schlegel's Lectures," 560.
Horses, eccentric proposition for the disuse of, 237.
Howick, Lord, parliamentary abilities of, 107.
Howitt, William, notice of his "Boy's Country Book," 84.
———, Mary, her "Hymns and Fireside Verses" noticed, 91.
Human Races, On the Extinction of, 495. Importance of the subject pointed out, 495. Remarks on the aboriginal inhabitants of Central Asia, with some general speculations on their extermination, 496.
Huntingdon, Countess of, notice of the published Memoirs of, 383.

Indians of North America, their capacity for civilisation, 309.
Ireland, Lord Normanby's administration in, 289. Benefits accruing from the government of his lordship, and signal failure of the accusations preferred by Lord Roden, 289—292. Abstract of the evidence taken before the select committee of the House of Lords, successfully refuting Lord Roden's allegations, 293—306. Remarks in reference to the non-production of a Report by the committee, 307.
Ireland, statistical facts gathered from M. Auguste de Beaumont's work on, 440. Remarks on the supposed advantages resulting to the country from emigration, 441—446. Quotations from Pliny and other Roman writers with regard to the treatment of agricultural populations, 449—451. Our own practice and laws on the subject illustrated by reference to the statutes passed in the reign of Henry VII. and subsequent monarchs, 452. Suggestions relative to the improvement of Ireland as an agricultural country, 458.
Italy, Letters on the State and Prospects of, 123. 226. Revolution the result of the national feeling, 123. Necessary qualifications of the leaders of the movement, 125. Italy the slave of a too implicit confidence in every thing bearing the appearance of tactics, and of an insufficient reliance on her own action and enthusiasm, 129. The rising of 1831, and its results, 131. The *Giovine Italia*, its origin and consequences, 226. Persecutions resulting from the discovery of the conspiracy, 232. The regeneration of Italy a matter of certain accomplishment, 237.

Jamaica, The Social Condition of, 172. Extracts from a public document in illustration of the unsatisfactory condition of the labouring population, 172. The chief causes pointed out, and remedies suggested, 174—177.
James, Mr. G. P. R., notice of his "Charles Tyrrell," &c. 81.

Laing, Mr. S., notice of his "Tour in Sweden," 178.

Lang, Dr., his opinions with regard to the civilisation of New Zealand, 121.
Lansdowne, Marquis of, letters on education addressed by Mr. Simpson to the, 473. 526.
Letters on the State and Prospect of Italy, 123. 226.
Literature, Review of, 80. 178. 281. 375. 558.
Louis XIV., anecdotes relating to the reign of, 534.
Luther and the Reformation, 385. The Protestant Reformation one of the greatest revolutions the world ever saw, 385. Luther's impressions on his first visit to Rome contrasted with those of Erasmus, 386—389. Sketch of Luther's intellectual and domestic habits, 391—393. Melancthon the "morning star" of the Reformation, 393. Protestantism the "necessary manifestation of anterior causes," 395. Translation of one of Jean Paul Richter's poetical allegories, 398. Past and prospective results of the Reformation, 401—405.
Lyndhurst, Lord, his character as a statesman, 105.

"Macbeth," undeveloped characters in, 209.
Macready, Mr., his merits as manager of Covent Garden Theatre, 369.
Malibran, her talents in the fine arts, 368.
Martin, Mr. Montgomery, valuable statistical labours of, 193.
Maroto, the Spanish general, 329—332.
Martin Luther and the Reformation, 385.
Martineau, Miss, notice of her novel entitled "Deerbrook," 80.
Marryat, Capt., his "Diary in America" noticed, 186.
Mazzini, M., his "Letters on the State and Prospects of Italy," 123. 226.
"Measure for Measure," undeveloped characters in, 69.
Melancthon, his instrumentality in effecting the Protestant reformation, 393.
Melbourne Cabinet, success of the foreign policy of the, 492.
Merino, the Spanish general, characteristic sketch of, 509.
Metaphysics, notice of Sir G. C. Haughton's work on, 286.
Milman, Rev. Mr., notice of his edition of Gibbon, 89.
Moroseness of Cynicism, 159.
Music in Germany, 218. Comparative merits of the compositions of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, with notices of the disciples of these great masters, 218—220. Characteristics of the vocal and instrumental music of Germany, 221—225.
Music, Luther's love of, 393.
Musician (The) at Norwich, 355. General characteristics of festival seasons, 355. Fulminations of the clergy against Spohr's oratorio of "Calvary," 356. Norwich Cathedral, 356. First rehearsal, 357. Personal sketch of Spohr, 359. Critical account of the several concerts given on the occasion of the festival, 360—368.

Navarrese, privileges and institutions of the, 328.
Negroes, means for their social advancement proposed, 175.
New Zealand Land Company, 118.
Normanby, Lord, evidence in proof of the advantages resulting from his administration in Ireland, 289.
Norwich Musical Festival, 355.

Orators, French, review of M. Timon's sketches of, 100.
Oriental allegory, 74.
Orleans, Charles of, specimen of his talents in ballad writing, 54.
Ottoman nation, effects resulting from their peculiar faith, 61. Importance of the integrity of the empire to civilised Europe, 65.

Painting, German and English Schools of, 41.
Peel, Sir R., characteristics of, 106.
Pentateuch, the, notice of Mr. Caunter's volumes on, 282.
Peru, notice of Dr. Smith's account of, 180.
Petition on the subject of the canine race, 240.
Poetry (Original):
Sonnet — "A Shape of Grief," &c., 40.
Past Struggles, 78.
Elegiac Ode, 134.
Sonnet — "In hopeless love," &c., 148.
The "British Queen" Steam Vessel, 208.
Two Sonnets, 217.
Latin Epigram, 241.
Lines on Lady Flora Hastings, 254.
Fortunate Folly, 270.
An old Tragic Ballad modernised, 279.
Sonnet — Human Greatness, 321.
Sonnet — An Autumn Storm, 336.
The Church and the Army, 337.
The Walpurgis Night (from Göthe), 405.
The Ideal (from Schiller), 426.
Fragments from Göthe, 498.
Sonnet — "A star-like sweetness," &c. 508.
The Italian Minstrel, 556.
Political Studies on the Foreign Statesmen of our time, 341. M. Thiers: sketch of the leading events occurring during his political career, with a philosophical estimate of his character and merits, 340. 416. Distinction between a "revolutionist" and a "reactionist," 423.
Prospects of the Winter Theatres, 369. Mr. Macready's management of Covent Garden, 369—371. Suggestions for the benefit of his successor in reference to the revival of the best old English comedies, 372—374.
Periodical Literature, its influence on the state of the fine arts, 502.
Police of Paris, singular narrative of facts connected with the, 534.
Pritchard, Dr., essay by him on the extinction of human races, 495.
Protestant Reformation, importance of its effects on society, 395.
Prussia, the conduct of that country in reference to the exportation of corn, 461.

Reade, Mr. J. E., his drama of "Catiline" noticed, 383. His translations from the "Faust," &c. of Göthe, 405. 498.
Recollections of Childhood, 549. Indelibility of early impressions, exemplified by a striking narrative drawn from the writer's own experience, 549.

Review of Literature; comprising critical notices of Deerbrook — Trials of the Heart — Charles Tyrrell — Solomon Seesaw — The Cabinet Minister — Romance of the Harem — Fair Rosamond — Boy's Country Book — Stories of Torres-Vedras — Barrow's Life of Anson — Memoirs of Bannister — Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis — Works of Mrs. Hemans — Memoirs of the Duchess of Marlborough — Milman's edition of Gibbon — Hooker's Genera Filicum — Laing's Sweden — Smith's Peru — Venables' and Bremner's Russia — Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland — Marryat's American Diary — Murray's North America — Billing's First Principles of Medicine — Little on Club Foot — Horne's Napoleon — Heads of the People — Poetry of the Pentateuch — Rev. Sydney Smith's Works — Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre — The Mabinogion — Life of the Countess of Huntingdon — Davy's Physiological Researches — Bell on the Game Laws — Ray on Insanity — Black's Translation of Schlegel's Lectures — Gisela, a tragedy — James's Blanche of Navarre — Tilt's illustrated Fables — Mann's Residence in Australia — Blaine's Rural Sports — Caroline Southey's Solitary Hours, &c., 80. 178. 281. 375. 558.

Richter, Jean Paul, translation of one of his poetical allegories, 398.

Roden, Lord, untenable nature of his lordship's charges against the Irish administration of Lord Normanby, 291—306.

Russia, notices of Mr. Venables' and Mr. Bremner's works on, 182, 183.

Sand, Madame George, critical analysis of the published works of, 23. 275.

Schiller, lines translated from, 426.

Shakspeare, undeveloped characters in his plays of "Measure for Measure" and "Macbeth," 69. 209. Notices of the Rev. Mr. Ward's Diary, 88.; and of Tyas's illustrated edition of, 190.

Shirley, his merits as a dramatist, 374.

Simpson, Mr. James, his Letters on National Education, 473. 526.

Slavery in the United States, 274.

Smith, Adam, his definition of monetary "exchanges," 255.

Smith, Rev. Sydney, notice of his collected "Works," 284.

South Australia, 181. 198.

Spain, State and Prospects of, 322. Considerations arising out of the defeat of Don Carlos, with remarks on the part taken by the Basque provinces in the late civil war, 322—324. Political administration of Spain different from that of any other government, 324. Glance at the history of the country from 1492 to the present time, 327. Particulars respecting the Navarrese, 328. Maroto, 329. The treaty of Bergara, 331. Peculiar privileges of the Basques, 333. Carlism for ever annihilated by the recent events, 335.

Spanish Generals, sketches of: Merino and Cordova, 509.

Spanish Theatre, The, 258. Paucity of good English versions of Spanish plays, 258. Remarks on the characteristics of the Spanish comedy of intrigue, with illustrative extracts from the "Conde Lucanor" of Calderon, 259—263. Spanish poetry indebted for its particular form more to "events" than to "climate or situation," 263. Notices of Garcilasso de la Vega, Luis de Leon, &c., 265.

Spohr, performance of his oratorio of "Calvary" at Norwich, 364.

Statesmen, Foreign, political studies on, 340. 416.

Steamers navigating the Thames, 1.

Thames (The) Steamers and the Watermen, 1. Astonishing extent of traffic on the river, 2. Legal proceedings instituted by the Watermen's Company, 6. Accidents arising from steamers not so numerous as generally supposed, 8. Incidental advice to watermen, 11. Suggestions with regard to government regulations for the navigation of the Pool, 13–22.

Theatre, The Spanish, 258.

Theatres, Winter, Prospects of the, 369.

Thiers, sketch of, by M. Timon, 103. His character as a politician, 340. 417.

Turkey, speculations as to the fate of, 139.

United States, chief causes of their rapid development, 194. Review of a recent publication on the, 271.

Van Diemen's Land, notice of Mr. Mann's work relative to, 565.

Vestris, Madame, hints relative to her management of Covent Garden Theatre, 372.

Wakefield, Mr. Gibbon, his exertions in the cause of colonial reform, 197.

Watermen on the Thames, 1.

War in the East, 139. The present hostilities between Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali mainly attributable to European influence, 139. Aspect of affairs in reference to Russia and British India, 140. The interests of the latter dependent upon the fate of Constantinople, 144. Importance of Affghanistan, 145.

Wellington, Duke of, his foreign policy while prime minister, 485.

Winter Theatres, anticipations arising from the change in their management, 369.

"Ystradffin," notice of Mrs. Bowen's poem of, 566.

Zealand, New, remarks on the proposed colonisation of, 110.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.